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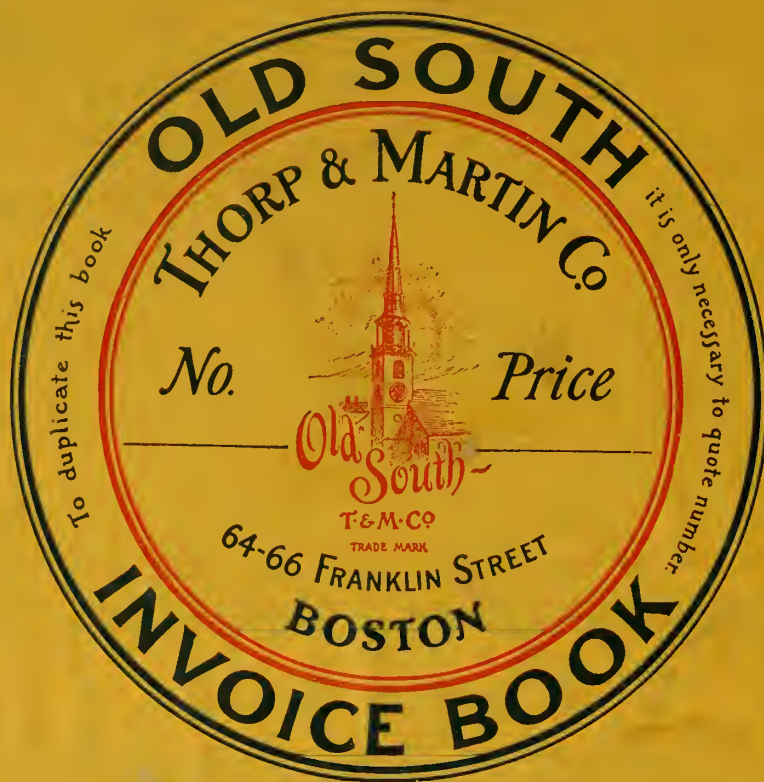
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Steeplejack, by James Gibbons Huneker.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920.
Two vols., 8vo, x+320, and viii+327 pp.
Illustrated. \$7.50.

MR. HUNEKER, having seen many men and many cities, having known the joys and sorrows of a journalist, music student and teacher, critic, author, at the age of sixty sets out to relate his experiences. Having read prodigiously, his mind is so full that he associates his own life and thoughts with those of other men more or less famous, and in the course of narration indulges in irrelevant digressions and excursions. Entertaining as these may be, they swell needlessly the volumes, especially as a large number of the pages have appeared in his preceding books.

The chapters in which he describes life, manners, and customs in Philadelphia, his adventures in Paris, and the days and nights of red-pepper journalism in New York are the most valuable. Here he is frank, observing, spontaneous; in putting on the philosophic mask, he might be

taken for a *poseur* by those who did not know him personally. The better chapters are far in the majority. They abound in thumb-nail sketches, in more elaborate descriptions, in epigrams that are not forced, in reflections that disclose his whimsical humanity. Whether he is in the locomotive works or in Bohemian restaurants, in the steerage or listening to the rhapsodies of Villiers de l'Isle Adam; in a newspaper-office or meeting Huysmans, George Moore, or the heroine of *The Tragic Comedians*, he is conscious of his own worth. Does he not choose for the motto of his book the line of Walt Whitman: 'I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones'?

Thus is he necessarily egotistic. He has not escaped the common failing. He is not ashamed of it; he glories in it; his egotism — would there were a gentler term! — is no more irritating than that of Benvenuto Cellini, Montaigne, Herbert of Cherbury, Mr. Pepys, Casanova, and it is more honest than that of another great autobiographer, Rousseau. Furthermore, Mr. Huneker is not disturbed by mediocrity.

There are a few pages that are only lists of names; a pocket index of 'Men I have met.' A little book, 'Men I have avoided,' by Mr. Huneker, would probably be more brilliant. Brilliance is his most conspicuous characteristic; by the side of this quality is his charming disregard of the conventionalities in daily conduct and in criticism. It is too soon for him to be a reactionary. When the time does arrive, he will go back to the Restoration, not to the period of Queen Anne or of Queen Victoria. Of Hungarian and Irish descent, as a thinker and a writer he is both Gallic and American. A thinker? He might take another motto from *Leaves of Grass*: 'These are the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands — they are not original with me.' The line would apply to him only in part: he has made these thoughts his own by his faculty of expression.

Steeplejack is not only rich in gossip about authors, musicians, surprising cranks and vagrants: it abounds in personal confessions of likes and dislikes. Mr. Huneker has written at his ease; now and then too easily, for there are occasional droppings into journalese. He has written in an unbuttoned manner, but not foolishly, in his revelations of his own capricious, discursive, lovable nature.

P. H.

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New York

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Jack Butterfield	Arthur Alberston
Florence Lanham	Olave Toll
Mrs. Lanham	Isabel Irving
Elizabeth	Grace Kubie
Sam McGinnis	Thurston Hall
Sister Mary	Suzette
Marion Vanline	Becky Eytan
William Holden	Frank Sylvester
James K. Apolebee	Edward Colebrook
Mary Melrose	

The N. Y. Times remarked: "It seems strange that a New York audience should be chuckling reminiscently over the honors of demobilization at a play produced in New York on the first anniversary of the St. Mihiel drive. How many men who were in that drive, how many who watched its progress anxiously from the other side of the Atlantic, would have dreamed it possible? A lot can happen in a year."

Personal

Sophie Braslau, who will sing in Symphony Hall this afternoon, the daughter of a Russian physician, was born in New York on Aug. 16, 1897. Beginning at the age of 6 to study the pianoforte, she looked forward to the career of concert pianist; but she sang as an amateur until she was advised to study seriously for opera. She made her first appearance in public at the Metropolitan Opera House, as the little Prince in "Boris Godunoff." She has taken parts at the Metropolitan in "Rigoletto," "Hansel u. Gretel," "L' Oracolo," "Cromare," "Crispino e la Comare," "Il Trovatore," "Boris Godunoff," "Carmen," "Shenafes in Cadman's opera of the same name. She has sung with leading orchestras in various cities at music festivals, and in concerts. She was engaged to take the part of Amnerls with Rosa Balas as Alda on the October tour of the Chicago Opera Company last year. She sang in Symphony Hall, Boston, on Nov. 4, 1917, as a member of a quartette from the Metropolitan Opera Company (Mabel Garrison, Giovanni Martinelli, Arthur Middleton). On April 14, 1918, she took part with Mr. Gabriowitsch in a Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Her first appearance here with the Symphony Orchestra was on April 26, 1919, when she sang an aria from Mehul's "Artaban" and three songs of Moussorgski's

Albert Spalding, violinist, who will give the concert with Miss Brasinu, was born at Chicago, Aug. 15, 1888. When he was 7 years old he began the study of the violin with Chiti in Florence, 1894, and when he was living in New York with Joan Bultrazo. When Mr. Spalding was 14 he passed with high honors the examination for a "professorship" at the Bologna Conservatory. In Paris he studied for two years with Lefort. His first appearance in public as a professional violinist was at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, June 6, 1905. His first recital in Boston was on Jan. 4, 1909. On Dec. 15, 1911, as soloist with the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago (now the Chicago Symphony orchestra), he played Elgar's violin concerto, then heard for the first time in Boston. He has given recitals here. On April 4, 1916 he took part with Carlo Buonamici and Felix Fox, pianists, and the Flonzalew quartet in a concert in aid of widows of Italian reservists. He also played at an entertainment given by the Friars of New York on June 7, 1916. He played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Jan. 12, 1917 (Beethoven's concerto). During the war he served as an aviator in Italy and played for the benefit of soldiers. On Oct. 17, 1919, he played Dvorak's concerto at a Symphony concert.

A press agent informs us that Andre de Brouillon, a Swiss violinist, who will play here for the first time is a "professor" (with three "c's") of Mr. La Roca. Nevertheless, we suspect that it is a long way from La Roca to the general association with the name, especially when it comes next Tuesday night to the performance of Sibelius' 11th symphony.

Alice Allen, pianist, will give her annual recital in Jordan Hall next Thursday afternoon. Her program is an unusual one, consisting of many small

pieces; for this reason it will not be less entertaining. But who is "Peterkin," whose name is on the program? Has one of the little Peterkins in the story book grown up to man's estate? He surely is not the Peterkin to whose questions old Kaspar answered that the battle of Blenheim was a famous victory. Dvorsky, who also figures on the program, is Josef Hofmann. Is it not about time for him to drop this pseudonym?

E. Robert Schmitz

E. Robert Schmitz, who will give a recital on Thursday afternoon in Jordan Hall, should play to a large audience, for he is an unusually accomplished and interesting pianist. He was born in Paris on Feb. 8, 1889, of French parents. (The father was of an Alsatian family.) Mr. Schmitz having won in 1910 the first prize at the Paris Conservatory, a pupil of Diemer, gave concerts in Belgium and Germany. In 1912 he began to give concerts of ultra-modern music in Paris, where he also founded and conducted the Association des Concerts Schmitz. He brought out many orchestral and choral works. Active as pianist and conductor, associated closely with leading composers and musicians, he joined the French colors Aug. 19, 1914, and served for three years and two months. Wounded, gassed severely, he was in a hospital for seven months. After the armistice, he came to the United States, taught in Chicago for a short time, and played in orchestral concerts, but going to New York, which is now his home, he gave his first recital there on April 17, 1919. He has given other recitals in New York, among them four dealing with "The Spirit of Modern Music Compared with the Spirit of Classical and Romantic Music and Its Relations with the Other Fine Arts." On Feb. 13 of this year, he played Carpenter's Concertino at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Boston. Although the piano in this work has not the dominating role, he, nevertheless, made a profound impression. His program for Thursday should alone attract attention.

Prelude, Aria and Fugue	Frank
Source Fantasia	Chabrier
Régence	R. R.
Moulin	Race
Tout va	Saint-Saëns
Silence	A. Lort
a. Sur le rivage, b. Sérénade	Dauvergne
Les Améthystes	Debussy
Capriccio d'Anglais	Debussy
Jeunesse	Debussy
An Capriccio	Debussy
Les Châli	Debussy

"The Fool from the Hills"

"Charles Rynn Kennedy", new play, "The Fool from the Hill," described as "A fantasy of nowhere, in five acts, with a scene unclimbable," "tag forth the doing of a day that never was, for children young and old that wish to be amused," will be performed for the first time on any stage at Selwyn's Park Square Theatre next Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. for the benefit of the Benson House.

The play has to do with bread, bread symbolically as well as literally, for the play is founded on the text "The bread of God is that which cometh down out of heaven and giveth life to the world." The leading parts will be taken by Edith Wynne Matthison and Margaret Gage, the other roles by a specially selected group of young women trained by Mr. Kennedy. The decorations, by F. Lyman Clark of the Amateurs, and, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Crags, a Livingston Platt drop, originally designed for "A Comedy of Errors," will be available.

interesting thing about
is that the the the the

duction is that, as the Greeks and Elizabethans had all men for male and female parts, so in this play all the parts will be taken by girls. It is appropriate, too, that Miss Matthison and her company put on this play, for the reason that women have been intimately connected during the war with the food problem. That such a play should help to finance a work of such far-reaching social value as Denison House seems eminently fitting.

Music at the Museum

The trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston have decided to give a certain number of high grade concerts during the season at the Museum, believing that as music is surely one of the great arts, there is no more fitting place for a concert than in the home of so much that is beautiful in painting, sculpture, pottery. In fact all that represents the artistic achievements of Occidentals and Orientals.

Other museums in cities of the United States, as the Metropolitan of New York, the museums of the more important western towns, have tried the experiment with such success that the concerts are no longer experimental; they are firmly established and recognized as a factor in the general cultivation of all that pertains to art. And what more suitable home for music can be found in Boston than the museum that is dedicated to the beautiful?

The first of these concerts will be of an orchestral nature and will take place on Tuesday evening, the 13th, at 8 o'clock. From 30 to 40 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra will

like the many fine and beautiful and sympathetic leadership of Azide Jacob's. The program, wisely chosen, of true musical worth, dignified yet not heavy, is as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" . . . Mozart
The "Oxford" Symphony . . . Haydn
Two movements from the music to "Peer
Gynt" . . . Grieg
Ballet music from "Rosamunde" . . . Schubert
Capriccio . . . Scarlatti-Jachia
Hungarian Dance in G minor . . . Brahms
The purpose of the trustees is to
vary the nature of the concerts; their
plan includes orchestral, chamber and
choral, all of a high order, for there

is no greater mistake than to think that the general public appreciates only music that for the moment tickles the ears and stirs the feet.

Debussy's Fantasy

That admirable pianist Alfred Cortot will play at the Symphony concerts this week a concerto of Beethoven that is not often heard, and a Fantasy of Debussy which will be performed in this country for the first time. The history of this Fantasy is a singular one.

Debussy was awarded the prix de Rome in 1884. From Rome he sent as his "envei" for the first year a fragment of a lyric drama, "Almanzor" (drama of Heine); an orchestral Suite in two parts, "Spring," for orchestra and chorus; the third was "The Blessed Damozel"; the fourth was to have been this "Fantasy" for piano and orchestra.

As he could not find a satisfactory translation of Heine's poem, he never completed the drama. His "Printemps" did not please the hide-bound conservatives of the Institute at Paris. They were shocked by the use of the voice, without words, used in an instrumental role, and the tonality seemed to them dangerous. One of them remarked: "One does not write in a sharp major for orchestra." Debussy, vexed, therefore did not allow his third "Ensemble", namely "The Blessed Damsel" to be performed at the Institute concert. The "Fantasy", intended as the fourth envoy, remained in the hands of the composer.

Some years later it was announced for performance at a concert of the National Society of Music in Paris, but at the last rehearsal, Debussy, not satisfied with the second part, withdrew it. The *Pantasy* was not published during the composer's lifetime. It was not performed in public until late in 1913.

Mr. Cortot played it at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society, London, on November 19, 1919. It was said at the time, that there had been a semi-private performance in London by Mr. Cortot, not with orchestra, but with Berthe Hert playing the transcription for second piano from the score.

The concerto was performed in Paris for the first time on Dec. 7, 1919 at a Lamoureux concert conducted by Messager, when Marguerite Long was the pianist. Gustave Samazeuilh, reviewing the performance, said that while the orchestration was not characteristic of the later Debussy, the music showed the exceptional gifts that gave him later his world-wide reputation. The reviewer found in the first portion an irresistibly fascinating youthful freshness and spirit, and certain formal features that reminded him of D'Indy's Symphony on Mount in Air. In the transition from the Andante to the Finale, one heard already the voices of the sirens in Debussy's "Nocturnes." In the Finale there is anticipation of the fancy that vitalized his string quartet, the fourth "Lyric Piece," and the subtle rhythm of "Pistes." "The writing for the piano often enlives the orchestral speech with capricious garlands." Well, well! We shall hear what we shall hear. Certainly if any one can bring out all that is in this Fantasy, his name is Alfred Cortot.

Bolshevist Critics

Among the atrocities perpetrated by the Bolsheviks during the reign of terror was their playful habit of shooting opera singers who flattered. Lydia Lip-towsky, who escaped from the Reds in Odessa and will sing in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening, was an eye-witness of such crimes, if this criticism was a crime.

"I was in Moscow," said Mme. Lipkowska, "when the reign of terror began. The first revolution did not affect the theatre. We went on giving opera:

the aristocracy continued to attend in their jewels and fine clothes. Then came the reign of the Bolsheviks. One of the first things they did was to abolish admission fees. The theatre was to be free to anybody who could get in. The artists, some of whom had been receiving \$1500 a night, were all to receive the same pay as any other working person, the janitor, the scene shifter or the ushers. Of course some, myself included, rebelled against this, but the government offered us the alternative of being declared capitalists and being shot. An opera house soviet was formed which included everybody, even to the men who opened the carriage doors outside the theatre. These decided the repertory by popular vote. The first performance was 'Faust.'

"What an audience we secured. Opera prices had been prohibitive. Most of the people of Moscow had never heard an opera. At daybreak the crowds began to gather; they waited all day for the doors to open. When they did open there was a tremendous stampede. The roughest got in first by tramping over women and children.

Several people were killed in the rush and the bodies were kicked into the gutter.

"I was singing Marguerite, Rushoff was the tenor. I shall never forget the expression on his face when he faced that horrible audience. The orchestra led up to his first scene, but the sight of the public scared him half to death. He tried to sing and produced no sound. This infuriated the public. 'Take him off; cut off his bread ticket; shoot him; bring on the devil; down with Faust,' and similar cries filled the air. Rushoff began to sing. His voice quavered; he felt for a high note and bleated pitifully."

“Enemy of the people!” cried somebody in the balcony and a shot rang out. The tenor fell. A fusillade of shots followed. Pandemonium reigned behind. I fainted. Mephistopheles tried to escape through a window and was brought back by the guards. It was time for him to go on. Fortunately they admired the devil; they gave him a burst of applause. This encouraged him and he found his voice. He addressed his song to Faust, singing to the dead body which lay on the stage because no stage hand dared to take it away. This brought out more applause and the audience cried ‘Hurrah for the devil.’ The Kermesse scene came next, and the chorus was welcomed with cheers. Men all over the world like pretty girls; chorus and ballet were very pretty. The audience couldn’t get enough of them. They made them do the waltz five times. I was standing terrified in the wings waiting my entrance. As there was no Faust, I sang his query and my response in a trembling voice. The murderers out front noticed my alarm.

"Be not afraid little sweetheart," one huge laborer with a long black beard exclaimed from the front row. "You are too pretty to spoil." This awakened a burst of applause, and I felt relieved.

"The Kermesse scene had lasted so long that we were able to wind up the opera with the garden scene, which went very well except for the absence of anybody to sing Faust's address to the cottage. This was played by the orchestra with a solo violin. Toward the end of the scene the audience got tired and began to call "Give us the prison scene, never mind the rest." We darkened the stage. I lay down on the grass of the garden scene and Mephistopheles and one of the chorus men went through the prison trio. That was the finish. The Bolsheviks went home satisfied. Next day the Bolshevik municipal authorities made it a crime to shoot opera singers. They forbade anybody carrying arms into the opera house, and for some weeks we gave fair performances under the most revolting conditions. I was always watching my chance to get out of the country. When it came I fled from Moscow and reached Odessa almost without incident. Odessa was then in "the hands of the old regime, but the Bolsheviks were coming. They finally drove out a few French troops and took the city. It was while singing in Odessa that I met my future husband, the captain of a torpedo boat of the French navy. It was Mr. Bodin who enabled me to escape the Bolsheviks a second time."

Singing in German

A Danish singer in London endeavored last month to sing in German. The following accounts of what happened are pleasant reading. The first is from the Daily Mail (overseas edition of March 20):

"A mediocre singer, M. Mischaleon, has at least managed to win notoriety for himself. He provoked a hostile demonstration at Amollan Hall—in London, where we have probably the poltest concert audiences in Europe.

"This young foreigner, who was hardly known except as the husband of a prima donna (Mme. Donalda), surely showed but little tact, little feeling for the proprieties, in proposing to give up a whole afternoon to singing in German.

"Where his feelings hurt at the angry sounds" that greeted him and held up his concert for nearly half an hour? Well, he had been warned. He should have understood that as a neutral (he explained that he was Danish) there exist prejudices beyond his ken. But if he should need consolation he will find it, after this exploit, in acclamation the length and breadth of Germany, however indifferently he may sing.

"Having registered their protest, the hostile party withdrew, and the singer carried out a program which might have been entitled 'The Amorous Tenton.'

The protest was mainly against the tyrannical use of German in musical matters, which before the war was tending to make music accessible only by a

knowledge of German. Schubert and Schumann, sung in English, remain attractive in small doses. Sung in German a la Mischka-Leon they so vividly picture the spreading Teuton in his cups and in his amours, and the picture is repellent.

The second account is from the London Times of March 15:

"When Mr. Mischke-Leon came on to the platform of the Aeolian Hall on Saturday (March 13) to begin his program of songs in German loud hisses were mingled with the applause. No one took

at all. It was... his first song... protests... parts of the... the middle... the stalls was the most coherent of the... and he gained attention... described the unpleasant asso-... (he used stronger terms than... which the German language now... for many English ears. When Mr. M... Leon tried to reply the cries and... to be any general, some of... demanding that the ob-... should be turned out, the ob-... to be put out.

After a quarter of an hour or so of... connection as is almost unknown... usually apathetic concert halls the... was carried out, "according to... Mr. Mischa-Leon thus asserted... to sing in whatever language... in a hall which he had hired... for the purpose, and where no one need... him who dislikes doing so. He... 'Adelaide' songs by Loewe and... at 10 from Schumann's "Dichter-... and half a dozen by Hugo Wolf. We heard him to the end of the Schu-... group, but it would be absurd to... a performance which took place... such circumstances. No faults of... could be seriously recorded... against a man who had had to begin by... down his audience, and is natu-... for his anxiety to hold their... and keep their good will once... We could only admire the per-... which enabled him to do this. He won, and on the whole deserved his... victory, but we came away won-... why he should have provoked the..."

On the other hand, Mr. Robin H. Legge... the Daily Telegraph wrote: "To most... who were present the whole affair must... have seemed very paltry. Is our native... art in substantial danger from the sing-

ing in German of German Lieder? Are we really more afraid of the German tongue than we were of German Fokkers and Taubes and other infernal machines? Are we so afraid of German competition in art that we must bar German words forever while swallowing German music wholesale? Are the offensive German words more 'German' than the music to which they are set? If there is anything in the 'nationality' question in music then German music should be at least as detestable as German texts, and protests such as those of Saturday should be thorough."

Notes About Plays New and Old Produced in England

Due notice has been taken in this country of Galsworthy's "Defeat," produced by the Curtain Group in London on March 14, but we have seen no allusion to Kenneth Hare's "The Return to Nature," played the same afternoon. The statue of a satyr comes to life and woos the susceptible Lady Clarice, in whose garden, her's since the time of William the Conqueror, the statue had stood. His courtship is in striking contrast to the languid attentions of the "exquisitely weary" Lord Peak, described by the satyr as frosty. The satyr, kissing Lady Clarice rapturously, dances with her in the moonlight, kindles a flame, and bears her off to his cave, swearing by the Styx to restore her to her old life if she wishes it. The Curtain Group is now amalgamated with the Peoples Theatre Society, "whose conductors do not profess to be 'superior persons,' intend to abstain from politics and propaganda, and hope to produce plays by English, continental and Irish authors, including, if M. Bernard Shaw can be persuaded to give permission, his 'Heartbreak House.'" To go back to "The Return to Nature," Cyril Scott wrote the incidental music, light in texture, chiefly for string quartet, and "concerned chiefly with the Satyr's point of view." The Daily Telegraph said "It is least effective when it accompanies the Satyr's most ardent speech, and most effective when it becomes formal in dance measure for a few moments."

John Webster's "White Devil" was revived at Cambridge on March 9 by the Mayhew Dramatic Society of Cambridge University. The female parts were played as in Webster's time, by male actors.

The Times said of "Come Out of the Kitchen," produced at the Strand March 5: "Stage stories about the kitchen and the butler's pantry seem to have one formula: 'Upstairs' and 'downstairs' must fall in love; but it comes all right in the end because 'downstairs' is not really 'down' but 'up' in disguise. The rest is naught but broken plates and the comic embarrassments of amateur domestics. Altogether a not overwhelming ambition and an entirely anodyne performance." Gertrude Elliott took the part of the cook.

"Trilby" was revived in London March 2, with Miss Neilson Terry as the "Trilby." The Times spoke of "a call from the past" and said: "The people with whom Mauriac's novel was con-

cerned are as dead today as they were when they had never been, and that they are utterly forgotten, their side whis-kers, their very little jokes and their foolish mannerisms far upon us now, and they seem much more remote from us than those who lived and died before their side whiskers had started to grow."

At a meeting of the Variety Artists' Federation in London last month there was a protest against the threatened attempt to import German artists into British industry.

Mme. Pavlova after an absence of more than five years will begin a season at Drury Lane tomorrow.

A \$100 Prize

The Mendelssohn Club of Philadel-phia offers a prize of \$100 for the best a cappella composition in eight parts for mixed chorus of 70 voices. The

contest closes July 1, 1920. The composi-tions should be sent to N. Lindsay Norden, conductor of the club, 7200 Creishelm road, Philadelphia. They should bear only a fictitious name. A sealed envelope containing this name on the outside and the composer's name and address inside should be sent to the secretary, George U. Malpass, 6711 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Post-age for return should also be inclosed. The conditions are these: The work must not have been given before; the right to use the words must be secured if necessary, and a written statement to that effect must accompany a manu-script; the text may be secular or reli-gious, secular preferred; the com-poser should write for eight parts (more, if necessarily, occasionally), but it is not essential to keep eight parts going all the time; the work should be scored for a large chorus, and be about 12 or 14 pages octavo in length, re-quiring about five minutes for perform-ance; it should be written vocally, not needlessly intricate, or too modulatory in character. The composition and all royalties therefrom becomes the prop-erty of the club. The composer must send with the manuscript a statement that the Mendelssohn Club has the ex-clusive right to the first performance if the work takes the prize. The award will be announced not later than Sept. 1, 1920. The judges will be Walter R. Spalding of Harvard University, Rich-ard Henry Warren of New York, and N. Lindsay Norden.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Sophie Braslau, contralto, and Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice.

Mechanics Hall, 3 P. M., 14th annual bene-fit concert Musicians Mutual Relief Society, 400 musicians. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Mme. Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Walter M. Smith, trumpet. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Andre de Ribapierre, violinist. Locale, Sonata, D minor; Mozart, Concerto, E flat major; Bach, Sarabande and Bourree; Esyze, Roca d'Enfant; Lelantain, passee; Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Victor Miller, pianist.

WEEDS—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. "The Allen, pianist. Paganini-Liszt, Etude; Brahms, in concerto in E flat, Rhapsodie in B minor; Debussy, Prelude in A minor, Poissons d'Or; General Lavine; G. Faure, Romanza, No. 3; Glazounoff, John's Introduction and Eugene; Padermski, Dreyer's Tales No. 2; Macdonald, The Eagle; Platt, The Gull; Mason, Child's Swallows; Gohard, Love Poem; Cyril Scott, Irish Reel; Hoffmann, East and West; Tchaikowsky, Characteristic Dance.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. F. Robert Schmitz, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. and 8 P. M. Symphony concert, Mr. Montez, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. People's Philharmonic Choir, F. W. Wodell, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Re-petition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Montez, conductor.

Artemus Ward returned to Baldinville during the civil war and made this announcement: "If I'm drafted I shall resign."

"My only daughter threw herself onto my bosom and said: 'It is me, father! I thank the gods!' She reads the New York Ledger."

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old facker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the New York Clipper."

Baseball in 1872

Some one has mailed us a copy of the New York Clipper dated May 18, 1872. We thank the unknown him or her for unusually interesting reading, nor do we refer especially to the serial story, "Congo, the Conjuror," which with a four-column cut adorns the first page. The news about baseball for the week before revived old memories. Note the scores: Athletics 25, Troy 5. When the Athletics met the G. M. Roths of Philadelphia, McBride played first base for a change and Mack pitched—"remarkably well considering his lack of practice." The score was 20 to 13 in favor of the Athletics. Scores of games between other clubs in other cities: 59 to 3; 34 to 11; 43 to 15; 21 to 11. (Anson was playing third base for the Athletics.)

On May 11 the return game of the championship series between the Boston and Mutual clubs took place here on the Union grounds "in the presence of fully 5000 people, an unusually large attendance for Boston. The betting was in favor of the Reds, but all investments of this kind had to be indulged in

quietly, as no betting is allowed on the Boston ball grounds. The Boston Sun-day Times says: "It was rather remarkable that the New Yorkers betted against their own men—those of them, at least, who were not boisterously loud the other way, and who took good care not to show their stamps. But there was a knot of New York roughs on a stage coach, placed behind the report-ers' stand, who kept up continual shout-ing and appealing to the personal pow-ers of their favorites to do this and that impossibility, mingled with low slang and oaths, which made their vicinity especially noisy and disagreeable. Such conduct was disgraceful, and we trust never to see it repeated. The general good order of our baseball grounds must not be thus disturbed in future, or the interests of the game will suffer." Spalding and McVey pitched and caught for the Boston; the basemen were Rogers, Barnes, Schafer; the outfielders, Leonard, H. Wright and Birdsall; George Wright was shortstop. The Boston won, 4 to 2.

On another page Peck & Snyder ad-vertised their "professional dead ball, 1 ounce vulcanized rubber, 5 1/2 oz., 9 1/2 inch," while E. S. Ellis & Co. advertised the "champion cricket and baseball clamp," which would fit any sized shoe or boot. Wright & Gould, at 18 Boylston street, sold baseball and cricket goods.

Lorenzo Papanti

Under the heading "musical" is this paragraph:

"Lorenzo Papanti, for some time a member of the orchestra at the old Tremont Street Theatre, Boston, Mass., and the first person to introduce the French horn, on which he was the only performer in this country, died at Bos-ton, Mass., May 7th, of congestion of the lungs, at the age of 73 years, he hav-ing been born at Leghorn, Italy, May 31, 1799. On arriving at the age of 21 years he accepted a position as officer in the body guard of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which he resigned in 1825 in order to visit America. Mr. Papanti land-ed at Boston and became a member of the orchestra above referred to; but finding that occupation not to his taste, he went to West Point and opened a dancing school. After remaining there a few seasons he returned to Boston, where he taught for many years."

The statement that Papanti was the first to play the "French horn" in this country is nonsensical. Thomas Pike, a dancing, fencing and music master, in Charleston, S. C., was playing "French horn" concertos in 1765.

For Old Oarsmen

"'Hank' Ward, the veteran stroke of the celebrated Ward crew now disband-ed, has taken the building at the depot, Sing Sing, N. Y., where the wamps of those who are hungered and a thirst can always be attended to. Call and see the old 'un.'"

The Fancy

Jem Mace and Ed O'Baldwin were matched for a fight on Aug. 15th for \$1000 a side. George Seddons was anxious to fight with Tim Collins, "who, we learn, is now running a lager beer saloon at the Hub." Arthur Chambers and Patsy Sheppard "took a joint benefit at Harry Hill's. It is about time these blackened glove con-tests, in which the public has lost con-fidence, were ended. A let-up on bene-fit taking would also be appreciated by those who admire good boxing." Pic-tures of Joe Coburn, Jem Mace and John Morrissey were sold for one dol-lar a piece at the Clipper building; "fine lithographs for saloons."

In the Playhouse, Etc.

Charles Mathews was playing Dazzle at Wallacks with Lester Wallack, John Brougham, John Gilbert, J. H. Stod-dart, J. B. Polk, E. M. Holland, Plessy Morgaunt, Fanny Foster and Mrs. John Sefton in the company. Good old nights! The Vokes Family were at the Union Square, Marietta Ravel at Woods Mu-seum; George L. Fox in "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic; Clara Morris in "Article 47" at the Fifth Avenue; "the famed colloquial actor, author and dramatist, Mr. Albert W. Aiken," was playing in "Witches of New York" at the Bowery.

An anaconda snake, 17 feet long, "per-fectly healthy," was for sale in New York. Price \$150.

New and "popular" songs were "While the Gas is Burning," "Billiards and Pool," "That's Too Thin," "Bronze Buttoned Boots," "Peanut Girl," "Dolly Varden" (in three different versions).

E. D. Davies was then "the premier ventriloquist of the world"; he was sure of it. What about G. W. Jester, "sur-named the Man with the Talking Hand"? "G. W. J. has no rival in his profession, his feats in phonation and ventriloquy differing from and unap-proachably by any artist extant."

For Gamblers, Suckers, Et Al.

"Poker. If you want to win at cards send for the 'Secret Helper.' A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown, Salem, N. H."

A faro lay-out on a fold-up board could be bought in Chicago for \$25, a Keno set with 1/4 Ivory balls for \$100.

The Missouri state lottery offered \$300 prizes amounting to \$300,000.

"\$1000 in one week. To any shrewd man who can do business on the quiet, I guarantee an immense fortune, easily, rapidly, and in perfect safety. Address in perfect confidence, William Ford, 28 West Fourth street, N. Y. city."

For \$1.25 in currency one could secure \$20,000 in gold by purchasing the lucky ticket from "the Peoples' Grand Mus-ical Festival and Gift Enterprise" at Sacramento, Cal.

Good old Dr. Van Holm of Boston sold for a dollar, "Perfezione. No more skinny arms and limbs." This shows that he did not consider arms to be limbs.

"Coral Balm" for enlarging any part of the body could be obtained at Will-iamsburgh, N. Y., for 50 cents a pack-age.

SPALDING GIVES

Railroad strike complications prevented Sophie Braslau, metropolitan opera con-tralto, from coming to Boston from New York for the concert she was to give in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon with Albert Spalding, violinist. Mr. Spalding was on hand and played the selections previously announced for him, while Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, served as substitute for Miss Braslau. Mr. Spalding's program:

Sonata in D, Padre Martini; Prelude, Loure and Gavotte (from the Sonata in E for violin alone), Bach; Castles in Spain and Lettre de Chopin, Spalding; Scherzo, Valse, Chabrier-Loeffler; Romanza Andaluza, Sarasate; La Campanella, Paganini.

Few violinists more satisfactory than Mr. Spalding are heard here, and it is a pleasure to see and listen to a quiet, capable American artist who makes beautiful music with his violin as a relief from those who come to us from Russia, Rumania or New York's East side with strange names and exotic mannerisms as important features of their equipment. The audience was en-thusiastic, and demanded and received many extra numbers.

Mr. Werrenrath was heard with ex-treme pleasure to the prelude to "Pagli-accel," a group of modern French songs and other varied selections.

MUSICIANS' SOCIETY

GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT

Band of 400 and Orchestra of 70 Heard in Mechanics Hall

The annual concert for the benefit of the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society of Boston was given at Mechanics Hall, yesterday afternoon, 400 musicians play-ing in the band and 70 in the orchestra which accompanied Mme. Hudson Alex-ander, soprano soloist. Walter M. Smith was the trumpet soloist. Emil Mollen-hauer conducted.

The orchestra was augmented by the former members of the Boston Sym-phony orchestra who went on strike and joined the musicians' union. Mr. Mollenhauer was presented with a bronze statue of Orpheus and Mr. Smith was the recipient of a gold medal, both being gifts of the society. The presen-tations were made by Courtenay Guild.

The program opened with a march and overture from "Il Guarany," fol-lowed by "Maytime," "Traumerei" and excerpts from Verdi's "Manzoni Re-quiem." Mme. Alexander sang selec-tions from "The Queen of Sheba" and Mr. Smith played "The Southern Cross."

June 13 1920

"Miss Ann Pennington," says the N. Y. Evening Post, once controlled and edited by William Cullen Bryant, "is one of the few living arguments for the approval of dancers in bare knees. Ar-guments against it would be about 99.9 per cent. of the dancers in the country."

The Sentimental Gardener

(John Martin Mueller)

"Weary! I am weary!
No rest from raking till I reach my goal!
Here, like a tulip trampled,
Lose I heart and soul;
Sure such a Death-in-Life as mine—so dark, so dreary,
Must be unexampled!"

"O, gazelle-eyed Princess!
Grand daughter of the Sultan of Cathay!
The Knave of Spades beseeches
Thee by night and day;
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,
Apricots and peaches!"

Done in English

The translator in Leon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman," speaks of "The Bat-tle of the Desert." A foot-note should explain that the reference is to the Bat-tle of the Wilderness (1864).

Sons of Toil

As the World Wags:
I have observed with interest the pro-ceedings of some house painters who are at work on my church this spring. They are in attendance only five days in the week, and their day's work be-gins later and ends earlier than my own. It is enlivened by much cheerful conversation and laughter and pleas-antly varied by occasional calls from personal friends. During such visits the work in hand is suspended. Al-

together their day is very far from being burdensome, and from the terms related to me by my committee who have charge of the repairs, I am inevitably led to believe that their time is exceedingly well paid for. I have had, indeed, to resist a tendency to an undisciplined envy of their relatively fortunate lot. For such a reward as I am told they receive for their labor I should feel humbly grateful, but I have to suppose, from their manner, that it is no more than they barely deserve, if not slightly inadequate. I was reminded of their state of mind by that of an old woman who has for many years chored for my family. She is getting a little feeble and we managed to see our way to making a slight addition to her weekly wage in recognition of her needs. The week after this increase we missed her from her allotted task, and finally found her in the kitchen rocking back and forth in a rocking chair. On being reminded that her small but definite duties lay elsewhere, she replied somewhat arrogantly: "Folks as gets what I gets rocks when they likes."

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
St. Hermenegild's Day.

In the Theatre

As the World Wags:
Is it true that here has been current a rumor to the effect that Geraldine Farrar will presently appear on the speaking stage as Romeo, with her husband, Lou Tellegen, playing the part of Juliet? And, if so, who are there to act the other roles, or any of them, comparably? To be sure, there is a certain president emeritus hereabouts, who would look very well in the minuet, and Mary Pickford would be charming as Mercutio. But who is there for the Nurse? For Tybalt? Who for Lady Capulet?—now that one of the Russell brothers is dead and the other insane! Would Brennan lend Savoy to such an end? . . . All of which makes me want to start up a lot of correspondence in your column about the Russell brothers. Somebody ought to write a detailed memorial to their unique place in the history of the stage. Every lover of the Russell brothers should respond with some impression, description, fragment of joke, or whatnot, reminiscent of those hitherto-too-little-known, but once great, and now gradually-becoming-forgotten artists of vaudeville and melodrama! Or does all this belong in the Atlantic Monthly?

Cambridge. MATTIE MAYFOOT.

As the World Wags:
Reading Mr. Baxter's communication on Songful Porto Rico, I was disappointed. The heading promised a discussion of that minor-keyed, doleful lay which starts in, "Pobre mi madre querida," warbled by guitar-toting youths on the trolley that run out to Rio Piedras, yowled by mess-boys in the sleepy after-dinner hour, hummed by matron and maid, by orange vendors peeling their green, tropical chinas. What was the full content and import of the stanzas? I never could quite catch the words. Known to all, the natives displayed a curious reticence about the song; it remained a mystery. Just are the Porto Ricans really songful? Small children, it is true, were heard to sing, lustily, open-mouthed in that strident tone peculiar to female southrons; adults almost never. Band music, however, they are passionately fond of and the inflammatory scraping of the guichara. Bully stuff, that guichara music. When you hear it, the city dissolves and is gone; the jungle rises about you, and the lights are smoky torments.

If Mr. Baxter is still in San Juan, let him send more important news. Others besides myself who have tarried in that ancient and amiable town must be thirst for gossip. How goes the retreat these Sunday nights in the Plaza Bandstand? Does Ike Goldsmith, the fallen (but not crestfallen) barkeep, still grace the occasion? How thrive the practical hat-vendors? W. L. P.
Boston.

Ugh! Big Injun!

As the World Wags:
The query of "F. B. C." regarding the derivation of the Indian place name, "Piscataquak," reminds me that I am somewhat behind in my dues in the Piscataquak club, an ancient organization of this delightful village situate on one of the tributaries of "Fishing Waters" at the confluence of the Piscataquak.

Do your readers know that the similitude between the Abnaki and Latin tongues extends beyond this phonetic idea coincidence, and comprises a remarkable resemblance in the wonderfully complete verb inflection? Note the imperfect termination abnaki—"aban" equal to the Latin "abat"—and the perfect abnaki "it" as in Latin "amavit."

Belton in his "La Parole Humaine" has noted the rich quality of the tongue. His conclusions of its value are summed up in a single query: "Peut-il concevoir meilleur et plus noble language?"

Father Lemoine's French-Montagnais Dictionary, Watkin's Cree Dictionary, the Dictionary left us by Father Rasle, the martyr of Norridgewock, as well as the works of Henry R. Schoolcraft have all suggested to us numerous similarities between the Algie and Latin tongues.

A trip from Hudson's Bay across Canada via St. Lawrence river to Fort Chimo in the arctic will bring you in touch

with Indian tribes (today) who use this language almost as it was spoken in early colonial days. To the northern Nascaupé's and Montagnais Indians "Piscataquak," "Monadnock" and "Manhattan" bring up images of fishing scenes, lonely peaks and islands; "Wachusett" and "Massachusetts" long, long stretches of open water, Narragansett a peninsula.

"The only differences in sound are those to be expected from the climatic influences upon the outer organs of speech. Mobile lips and a glib tongue are not to be found where the face is stiff with cold." (Grenfell, "Labrador.") JENA DIZZY.

Newmarket, N. H., 8th Sun of the Leaf Moon.

"Civilian Clothes" Might Be Named "The Taming of a Snob"

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Civilian Clothes," a comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced by Oliver Morosco.

Billy Arkwright, Raymond Walburn
Nora, the maid, Venie Atherton
Gen. McNery, J. K. Murray
Jack Rutherford, Arthur Albertson
Florence Lanham, Dorothy Dickinson
Mrs. Lanham, Isobel Irving
Elizabeth, Floy Murray
Sam McGinnis, William Courtenay
Mrs. Margaret Smythe, Frances Underwood
Belle Henderson, Henrietta Dickinson
Zack Hart, William Holden
Mr. Lanham, Frank Sylvester
Mr. McGinnis, Lloyd Neal
Bell Hop, Harold Grau

Florence Lanham was a romantic girl who, a nurse in France, fell in love with Sam McGinnis, a heroic young man, who received all sorts of decorations. She married him. He was reported killed. She returned to Louisville, Ky., where her parents were considered the "best people." They were rich and of social position, nevertheless the wallpaper in the library of their house was of a distressingly ugly pattern and color. In spite of this, they were snobs. Florence was a snob, and when Sam turned up she was shocked by his hand-me-down suit, loud cravat and curious shoes. Sam saw it, and as he was a joker, his father explained this in the last act—he told her that his father was a cobbler and chewed tobacco. He might have added that father was a freethinker in religion and politics, for so cobblers have been characterized for centuries, according to tradition.

Florence was more distressed when Sam insisted on taking a butler's position in her house. He proves himself to be an excellent "first inside man." The women, except Florence, fell in love with him and Zack Hart, piercing through Sam's disguise, offered him \$20,000 a year to take charge of mines in South America. Sam refused for the sake of being near his wife.

This comedy, which is more than half the time a farce, might be called "The Taming of the Snob." Florence, beset by many young men, who regard her as an eligible match, finally runs away with Arkwright, after she finds Mrs. Smythe, a voluptuous and forward widow, making hot love to him. But nothing happens. In the third act they all meet at a New Orleans hotel—the eloping couple, the widow, who turns out to be dead ex Machina, and consents to wed Hart, old Hart himself, old McGinnis, who, we learn, is the proprietor of a huge factory and notwithstanding his sermonizing about the marriage relation is probably a profane. Florence finally realizes that Sam is all the world to her, especially after she is informed that old McGinnis does not chew plug or fine cut and is rich. This act is poorly constructed, and wildly improbable even for farcical purposes. The characters for many minutes merely tread water, spur for wind. It could be cut heroically to the great advantage of the play and the audience.

As a whole the farce is amusing. There are many good lines, the fattest of which are given to Mr. Courtenay and Miss Underwood. The latter's lines are often frank and, some might think, broad, but this fascinating woman speaks them so knowingly, so delightfully, so effectively, with a personal charm, with seductive carriage, gesture, facial expression, that they are heard with infinite pleasure.

Mr. Courtenay, whose sense of humor is so well developed that it needed no father to remind the audience of his son's gift, played in the easy manner that alone endears him to many. He does not find it necessary to hammer into the skull of a spectator the jests of the playwright. He does not give undue emphasis. He knows the value of repose. His face is eloquent, his voice pleases the ear.

Among the other comedians, Miss Irving and Messrs. Neal, Sylvester, Holden and Murray were conspicuous. The young men in the company were inadequate, nor did Miss Dickinson do much with the part of Florence.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly amused. Laughter after Mr. Courtenay came on the stage was continuous until the third act, which dragged. It is hardly necessary to say

that Mr. Courtenay made a little speech, in which he expressed his joy at being "home again." How refreshing it would be to hear an actor, baited by the audience, say that a tyrannical manager had forced him to come here.

'HONEY GIRL' HAS SECOND OPENING

Moves from Park Square to Majestic Theatre

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Premier of "Not So Long Ago," a comedy in three acts, prologue and epilogue, by Arthur Richman. The cast:

A lamplighter, John Gray
Mary, Leatta Miller
Sylvia, Margaret Mosier
Elsie Dover, Eva Le Gallienne
Sam Robinson, Thomas Mitchell
Michael Dover, George Henry Trader
Mrs. Ballard, Esther Lyon
Mrs. Ballard, Beth Martin
Agnes, a maid, Mollie Adams
Rosamond Gill, Mary Kennedy
Billy Ballard, Sidney Blackmer
Rupert Hancock, Gilbert Douglas

The play has a real plot. It depends neither on bedrooms, pretty girl dancers, a scantily attired chorus, nor a leading tenor to put it over. Instead it is one of the brightest, most whimsical little comedies Boston has seen since Maytime.

The time is in 1870. Imagine a girl so full of romance (of the Laura Jean Libby type) that she dreams day dreams while acting as a seamstress and plus these day dreams on to the scene of the house where she is employed. She (Elsie Dover) is bright and pretty, and when forced to tell this young scion (Billy Ballard) what she has been dreaming, he shields her from the wrath of her father. For she had lived her dreams at home, and talked of them.

Of course, that leads to complications. Naturally Billy falls in love with her. Billy's mother (Mrs. Ballard) is opposed to the match inasmuch as she is trying to marry off her daughter to a rich man who, she feels, would be offended if he knew of Billy's affair. The reverse is true and in the end the fortune-seeking, society-climbing mother is forced to beg the seamstress to stay and have luncheon.

Comedy as natural as air moves through the whole show. The seamstress has another lover, a travelling salesman of the old-school type, whose chief delight was in spouting out wisdom to less fortunate persons. He knew it all, and when he predicted eggs would never cost any more than 25 cents a dozen, the audience laughed long and loud. He served as a foil at all times, and when a comic touch was needed Sam Robinson happened along. He had been in the real estate business and he knew the land at Forty-second street and Broadway would never be worth anything.

But perhaps what the audience enjoyed most was the pure naturalness of the piece. The types were accurately drawn. And, further, the action was as fast as a Yankee advance and the situations, both dramatic and humorous, followed each other so rapidly that the audience was many times almost breathless.

To the author belongs the credit of as many clever lines as could possibly be crowded into three acts. The show fairly bristles with snappy dialogue and the touches of satire upon life at that time (and of the present day as well) were remarkably keen.

But to the cast must go the credit of making the most of everything. The reading of the lines was invariably good. Eva Le Gallienne as the heroine had a hard task. Her part called for an interpretation of a romantic type which is hard to impersonate. The least bit of gushing would have ruined it. But she carried it through so convincingly the audience actually felt for her.

Thomas Mitchell was funny. His exits always brought a hearty laugh. Sidney Blackmer, as a somewhat shy boy who was not accustomed to a harsh world, but who woke up as the plot unfolded, left nothing to be desired.

"Not So Long Ago" is here until further notice. Boston will like it because Boston always likes clean fun, sympathetic satire, sparkling dialogue and the old-fashioned heart-throb.

MISS BRICE IS KEITH FEATURE

Elizabeth Brice, assisted by Will Morrissey and a large company of players, in "The Overseas Revue," is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was warm in its approval.

Miss Brice's offering differs materially from the stereotyped overseas reviews. The piece is well written, not as to story, not as to any attempt at continuity but rather as an entertain-

ment. There is the added advantage of several good comedians, and then there are the interesting specialties of Miss Brice.

The piece is in three scenes, with the principal efforts centred on the scene in the hut. Here the vernacular of the doughboy is given full play, the top- sergeant and the M. P. are amusingly excoriated, and the magnetic style of the principal comedian, Mr. Morrissey, is given full play. Leon M. Polachek conducted.

Other acts on the bill were Mlle. La Toys and her troupe of canines; Alec Bronson and company, in a sketch; Billy Glason, in chatter and song; Maryon Vadie and Ota Gysl, in a dancing and instrumental act; Agnes Finley and Charley Hill, in a musical act; Hobson and Beatty, vocalists; and Tozart, the vagabond artist.

RIBAUPIERRE

By PHILIP HALE

Andre de Ribaupierre, violinist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last evening. Victor Millier was the pianist. The program was as follows: Leclair, Sonata, D major; Mozart, Concerto, E flat major; Bach, Sarabande and Bourree for violin alone; Tsaye, Reve d'Enfant and Lointain vasse; Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.

When Mr. Ribaupierre gave a recital in New York last month, he was announced as a Swiss violinist. Last night the program said he was French. Perhaps he is a French Swiss. This is immaterial. As we read in the old Speaker and Reader in our little village: "It matters not what immediate spot was the birthplace of so great a man as Washington." But Mr. Ribaupierre is not a Washington among violinists.

He is serious-faced and evidently serious-minded; but he is not a "creative" violinist, nor is he a mechanician of marked skill. Last night his intonation was not always pure, nor was his tone always agreeable. Furthermore he failed to reproduce the elegance of Leclair's music, and he was far from playing the concerto in the Mozartian spirit. In the concerto there was not the necessary repose in rapid passages, for in Mozart's music we often meet with the paradox of Zeno: an arrow in full flight is stationary. Biographers of Leclair say that he was first a ballet dancer; later "he cultivated violin playing energetically." Mr. Ribaupierre played energetically, as if he would charge the music of the 18th century with 20th century emotionalism. He has a certain plausible facility. When he was simple, as in the Sarabande of the songs, he was more in the vein. This Sarabande is the most pleasing movement in the work. By the way, where did Mr. Dolmetsch, who used to play here in queer clothes, as if he were at a masquerade, get the idea that the pace of the Sarabande was frequently fast? Extraordinary Mr. Dolmetsch!

An audience of fair size applauded vehemently.

"The Fool from the Hills"

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First production of "The Fool from the Hills," a play in five acts, by Charles Rann Kennedy. Special performance for the benefit of Denison House. The cast:

Habib, Eleanor Nichol
Shams, Anita White
Amr, Frances Doble
Gevher, Margaret Gage
Ferda, Edith Wynne Matthison
Jalal, Ruth Schoelkopf
Sultan, Margaret Underhill

Although it takes a long time to find out what this play is all about, process of deduction leads us to conclude that it advocates the overthrow of the present system and the establishment of a new world. These sentiments, when expressed on a proletarian platform, in straightforward English, are carelessly called "Bolshevistic." But in this play the sentiments are all so beautifully swathed in archaic phrases and mixed metaphors that yesterday's large, fashionable and obviously wealthy audience seemed to enjoy it. So long as the movement for the overthrow of the capitalist system confines itself to the symbolic stage, who should worry? Perhaps Mr. Kennedy, himself, would be sorry to see it go any further.

In the play, the World, the Flesh and the Devil—representing the capitalist class and the material class—are the arch villains. They are the privy council of the Sultan, who represents the royalty of this world. Between them they have starved the youth of the world and then sent it forth to die in battle. Gevher and Ferda are boy and girl who resent this system, and who, with the aid of Jalal of the Hills, determine to overthrow it. Jalal is referred to as the "Master Baker." He is, presumably, Christ, for there is much talk about bread, which is perhaps the bread of life, truth. Jalal's battle cry is "Bread for everyone! Bread for the world!" The old Sultan and his crew

chancellors eventually are torn from power and devoured by the dragon. Does Mr. Kennedy here drag in a symbol for bolshevism? If so, what could be more amusing than that one with such convictions, should regard bolshevism as a dragon. The play ends with a prospect of plenty of bread for everyone, and not too much for anyone. Truly, a fantasy of "nowhere."

The play was capably acted by players from the Bennett school of liberal and applied arts, with lovely scenery and exquisite costumes. Miss Matthison as Gerda made a nice courageous boy. Miss Schickopf as Jalal, the breadmaker, is strangely beautiful and has unusual beauty. She has also a speaking voice of rare emotional quality and she knows how to use it without overdoing it. When she graduates into the ranks of the professionals she will doubtless be heard from.

Tea was served in the middle of this rolick afternoon, proving itself once again the "cup that cheers."

April 15 1920

ALICE ALLEN

By PHILIP HALE

Alice Allen, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Paganini-Liszt, Etude; Brahms, Intermezzo in E flat; Rhapsodie; Debussy, Prelude in A minor; Poissons d'or, General Lavine; La Faure, Romance, No. 3; Ravel, Mazurka; John, Introduction and Fugue; Peterkin, Dreamers' Tales, No. 1; McDowell, The Eagle; Platt, The Mills; Mason, Chimney Swallows; Gebard, Love Poem; Cyril Scott, Irish Reel; Hoffmann, East and West; Tschalkovsky, Characteristic Dance.

Peterkin is a composer whose name is not yet a household word. Norman Peterkin, born at Liverpool in 1888, "supposed to be an architect, 'instead of which,' as Judge Boompointer would say, he went into music. He spent the years 1910-1918 in the far east, Malaya, China, Japan, where he sold gramophones and player-pianos to the mild-eyed Orientals. He also composed: piano pieces and songs. Mme. Eve Gauthier, who "years ago" met Mr. Peterkin in Hong-Kong, has sung two of his Chinese songs in New York, also one with English words by Ernest Dowson. His "Dreamers' Tales" for piano, and "Poems From the Japanese" (songs), have been published in this city. He was self-taught as regards composition. We are indebted to Mr. Carl Engel, composer and editor of music, for this information.

Mr. Peterkin's "Dreamers' Tales" are four in number. They were suggested by passages in Lord Dunsany's books, or they serve as tonal illustrations of them. Would that Miss Allen had played them all, even if other and too familiar pieces on the program had been thrown overboard. We should like especially to hear the first, if only to learn how Mr. Peterkin reminded one by the piano of the instruments mentioned by Dunsany: the tambang and the titibuk; the kalipac and the zootipar. The tale that was told yesterday was a short one with this motto:

"And the butterflies sang of strange and painted things, of purple orchids, and of lost pink cities, and the monstrous colors of the Jungles decay."

Imagination is required to interpret music; the hearer also needs imagination, to meet the composer and interpreter half-way. Some day we are to hear a tonal picture of a barren save for mullein stalks, not? Wordsworth heard "bleak from that old stone wall."

Allen's program was refreshingly conventional, in that it was made up of few exceptions of little pieces, was no long-winded sonata, no sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy, musical foxes do not necessarily be musical vines. There is more McDowell's "Eagle" and Debussy's "Goldfish" than in many sonatas. Has anyone discovered the identity of "General Lavine"? Did Debussy caricature some queer person, as Gounod in his "Funeral March of a Marionette"? said to have poked fun at Henry P. Chofey's staccato walk?

Miss Allen has an agreeable touch, she is only has been carefully taught; she phrases intelligently. She is more musically effective in her playing of pieces as Brahms's Intermezzo and Faure's Romance than in her interpretation of Brahms's Rhapsody or Debussy's Prelude. She made little of Peterkin's ultra-modern composition. Was it her fault, or was the fault in the music itself? At present Miss Allen shows little individuality as an interpreter.

April 16 1920

E. R. SCHMITZ

By PHILIP HALE

E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, gave his first recital here yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale; Ravel, Rhapsodie; Menuet; Saint-Saens,

Toccata; Albert, Suite; Sur R. Rivage, Sonnet; Denis la Nuit, Debussy; Feux d'Artifices, Cathedral Hologuette; Isle Joyeuse; Borodin, Au Convent; Llapounoff, Lesghinka.

When Mr. Schmitz played here this season at a Symphony concert, the piano was only an instrument in the ensemble; it did not have a conspicuous role, much less a dominating one. Nevertheless, in spite of his self-abnegation, in spite of his allowing the composer, Mr. Carpenter of Chicago, to have the lion's share, it was easy to see that he was a pianist of musical acquisitions, a musician and virtuoso who contributed in great measure to the success of the Concertino, which was an agreeable juggling with musical instruments.

Yesterday Mr. Schmitz had it all his own way. He confirmed the favorable impression made when he was one of many. His nature is sensitive and poetic. In these days when so many "play the piano", adequate mechanism is taken for granted; yet the brilliance shown in Mr. Schmitz's performance of Chabrier's "Bourree" and Saint-Saens's Toccata (a transcription of the Finale of Saint-Saens's fifth concerto) was dazzling. Sensitive as he is, he has great strength, yet in the stormiest passages sound did not degenerate into noise. More remarkable than even his brilliance, is his exquisite sense of proportion; his ability to communicate to the hearer the intention and the spirit of the composer. Take Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale, for examples. The work itself is not to be ranked with the companion, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue. In sustained interest; nor is its flight so high. The organist Franck is at times too clearly revealed, and there are moments when the composer, without his organ stops and pedals, seems ill at ease, diffuse, guilty of wandering or undue development. On the other hand there is a serenity bordering mystic contemplation; also the expression of a soul in self-communion, characteristic of Franck alone; then he is incomparable. The musical soul and the lofty nature of the pianist found this composition most congenial. Never shall we know a more sympathetic interpretation.

So, too, Mr. Schmitz caught the whimsical spirit of the boisterous, humorous, Itabellian Chabrier, who, if he at times narrowly escaped vulgarity in expression, had also his emotionally lyric side; witness the middle section of the Bourree. So, too the pianist when he came to Ravel's Menuet, with its 18th century stateliness, its suggestion of powder, patch and perfume, did not lose sight of the underlying melancholy, which according to a noble dame of that period was felt by everyone of gentle breeding.

Mr. Schmitz's taste is so fine that the admission of Aubert's pieces to the program was surprising. Many of us remember sadly the production of Aubert's opera, "The Blue Forest." If the forest was blue, so were the hearers, diamally blue. The three pieces played yesterday with Mr. Schmitz's command of Nuances and rare interpretative talent were dreary. The program told us that "Soccory" expresses the struggle of fatality with a theme of life. Fate threw this theme, brought it to the mat; the theme deserved it. Of the three pieces, "Dans la Nuit," with its Dance of Ghosts, roar of ocean and the thought of a cathedral—a lot to portray in a few pages of music—was perhaps the most endurable.

An audience of good size was discriminatingly enthusiastic. While there was constant admiration for the pianist, Aubert's music was heard by many with the fixed, strained face of a congregation impatient for the benediction and even grateful for the relief afforded by the taking up of a "collection."

Some days ago we wrote, probably in sub-conscious mood: "Nor was our enthusiasm for French bread lessened when in student days in Paris we were warned against looking down at night from the sidewalk into a cellar where it was said bakers kneaded the dough with their bare feet."

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson of Boston now adds: "And in the days of my youth bread and rolls ('semmel') were baked in the little German places. I remember a bakery where the loaves were stored in the stable, piled upon the beams, in the same compartment with a horse and cow. Yet that bread was excellent. And on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, I saw lusty young Italian girls with bare feet and legs treading the grapes. The wine was delicious. Can you explain why foreigners are less squeamish than we are regarding the niceties? Even the 'best classes' can dine amidst surroundings calculated to destroy an American's appetite. I don't say they dine thus habitually, but they can if necessary, and no harm is done."

First, a word about bakers. Clearchus the Solensian relates many pleasing anecdotes about the luxurious Anaxarchus. It seems that his baker used to "knead the dough wearing gloves on his hands, and a cover on his mouth, to prevent any perspiration running off his hands, and also to prevent him from breathing on his cakes while he was kneading them." The cleanest and most comfortable bakery we ever saw was at Camp Devens. The bread baked there was much better than could be obtained at any price in a Boston shop. We know of only one shop in town

where excellent whole wheat flour is purchased. (Wild horses could not drag us to a disclosure of the address.) In how many private houses in town, though a Lucullus may be the master and the cook be the tyrannical mistress, is bread that is fit to eat put on the table?

The ancients knew a great variety, including the loaves made of the sycamine in Italy; these who ate them lost their hair and became bald. Therefore Andreas the physician warned his patients against them.

Is there a baker? "Only a Baker"? a companion volume to Andersen's "Only a Fiddler"? Does the baker figure prominently in the literature of any country? There is the grim story by Maxime Gorki, "There is De Quincey's account of the English amateur murderer who made his debut as a practitioner at Mannheim by first thumping a baker and then killing him. This baker, by always carrying his throat bare, had irritated the amateur. The baker, to defend himself, began by boxing; he lasted 27 rounds, though he was 50 years old and a feather-weight of a man. Who was the London baker mentioned by De Quincey that had distinguished himself in the ring and was known by his admirers as the Master of the Rolls? Note De Quincey's moral reflection after he told the story of this Mannheim incident: "The moral of his story was good, for it showed what an astonishing stimulus to latent talent is contained in any reasonable prospect of being murdered. A puffy, unwieldy, half-cataleptic baker of Mannheim had absolutely fought seven-and-twenty rounds with an accomplished English boxer, merely upon this inspiration; so greatly was natural genius exalted and sublimed by the genial presence of his murderer."

A Stage Geographer

As the World Wags:

An crude publicity man tells readers of a certain Boston newspaper that a dance now in town "is authority for the statement that the couched dance is not from Egypt at all, but rather went to Egypt from Africa."

Now this is the sort of news that warms the cockles of one's heart. Nothing so sensational has been heard since the announcement was made that the pork and bean breakfast is not from Massachusetts at all, but went to Massachusetts from the United States.

HORRESCO REFERENS.

Arlington.

Fundamental Instruction

As the World Wags:

For a good many years I have promised myself to read Morley's "Life of Gladstone." The happy hour arrives, and I read therein with delight of the prowess of Dr. Keate, headmaster of Eton in 1821, "with whom the appointed instrument of moral regeneration in the childish soul was the birch rod." The very next morning I open the Herald to my favorite page and find your observations on the career as a flagellant of Dr. Busby, headmaster at Westminster back in the days of William of Orange. I wonder if Dr. Busby could match in endurance Dr. Keate, "who, on heroic occasions, was known to have flogged over 80 boys on a single summer day, and whose one mellow regret in the evening of his life was that he had not flogged far more." How much time this left the worthy pedagogue for inculcating the humanities we are not informed. Gladstone himself was trounced more than once, and he recalls this incident which he witnessed: One day the sub-master in charge called out to the prepositor (the chap we used to call a monitor in the old Brooklyn school days): "Write down Hamilton's name to be flogged for breaking my window." "I never broke your window, sir," exclaimed Hamilton. "Prepositor," retorted the master, "write down Hamilton's name for breaking my window and lying." "Upon my soul, sir, I didn't do it!" ejaculated the boy with increased emphasis. "Prepositor, write down Hamilton's name for breaking my window, lying and swearing!" Against this final sentence there was no appeal, and accordingly Hamilton was flogged, I believe unjustly, the next day.

But I started out to say that I believe there must be a Ouija board in the Herald office. How else do you explain the fact that you never once mentioned the subject of flogging in this column during all the years that I was getting round to read the "Life of Gladstone," and then, the very next morning after I read the practice of flogging at Eton, you bob up with an account of flogging at Westminster? There may not be anything asural in the coincidence, to be sure. It may be like fortune-telling. We remember forever the prediction that comes reasonably near the truth, but forget the thousand and one predictions that never come within gunshot of it.

Boston.

W. E. K.

Place Names

As the World Wags:

The Piscataquog river in Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, on the banks of which I was born, is said by Judge Potter in the History of Manchester, N. H., to be an Indian name, the correct spelling of what is "Piscataquaog," from "pos" (great), "attuck" (a deer), and "quag" (a place); meaning "great deer place."

C. F. A.

Three Worst Books

As the World Wags:

The writer of the "Go Up Shop" Bookman tells us, in the current issue of that magazine, that two literary editors, whom he names, "have compiled a list of positively the three worst books," these books being: "Peeps at People," "Mince Pie" and "Broome Street Straws." Does a writer in such a literary publication as the Bookman mean to tell us that there can be three worst books? I can comprehend the possibility of a group of the worst three books, but not three separate, distinct, worst books.

Dr. Charles V. Chopin, discussing the subject, "Useless Disinfection," in the Providence Journal of April 3, naively remarks: "While decent people ought not to tolerate bad actors they do not cause sickness." Who ever supposed that decent people did cause sickness.

JOHN S. COLWELL.

Providence, R. I.

22D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio" and Piano Concerto, C minor, No. 3; Debussy, Fantasy for piano and orchestra (first time in America); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Introduction and march from "Le Coq d'Or" (first time at these concerts). Alfred Cortot was the pianist.

The overture to "Fidelio" is usually played at performances of the opera in Germany, probably because it is the most non-committal of the five that Beethoven wrote. (The one intended for Prague disappeared.) There is nothing in the "Fidelio" overture that can lessen the effect of the opera itself. While the whole drama is in the "Leonore" No. 3 and even in the "Leonore" No. 2, some will agree to Vincent d'Indy's saying that "Leonore" No. 3 is a more dramatic and greater work than the opera that follows. The "Fidelio" overture might be for any opera of a conventional nature without a tragic subject. It might even serve for a light opera of the better class. Did Beethoven purposely write it in this vein, without reference to Florestan, the prison, the jailer digging the grave, the arrival of the governor with Pizzaro thwarted by the heroic wife, so that the one great and only dramatic scene in the opera might not be anticipated?

Strange to say, Beethoven's third concerto had been played at the Symphony concerts only twice. As it was performed yesterday it seemed a more engrossing and romantic composition than the two later concertos, although it was written in 1800. In the first movement the influence of Mozart is felt, but there is a depth of sentiment in the largo, a playful, whimsical spirit in the finale peculiar to Beethoven.

Or was this impression due to the extraordinary merit of the performance by the pianist and the orchestra? It is not easy to speak in measured terms of Mr. Cortot's interpretation. We have heard many pianists beginning with Rubenstein, Buslow, men and women of their period; famous pianists who were said by their audiences to excel in the performance of Beethoven's music. Their interpretations were described as dignified, profound, noble, classic, (as if Beethoven was not in his early maturity a romanticist), noble, sublime. They were admirable, each in its own way, yet having in the course of the years almost come to the conclusion that the piano is not a musical instrument in the highest sense of the word "musical", we are ready to cry "Peccavi" when a pianist like Mr. Cortot revealed the strength and the beauty of a great work and displays the qualities that characterize the great pianist-musician. To dwell on the nature of his interpretation; to analyze; to hunt for the fitting superlatives and purple phrases of praise would not convey to a reader not in the hall the glory of the performance. No wonder, the audience was enthusiastic; no wonder that Mr. Cortot was stormily recalled again and again, while Mr. Monteux, representing the orchestra, was not forgotten.

Debussy's Fantasy was written in 1889-90. It was not performed or published during his lifetime. Would he have been willing to grant a performance, even with Mr. Cortot as the pianist? The Fantasy was put in rehearsal long ago in Paris, but Debussy withdrew it. Surely, many of these early pages are more worthy of him than those in some of his latest compositions. The theme that pervades the Fantasy is ingeniously treated, but this is by no means the sole merit. There is a delightful freshness, exuberance, recklessness, that would have shocked the hidebound conservatives of the institute if he had sent the Fantasy as his fourth envoi. There are charming bits of instrumentation; everywhere are marks of the originality that startled Paris when his succeeding works were produced. Perhaps the later Debussy thought the Fantasy too formal, too

much in accordance with respectable tradition, yet more than once he broke away from them nor need he have devalued the beauty of the Lento section as obvious, not subtle. The performance by pianist and orchestra was appropriately now sensuous, now dashing, now brilliant.

The excerpts from "The Golden Cuckoo" are not so effective in the concert hall as in the opera house. They are entertaining enough, but they are far more amusing in the theatre.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C major; Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain" (first time at these concerts); Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession"; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris."

We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time; for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no more works.

The Reformed Goddess

The Christian County Sunday School at Stoughton, Illinois, should be largely attended: Venus Holten is the Secretary. But do her face and figure accord with her name? Possibly "she" is a woman in overalls. There is Mr. Venus in "Our Mutual Friend."

One of Many

At the World Wags:
May 1, a stout stranger to your charming city, protest against being jerked in the back by a well bound set of Indian Clubs every time I leave your not inexpensive subway.

LENNOX ROWLE.

Tremont Theatre.

Johnson on Kitchens

Mr. Herkimer Johnson visited the office yesterday. When we expressed surprise at not seeing him in overalls—he was dressed in a hand-me-down suit that was neither neat nor gaudy—he said solemnly that he was in search of a mock-frock to wear this summer.

"But I didn't come here to talk about toilet." You said something this morning about clean kitchens, that the cleanest bakery you ever saw was the one at Camp Devens. Now, I have been told by fellow-sociologists that a clean kitchen does not necessarily argue in favor of the cook's proficiency. When the kitchen floor is so clean that you can eat off it, as the saying is, you may not be able to eat what is on the dining room table. My learned friend Dr. Hackerum believes at least it writes so in his masterly treatise, "Back Street Economy"—that the best cooks are inclined to be cross or given to strong drink, that they often find this combination. Only a foolish person is anxious to visit kitchens in hotels, restaurants or private houses. Do you remember the story of the young Scotch sailor planter, who, arriving at the Mauritius, looked over his quarters? He finally went into the kitchen. It is said that he came back to the lounge looking saddened and silent, proceeding to the cellophane for a glass of Glenlivet straight. His spirits did not revive; a sober melancholy settled upon him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellowmen, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons, and eventually died young. Keep out of kitchens, my son, even when the cook is of your own family, pretty, pressed, into service by the departure of Katie and the arrival of Thelma. Even if your own sister or mother is filling the place of that singularly inefficient and disorganizing person ironically described in intelligence offices as an accommodator, keep out of the kitchen or you will surely see or smell something that will take away your appetite."

Mr. Johnson then asked us whether Canadian brown sugar would keep well at a place like Clamport. Our answer was the philosopher's answer to any question: "Don't know." After Mr. Johnson had left us—and we observed sadly that his legs have no longer the "springy" quality of Charles Lamb's Hester, but suggest the ball-and-chain—we wondered where we had heard that story of the young sugar planter. Had Mr. Johnson, who must now be "between" 40 and 50 years of age, fallen into that mark of maturity, anecdotal repetition? No! Suddenly it came over us; the story is in W. G. Thorne's entertaining "Middle-Temple Talk."

There's another story in that book about a Chinese Cook and a soap tureen which should not be read before sitting at table. What a pity that Thorne, apparently a sane, who some person, was bitten by the "middle-bell" Does Mr. Johnson now remember anecdotes in order to entertain his friends and acquaintances? With the thought!

Overalls

There is no more talk at present about overalls. The Oval Club that the history of the world itself may be told in an English novel that a pointing finger of the man who

to wear a house over the other. In this country are—let us give the Oxford definition, to explain an American use of the word—"trousers of strong material, worn with a similar shirt, as an outer garment by travelers, explorers, soldiers, cowboys, etc." The earliest quotation given in illustration is dated 1783 and included in Bancroft's "History of the United States": "Our men are almost naked for want of overalls and shirts." It would appear from this that the overalls were the leg coverings coming well up on the trunk, with supporting straps.

In England overalls are trousers worn by cavalymen; or long weather or waterproof leggings; or loose-fitting trousers of canvas worn over ordinary ones.

Prohibition Note

"Zeno the Siliacian, a man of harsh disposition and very apt to get in a passion with his friends, when he had taken a good deal of wine became sweet-tempered and gentle; and when people asked him what produced this difference in his disposition, he said that he was subject to the same influences as lupinus; for that they before they were cooked were very bitter; but that when they had been steeped in liquor they were sweet and wholesome."

A Modern Saw

As the World Wags:
"All roads lead to Rome." Whatever the subject of conversation of a group of men may be at its beginning, it invariably drifts in the course of a few minutes to the topic of Prohibition. Truly, all roads lead to Rome!

GAYLORD QUEN.

Add "Joys of Motoring"

As the World Wags:
One of the daily pleasures of the ordinary automobilist who, with gasoline at 15 cents a gallon in the present and with unmistakably ambitious tendencies, is really debating how much longer he can afford the toy, is to hear the engine of a big truck running idle at the curb while the driver is making a delivery. This enough is wasted every day in this way to take care of the modest needs of half a hundred hundred motorbists for a year to come. What's that? Oh, yes, there is a real let on against running an engine while standing. TIMONIER.

At Harvard

Let us turn to more manly sports. A L. Devens 71 on May 1th won the first race for single sculls on the Charles; John Bryant 73 and Tucker Deland 73 defeated Wendell Goodwin 71 and H. L. Morse 71 in the double scull race. In the race for coxed boats the winning crew was thus made up: Gray bow, J. H. Good, 71; Pickman, 71; Bell, 71; Goodwin, 71.

A Vain Wish

This issue of the Cyprian is No. 7 of Vol. XX. What would we not give for a set of the first 10 volumes! But we should have to go on it on the roof of our winter palace. Perhaps on a still higher plane there will be room for other books and periodicals besides those without which no gentleman's library is complete.

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR GIVES FINE CONCERT

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander Wins Applause for Her Solo Work

The People's Philharmonic Choir, Frederick Wodell, conductor, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The soloists were Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Roy N. Cropper, tenor; Dr. St. Clair Wodell and Michael Ahearn, basses. Miss Carolyn Rice assisted at the piano. Mr. Humphrey was organist.

The choir sang "O Southland," by J. Rosamond Johnson, Frederick Wodell's "Madrigal," and the first two parts of Haydn's "The Creation." Mrs. Hudson-Alexander sang "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by Carl Reinecke.

All were well sung. There was a lack of a sufficient accompaniment, for only a handful of strings represented the orchestra.

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander's voice was displayed very effectively in her solo-piece, and her singing throughout won much applause.

"Bedouins," by James Huneker, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It contains various portraits of Mary Garden in operatic costume. Mr. Huneker might be called the Sentimental Gardener. (There are also two pictures of Rosina Galli, the dancer.) The first 49 pages of the book are Hunekerian rhapsodies inspired by the thought of Miss Garden as woman and actress—incidentally, singer. He is tempted to call her "Our Mary," yet Mary Anderson is still living, and to thousands "Our Mary" is Miss Plekford.

What does not Mr. Huneker say, or rather shout in praise of Miss Garden?

And she is grateful, being cocksure that every word he says is true. Did she not tell a reporter recently that the only critic in New York she "gave a damn for"—those were her very words, according to the reporter—was James Huneker, the rest of them were "dried up?"

What does he not call her? A swan, a condor, an eagle, a peacock, a nightingale, a panther—then, leaving the zoological garden, he describes her as a society dame, a gallery of moving pictures, a siren, a fighter, an electric personality, a canny Scotch lassie, a Superwoman. He writes of her as Pater wrote of the Mona Lisa; as Flaubert wrote of Balzac, Queen of Sheba. He invokes Baudelaire, Watteau, Mallarmé and a certain Dr. Wicksteed. Years ago she reminded him of honey, tiger's blood and absinthe; also a chord by Debussy. "She evokes the image of the shadow of a humming-bird on a star; and often she sounds the shuddering semi-tones of sex." This last clause is an interesting study in alliteration, but what does it mean? Mr. James L. Ford once told us that the perfect sentence was the one written by a boy on a slate under his crude drawing: "This is a dog."

These rhapsodies and other articles were published originally in newspapers and magazines. We doubt if Mr. Huneker took the trouble to revise them carefully. Kinglake, writing his history of the Crimean war, used to leave blank spaces for adjectives; then going riding for an hour or more. Returning to his library, he inserted the fitting adjectives. One is led to believe that Mr. Huneker writes his adjectives first, and then shapes his pages in accordance. In the West 50 years ago the test of oratory was the ability to put "eagle" and "bugle" in one sentence.

It is needless to say that Mr. Huneker now, as before, is often illuminative, stimulating, amusing. "Bedouins" has this advantage over many of his preceding volumes: it does not remind one of an elaborately annotated catalogue or of a well-chosen anthology.

After he has exhausted himself with regard to Miss Garden—he does not even find fault with her impudently incongruous dress in the tent scene of "Mona Vanna," a costume flagrantly in defiance of Maeterlinck's drama—he writes, often shrewdly, about Mirbeau, Poe and Chopin, George Luks, the painter, the last phase of Anatole France, Botticelli and "painted music." Perhaps the most extraordinary chapter in the book is "A Masque of Music." It shows the writer's strength and his weakness; his command of the purple phrase and his inability to avoid bombast when he would be most impressive. After "the curtains of time and space" had been drawn apart, Mr. Huneker "stood on the elf of the World, saw and heard the travelling and groaning of light and sound in the epochal and reverberating void." A "pedal bass, a diatonic tone that came from the bowels of the earth" nearly knocked him off his perch. "All God's mud made moan for recognition," Mr. Huneker sensibly left the elf and walked till he reached a plain, where he could worship a Sphinx. And there he saw and heard a procession of music and musicians, from "Silence," eldest of all things and Brahms's consort, Saraswati, fingered her Vina, to Messrs. Scriabin, Stravinsky, Ornstein and Prokofiev, who were gaily hammering "with exuberant dynamics hell itself into icy enharmonic splinters." The Sphinx yawned and sank into the sand. Mr. Huneker fled and when he sat down to write about his nocturnal excursion, he first read pages of Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony," to be in the proper mood.

The second part of the book, "Idols and Ambergis," includes seven stories. The best of them are "Brothers-in-Law" and "The Cardinal's Fiddle." For some years Mr. Huneker has been obsessed by Satanism and the Black Mass. In "The Supreme Sin" and "The Vision Malefic" the influence of Villiers de l'Isle Adam Huysmans, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Jules Bois is shown. "Grindstones" is a vague description of unhappy indoor life. Maupassant's "Maison Tellier" is more vivid, more cheerful.

Before reading "Bedouins" those whose eyes are weak should put on smoked glasses.

Noel Leslie's Plays

"Three Plays"—"Waste," "The War-Fly," "For King and Country"—by Noel Leslie, are published by the Four Seas Company of Boston. Mr. Leslie is favorably known here to many as an actor at the Copley Theatre. These plays show that he has the dramatic instinct as a writer. Mr. Jewett, who has for some time been busy chiefly with revivals and seeing if old farces would please audiences of today, would do well to produce them, though they are bitter, hopeless, some might say horrible. "Waste" is a cruel story in which there is a drunken father, a musician, who lets his family be in want; a consumptive daughter, soon to die, in love with a young engineer, who, in spite of his soft words, is ready to walk off with the younger sister. "The War-Fly" is fantastical, an incident in the London life of 1915, with two strangers dining together at a hotel. One of them tells a strange story of Beelzebub, the Prince of Flies, who sometimes appears to mortals as a fly. Now God has set the Devil-fly an endless task. "He must consume

every member of his race. Until he has eaten all its fellows, it cannot permanently retain its human shape." Each fly has to tell its miserable story to this monster. The stranger relates a tragic incident of the war, smashes a fly, drops it into a bowl of water, drinks it, disappears. His fellow-diner, frightened, with teeth chattering, creeps to the door. As he staggers out the search-lights flash. "In 'For King and Country,'" a pious and humble grocer learns that a neighbor's daughter is with child by his son Harry, who is in the war. Of course, Harry will return. The other son is home from the war. He is blind. Harry does come back, unhurt physically, but mad, not violently, but hopelessly foolish. As the band outside plays "God Save the King," Jack salutes, Harry chuckles, saliva trickles on to his coat, he breaks into a gurgling laugh.

After all plays for the Grand Guignol, Paris, rather than the Copley Repertory Theatre; yet they are well contrived; they would hold the attention. The dialogue is natural, to the point, effective.

Notes About Singers, Actors, Plays, Musicians

Mme. Calve sang in London at a Symphony concert March 20. The British public is loyal to its old favorites. Witness this outburst in the Daily Telegraph. ("Debussy's 'Berceuse Heroique' had failed, and the fourth symphony of Sibelius was a 'conundrum'"): "Mme. Calve appeared, and the confidence of the audience in itself was restored. Too many years had elapsed since the great artist last sang to us, and the applause which

greeted her appearance on the platform must have told her so in unmistakable terms. How would she sing? Was that precious voice hers still? There was a great stillness in the hall when the orchestra began to play 'Vol, che sapete'—very quietly and a little more slowly than usual—a stillness one notices when a large congregation of people hold their breath. The questions were answered before the singer had reached the second line. Infinitely sweet, infinitely tender was her singing; the very words themselves seemed to take on a new intrinsic beauty as Calve sang them. What art in that final rallentando, in that suppressed crescendo on the penultimate word! What perfection in rhythm and phrasing! And that sense of renunciation in 'In questa tomba'—how often does one hear the Beethoven aria sung just like that? Alas, too often it is sung as though it were another Creation's Hymn. Most wonderful of all was the moment when the first rhythms of the 'Habanera' were sounded. Mme. Calve laid aside the wrap she was wearing round her shoulders and instantly we had the Carmen we have so long loved and missed—the real, living, deathless Carmen. The old beauty of voice, the restraint, the passion! 'Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime; Si je t'aime, prends garde a toi!' Such singing has not been heard for many a day. Encores followed, and Mme. Calve's triumph was complete."

Genevieve Ward, now 82 years old, is to take part in the performance of "Coriolanus" at the "Old Vic."

"Nothing excuses indifferent phrasing. Nor can the vocalist always blame the composer of the 'ballads' for, generally speaking, the composer aims at and keeps, the rhythmic quality of the verse he puts to music; one might, indeed, go further and say that the more 'popular' the song the more likely is it to be rhythmically right. It is the observance of such cardinal things as rhythm and accent and phrasing that makes all the difference between good and bad or indifferent art. And there does not appear to be any substantial reason why singers with established reputations, or with reputations in the making, should momentarily abandon those principles they would carry into practice in a more eclectic milieu."

The strong point of Miss Ffrangcon-Davies's singing is one which is not common nowadays, the powers to carry the voice through, to make a firm basis of vocal tone which the vowels vary and the consonants fret without stopping it, like the hum note of a bell which goes steadily on between the strokes of the clapper. It has been rare to hear this since the majority of singers ceased, 20 or 30 years ago, to consider singing a fine art worth real study, and held it to be merely a not unpleasant way of earning a livelihood. It is not the whole of singing, but, with the power of being always in tune, this singing quality makes a good foundation to build upon. London Times.

They take these matters far more seriously in Paris. With their logical minds and their quick receptivity of ideas, French dramatists and French audiences are already looking beyond the present entanglements to a new age. What will be the outstanding feature of the new age. One or two things, at all events, are obvious. There will be a struggle between two ideas, one of which may be called internationalism and the other patriotism. The brutalities of war have made a number of serious men resolve that they will have war no more. That is the theory of the pacifist, as we used to call him, though now the theory is taken up in a somewhat extended form by many who while the war

Orchestra: Mr. Montoux, conductor, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club. Archibald T. Davison, conductor. There was a very large audience. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor, No. 3; unaccompanied choruses: Palestrina, Adoramus Te; Lotti, Crucifixus; Leisring, O Fili et Filiae, conducted by Dr. Davison. Gluck, Minuet from "Orpheus" (flute solo, Mr. Laurent); chorus and orchestra. Rubinstein, Choruses of Ham and Japheth from "The Tower of Babel," Netherlands Folk Song, Prayer of Thanksgiving, conducted by Mr. Montoux. Orchestra: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish themes.

Music by Coleridge Taylor If we are not mistaken, to Newbolt's sturdy verses, "Drake's Drum," was sung after the first group of choruses in response to the enthusiastic applause. This applause was deserved. Harvard University may well be proud of its Glee Club and the conductor of it. It should be remembered that the personnel necessarily changes with each graduating class. This makes the task of drilling the more arduous.

There was a time when the Glee clubs of Harvard and Yale sang chiefly college and popular songs for their own amusement and for the pleasure of the alumni in the cities the clubs visited. The singing as a rule was of the rough and ready-go-as-you-please, muscular variety. Throats were strained, efforts stuck out on the sides of the neck, faces were flushed, there was painfully evident bodily activity from the waist.

In these clubs were often good voices and a few men that had studied singing; but the general result was a fervent roar of mediocrity. Today the Harvard Club challenges the admiration of all those interested in chorus singing. Dr. Davison has taught these students intelligently, musically, he has not overtrained them, for they sang yesterday with delightful spontaneity, yet with a careful regard for nuances of expression, with a mastery of dynamic gradations. In piano passages there was security of intonation, when full vocal strength was demanded, tonal quality was not lost. Especially noteworthy was the performance of the music by Lotti and Leisring, a performance that might excite the envy of any male chorus composed of picked professional singers who had long worked together.

It was a pleasure to hear the choruses from "The Tower of Babel." When thisatorio was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1885, the music, given to the Shemites and the Hamites was thought to be extremely oriental. In 1920 young composers, French, American, English, when their musical thoughts turn eastward, are more oriental than the originals themselves.

It was a happy thought to call in the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club for this occasion. The club responded in most generous spirit. Let us hope that these singers next season may be heard in some important work for male voices and orchestra at a symphony concert. Saint-Saens' majestic symphony was finely played. The lyrical section with organ displayed the eloquence of the upper strings, suppling and beautiful in the long cantata. Mr. Montoux set a dramatic mood and prepared the good climaxes in a masterly manner. Mr. Laurent's full tone and expressive interpretation in Gluck's heavenly music were warmly appreciated. A brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's familiar Caprice ended a concert of much more than ordinary interest.

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA

Soprano Singer Gives Concert in Symphony Hall

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, soprano, assisted by Miss Matzoff, pianist, and Jacques Hoffman, violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall last night. Mr. De Voto was Mr. Hoffman's accompanist. The program included with other songs, Bellini's "Ah! Non Credea"; Rossini's "Bel Reagio"; Pergolesi's "Se tu ami"; Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (with violin); an air from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snow Maiden"; Tschalkowsky's "Si j'avais su"; Alaboff's "Le Rossignol"; Gluck's "Dante"; Debussy's "Bell Song" from "Lakme"; Le Maure's "Gavotte"; Massenet's "Scylliana"; Contran's "Laissez moi"; Kennedy-Russell's "Vale"; Tuzzi-Pecchia's "Little Birdies"; Saar's "Little Gray Dove"; Howard White's "Robin Song," and a song by Miss Matzoff.

The years have passed quickly since Mme. Lipkowska delighted audiences at the Boston Opera House, yet it was in the first week of the first season—Nov. 12, 1909—that she first appeared there as Lakme. Although she sang that season and the next in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Barber of Seville," "La Boheme," and "Manon" she was best remembered after she left us as the heroine of Bellini's opera, and her performance of the "Bell Song" last night brought with it pleasant memories of the time

when she justly boasted of its own opera company and the manner in which operas were produced. It was an evil day when the original plan was abandoned; then the prices were raised; "stars" were imported and extravagance ruled in every department.

Mme. Lipkowska's personality is as charming as it was 10 years ago; her voice is fuller and under firmer control. Her coloratura work last night was often brilliant; at times it disappointed. Her thrill, for example, in piano passages was even and agreeable; in brilliant measures it was unpleasant. In purely lyrical passages the voice is appealing. There is a peculiarly pathetic quality that is irresistible. In the songs of tender sentiment she gave the most pleasure, although the coquetry of her interpretation of Lemalre's Gavotte was a feature of the recital. Her singing of Amlina's plea was moving in spite of disturbing ornamentation in the latter part. In the Russian group she introduced a song not on the program, and the order was changed. Her singing of these songs was especially effective, and in one or two of them she was dramatic without exaggeration. When she came to the French group she donned a gorgeous wig and costume. The large audience was warmly applauded.

Mr. Hoffman was also applauded liberally for his playing of pieces by Saint-Saens, Sarasate and McDowell-Hartman. Miss Matzoff's accompaniments showed her to be a pianist and a musician of much more than ordinary ability.

The sea! from whatever coast one watches it, from hour to hour, at whatever moment one surveys it, always the same, never at fault, a vast, alone, empire of the unspeakable, making history for itself, had's destined calamity; as if the liquid state seen by us was only decay! And the days when I set it to rid itself of its liquidity! The sea always the sea, without an instant of exhaustion!

Salt Horse and Salt Tales

As the World Wags: A paragraph in a local newspaper is headed, "No More Salt Horse." The writer of the paragraph says: "After the present supply of salt pork has been used up no more will be purchased, so there is no demand, it having been replaced by bacon and ham." Ah! wrong in my lifelong impression that "salt horse" is not pork, but salt beef, or what is invoiced as beef?

You recall the story of the old salt who asserted: "Yer bet, talk of yer flummaddlers and fiddipaddles, but when it comes down to gen-u-u-ine grub there ain't nothing like good old salt horse that yer kin eat afore yer turns in and feel it all night a-layin' in yer stomach and a-bowldin' of yer . . . Boston. C. H. O."

"Salt horse," or "salt junk," or "old horse" is salt beef.

Capt. Marryat in "Snarkyoo" (1837): "So while they eat their raw salt junk with beef you will be crammed."

Blackwood's Magazine (1880): "Let me give you some salt junk. John was hungry and rather enjoyed the salt beef."

Clark Russell in "Jack's Courtship" argued that salt horse works out of the pores and contributes to that mahogany complexion of the sailor that is often "mistakenly attributed to rum and weather."

Clark Russell, the half-brother of Mr. Henry Russell, once known in Boston, now personally conducting M. Master-Black in the film regions of the Pacific coast, once any one read Clark Russell's sea tales today. There was a time when they were the rage. Even women at afternoon teas discussed "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" and "The Froze Pirate," yet in a recent symposium about stories of the sea, Russell's name was not mentioned, while space and praise were awarded to inferior writers. Russell was once criticized unfavorably and impatiently by a transatlantic captain. "Yes, I've read some of his books, the captain is always a scoundrel, bent on sinking his ship and the third mate is a perfect gentleman."

"The Wreck of the Grosvenor" is a novel to be read on land, when one has no thought of going to sea; a veranda from which the ocean may be safely seen—there should be a strip of marsh with varying colors between is the place to read it; yet we have heard of a young man who, when the popularity of the novel was great, gave the book to his betrothed as she was embarking for Liverpool and passionately urged her to read it. Tales of daring adventure are for the timid, to whom the journey from Boston to New York or Barnstable is fraught with perils. Defective stories are for those who cannot guess a conundrum or solve a simple problem; as a glowing love story is keenly relished by the misogynist of long standing.

Men who took part in the symposium thought Conrad was the supreme novelist of the sea. He noted their hysteria and smiled, hoping there would be opportunity for us this summer to read "Moby Dick" for the 50th time, or to reread Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." If you wish to be thrilled by sea fights, there is the description of the memorable one between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis in Herman Melville's "Typee"; Capt. Dodd's battling with the pirate ship in "Treasure Island"; or the

"Ballad of the Fleet," based on the story in Hakluyt. Does any one read Dana's poem, "The Buccaneer"? For the going down of a ship, turn to Reade's "Foul Play." After all, the one great poem of the sea is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." When Swinburne sings of the ocean, to quote Henley, "he maddens with the wind and the sounds and the scents of it, until there passes into his verse a something of its vastness and its vehemency, the rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light." Walt Whitman wrote memorably, superbly of the sea. Is there no poetry in the prose of Henley when he comes to Longfellow?

To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eye-balls white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galleys and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and huddles in the cauldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldos; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song.

Does the ocean appreciate all the fine things that have been said about it, from Aeschylus to Byron, from Hugo to Masfield and Jules Verne? It would swallow impartially all these rhapsodists and realists as it has gulped down, with an exulting roar or an ironically smug smile, countless vessels, treasure, men, women and children foolishly trusting to it.

Raisa, Rimini and Wadler Delight Cosmopolitan Audience

A joint recital was given by Rosa Raisa, soprano, Giacomo Rimini, baritone, and Mayo Wadler, violinist, yesterday afternoon before a distinctly cosmopolitan audience in the Boston Opera House. The program was:

Ballade, Coleridge-Taylor, Mr. Wadler; "Per La Gloria" (Cecilia), "Di Vieni Non Tardar," Mozart, "Primavera," Beehoven, Mme. Raisa; Aria, "Tarantella," Rossini, Mr. Rimini; Aria, "Vol La Sapete" (from "Cavalleria"), Mascagni, Mme. Raisa; Duet from "Don Giovanni," Mozart, Mme. Raisa and Mr. Rimini; "Dans Le Printemps," Leger, "Jeunes Filles," arr. by Weckert, "My Little-Headed Baby," G. H. Gounod, "Torchet," Siberia, Mme. Raisa, Aria from "Tannhauser," Wagner, "Io Voglio Amarti," Tosca, Serenata "Don Giovanni," Mozart, Mr. Rimini, "Shepherd Lull," Rimski-Korsakoff, "Berceuse," Grieg, "Vogel Song," arr. by Balckew, Mme. Raisa; Country Dance, Victor Kundo, "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmy, Mr. Wadler, Duet from "Mignon," Thomas, Mme. Raisa and Mr. Rimini.

Mme. Raisa sang with her usual emotional intensity and abandon, rousing her hearers to a high pitch of enthusiasm. She responded generously with extra numbers, among these being several Russian folk songs, which seemed to delight a large portion of the audience.

Mr. Rimini sang with vigor, the dramatic quality of his voice being shown effectively in his duets with Mme. Raisa.

Mr. Wadler was warmly received. The richness of tone and beauty of expression shown by the young violinist in his playing of the "Ave Maria" met with such long-continued applause that he gave three encores.

'FIFTY-FIFTY' IS

PHILIP HALE
STANDARD THEATRE—First performance of "Fifty-Fifty," a musical comedy in a prologue and two acts adapted by William Lennox, Margaret Michael and Arthur Swannstrom from William Gillette. "All the Comforts of Home," songs and lyrics by Mr. Swannstrom and Percy Morgan. "Interpolations" by Percy Carroll and Harold Atteridge. L. J. used by the Falcisb company. Al H. Smyth, musical director.

Judge Tanner, Rollin Grimes, Jr.
Minnieva Crosby, Jack Pollard
Katherine Verity, Doris Quintette
Fluffy La Grange, Ruth Wells
Prof. Josephus Dabney, Arthur Allen
Cornwallis Napoleon Crosby.

Herbert Corbett
Earl Bent
Claire Grenville
Doris Arden
Frank Wunderlee
Dolly Manners, Helene Gosman
Angelica Manners, Rene Gosman

When this musical comedy was brought out in New York last October Gertrude Vanderbilt took the part of Fluffy, Miss Arden that of Claire, Barrett Greenwood that of Kenneth, John Slavin played Prof. Dabney, Jean Newcombe took the part of Minerva Crosby, Mr. Corbett that of Cornwallis. The Gosman twins were also in that company. Margaret Michael was the Katy.

years ago and her one sea, afterwards. He made it over from the German, and the German farce may have come in, turn, from France. We never saw Mr. Gillette's piece, and we cannot, therefore, deplore changes made by the adapters or rejoice in them. "Fifty-Fifty," which at first had "Ld." added to the title, is an amusing entertainment, amusing chiefly by reason of Mr. Corbett. Yet Miss Arden, as Claire, is pretty and graceful. She sings unpretentiously and agreeably and is sufficiently in and out of love with Kenneth. Miss Wells has Atalanta's "better part," and in the costume which she paid for by Cornwallis, she justifies his remark that it is a revelation, a very pleasing revelation, even to jaded and surfeited members of the Society of Physical Research. Miss Quintette is a piquant Katherine. Messrs. Grimes, Pollard and Allen take prominent parts. Mr. Allen is funny as the crabbed old gentleman who vainly seeks a bath until he shoulders the tub and bears it to his own room. His entrance, with his questions about the nature of the lodging house, is a feature of the performance. Miss Grenville, Cornwallis's tyrannical wife, is attractive in her widow's weeds.

The story is a simple one. Kenneth, the nephew of Judge Wyndham, is hard up. Left in charge of his uncle's house, he takes lodgers and boarders. Thus does he receive vivacious guests, the young women of the Midnight Scrambles Company, headed by Fluffy, the vampire. He also receives the Crosby family. Cornwallis Bonaparte Crosby is fond of girls; he admits it himself, his wife's jealousy is not unfounded. This family has been seen in farces for many years, nor are other characters in "Fifty-Fifty" unfamiliar, but the various amatory adventures of Cornwallis are entertaining, and there is the love story of Kenneth and Claire, not too mawkish, punctuated by sentimental duets and an occasional dance. In several of these love episodes the Gosman sisters come on the stage,

not to rubberneck, but to aid the lovers in their vocal exhibitions.

What would happen to the show if Mr. Corbett were not on the stage much of the time? He is funny, very funny. Not that he clowns it, or mugs it; he has a quiet way with him that is often irresistible. Many of his lines and quips are in themselves amusing, but he has the art of saying a line that at the time seems amusing, while from another it would fall flat. And he is light on his feet. Fat men have this recompense; they are often easy and even graceful in waltz or promenade; not like Heber C. Kimball of Salt Lake City, who was described by Artemus Ward as a loose and reckless dancer, whose cowhide monitor had crushed many a lily white toe. Mr. Corbett moved many in the large audience to tears when he sang of the Kentucky still and expressed his longing for moonshine rather than for sunshine; but a still sadder song was "The Argentines, the Portuguese and the Greeks."

The lyrics, when one could hear them, seemed better than the average. The music is an agreeable jingle with the necessary sentimental strains, but there is no conspicuously lively or tender song. The audience evidently enjoyed the entertainment. By the way, names of the men and the woman who introduced two dances of a toe and semi-rubbery nature were not on the playbill.

ON KEITH'S BILL

Rae Samuels, comedienne, assisted by Miss B. Walker at the piano, and Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, in "Visions of 1909," share the headline honors on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Miss Samuels' act is one of the most spirited of the current season. Her songs are all new, she has a pleasing voice, and added to this she is an accomplished dialectician and a comedienne well versed in her art. Perhaps the feature of her act was her "hick" songs, in which there are many subtleties of speech, facial play and "business."

Bronson and Baldwin have a unique act in which 1923 is interestingly discussed in retrospect. The setting, the sun parlor of the roof of the Aluminum building in New York, with the roof of the Astor hotel and the skyline in pleasing perspective, arrests the eye, and the entrance and exit of the performers are made by airship. Besides this the act is interesting by reason of the jag of Mr. Bronson and the many sided talent of Miss Baldwin, in which she burlesqued the vampire, the Ziegfeld girl and the girl of the "burles."

Other acts on the bill were Everett's Novelty Circus; Wanzler and Palmer, in a comedy sketch; Eddie Vogt, in "The Love Shop," assisted by Harry and Grace Ellsworth and a company of pretty girls; J. C. Nugent, in a monologue; S. and A. Conrad, in a singing and dancing act; Rome and Cullen, in one of the best eccentric dancing acts of this or any other season; and Anderson and Yvel, in a roller skating act of uncommon merit.

is above the sitting-room, where one daughter is sounding out the overture to "The Merry Widow" on a piano; another is busy with her needle. The drab wife, smoking a pipe, turns to a Xantippe when her husband has left her, she denounces the children as brats. Her old mother dies suddenly when he goes out "just as a meal is ready."

The cashier's next halting place is in the steward's box at a Velodrome during cycle relay races. He excites the crowd by offering a prize of 1000 marks; withdraws another for 50,000, when the crowd becomes deferential at the sight of a great personage entering the royal box. There are scenes in the dimly-lighted supper room of a cabaret, in which drunken, ugly or wooden-legged women take part. At last the cashier is in a Salvation Army hall. Several, repentant, have confessed their sins. Souls have been "found." A Salvation girl coaxes the cashier to the bench of penitents. She is working for the reward offered and bringing in the police. He throws away what is left of his plunder—it is picked up greedily by the saved and the unsaved. Seeing he is trapped, he shoots himself. The police officer cries out: "Turn on the light!" And he then remarks in an ironical and farcical manner: "There must be a short circuit somewhere."

A new play by Douglas Murray, "Uncle Ned," was produced at the St. James, London, on March 27. The Times has this to say:

"Once upon a time there were two brothers. Robert, the elder, was staid, gaunt, a millionaire philistine, and as hard as nails. Edward, the younger, was dark, plump, with the artist temperament sticking out of him, and as merry as a grig. Edward, invited to visit Robert after many years, found all chill and gloom, and immediately proceeded to warm things up a bit."

"The house was 'dry' and anti-tobaccoist, so he exhorted the butler to produce whiskey and soda and lit a cigar. The discovery that the books ranged on the library shelves were tin frauds gave him an opportunity for mentioning his favorite authors, including, strange to say (for he was a writer of popular fiction) Aristotle. But brother Robert was immune against the Aristotelian Katharsis and quite unpurged of his phibistinism, so Edward tried a stronger remedy. He helped his elder brother, who was a confirmed married and a confirmed bachelor, to get away from home with his own lady-secretary. Still the adamant heart of Robert was not moved. Then Edward told Robert what he thought of him in an apostrophic style which suggested that his novels must have been a little bit dissonant. Nevertheless, it seems odd by an eventful interlude to have 'not there.' For when he saw Robert again, he had had a stroke at the works and a stroke at home, and was much chastened, forgiving everybody and even blessing the union of brother Edward with his own lady-secretary, who was, by the truest coincidence, an old flame of Edward's. To crown (or rather coronet) all, Robert before the curtain fell received an announcement that he was to be made a peer. He ne manquant que ça."

"This simple, genial, and altogether agreeable piece of yarn-spinning gives Mr. Ainley one of those entirely 'sympathetic' parts which actors love and their admirers adore. He is always on the stage, always talking, joking, cajoling, admonishing 'the ladies' agreeable rattle,' and the scourge of domestic tyrants. And he does it all with immense gusto and bravura, yet with measure, tact and taste. The house on Saturday night could not have too much of him and would not let him go at the curtain fall without a speech and an allusion to the boat race. It seemed that, as Mr. Crumblies was not a Prussian, so Mr. Ainley (to his regret, for that one evening) was not a Cambridge man."

Galsworthy's new play, "The Skin Game," is described as a tragedy-comedy in three acts. It deals with a struggle between a landowner and a profiteer for the possession of certain land needed by the former for the preservation of his estate, and for cottages for his village; while the "man newly rich wishes it for the extension of his pottery works." The title of the play refers to the ruthless methods employed on both sides to gain the desired ends.

Sam Southern, who died at Los Angeles a few weeks ago, was christened George Evelyn Augustus Towrley. He was called Sam because when he was born in England in 1870 his father was acting there in "Brother Sam."

In one week last month in London there was a Shylock 75 years old; a comedian versing on 74, and Genevieve Ward, born in 1828, was playing Volunla.

Louis Bouwmeester's Shylock at the Duke of York's was a revelation to the young English actors. We had actors 25 years ago with the power and ability to become just as great as this Dutch actor, but they were made to "tone down" to such an extent that nothing was left of their tragic intensity. Bouwmeester is a fine old actor, who acts all the time in these parts should be acted. He is a Jew, but he makes the other inhabitants of Venice look quite suburban and gentile. The Stage.

The plot of Woodward's "Jonathan Koppax," produced at Brighton, is based on the story of the Lancashire wife who after her husband's death by her hus-

band, sent her only son in doors with the message: "Tell your father that he is not your father." Thus did she even matters.

Sixty of the white monks of Caldy island, off the coast of Pembrokeshire, yesterday gave the last of four presentations of the Passion Play. No words were uttered, the play being acted in dumb show, and the connection of the story sustained by a musical recitative.

Caldy's population numbers less than a hundred, apart from the community of Benedictines, and the play, which has now become an annual event, has had to be given in the village hall. For the occasion the stage and auditorium exchanged functions. No scenery was used. All the performers were correctly, and in some cases elaborately, costumed.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Choir Will Now Sing "Deer Island Down the Bay"

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

As an earnest student of sociology and folk songs, Mr. Herkimer Johnson may be interested in the verses annexed hereto. They may even be worthy of Dr. Davidson's boiled shirt phalanx; certainly they should be brought to the attention of the glee club of the Porphyry. They lack, to be sure, that sacred domestic touch which inheres in "The Family Entrance to Innigan's Place," and they have not the bacchanalian swing of "Glorious! Glorious!" On the other hand, they are quite free from the valinglorious boasting which distinguishes the usual ballad of ales, wines and liquors.

"Deer Island Down the Bay" came refreshingly to wearied souls at the time of the Boston coup de cops. In the intervals of guard duty at a Tremont street emporium devoted exclusively to high class ladies' apparel, shoes and other luxuries, several of the guardians shortened the inter-watch periods by going to a hospitable basement and eating, drinking and smoking too much—everything being on the house. Naturally, properly and inevitably, the Great Army Game functioned. One of the playing guardians, a world war veteran suffering still from the effects of gassing, struck a streak of bad luck, even as John Oakhurst, and seldom opened and never filled. He began playing them closer and closer to his belly. Finally, when there was a huge excess of exports over imports, he began, in a mournful melody suggestive, in a way, of Mr. Hector McInnes going good at a wake.

DEER ISLAND-DOWN-THE-BAY.

"Twas on a pleasant night in March
I happened to get tight.
I took a walk down Portland street
And there I had a fight.
Two policemen they came along
Who had some words to say.
They said they'd send me sailing
To Deer Island-Down-The-Bay."

They marched me down to Station Two
And there I stopped that night.
And when I woke in the morning
I wasn't quite so tight.
I asked the skipper to let me go.
For I had no money to pay.
"Oh yes," says he, "I'll have you go
To Deer Island-Down-The-Bay."

The police swore they saw me drunk
A hundred times or more.
The judge seemed to believe them
As he viewed my carcass o'er.
From the awful pile of whiskey
I would dally store away.
Says he, "I'll keep you sober
On Deer Island-Down-The-Bay."

Deer Island is a pleasant place,
South Boston can't compare.
The judge he said I would do me good
To have a change of air.
The clerk he wrote the sentence.
And I was took away.
On the stater Putnam Bradley
To Deer Island-Down-The-Bay.

I arrived at this beautiful island,
They took me to the hodge.
They searched my carcass over,
But they never found a hodge.
They cut my hair close to my head,
Put on a suit of gray.
Now, this is the way they treat you
At Deer Island-Down-The-Bay.

I got out in the morning with
My handcart in my hand.
Down by the Putnam Bradley
I dally took my stand.
I loaded the fish and prattles
All through the mud and clay.
To feed the saints and angels
On Deer Island-Down-The-Bay.

There are deers on Boston Common,
And more on Portland street.
And there is deers on Deer Isle,
They look so nice and sweet.
They wash our shirts and mend our socks
To pass the time away.
You'd think you were in heaven
On Deer Island-Down-The-Bay.

They took us to church on Sunday
To hear the word of God.
It's something we're not used to,
And we think it mighty odd.
They think they will convert us,
Make us quit our nasty way.
They'll find they are mistaken
On Deer Island-Down-The-Bay.

As you will notice, there is a little confusion as to tense. The late Frothingham Clancy was so meticulous in tenas that it is impossible to give him credit for the work.

J. PALFREY PRATT.

P. S. Allow me to annotate this song. "They march me down to Station Two." Is not Portland street on Division one instead of two? By courtesy the police of one division sometimes accommodate prisoners from other divisions, but such practice is not regular and is discontinued at headquarters. "But they never found a hodge." In-

born delicacy and a nice sense of the proprieties of poker prevented the gentleman in question from using the full word. It may readily be found in any rhyming dictionary.

Query: Is the reference to weather vanes, with deer ornaments, of the Puritan Iron Works in Portland street? The line is not quite clear, otherwise. J. P. P.

Notes About the Theatre, Plays, Comedians in Paris

After the light drawing-room dramas that have held the stage of late, it was a relief to see a real virile melodrama, and the explosive delight of the sophisticated audience knew no bounds at the first performance of "Mon Homme" at the Renaissance. "Mon Homme" is due to the collaboration of Andre Picard, the playwright, and Francis Carco, well known for his short stories of Apache life. And quite naturally their collaboration produced an elegant Parisian drawing-room in the first and last act, with a thrilling scene in a "oal murette" sandwiched in between the two. While her aristocratic husband is away one evening, a Russian princess confides to a friend that she is really a girl of the lowest origin, once the companion of a famous thief and cut-throat. From time to time an irresistible longing for the old life comes over her, and she steals out alone, dressed in the short black sheath of a "mome" to the cabaret or dance hall, where her old companions foregather. For a brief time she is again Claire, the belle of the underworld, abandoning herself to the old ways, the old language and the fierce, brutal romance of an adventurous life. And there, one night, she meets "her man," an Apache, whose wild and simple love conquers her as never did the manners of society. He takes her for what she seems, but when, in the last act, she tries to mingle her two lives, by inviting him secretly to her house by night, he arrives just in time to catch the secretary stealing her jewels and is shot as the thief. If all this had hailed from America it might have raised a howl of derision, but the fox-trotting Parisians welcomed it enthusiastically, and we may look for a return of Apache dances in the near future. Anyway, it is good fun. Mme. Cora Laparcerie has one of her best parts as the Princess, and her company, MM. Collin, Escoffier, Mmes. Miller, Frevailles, etc., are excellent for their restraint and picturesqueness. The second act is, of course, the heart of the play, and M. Collin carried off a large share of the honors.—The Stage, April 1.

Mme. Marquitta, since 1896 ballet mistress at the Opera Comique, has retired from the stage. One of her pupils was Cleo de Merode. "Mme. Marquitta belongs to a school of real artists who work for beauty rather than gain." Her salary never exceeded \$200 a month.

Lerand, who created Fouché in "Madame Sans Gene" and many other parts—he was at the Vaudeville for 20 years—is dead. He died in "pecuniary distress."

Jane Harding, having left the stage, is living at her house in Neuilly. She recently remarked: "We are passing through a trying period when the public taste is entirely ruined or non-existent."

A Swedish male dancer, Jean Borlin of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, dancing in Paris alone, supported only by an orchestra, made a sensation at the Comedie des Champs Elysees last month. Among his dances was one to Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves"; but the most extraordinary of all was his "Scripture Negre" to Scriabin's Poeme-Nocturne. "In this last the dancer transforms himself into the living likeness of some huge Negro sculpture hewn out of wood, and clad in an ashy-gray-black skin-fitting mailot, decorated with barbaric plumes and tufts, is able to evoke, by his ungainly gestures and waddling gait, the image of a primitive and loathsome creature, half-man, half-ape. M. Borlin's range of expression is great, and the best part of his performance is the skillful and accurate way in which he reproduces the 'stylistic' features of archaic and exotic art, whether he appears as a bronze Indian idol (as in the "Danse Celeste") or as some emaciated, haggard martyr (as in "Devant la Mort"), with ashen skin, wild hair and shaggy beard, clad only in a scarlet loin-cloth, as in some hectic vision of El Greco, or, again, as a frenzied dervish, spinning round, enveloped in his enormous floating "skirts," or prostrating himself, exhausted, on the ground, with staring eyes and muttering lips. M. Borlin's all-round technique is extremely good, and he uses his arms with extraordinary effect. His style is individual and free from Russian influences, and his ideas are stimulating and original."

Recently the production of the piece called "Les Chaines," by M. Bourdon, was the occasion for something like tumult at the Theatre Francais. The piece certainly lent itself to a somewhat excited controversy. In M. Georges Bourdon's play the hero, Robert Pierard, had before the war been an internationalist, like his friend and mistress, Lydie, a Russian, a revolutionist, and, for all practical purposes, a Bolshevik. They had agreed in their anarchical views, but the war came, and entirely transformed the opinions of the man. Robert has been in actual contact with the enemy of France, and words and

phrases which had had their baptism of blood looked no longer the same as when they were only part of a theoretical argument in a book. When he returns, therefore, in 1917, he is a totally different person, and finds that between his new self and his old friend Lydie there is now a great gulf fixed. She has kept her faith in the future, when all men shall be brothers, and maintains her position as against what she calls the narrow and selfish patriotism of Robert. So the two have a serious and detailed argument, each advancing ideas radically contrasted with one another, the woman being all on the side of the coming revolution, the man affirming, as the result of the experiences he had gained on the battlefield, that a nation must preserve its own individuality, and must be defended by the blood of its citizens. The order for mobilization transformed Franco and made her a unity. The internationalism in which Lydie believes is for Robert disintegration, a mere chimera. Here, then, is one instance of a dramatic conflict of ideas treated on the stage in a series of long arguments and heated replies. And the play ends with the complete and fatal rupture between the two lovers, who henceforth have become enemies.—W. L. Courtney.

Personal Notes, Etc.

Our old friend Dinah Gilly has been singing in opera at Covent Garden.

Are violoncellists of a different order of "heart" than other instrumentalists, or is it merely that it has been my fortune to hear of good deeds well done by

'cellists while their confreres' friends have not drawn out their similarly good deeds into the light? Some time ago when Madame Pavlova was dancing in Mexico City, "Le Cygne," which we all love so well, went with even more than its usual fragile delicacy and charm, and the great dancer surpassed herself because of her delight in the wonderful playing of the solo 'cellist, who accompanied her in the orchestra. To this day, so I am told, Pavlova is unaware of the identity of the 'cellist, who as a fact was none other than Pablo Casals. Casals, it seems, was playing in the concert of which the dance was a part, so to speak, and after his performance he crept into the orchestra unnoticed. Similarly Mr. Felix Salmont, they tell me, played his 'cello as a part of the orchestra at a performance conducted the other day in Manchester by Albert Coates of Scriabin's "Divine Poem." I like to hear of these things.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mme. Pavlova, returning to London, after an absence of five years, had much to say to a reporter. She spoke of London as her second home, and then about English girls as dancers. "English girls, who have become increasingly interested in dancing, are most sincere, devoted, conscientious in what they take up. There is a natural reserve, but you must throw your feeling into your art and become expressive when the occasion demands it; to be happy you must be happy, and in crying you must cry. English girls have the feminine grace

and charm and the physical lines; many are very beautiful."

"What of the jazz rage?" Mme. Pavlova was asked.

"Tastes and styles change," she remarked. "In dancing all the good things will stay, and others which may get a passing success will go. Sometimes things which are good are not very much talked about at first, but they grow."

Mascagni has completed his new opera, "The Little Marat."

The New York correspondent of the Menestrel wrote that Mme. Metzenauer's voice was "too light" for the part of Kundry!

Edith Maschi was praised as Manon at the Opera Comique, Paris. "Pretty voice, pretty face, a charming actress, one of the best interpreters of the part."

Arrigo Pedrollo's opera based on Hugo's romance "The Man Who Laughs" is reported as very successful at Rome.

Maurice Renaud was appearing as Don Giovanni at Cannes two or three weeks ago.

Baroni, the pianist, was criticised adversely in Paris for playing Mozart's Concerto in E flat in a manner to suit his individuality.

Vanni Marcoux created the part of Thierry in Henry Fevrier's new opera, "The Damnation of Blanche-Neur," at Monte Carlo.

Vasa Prihoda, a Bohemian lad of 18, wandered with his fiddle to Venice 15

months ago. Then he went to Milan, where he played in the streets. "For two days," writes a correspondent of the London Times, "he had been playing in the streets without earning enough to buy a meal. He was playing in a Galleria, and produced weird and melancholy notes that were heard by a Milanese master, who called to him and learned his story. He took him that afternoon to a fashionable cafe, where a 5 o'clock concert was given, and invited another eminent professor to accompany them. In the midst of the concert he introduced the Bohemian lad to the leader of the orchestra, requesting him to permit his casual protegee to play a solo to the public. The leader

and the boy inspired by the extraordinary occasion, played with such wonderful skill that the entire hall broke out to applause and demanded several repetitions. A professor of the Conservatoire, who was present, exclaimed "Paganini played like that, but not better." An impresario in the hall immediately offered Vasa Prihoda a brilliant engagement, and sealed it that evening with an excellent dinner in company with other artists. Theatres in the principal Italian towns were retained for a concert tour, which proved a splendid success. Vasa Prihoda was at Lucca, with his impresario, some days ago, during a Socialist agitation. A big crowd assembled for a meeting, and Enrico Malatesta, the Anarchist leader, delivered a violent harangue. The masses were excited, they started in a wild procession through the main street to the public square, ready for any excess. At that moment the boy was playing from the balcony of his hotel, near the entrance to the square, to an enthusiastic little group in the street below. The fore-runners of the violent mob reached the group, listened to the violinist and remained fascinated. The rest of the procession stopped to listen, and, as the boy continued playing, their fury was soothed. Instead of smashing windows they applauded him, and half an hour later were all quietly walking back to their homes."

One expects to hear that this remarkable lad will soon visit this country. Is the Milan correspondent a press agent in disguise?

British Piano Playing

Miss Adela Verne is in one respect like George Washington: a musical lie would be for her an impossibility. She played on Saturday (March 27) at the Wigmore Hall Chopin and Liszt, two composers who are well dead—they left us, as she was careful to point out, when the heads that are now gray were a mass of brown curls—and therefore no more distress is caused by telling the truth about them now than would be caused by reading of the earthquake of Lisbon. Accordingly, the "Revolutionary" Etude turned the seamy side of mankind to our horror-stricken gaze, and that little one of 16 bars recovered from its long maltreatment in the tube and took its place again among the world's lyrics; while Liszt's "Reve d'Amour" filled us with the same sort of despair of the world ever becoming a better sort of place to live in than Offenbach's "Barcarolle" does. But one trembles to think what would happen to some of our moderns, who are groping for the truth, if this pitiless searchlight were turned on them. It would be no use their hiding behind the harmony screen; they would be had out and X-rayed and pronounced incurable—or perhaps be cured—before they knew where they were. At any rate, there would be no more audiences gasping at the end of it all. "How very modern!" If Miss Verne laid the bones of her bare as she does of the classics, the audience would quite as often be tilting a nose and exclaiming "How very ancient!"

Playing of this kind is immensely valuable as a definite protest against exaggeration and sentimentality where weak minds make none. There is a modesty and sincerity in it that contrasts with our national ideals, but which, is least likely to win appreciation in a country where those virtues are taken for granted. People go about with the cry on their lips of British music for Britons; here is British playing, quiet and undemonstrative as we plume ourselves on being, and they prefer to run after strange gods.—London Times.

Sheridan and Wilde

In these two dramatists English dialogue is generally thought to have been seen at its most brilliant. Certainly no modern writer has surpassed them. But their brilliance is false. It does not glow from within; it is applied from without, in the form of polish. It illuminates not the characters, but the playwright. Think of any of the brilliant epigrams of Wilde's in "The Importance of Being Earnest" or "Lady Windermere's Fan." Some of them are quite unforgettable; but it is impossible to remember quite certainly who said them. All that you can remember without any doubt is that Wilde wrote them. The reason is that any of Wilde's characters might say any of his epigrams, within certain obvious limits. They all move together on a plane higher than our workaday world, breathing the rarefied air of a wit which inspires them to the performance of mental and verbal gymnastics beyond our poor powers to imitate. We gaze at them with the same detached admiration which we accord to the boneless trapeze artists of the variety stage. We do not aspire to do that sort of thing ourselves, but it pleases us to know that somebody can. The dramatists of today have a different conception of dialogue altogether. Their aim, first and foremost, is to achieve the "imitation of life" which Aristotle defined as the object of drama. That rising young dramatist already mentioned, if he is to continue to rise nowadays, must be careful of how he uses that mutton epigram. He must not

drag the conversation round to it, he must wait till his characters happen to mention mutton—or, at least, meat. Even then he must not produce his epigram unless somebody with a turn for that form of wit happens to be on the stage at the time! and if his list of persons does not contain anyone of that description, the play must go muttonless.—W. A. Durlington.

Music and the Film

It is rather surprising that a modern creation like the film should have so much regard for the proprieties as to refuse to appear in public unless accompanied by a chaperon. The fact remains that the film, which possesses many of the characteristics of an attractive girl who has "come out" a little too quickly, is invariably accompanied by music, a much older lady of eminently unblemished reputation. The latter behaves like a perfect chaperon. She is present all the time, but she is hidden well out of sight, and chatters comfortably away to herself while her protegee performs all sorts of unusual and audacious evolutions within a few yards of her. Perhaps one day it may strike those who order this matter that a film would be far better off with a confidant than a chaperon.

At present the orchestra at a picture theatre seems to take little interest in the pictures that it is apparently supposed to adorn, and as a result the music often has little connection with the film. It behaves much like a poor relation, and only occasionally interpolates an apposite remark. If, on the other hand, it had the temerity to go mad in white linen whenever the film went mad in white satin, it would do a great deal to justify its existence. We are not quite sure of the reasons that first led to the convention that a film must always be helped out by music. It may have been an attempt to make up for the lack of speech. Practically every form of entertainment appeals only to our sense of sight, and—sight and hearing. The film, as film, appeals only to our sense of sight, and it is just possible that music was introduced to remedy this defect. On the other hand, the motive may have been purely utilitarian. Even the most perfect machine for projecting the film on to the screen is not absolutely silent, and, however bad the music may be, it does at least overcome the steady and insidious whirring which would be calculated eventually to drive any sensitive intellect into a lunatic asylum. It is even just possible that the only begueter of the idea had been to a popular opera at Covent Garden, and had there noticed what an effectual instrument even good music can be for drowning, or at least confining, the intermittent conversation of members of the audience.

Whatever the reason for its introduction, it is quite obvious that intelligently selected music is bound to be of benefit to an intelligent film. If played to an intelligent audience it might even do away with the ubiquitous letter-press. Those who scoff at the cinematograph may point out that three improbabilities do not make a possibility. Yet if the third possibility were ever to become a fact, the first two would inevitably follow. At present the scoffers would not be very far from the truth. The music, especially at the smaller picture theatres, is still very much bound by convention. On the whole it has little connection with the films, but when it does set out to illustrate a scene or an emotion, it invariably treads a very well-worn path. There seem to be "stock" tunes for "stock" situations. It must, however, be admitted that in this way the proper effect is certain to be communicated to the audience, and it may actually realize that the music has something to do with the scene at which it is looking. If this realization were ever to extend to a wish for all the music to have some connection with the pictures, improvement in the music would be quick and inevitable.

There are many examples of the use of "stock" tunes for "stock" situations. Has a wedding ever taken place in a film without the introduction of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," or a funeral unless to the strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul"? Gloomy incidents that are not quite funerals would be very strange without Rachmaninoff's "Prelude." If a character is indisposed at sea he is indisposed to the mournful numbers of "A Life on the Rolling Wave." French soldiers would refuse to march across a film save to the strains of "La Marseillaise." When cowboys gallop, they gallop in distinguished company, and are urged on their way by some halting notes from "The Ride of the Valkyries." Once a picture dealing with Spain, by some strange mistake, was not accompanied by a selection from "Carmen." The film broke in two.

There is yet another convention—at least at the smaller picture theatres. This is the strange discovery that a film comedy needs only the assistance of a piano, while a tragedy has to be helped on its way by a piano and a violin. But then this convention is also probably utilitarian. Moreover, one could not help sympathizing with a violinist who was requested to interpret the incidents of the average film comedy upon one violin. An orchestra of 100, which included a number of strombos horns, playing an interpretation of the subject by Strauss, would be able to give only a very faint idea of so chaotic a subject.—London Times.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M., 23d annual concert of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Dunham, conductor. Verdi's Requiem. Sue Hart, Marion G. Aubrey, Robert Quait, and Willard Flint, solo singers; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Tanya Matsuki, pianist. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the 48th season of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Buzzi-Pecora, Gloria; Goldridge-Taylor, Drake's Drum; Mowen, Come, Dear Love; Dunare, Dream-world; Philie, Phoebeus, Arbie (tenor solo by John J. Shaugnessey); Clough-Letter, Possession; Herbert, Gypsy Love Song (baritone solo by Dr. Parks); Brewer, Alexander; Protheroe; Ward-Stephens, Christ in Flanders; Marjorie Moody, soprano, will sing "Ah, fors'è lui" and these songs: Beach, "A Love But a Day"; Kist, "The Bird"; Holmes, "La Belle du Roi"; Leverett B. Merrill, bass, Tchaikowsky's Pilgrim Song and Sander-son's Shipmates o' Mine. WEDNESDAY—Fifth and last concert of the Boston Musical Association, Mr. Long, conductor. See special notice. FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M., 24th Symphony concert, Mr. Montem, conductor; John McCormack, tenor. See special notice. SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

NEW YORK TRIO AGAIN AROUSES ENTHUSIASM

Cordially Welcomed by Large Audience at Jordan Hall

Yesterday afternoon a concert was given at Jordan Hall by the New York Trio—Clarence Adler, pianist; Scipione Guidi, violinist; Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist. They played the Beethoven trio in D major, op. 70, No. 1; and the A minor of Tchaikowsky, op. 50. This trio confirmed the very favorable

impression which they made in their first concert here about a month ago. The Beethoven trio was given a broad and very satisfying reading; their playing of the large movement in this was their best performance of the afternoon. The Tchaikowsky variations were handled skilfully and throughout the long piece their interpretation was free from any dryness and was always alive. Especially interesting was their reading of the fugue—one of the last variations. A large audience was present and the applause was enthusiastic.

April 26, 1920

Miss Catherine Dupont is pleasantly remembered here by her performance of the Japanese No in Jordan Hall. The Japan Gazette announces her marriage to Mr. E. C. Davis of Yokohama. We mention this on account of an extraordinary translation of an article that appeared in the Jiji Shimpo last March, a translation into English made by a Japanese gentleman of indisputable parts. The headlines ran, according to him, as follows:

"Miss du Pont, beautiful foreign lady and expert in No, married. Salutation card written a la mode Japonais and sent to her friends. New home on the Bluffs, Yokohama, as a pioneer to spring season."

Now for the article itself:

"The salutation card: 'Bye the bye, with a good affinity I have this time held matrimonial ceremony, and hope to have your intimate friendship hereafter as you used hitherto,' written quite in Japanese style, was sent to friends dated March 1st. It was from Mrs. E. C. Davis. If only with that name, we are not able to know who it is. But it was Miss du Pont herself who was well known as a foreign lady well versed in No, and her husband, Mr. E. C. Davis, is a splendid English gentleman. With this one thing, it is already plain that Miss du Pont goes heart and soul into Japanese taste. Early she studied No under Kongo, the original house of Kyoto, and her No has been a splendid one wherever she goes. She was expert in 'Hagoromo' and 'Kikujido' which she performed for the Charity Musical Meeting held the other day in the Imperial Hotel, has astonished all with admiration, and it is still fresh in our memory. In December she burnt her previous No costumes by the fire taken place in the hotel, but it was Miss du Pont who was not most peevish among all for the losses given. She was born in Belgium and bred in England. This time she formed a new home on the Bluff, Yokohama, with her husband, Mr. E. C. Davis, as a forerunner to the sweet spring. She is expected to visit America and Europe for honeymoon shortly. We really feel as if now seeing Miss du Pont, who was cheerfully joking, saying 'If I be so Japanized, I must have a Japanese for husband.' When she was in the hotel, she always bothered the neighbors by studying No, so one of her very intimate friends said."

The Jiji Shimpo also published a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Davis seated in a room of their house. Above the picture were these lines:

"Miss du Pont and her bridegroom, who are bathing in happiness of the new home. (In the new house on the Bluff Yokohama, on the night of

(the 2d)

The Staff of Life

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Parisian bakers. When I lived in Paris the baker used to leave our long loaf of bread unwrapped, leaning against the kitchen door. As I watched him using the loaf more or less as a walking stick, I wondered whether the expression, "staff of life," didn't originate in France. F. C. Boston.

Turning to books that have helped us we find that Mr. Penkethman wrote in 1638: "Bread is worth all, being the staff of life." This man was probably John Penkethman, the author of "Onomatopoeiacum: On the Christian Names of Men and Women, Now Used Within This Realm of G. Britaine," published in 1626. There was another Penkethman, whose "Jests; or Wit Refined: the Second Part" appeared in 1721. Was this a chastened collection of jests that once set the table in a roar? Were these jests as stupid as those in the collection found in Bacon's complete works? Let us leave the Penkethmans. Bread, according to old English writers, was not the sole staff of life. J. Hammond in 1656 maintained that corn was the main staff; Fryer in 1698, describing the East Indians, said that rice was their staff. Barley bannocks and oat cake "long remained the staff of life in villages in Scotland," said a writer in 1850. Mr. Sladen wrote in 1901: "Broad beans form one of the staves of life in Sicily." An Albanian of the seventies might have said his staff was composed of buckwheat cakes and sausages drowned on the same plate in maple syrup. The French have several slang terms corresponding to our "bread basket," one of them a literal translation; but the Italian "fagiana" is properly a chest or storehouse for beans.—Ed.

For Summer Cottagers

"I spoke of living in the country, and upon what footing one should be with neighbors. I observed that some people were afraid of being on too easy a footing with them from an apprehension that their time would not be their own. He made the obvious remark that it depended much on what kind of neighbors one has whether it was desirable to be on an easy footing with them or not. I mentioned a certain baronet who told me he never was happy in the country till he was not on speaking terms with his neighbors, which he contrived in different ways to bring about. 'Lord'—(said he) stuck long, but at last the fellow pounded my pigs, and then I got rid of him.' Johnson—Nay, sir, My Lord got rid of Sir John, and showed how little he valued him by putting his pigs in the pound."

The Russell Brothers

As the World Wags: Who can ever forget the Russell brothers after having seen them even once? Do we remember the scream of the red haired one "thinking he had seen two dollars," or his description of Uncle Tom's Cabin and Topsy ("wasn't she the dirty old thing") and the men who cried at the performance of it. Why did they cry? was asked: "to get their money back," replied the red head. And the imitation of Sara Bernhardt, "the great French actress," artistic too with its stumbles over the long coat. I rarely missed them when in the city and their act never grew stale to me. ALLSTONUS.

JOHN MCCORMACK

John McCormack yesterday in Symphony Hall gave his last concert in this city before an extended tour, before an audience of more than 3000 persons.

Five hundred extra seats were placed on the enlarged stage, and the standing room was all sold. Mr. McCormack was assisted

Louie Kennedy, cellist; and Ed Gilmeider, pianist. The program was as follows:

Where'er You Walk, from "Semele Handel; Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Grove from "Alceste," Handel. Mr. McCormack Romance, Saint-Saens; Allegro Appassionato, Saint-Saens. Mr. Kennedy: After Edward Elgar; Oh, that it were so! (duet), Frank Bridge. Swans, A. Wall Kramer; Through the Long Days of Years, Arthur Foote; a group of Irish Songs, Mr. McCormack; Guitarre, Moszkowsky; Harlequin, Popper. Mr. Kennedy: When the Dew is Falling, Edwin Schuder; Annabel Lee (first time), Somerby; 'Tis Me, O Lord! (H. T. Burleigh); Have You Been to Lons (first time), H. T. Burleigh. Mr. McCormack.

Mr. McCormack's voice showed considerable strain and huskiness, and during the earlier part of his program lacked its usual vigor, but his inviolable power of expression, which was lacking, offset these minor defects. The audience was moved alternately to tense silence and then to laughter, a

This power of his hold on the hearts of his hearers never was more apparent. Added to the program were many familiar pieces, among the most expressive being "Then You'll Remember Me." At its close Mr. McCormack bade his audience good-by, saying he hoped all would be present upon his return.

Verdi's "Requiem" Sung in Symphony Hall

Last night at Symphony Hall Verdi's "Requiem" was sung by the People's Choral Union, George Sawyer Durham. There were four soloists—Mrs. Lora Lamport, soprano; Marion G. Aubens, contralto; Robert Quait, tenor; Willard Allen, bass. Tsulza Matsuki was the pianist, Herman Shedd, organist. Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted.

The "Requiem" was given a very good performance by the choir. They gave evidence of skilful training, and an intelligent comprehension of the music. Of especial interest was the singing of the fourth part of the Requiem, the San tus (double chorus). Mrs. Lamport's solo work was good, as was also the tenor's, Mr. Quait. The singing of the quartet gave the least satisfaction, there was lacking in their work that harmonious blending of the several voices so necessary to a good performance. But for the rest, it was largely satisfying. The singing of the soprano choir was very commendable.

sing the male quartet, a brass band would strive in vain to drown these four heroic shouters. Mr. Edwards, the lover, sings in simple fashion; so does the versatile Mr. Heider.

But the fun slackens in the second act, and at times dies out. There are pleasant moments, as when the waiters remove each untasted course while the guests rise to their feet with each national air; as when Mr. Brown searches for the letters; but there are tedious stretches when old business is introduced and prolonged.

The chorus girls are well formed, light on their feet, with flexible legs, and their voices are not so discordant as those too often heard in musical comedies. The costumes are pretty. The music is for dancing; it serves its purpose at the time, and is quickly forgotten. A large audience was pleased.

Certain managers of theatres in New York talk of charging \$5 a seat next season. If they carry out their purpose, many persons will be prevented from seeing poor shows.

This reminds us that at a farce now playing here is advertised as the "most unique" one in town. So there are several other "unique" farces in the theatres.

Why does the lino type entertain a spite against that fleet-footed maiden Atlanta? Whenever we mention the charming girl, for she was charming, in spite of the horrid story told by Suetonius, the machine inexorably grinds out "Atlanta." We are informed by adventurous travelers that a city called Atlanta is in Georgia; that it is a thriving town; that the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York visits it, after the guarantee has been secured. But Atlanta is not Atlanta, nor would we swap the girl for the city.

Ancient Skirts

Professor Joshua Borum is indeed an inexhaustible tank of miscellaneous and pleasing information. Men were talking at the Porphyry Club in a rather frivolous manner, we regret to say, about the present costumes of women, the short skirts, etc. Prof. Borum pricked up his long ears and said: "These short skirts are nothing new. Sappho, who was evidently jealous of Andromeda, not the tall wife of Hector, not the woman whom Martial praised when he was sneering at his wife's coldness, but some maiden of Lesbos, reproached this Andromeda for having been taught to dress by some country girl, whose gown was too short to reach her ankles. Philaetere, of whose writings we unfortunately possess only fragments, gave this sound advice to a female of his acquaintance: 'Don't let your gown fall down too low, nor pull it up too high to show your legs in clownish fashion.' As I was saying yesterday—" Prof. Borum was called to the telephone, and he did not return to the room. No one remembered what he had said the day before.

Poor Old Hoss!

As the World Wags: In as the world wags, I noticed, the other day, a discussion of the question of "Salt Hoss." When I was a boy I often heard five lines of what I presume was a longer piece of doggerel. The lines were as follows: "Old hoss, old hoss, how came you here? From Sacarap to Portland pier I carted stone for many a year, Till worn out with sore abuse, They salted me down for sailor's use." If there was any more I never heard it. Perhaps, the writer thought the lines fully covered the case.

LYNN. CAROLUS W. COBB.

Everywhere Madness

As the World Wags: Ireland, in one end of Europe like a stage in a hall, has (like from its location and from the temperament of its inhabitants) a unique chance to lighten the burdens of a humdrum world by exhibiting broad farce. How far it is naturally raised from the reality of competitive conflict is shown by its not being compelled to undergo conscription like most of Europe recently. Yet it persists in taking itself seriously and in wasting its birthright by littering the stage with corpses and gore.

This indigenous broad farce crops out unconsciously among all parties and in most inconspicuous surroundings. So, when the government lately established in Dublin a "craicew" (see a professional letter in London Lancet, April 3, 1920, page 781, for details of the occurrence), a woman in the first pangs of childbirth crept after midnight to within a stone's throw of a maternity hospital and there answered the challenge of a sentinel with: "I cannot stop, I'm in the pangs of labor!" But the stolid sentry maintained: "You cannot pass, for you're in breach of the orders, which say that between 12 and 5 there shall be no labor!"

So the endless chain of hunger strikes is nothing peculiarly Irish, but is a custom with many variants, which, once universal (they say the "distress" of sheriffs and constables is a mere relic of it), now survives in odd corners of the world. Fasting and sitting near the

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Hamlet," by William Shakespeare.

Claudius.....J. Harry Irvine
Hamlet.....Walter Hampden
Polonius.....Allen Thomas
Horatio.....William Sauter
Laertes.....Ernest Brown
Rosencrantz.....Marc Leobell
Guildenstern.....P. J. Kelly
Marcellus.....John William Baker
Bernardo.....G. T. Hamilton
Player King.....G. F. Hannam-Clark
Player Queen.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
First Grave Digger.....Allen Thomas
Second Grave Digger.....G. F. Hannam-Clark
Gertrude.....Mary Hall
Ophelia.....Beatrice Maude
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.....Richard Abbott

Walter Hampden is a brave man. Although New York gave him a warm welcome last year, and blasse theatregoers there flocked to see him as the "melancholy Dane," Boston was apathetic when he came here last October. Last night he returned, however, in the same part; the part over which discussion has raged for generations, and still rages.

Probably more has been written on the question of how Hamlet should be played than any other character in the theatre. Old timers will refer you to Edwin Booth; to Henry Irving; the old timers of 25 years hence, who are the theatregoers of today, will probably still be talking of Walter Hampden in the part.

Mr. Hampden is without doubt a great Hamlet. But he is chiefly interesting because he is so boyish, so appealing in the part. Here is no conventional tragedian, putting between himself and his audience a barrier of tradition. So many actors make of Shakespeare an awesome affair, forgetting—or deliberately ignoring the fact—that the great playwright was, himself, the most human and understanding of men. He wrote for everyday people; his plays were first performed before the common people. That is, of course, the reason they have endured. Why, then, produce them now as if they were only for "highbrows," for those whose intellect places them above the rank and file of theatregoers?

Mr. Hampden falls into no such error. His Hamlet might be any distraught young man of today. His madness is clearly the result of disillusion, brought on by the shattering of his idols. Only at times does he become slightly theatrical; for the most part, however, his playing of the part is poetic, moving and intensely human.

His supporting company is at all times in complete sympathy with him. Not one but has the same quality of naturalness. The old Polonius, played by Allen Thomas, is a tiresome, cunning old man, not quite as artless as he would appear, a splendid characterization. Mr. Irvine as Claudius, the treacherous uncle, was perhaps not as sinister as we have always thought him to be. The two ladies, Miss Hall as Gertrude, and Miss Maude as the unfortunate Ophelia, are not only accomplished actresses, but add immeasurably to the production by their unusual beauty. And seldom have we had the pleasure of listening to two such musical and moving voices. Miss Maude's Ophelia—girlish, wistful and very pitiful—will long be remembered.

The stage settings were artistic and appropriate, a fitting background for the performance. Mr. Hampden will make his initial Boston appearance as Romeo tomorrow afternoon. "Romeo and Juliet" will be repeated tomorrow evening, and the rest of the week will be devoted to "Hamlet."

KITTY GORDON GIVES THRILL AT KEITH'S

Kitty Gordon, singer and comedienne, featured player of musical comedy and the screen, assisted by Guy and Pearl Magley, dancers, and Max Hurlig and Frank Conway, accompanist and vocalist respectively, is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Miss Gordon's act is chiefly interesting by its opulence, by an astounding wardrobe that not only excites woman-kind but makes poor man gasp; in its daring scheme, in its skeleton lines and in what it reveals. Her last costume, a shimmering, iridescent, jewelled creation, sent its reflections throughout the entire auditorium.

The principal is least of all to be considered as a singer. As a comedienne she has a nice intimate method and there is a certain air of spontaneity about her work. The best part of her performance came as a surprise to the audience when she supposedly obtruded into the act of Jack Wilson, the blackface comedian, that followed. It was in this scene that she showed excellence in repartee and made the most of a burlesque scene that called for exceptional skill as a comedienne. To say that Miss Gordon met the occasion convincingly is but to give her scant praise. The Magleys, who appeared in whirlwind and a variety of dances, contributed much to the success of the headliner's act.

Other acts on the bill were the afore-said Jack Wilson, known to all vaudeville lovers for the excellence of his extemporaneous style, and who kept the audience in an uproar with his sill-

asides and gipsianisms. Mariette Marionettes, in an ingenious performance in puppetland; Eddie Kay and Jay Herman, in an uproarious act of chatter and song; Whipple and Huston, in a novelty sketch; Wright and Dietrich, interesting in song; Kelley and Pollock, the latter affectionately remembered by another generation as one of the featured players of Edward Harrigan's famous organization, and who sang "Maggie Murphy's Home" with all her old time fervor and success; Will Oakland, vocalist, and the Valentines, aerial performers.

one to be coerced is the ordinary combination. Thus when Dr. G. Birdwood (who died not long ago as Sir George) was transferred to Bombay, 200 women started "sitting dharna" near his threshold to compel him to grant that each of them bear a son. He knew illndu human nature well enough not to attempt to reason with them, but finally cleared his premises by proclaiming: "Each of you who deserves it shall produce a son, but those who do not, will not." So, among us, a tireless agitator has recently urged the unfairness of our school history, yet last fall he sent out broadcast (I got half a dozen copies) a map showing the smallness of Ireland by superimposing its area on that of New England, which was manipulated so adroitly that careful examination only shows that a large percentage of Ireland's population was thus represented as in Massachusetts bay and Atlantic ocean. Than this "pot calling the kettle black" what could be more farcical? CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

A Southern Yankee

As the World Wags:

The objection to Mr. Hoover for President on the ground that he is not a good enough Republican reminds me of an incident which occurred while I was spending a winter in a good-sized city in North Carolina. Observing with some surprise that on the 22d of February there was no celebration, no flags or other demonstration, I asked an old inhabitant the reason. "Why," he said, "we don't care so very much about Washington down here; he was a kind of a Yankee!"

On the other hand, I may say that in the same city the 25th of December was celebrated with much noise of fire-crackers and guns; the assumption being, no doubt, that this was the birthday of some one who was no kind of a Yankee. EDDIE DAGGY.

Melrose.

April 29, 1920

Apropos of the talk about "collar reform," the high price of linen collars, their lack of durability, the wear and tear and expense of the laundry, especially the "hand laundry."

We remember the swell, the Alcibiades, the glorious Apollo of Windsor, Vt., toward the end of the civil war. He wore a stand-up indestructible collar of enamelled steel, and was proud of it. When, in boyish curiosity, we asked him if it ever became soiled, he answered: "Yes; then I clean it with an old toothbrush." Nor was he deterred from wearing this collar by a story told of a man who had scratched or cut his neck with a steel collar and died of blood poisoning. We still see this Windsor swell. He was a man of one book, and could quote from it freely—Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew"; paper-covered, poorly printed, with many illustrations. And on the piazza of his flour and grain shop he would play sentimental tunes on a cornet.

Imaginary Conversations

This conversation is said to have been overheard:

Michael—Terence, do you know McCarty?

Terence—What's his name?

Michael—Who?

News from Rome

"Yesterday the ambassador (Robert Underwood Johnson) was seen on the street in a motor car with an American flag stuck in his hat."

Was this to strike terror in the soul of Nitti? To turn the knees of D'Annunzio to water? Mr. Johnson, a lover of local color, might have followed the example of Yankee Doodle: stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.

Or Mr. Johnson might have imitated Mr. Rochester in Robert H. Newell's (Orpheus C. Kerr's) burlesque of "Jane Eyre" and stood, with an American flag wrapped around his steaming shoulders, an imposing spectacle. Artemus Ward in his account of a play he saw, "Ossy-wattermy Brown, or the Hero of Harper's Ferry," noted that Mr. Blane, "a dark bearded, ferocious looking person,

the most interesting looking man I ever saw," when killed by old Brown, died "like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner, Meosio by the Band."

Is Orpheus C. Kerr wholly forgotten? His "National Hymns," after the manner of certain American poets, alone should preserve his memory. He was one of Adah Isaac Menkin's husbands. His novel "Avery Glibun," which occasionally shows the influence of Dickens, is a strange story, interesting for its picture of Bohemian life in the New York of the fifties and sixties.

"Lime Juicer"

As the World Wags:

My feeling at the British, for blindly following orders, cited no authority; such is given in today's Boston Medical and Surgical Journal (April 22, '30, page 32), viz.: "Chick, Hume and Skelton (Lancet, 1918, II, 735) found that preserved lime juice was useless for the prevention of scurvy in guinea pigs and monkeys. They found that, volume for volume, fresh lemon juice was four times as potent for the prevention of scurvy as fresh lime juice. In one instance, the scurvy which had developed on lime juice was cured by the same amount of lemon juice. They explained the favorable results which have been reported from the use of lime juice in the past as due to the fact that lemons were used instead of limes, the two having been confused in the past. Stefansson (Journal American Medical Association, 1918, LXXI, 1715), found that bottled lime juice neither prevented nor cured scurvy among his men." Apparently we must add lime juice to the superstitions of the sea. The article, from which the above is quoted, brings one up to date on infantile scurvy (far more common than is generally suspected) and shows why Dr. Evans is so insistent on giving orange juice to babies.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston, April 22.

Leon, or Krauss?

The Herald published recently an account of the row in a London hall when Mr. Mischia-Leon, the husband of Pauline Donald, soprano, sang German songs in German. Mr. Mischia-Leon, who calls himself a Dane, once sang, according to report, in western cities as Dr. Krauss, or Kraus. During the great war he was known in England as Leon, later Mischia-Leon.

In this country an Englishman, who

first sang here in operetta, when the war broke out took a other name, called himself a Belgian baritone, although his French was atrocious, and is still advertised as a Belgian.

In the Playhouse

"I was much amused at the first night of 'Ned Kean of Old Drury' by the vapors of an obvious deputy critic of one of our great dailies. He was accompanied by a lady friend, and as the performance progressed made copious notes in a large exercise book, which, he hastily explained, was to be edited when he was alone. He thought 'Kean was a flamboyant figure'; then, turning to his friend, said: 'I like that word flamboyant, don't you?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'but I don't know much about it.' 'Oh, yes, you do; you know your remarks help me quite a lot. They are always so interesting.' Then he started to tell her several incidents in the life of Kean, which brought forth the remark from the lady: 'You know quite a lot about Kean, don't you?' 'Yes, but I didn't this morning. I looked it up before coming here, as I thought it might be useful.' This caused quite a confidential laugh between them."—The Stage (London).

For Coin Collectors

As the World Wags:

Can any reader of this column, more especially any English collector of English coins, give an idea of the value—premium or the face value of an English sovereign of 1824 with the head of Georgius IV. on one side, and on the other St. George and the Dragon. The coin is in perfect order, milling and all; the other parts sharp cut. It has not been in circulation for over 84 years, but has been carefully wrapped in shammy leather during all that time. DORIS. Medfield.

Boston Musical Association

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Musical Association, Mr. Longy, conductor, gave the fifth and last concert of its first season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "A Page from Homer," for female trio, (Ora Jacobs, Marion Robertson, Angela McCarthy), female chorus and orchestra; G. Faure, Elegie, violoncello solo

(Marion Moorhouse) and orchestra; A. Whiting, Fantasia for piano and orchestra; (Helen Norfleet, pianist); Chausson, Chant Funebre for female chorus and orchestra; Chanson Perpetuelle for soprano (Margaret Clement) and orchestra; Panelli, Tableaux Symphoniques: Thibes, on the Nile, Pharaoh's Return in Triumph.

The features of the concert were the "Page from Homer" and Chausson's "Chant Funebre," which had been performed earlier this season at a concert of the MacDowell Club. The former, suggested by the adventures of Ulysses after he left the Island of Calypso, as told in the Odyssey, is an impressive seascape in music, worthy of the composer who, having sailed the ocean, wrote the sea music in "Scheherazade" and "Sadko." Themes and instrumentation are fascinating. Chausson's chorus, a version of Claudio's song in "Much Ado About Nothing," has the funeral note, the peculiar sombre quality that characterizes so much of this composer's music, even without a text or a program.

It appears that Mr. Whiting's Fantasia was "the American composition voted upon and accepted by the committee." We cannot congratulate the committee on its choice, which did not interest except by the excellent performance of Miss Moorhouse. Surely Mr. Whiting was not anxious to have this early composition—it was written over 20 years ago—exhumed and brought into the garish light of a concert hall. Nor was it fair to Miss Moorhouse, this introduction through a mediocre work.

The well-schooled but light voice of Miss Clement is not suited to the colorful and passionate song by Chausson.

Mr. Olin Downes in his instructive program-book gave a full account of Panelli's pathetic life and belated fame. His "Tableaux Symphoniques," written in 1833, were not performed in Paris until 1912. No doubt this music would have startled Parisian audiences, or audiences in any city, in 1833; but it is extravagant to say, as some insist, that Panelli anticipated Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy. As a whole, these "Pictures" disappointed last night the expectation of those who had read about their orientalism and barbaric splendor. The most pleasing pages were those of the song sung effectively off stage by Mrs. Laura Littlefield. As for the Nile music, while the second section was playing one could not refrain from remembering how Verdi had done this in "Aida" far more poetically and with simpler means. Pharaoh's grand march is noisily barbaric, but we failed to find the splendor.

We shall speak of this series of concerts and the purposes and the accomplishments of the Boston Musical Association next Sunday. Last night, Prof. Spalding made pertinent remarks concerning the character of the undertaking.

The performance of the orchestra and the MacDowell chorus was creditable.

HAMPDEN PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." First appearance here of Mr. Hampden as Romeo.

Escalus.....Richard Roselle
Paris.....Marc Loebell
Montague.....Bernard Merrick
Capulet.....P. J. Kelly
Romeo.....Walter Hampden
Mercutio.....J. Harry Irvine
Benvolio.....William Sauter
Tybalt.....Richard Abbott
Old Capulet.....Horace Pollock
Friar Laurence.....Ernest Rowan
Friar John.....Harold Franklin
Balthasar.....LeRoy Operti
Peter.....Allen Thomas
An Apothecary.....John Ward
Lady Montague.....Irene Vogel
Lady Capulet.....Mary Hall
Juliet.....Beatrice Maude
Nurse.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Chorus.....Netta Sunderland

The text and the stage settings were so arranged that the action was comparatively swift and the performance was of reasonable length. The cuts were for the most part judicious. Greater attention was paid to Romeo's affair with Rosalind than is customary. The Prince did not appear immediately after the slaying of Tybalt. The famous soliloquy of Juliet, "Gallip apace, you fiery-footed steeds," was omitted, the soliloquy which has brought on her the prudish reproach of being a singularly forward young woman; so was her talk with the nurse that follows; but the long answer of the nurse to Lady Capulet's question in the first act, with the interesting details of the nursing and the weaning, and also the jest of the nurse's husband, a merry man, was given at length.

The costumes were for the most part appropriate, though it is doubtful whether Juliet would have worn a long sleeved and demure gown in anticipation of her lover coming to her at night.

The stage settings were simple; they sufficed, and prevented tedious waits; nevertheless, the apothecary kept his stuffed alligator, tortoise, bladders, etc., far within his shop, the door of which served apparently for the entrance to the tomb of the Capulets.

Maginn argued plausibly that Romeo is the personification of the unlucky man, and contrasted him with Bottom, the weaver. Romeo knew he was doomed to misfortune; more than once he voiced

his gloomy thought; yet it was surprising to find Mr. Hampden in the first scenes Hamlet speaking Romeo's lines. This impression soon wore away. Romeo was beloved by his companions, he was not greatly concerned with the family feud; he was a high-bred, gallant, romantic young man. Even old Montague spoke well of him. Only Tybalt wished him injury, and Tybalt was a swash-buckler with an uneasy sword. But, first of all, Romeo was romantic. And in this respect Mr. Hampden, excellent actor that he is, admirable as Hamlet, disappointed us. In what did he fail? This is not easy to say; not in pace, not in bearing; his speech was eloquent; his wooing was sincere; his bursts of passion were genuine; but he did not move in the atmosphere of romanticism. Take, for example, Charles Fechter. Whether he appeared in melodrama or tragedy, he was romantic the moment he stepped on the stage, even when he was fat and old and suffering from tympanites. Surely, Mr. Hampden has been favored by nature. Why did he fail to persuade one spectator at least, eager to be thrilled and moved, that this Romeo was as romantic as he was unlucky, unlucky by reason of his own interference in the affairs of others, and through the chain of circumstances to which the word "Fate" may well be applied.

The supporting company was much better than the customary visiting company in a Shakespearean play. Juliet is a taxing part. It has been often said that it should be played by two women—one representing the maiden; the other replacing her in the bridal chamber. Miss Maude was pleasing to the eye; she gave the illusion of youth and innocence in which was latent passion. Her diction was not flawless. At times, even to those close to the stage, she was well high unintelligible. In the balcony scene and in those that followed she was an agreeable apparition, best in her life and in her death. She left the spectator in a comfortable disposition of mind, not greatly exercised by her joy or her despair.

Mr. Irvine was a capital Mercutio, not too conscious of his lines, well-bred, light in speech and action. (The duel scene was especially well managed). Capulet is sometimes a bore, in the play as in the opera. We have seen him represented as a hospitable Polonius. Yesterday he had character as host and dictatorial, stormy parent. Lady Capulet, for once, was a lady of Verona. Miss Kearns acted the nurse with gusto, with fine touches of characterization. Mr. Rowan was dignified and human as Friar Laurence, nor was he without the saving grace of humor. In fact, the performance of the whole company had been carefully considered. The audience was appreciative throughout.

'SUSAN LENOX'

"Susan Lenox" (A Pilgrimage), a play in three acts and 11 scenes by George V. Hobart, from the story by David Graham Phillips. First production in Boston.

George Warham.....Walter Walker
Mrs. Warham.....Anne Sutherland
Ruth Warham.....Charlotte Thomas
Betty.....Marie Vernon
Susan Lenox.....Alma Tell
Sam Wright.....Harry D. Southard
Thomas Wright.....Albert Sackett
Keshah Ferguson.....Grace Hampton
Jeb Ferguson.....Robert T. Haines
Robert Burlingame.....Phillips Lord
Gregory Tempest.....John W. Cowell
Jess, an actor.....Henry Lyons
Elbert Edgewell.....Douglas Cosgrove
Violet Anstruther.....Georgina Such
Mabel Connomora.....Anna Stratton
Roderick Spencer.....Percy Benton
Rufus Small.....Adin Wilson

This play is like "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Not that we wish to discourage these who, having read the book, expect to find in the play "hot stuff." Mr. Hobart has succeeded in dragging in nearly every known vulgarity. But he is still under the spell of his own morality plays—he takes himself seriously. David Graham Phillips, in his novel, undertook to prove that a really fine, honest and courageous soul could not be destroyed by material and physical sordidness. He believed in Susan Lenox; the development of her soul was of prime interest to him; the sordid details which he considered necessary to write into his book, were incidental.

Mr. Hobart has made the sordid details of prime importance; the development of Susan's soul incidental. He sets out to prove, against a background of middle-class morality, that virtue—in a woman—is its own reward, and, by heck, he'll prove it or die in the attempt! And so poor little Susan is dragged through

every melodramatic situation that Mr. Hobart has been able to resurrect from the old-time thrillers. The only thing that is missing is the scene in the saw-mill. And at the very end the little angel forgives her cruel relatives, and turns with tears of joy to her departed store husband. Yes, Roderick Spencer, although the novel distinctly says he is a newspaper man, is the proprietor of Cincinnati's most up-to-date department store. And we leave Susan to a life of eminent respectability as the wife of a middle western dry goods man. In the book, of course, she became a

famous actress, but her little disappointances do not trouble Mr. Hobart particularly since the author of the book cannot object.

Miss Alma Tell was born several years too late. She should have been on the stage in the good old days. Last night she struggled gallantly with the preposterous part; in the first act she was charming and natural; later on she laid on the heavy melodrama with a lavish hand. Robert T. Haines made of Jeb Ferguson a character more like that of the book than any of the others. The other members of the cast played in the spirit of the piece. A large audience contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the evening; we had hysteria on the stage in front of us; in the audience to right and left of us. "Susan Lenox" should give Theda Bara's current piece a run for its money.

24TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony (by request); Mozart, scene with Rondo, "Von Temer" (John McCormack); d'Indy, "Istar" variations; Frank Bridge, sonnet for voice and orchestra, "Blow out, you Bugles" (Mr. McCormack); Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers."

It was a pleasure to hear d'Indy's "Istar" variations again after an interval of eight years. They are to be ranked with his symphony on a mountain air and his symphony in B flat major. Taking an oriental subject, he did not succumb to orientalism either in the invention of thematic material or in harmonic or orchestral treatment. Nor is the originality of the structure, the announcement of the theme at the very end, typifying the stripping of Istar's last veil and the revelation of her splendid nudity, the chief feature of the workmanship. Each variation, as it marks the progress of Istar's descent to the impenetrable land, and the stripping in turn of tiara, pendans, precious stones, etc., in itself and as it comes nearer to the theme, is a masterpiece in musical construction and in color. The performance was a brilliant one, as was that of Berlioz's remarkable symphony, which played here on March 5 was requested for the concert of yesterday. Again the scene in the fields, with the famous pastoral music and the still more famous measures for kettle-drums, the wild nightmare, March to the Scaffold, and the Witches Sabbath were enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. McCormack is a master of the Mozartian style. In this respect he is among tenors what Mme. Sembrich in her prime was among sopranos. Yesterday he chose a Scene and Rondo written by Mozart for a private performance of his "Idomeneo" in Vienna. Mr. McCormack's delivery of the Recitative was dramatically varied and effective. The Rondo he sang skilfully, but the voice itself did not always have body or pleasing quality. His other selection was a setting to music by Frank Bridge to a sonnet of Rupert Brooke. This Bridge, an Englishman, but not to be confounded with the Bridge that turned out oratorios—is there not a "Jonah" among them, a "Jonah" but without music for the whale?—made the mistake of attempting to give musical significance to nearly every word of the sonnet. As a result there is a far nobler spirit in Brooke's poem than in Bridge's music. The attempt was laborious. In spite of Mr. McCormack's earnest and lofty interpretation, he could not raise this music to the poet's or his own noble conception.

The concert will be repeated tonight, when the 39th season of the orchestra will end.

In the weeks preceding the arrival of Mr. Rabaud, Mr. Monteux formed practically a new orchestra. He brought it to so high a state of perfection that Mr. Rabaud found it a euphonious and plastic instrument to play upon.

In the course of this season, when suddenly, another conductor might have lost heart, he again formed an orchestra and in a few weeks worked a miracle. The concerts of the last month have been worthy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the height of its reputation. Nor has Mr. Monteux shown only as a drill-master; throughout the season he has proved himself an interpreter of the very first rank. A glance at the review of the season, which will be published in the Herald tomorrow will show the catholicity of his taste. As an interpreter, no school, no period is foreign to him: Beethoven and Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Grieg, Handel and Berlioz—he understands them, he shares his understanding and appreciation with the audience. He has been dramatic, but not sensational; reverential, but not dull; poetic but not sentimental. And throughout the season, he has conducted himself as a most sincere gentleman; serious in his purpose, but not taking himself too

seriously, for it is the saving grace of humor. Once asked if he was disturbed or upset by a wholly unforeseen and annoying occurrence, he smiled and said that he had been conductor of the Russian Ballet for several years.

Boston should be today as proud of its orchestra as at any time during its glorious past. It should also be proud of this orchestra's conductor. With him the future of the orchestra will be glorious.

May 2, 1920

"The Birth of God," a play in one act by Verner von Heidenstams, authorized translation from the Swedish by Karoline Knudsen. The Four Seas Company of Boston.

The Herald spoke some weeks ago of Heidenstams's one-act play "The Soothsayer," published by the same company. The cover of "The Birth of God" informs us that this dramatist, who was a Nobel Prize winner in 1917, is "steeped in the gorgeousness of the imagery of the East; but under it and over it are the solemn grandeur and the cold inflexible justice of his own Northland." It also tells us that the keynote of this play is "Search and Thou Shalt Find Thy God."

The scene is Karnak, in the street of Sphynxes; the time is the present; the persons represented are Egyptian deities from Osiris, the god of judgment, to Hathor-Sekhmet, the goddess of love; Dyskolus, an ancient, and a Stranger, a modern. The ancient gods and goddesses are dancing in the moonlight when a swarthy, bearded stranger appears. "He has a coat and a broad-brimmed hat of white felt"; also, presumably, trousers and boots. He would be more impressive if his hat were a plug. He and Dyskolus talk. The stranger says that he has come to the wrong place at the wrong time; he should have been a pope or a cardinal. The East is the source of reflection and knowledge, because there man becomes unworldly even in his clothes. The white turban has its sacred significance; "but in my homeland, kings walk about the streets in winter overcoats, and poets and seers sit in gilded tap rooms and drink whiskey."

Laughing boisterously, men ride around in street cars and talk of money; either they kill time by reading worldly tales or by going to the theatre to see some skillfully-enacted play. Dyskolus, like any reverer of the past, says, ah! but you should have seen the ancient play of Dionysus. The stranger had been a merchant reckoning telephone orders. Dyskolus knew this by looking at the fine cloth in his raiment. "They who sell dear, can also buy dear." At this moment "the idols emit a deep groan."

The stranger is in search of a god to worship. The idols keep on groaning; then one by one they speak about divinity. Hathor-Sekhmet, the goddess of love—she is cat-headed and holds a tambourine; she also "snarls and claws around," has her little say: "One thing, assuredly, I believed would have outlived destruction, and that was Love. I was mistaken. Mi-aoul! Mi-aoul! Whenever I cast two lovers into each other's arms, they curse me and glare at each other, like two strangers. Ptoo! Ptoo! They think that they hate each other, but they hate their own blood." Then she rubs herself against the stranger, purrs, and hits her tambourine. The stranger shoots one arrow at Osiris. The column tumbles, and the animal-idols vanish. Dyskolus wishes to build a white temple and carve over its door: "We know and understand not what we believe." He and the stranger build a bonfire. Dyskolus dies, but, dying, tells the stranger to throw into the fire what he has; banknotes, gold, a chain and amber heart. That is not enough. Then the stranger throws himself into the fire, shouting: "I have gotten a God. Burn—be burned to ashes—that will I offer as my sacrifice. Praises be to Him forevermore!"

Osiris is the sanest character in the play. Listening to Dyskolus, the Stranger, and the various gods, he now and then utters one word. It is printed in bold type. This word is "DAMNATION." And Osiris is a bit of a critic.

The Four Seas Company of Boston also publish in an attractive form, the powerful and dismal play of Maxim Gorki, "A Night's Lodging," which has been revived in New York this season. It is a volume in the "Contemporary Dramatists' Series."

Four Mystery Plays

Four mystery plays by Rudolph Steiner, "The Portal of Initiation," "The Soul's Protection," "The Guardian of the Threshold" and "The Soul's Awakening," are published in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. These volumes contain 560 pages. The translation is by Harry Collison and E. T. Gladstone.

Mr. Collison, in his introduction, says that the plays are best described as Christian mystery plays, representing the experiences of the soul during initiation. "For, in other words, the psychic development of man up to the moment when he is able to pierce the veil and see into the second." He discovers his

real self, at a later stage he "realizes" himself, and "finally learns the true significance of the Second Advent of our Lord." The plays are in one continuous series.

We are also told that Dr. Steiner writes a play while the rehearsals are in progress, completing it a few days before the first public performance. The plays are dated respectively 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913; thus they cannot be added to the horrors of war. "The last play explains the progress of the other three, and, following out the hint given in the second play by the account of the previous incarnation in the Middle Ages, traces the characters right back to their earlier incarnation in ancient Egypt."

There were performances at Munich every summer. The audiences, about 2000 in number, were composed entirely of Dr. Steiner's followers. In 1913 they bought ground in Munich and planned a theatre, but the city authorities finally prohibited building. Because of this and of the hostility aroused by his writings and lectures in other parts of Germany, Dr. Steiner is supervising the building of a theatre at Dornach, Switzerland, a few miles from Basle.

There are many characters in these plays, including Helena, "whose prototype reveals itself as that of Lucifer," and Ahirman and Lucifer, "conceived as soul influences only." Ahirman, the conventional Satan, is dressed in yellow; Lucifer, appearing as a female, has golden hair, and wears crimson robes.

These plays are not easy reading. Here is a sample brick of the huge edifice, taken at random:

MARIA:

In sooth there is no lack of men like these in many places; but my friend dost mean A different thing; and if thou dost but know

The life she led, thou wouldst speak otherwise.

There unused powers in full abundance dwell

There love will cause the seed to germinate

In rich abundance in the heart's good soil.

But our friend here exhausteth life's best powers

In never-ending toil beyond her strength.

No doubt these plays are profound and spiritual. They will undoubtedly interest readers of Dr. Steiner's "Road to Self-Knowledge," "Investigations in Occultism" and other theosophical looks. Yet one can hardly blame the Munich authorities for their unwillingness to allow a theatre for these plays. It is true that no law would compel the inhabitants to enter this theatre if it were standing; but some stranger might have entered, unaware of the precise nature of the stage-show.

Statistics of the Symphony

Season of 1919-1920

Forty-nine composers were represented at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the season that closed last night.

Beethoven, 10 times; Wagner, 8; Debussy and Schumann, 5 each; Berlioz and Mozart, 4; Brahms, Handel, Haydn, D'Indy, Mendelssohn, Schubert, 3 each; Bloch, Borodin, Dvorak, Franck, Liszt, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, 2 each; while Albeniz, Bach, Balakireff, Converse, Frank Bridge, Carpenter, Chabrier, Chadwick, Charpentier, Chausson, Converse, Dukas, Duparc, Enesco, Gilbert, Glazounoff, Gluck, Grieg, Griffes, Goldmark, Lalo, MacDowell, Malipiero, Rabaud, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Schmitt, Smetana, Stojowski, Stravinsky, Svendsen, Verdi, were each represented once.

The American composer cannot complain that he was ignored by Mr. Montoux: Carpenter, Chadwick, Converse, Gilbert, Griffes, MacDowell.

There were 47 performances of works by German-Austrian composers, with Liszt the Hungarian included.

There were 23 performances of works by French composers; 10 of Russian compositions; 6 of American; 2 of Scandinavian; 2 of Italian; 1 of Spanish; 2 of Swiss.

We have not included Mr. Stojowski, who, born in Poland, has lived in the United States for at least 15 years; while Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, is practically a Parisian.

Many new or old but unfamiliar works were produced.

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

Converse—Symphony in C minor.

Griffes—"The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"..... 2

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

Debussy—Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra (Alfred Cortot, pianist).

Debussy—"Jeux," a Danced Poem.

D'Indy—"Sinfonia Brevis de Belle Gallica," No. 2, op. 70..... 3

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

Symphonies, Symphonic Poems, Etc.

Albeniz—"Catalonia," Folk Suite in three parts, No. 1.

Chadwick—"The Angel of Death," Symphonic Poem.

Debussy—"Petite Suite."

Stojowski—Symphony in D minor..... 4

Concertos

Carpenter—Concertino for pianoforte and orchestra (E. Robert Schmitt, pianist).

Rachmaninoff—Concerto for pianoforte with orchestra, D minor, No. 3 (S. Rachmaninoff, pianist)..... 2

Arias and Songs

Bloch—Dramas 137 and 114 (Povla Frilish).

Bridge—"Sonnets," "Blow Out, You Buxies," (John McCormack).

Franck—Aria, "Les Rois dont vous vantez la Gloire" (Povla Frilish).... 4

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE CONCERTS

Symphonies, Symphonic Poems, Etc.

Borodin—Polovtsian Dances, from "Prince Igor."

Dukas—Overture to "Polyeucte."

Gilbert—"The Dance in Place Congo," Symphonic Poem.

Glazounoff—"Stenka Razin."

Haydn—Symphony, "La Reine de France."

Moussorgsky—"A Night on Bald Mountain," Fantasia for orchestra.

Rimsky-Korsakoff—"La Coq d'Or"; Introduction and March.

Stravinsky—Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu"..... 8

Concertos

Handel—Concerto in F major for organ and orchestra (Joseph Bonnet)..... 1

Choral Works

Debussy—"La Damselle Elue," lyric poem (Ethel Frank, soprano; Clara-nond Thompson, contralto, and chorus)..... 1

Arias and Songs

Beethoven—"Nature's Adoration," with orchestra (Louise Homer).

Duparc—"Invitation a Voyage," with orchestra (Povla Frilish).

Moussorgsky—"Hopak," with orchestra (Povla Frilish).

Schumann—"Bride's Song No. 1, Bride's Song No. 2, with orchestra (Margaret Matzenauer)..... 5

..... 15

The soloists were as follows:

Sopranos—Mmes. Frilish, Matzenauer.... 2

Contraltos—Mrs. McCormack..... 1

Tenors—Mr. McCormack..... 1

Pianists—Messrs. Cortot, Fox, Ganz, Gebhard, Ornstein, Rachmaninoff, Schmitt..... 7

Violinists—Messrs. Franklin, Kreisler and Spalding..... 3

Violoncellist—Mr. Bedetti (two performances)..... 1

Organist—Mr. Bonnet..... 16

Mr. Denayer played the viola in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy."

Mr. Schmitt played for the first time in Boston, Mmes. Frilish and Matzenauer, and Messrs. Fox and Ornstein took part here for the first time in a Symphony concert.

Notes About the First Season of the Musical Association

Mr. Olin Downes' carefully prepared, instructive and interesting program book for the concert of the Boston Musical Association that took place last Wednesday contains a list of the works performed during the season.

These composers were represented: Bach, Beach, Beethoven, Brahms, Brandts-Buys, Chausson (2), Debussy, Denmore, Fanelli, G. Faure (3), Griffes, Handel, Haydn, Mason, Moussorgsky, Platt, Rameau-Gervart, Ravel (three songs; one instrumental piece), Rimsky-Korsakoff (2), Saint-Saens, Salzedo, (three songs, one instrumental piece), Thirlon, Turina, A. Whiting, Vaughan Williams (cycle of six songs).

This statement was made in the prospectus issued in the fall of 1919: "A composition by an American composer will be given a place on each program. The composer may assist in the production of his work either as conductor or soloist. . . . Three soloists will be heard at each concert, a pianist, a singer and an instrumentalist."

The American compositions performed were as follows:

FIRST CONCERT, Dec. 17, 1919—F. Stuart Mason, Four Characteristic Pieces for Violoncello (MSS).

SECOND CONCERT, Jan. 21, 1920—Richard Platt, Sonata for violin and piano, B minor, (MSS). Nina Fletcher and composer.

THIRD CONCERT, Feb. 25, 1920—Charles Tomlinson Griffes, Poeme for flute and small orchestra (MSS) was announced for this date, but owing to the serious illness of the composer, at that time, it was impossible to secure manuscript parts. The composition was performed at the Fourth Concert, March 24, 1920. (Marion Dwight Jordan).

FOURTH CONCERT, March 24, 1920—John Beach, Naive Landscapes, Suite for flute, oboe, clarinet and pianoforte (MSS). Composer at the piano.

FIFTH CONCERT, April 28, 1920—Arthur Whiting, Fantasia for pianoforte and full orchestra, Op. 11 (MSS). (Helen Norfleet).

Mr. Platt's sonata had been played here before. Mr. Whiting had played his concerto with the Boston Symphony orchestra as far back as 1896 (Cambridge) and 1897 (Boston).

Of these compositions, those by Messrs. Griffes and Mason were the most striking. The performance of Mr. Griffes's "Poeme" was unsatisfactory, for the orchestra too often covered the flute. The sickness of the composer, alluded to by Mr. Downes, ended in the death of this unusually gifted man, whose music showed originality and imagination. Mr. Mason's pieces were skillfully written and were interesting.

The works performed for the first time in Boston were these:

Beach—Naive Landscapes, March 24, 1920.

Fanelli—Tableaux Symphoniques, first performance in America, April 28, 1920.

Griffes—Poeme for flute and small orchestra, March 24, 1920. (Marion Jordan).

Handel—Recitative and Aria, Nice, Che fa Che pensate, Arranged by Samuel Endicott, Jan. 21, 1920. (Bernice Fletcher-Butler).

Mason, F. S.—Four characteristic pieces for violoncello, Dec. 17, 1919.

Ravel—Three Poems after Stephane Mallarme, Dec. 17, 1919. (Mary Kent).

Salzedo—Three Poems by Sara Yarrow, op. 38. (Ethel Frank). Bolshaiuerie, op. 39, Feb. 25, 1920. (MSS).

Thirlon—String Quartet, op. 10, Jan. 21, 1920 The American String Quartet. First performance in America.

Turina—Scene Andalouse, Solo viola, Jan. 21, 1920. First performance in America (Anna Golden).

Mr. Salzedo was more entertaining as a harpist and leader of his harp ensemble than as a composer. Thirlon's quartet is commonplace; Fanelli's "Tableaux Symphoniques" music that was ahead of the time when it was composed, did not justify the praise by certain Parisian critics at the greatly belated performance in Paris.

These soloists were heard during the season:

Singers—Margaret Clement, Ethel Frank, Bernice Fisher-Butler, Mary Kent, Laura Littlefield, Rulon Y. Robinson.

Violinists—Nina Fletcher, Gertrude Marshall.

Viola—Anna Golden.

Violoncello—Marion Moorhouse.

Flute—Marion D. Jordan.

Pianists—John Beach, Constance McGlinchey, Helen Norfleet, Richard Platt.

Harp—Carlos Salzedo.

Miss Kent introduced the beautiful songs of Ravel and sang them skillfully.

Mr. Robinson is to be thanked for bringing out Vaughan Williams's cycle, "On Wenlock Edge," songs that he sang intelligently, with a fine appreciation of text and music.

Miss McGlinchey played brilliantly the "Wedding Caprice" of Saint-Saens, and Miss Norfleet gave an interest to Whiting's Fantasia that was not in the music.

Mr. Salzedo proved himself to be a virtuoso of the first class.

Mrs. Laura Littlefield's voice and technical skill were well displayed in the solo in Fanelli's first "Tableau."

The MacDowell Club chorus gave efficient and pleasing assistance. The American string quartet, the Boston Ensemble Club, the Durrell string quartet and the Carlos Salzedo Harp Ensemble also gave valuable aid.

The prominent features of the season were the production of Chausson's Chant Funebre, Fanelli's "Tableaux," Griffes "Poeme," Mason's Four Pieces, Ravel's Three Poems of Mallarme, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Page from Homer" and Vaughan-Williams's cycle, the appearance of Miss Kent and of the Salzedo Harp Ensemble.

The Boston Musical Association, then, has justified its existence. Mr. Longy, who, as conductor of the Orchestral Club and the Longy Club, introduced many works in this city, has again showed his catholicity of taste, his fine musical taste, and his authority as a conductor. He was probably not responsible for the selection of compositions by Americans.

It was stated in the prospectus that at each one of the concerts "a composition by an American composer would be played; three soloists would appear; unknown or seldom heard compositions, as well as those of the classic masters, would be performed, and, occasionally, an artist or organization of importance, unknown in Boston, would be invited to assist."

These plans have been carried out. The statement made at the last concert is not vainglorious:

"With high artistic ideals, the members of the orchestra, of the MacDowell Club women's chorus, and all others who have participated in the concerts, have rehearsed diligently and without financial reward. Players and soloists are unanimously eager to continue the work they have begun. Compositions, not only by Americans, but by modern composers of other nationalities, have, in a number of instances, been presented for the first time in Boston. While some of these works proved to be experimental rather than of permanent value, others will undoubtedly find a place in the current repertory. Young American artists who might otherwise have waited years to appear as soloists have had a hearing and have gained approval of press and audiences. It is recognized that these concerts fill a need in the musical life of Boston, and that their purposes and achievements are not paralleled by any other artistic organization of the city."

It is to be hoped that the public will generously support this association; that there will be subscriptions and guarantees for the next season. There is room for this association; there is

need of it in the musical life of this city.

"Without such support and interest of the public," reads the statement, "it will be impossible to extend the scope and develop the standards of these concerts as it is now hoped and planned to do."

Should British Managers Accept German Stage Works?

Mr. Albert de Courville wrote to the London Times last month asking for guidance. Should he as a British manager accept German plays? He refused an offer of an operetta produced with great success in Vienna. The amount asked in advance of royalties was £2000. "Are we still at war with Germany or not? America evidently thinks not. I am told that Lehar is going over, and Reinhardt has been invited. Are we in the theatrical world free to buy plays from the late enemy in the same way as we buy razors?"

Are we at liberty to reawaken public interest in a class of show found highly delectable before the war? And in what manner should the movement be begun? Will it be a gradual process, starting with a production of a Lithuanian show, followed by one from Czechoslovakia, and proceeding to a Hungarian and thence to a purely Teutonic production? Perhaps this will be the solution of the difficulty. At present, I am merely curious."

Mr. Charles E. Cochrane was not in doubt. He answered this letter, addressing the editor of the Times

"From the moment of the armistice I have been offered innumerable German and Austrian compositions. There is at this very moment in London a German manager, who before the war could not speak a word of English. He is offering a dozen or more German and Austrian successes—first, he came to me because, in pre-war days, I knew the German market well and dealt there extensively. Two of our London managers had arranged to visit Germany on play-buying intent. The Berlin riots occurred; and they concluded they were more comfortable in London. I repeat that managers have perfect freedom to deal in German music, if their feeling is that way; but let them do so honestly, and give it its correct description, and if their audiences should contain some maimed and angry heroes, let them not be surprised."

"Thc" Chaconne is either the era
coell or the pons asinorum of music, ac-
cording as fiddlers like to make it. The
music in it is there only by suggestion,
and it is strong, as an artist makes his
picture strong by leaving out all those
lines which can be understood. The
price he pays for this is that all those
he puts in must be exactly right. The
musical line is different from Euclid's;
it has breadth and magnitude. That is
what makes the immense difficulty of
the Chaconne, and what never dawns
upon the bridge-builders. But it had
dawned on Miss Isoldc Menges long be-
fore she played in the Wigmore Hall
yesterday, and it put her version in
quite a different class from the half-
dozen we have lately heard. There were
points, it is true, in which the execution
came short of perfection, a huddled
rhythm here, a hazy intonation there—
motes in a sunbeam; but the line swelled
or tapered, grew to and from a point, in
a way which could only come from a
broad conception of the work. In this
playing the lover of music can hear
what he is always listening for—the
strengths coming right by an underlying
sense of proportion; just as every lover
of horses hopes to see a woman ride
with those "hands" which come from a
good seat.—London Times.

Within the last month the Paris stage has been enriched by two spectacles either of which is well worth the trouble of a journey from London. They are widely different, so widely that it seems as if the brain had separate compartments for its memory of them, and could not pigeon-hole them together as plays. The first is a triumph of a single personality—the direct personality of a player; the second a triumph of many, seen through the imagination of one.

Sarah Bernhardt's return to her own stage in Paris has been long promised, twice despaired of, often put off. People who lose a leg sometimes give up active life. People who have desperate illnesses and desperate operations sometimes retire. People who are 75 are sometimes old. None of these banalities appeal to the Lady Chrysostom of the French stage. She is not even content with revivals, but makes her reappearance in a part she has never played before. Nor is she content to let this part be one new to her audience, so that the interest attaching to the unknown and unexpected may support her; she selects Athalie, crowning character of that tragedy which Voltaire called the masterpiece of the human spirit.

Of course, she triumphs. She is Sarah, and it is impossible to imagine a Paris public that would not swallow whatever she gave them. But her triumph is not by any means primarily due to her immense reputation. Her Athalie is the triumph in itself. This is the real daughter of Jezebel and Ahab, in whom cruelty and pride and ruthlessness and ambition were so naturally born (seeing what a pretty couple her parents were), that she expresses them as inevitably as

a rose exhaled sweetness, and really is almost as innocent of wickedness as a rose is guilty of loveliness.

Yet although she is great in her majesty when borne in a litter on to the stage, a vision of gleaming gold and jewels and shadow; although, defiant and angry and terrible, Racine's great lines of denunciation roll from her with the power of thunder; yet she is most wonderful in her scene with the young Joas. There again we have after so long the Bernhardt smile that vies in sweetness even with the Irving smile, now vanished. There we have the grace of tender gesture. There we have, above all, the "golden voice," winning, seductive, rising and falling like distant bells across the evening cornfields, and giving one the same wistful enjoyment.

"Athalle" may be staged for very few performances. The scenery is simple and impressive, the company is good—and there is Sarah. She may be prevailed upon to lengthen her season, but at present it is confined to 10 representations. This is an opportunity not to be missed, because the single personality which dominates the whole thing must, say in a few generations, go to seek Racine on Olympus, must at some time, however full of vitality, leave us. May it be long hence.—London Times, April 9.

Last March the authors of "L'Amie de ma Femme" and "Les Deux Cornettes" rushed into print with charges of plagiarism. The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote that the plays are ordinary farces. "Having robbed his best pal, Thorell, of his lady friend's affections, Berger signs a receipt by which he is compelled to allow Thorell to make love to any woman he (Berger) may care for in the future. Several years later, having married, and hearing of Thorell's return from foreign lands, Berger, remembering the agreement he has signed, hides his wife and installs a sham Mme. Berger at his fireside for Thorell to make love to. All is, of course, discovered and forgiven. The same theme, in a Louis XV. setting and costume, serves 'Les Deux Cornettes.'"

The same correspondent thinks that Brieux's "Les Américains Chez Nous," which will be produced in translation next season in this country, belongs to the dramatist's "later school of mellow and somewhat rambling" observation. "Somehow we expected rather better from him than the American officer who wants to revolutionize the French household, destroy their most cherished ruins and build new, sanitary dwellings. It is the old struggle of progress vs. sentiment. But the American is eventually softened, and so is the Red Cross girl who decides to remain in France. It is rather conventional. If we cannot have a well-knit drama or sparkling comedy, I prefer the Brieux of 'Damaged Goods' and the propaganda plays." — the New York

and the propaganda play, "La Vie est Belle," at the Nouvel-Ambigu, has also benefited by the curiosity aroused because the Actors' Union threatened to call a strike if the play contained, as was rumored, anti-union propaganda. The rumor and the threat were unjustified, as was proved by the performance of the play, which is in reality a feeble satiro on revolution. A sudden Bolshevik uprising causes a millionaire to become the butler of a weedy schoolmaster, who is named governor of the province. But with the confiscation of his fortune the millionaire finds that all his troubles and cares have ceased. He is a free, light-hearted individual once more, whereas the revolutionaries are harassed by the responsibilities and ambitions of their new office. For all his experience, M. Nozicre, who has written some amusing plays, and is best known as a critic, has attempted more than his talent could successfully achieve. He is not the great satirist the theme demanded, nor has he the knowledge of both sides that would permit him to deal with the subject in a serious manner. Tolerably well acted by Saturnin Fabre, Lorrain, Ravet and Miles Carlier and Corciade, the piece is not likely to have a very long run. The Nouvel-Ambigu has not been very fortunate in its choice of plays lately."

W. L. Courtney writes about Henry Bataille's "L'Animateur," "The main point is that we are asked to sympathize with a man, Dartes, who stands for a violent socialistic movement, and that in point of fact the virtues belong to those whose effort it is to disturb society, while those who maintain society as it is are credited with the worst vices. Dartes is a journalist when the play opens, and he has been guilty of writing an article which is opposed to the policy of the paper to which he belongs. Hence he is forced to give in his resignation, and he becomes a free lance. In reality, all the circumstances of his life tend to make him an Ishmaelite and drive him into the camp of the Labor party. His wife has been unfaithful to him, his daughter is not his own; but, as some recompense, the daughter, Renee, clings to her reputed father, just as Antigone supported the blind Oedipus. But the party whom he had abandoned will not leave Dartes alone. An unscrupulous man, Gilbert, who is Dartes's enemy, threatens to bring out all the past history of Dartes, and the unfortunate position in which he finds himself in reference to both wife and daughter.

Then the piece proceeds quickly to its tragic termination. The girl hence prevents the publication of Gilbert's defamatory pamphlet by declaring that she will commit suicide then and there if it sees the light. But this does not save the unhappy Dantes. He is shot by the crowd, or, rather, by those who represent the Conservative party in the state. It is a play of immenso vigor and no little violence, and its significance must not be missed. Instead of dealing with the European war, it deals with the

social war, and its main tendency is obviously to promote sympathy with the Socialists, especially with a man like Dantes, who becomes, through his sufferings, the apostle or leader of the social revolution. At a time like the present the production of a piece like this undoubtedly has its importance."

The jury that will award the prize of \$1000 offered by the Berkshire Music Colony, Inc., in connection with the festival of chamber music at Pittsfield, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 1920, is made up of Messrs. Bloch, Borowski, Sveenski, Ara, Stoeber. Composers that submit manuscripts must send score as well as separate parts of the string quartets. The contest is open until Aug. 1, 1920. Manuscripts should be sent up to July 1 to Hugo Kortschek, secretary, 1 West Thirty-fourth street, New York; after July 1 to Berkshire Music Colony, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass.

Mountain, and Broughton has set music to three poems of Edward Carpenter. "Sentimentalism is anathema to him, so, likewise, is a technique that obliterates the music. In 'The Triumph of Civilization' there is a hard, relentless simplicity that brings these vivid lines of Carpenter's straight home—the simplicity of a bayonet thrust: "Red nosed, thin-shouldered, with ankles bare and old boots.

A woman bent and haggard, croaking a dismal song. And the great windows stare upon her wretchedness, and stare across the road upon each other, with big fool eyes."

Mme. Clara Butt has been "created" a "Dame B. E." by King George.

Raquel Meller, a Spanish singer, made her first appearance in London on March 26 at the Hippodrome. She is the woman of whom M. Antoine wrote when she sang at the Paris Olympia last September: "All the melody of Spain lies in her mysterious and arresting voice." The critic of the London Times described her voice as not powerful but "beautifully produced, and of rare sweetness; it is used with the art of a great tragedienne who has not to think of technic." He also wrote: "Specially remarkable was the restraint of the singer's gestures; her personal beauty and grace, the brilliance of her eyes and the subtle charm of her artist's hands; all her intense gifts had their values, but a passion was never torn to tatters. The first song—she sang of the toreador and the souvenir—though sung in a language of which nine-tenths of her audience were ignorant, gripped them for good, and each little ballad that followed, 'all of long-past times, held them anew, though interest might well be strained by the ridiculous wording of the explanatory rignmarole read out by Mr. Fred Ailandale. A comedian is a bad comper for a singing tragedienne."

Mme. Meller is the wife of Gomez Carrillo, several of whose works have been translated into English.

Richard Strauss's violin sonata, "though it has its beautiful moments, especially in the second movement," is in the ears of the London Daily Telegraph, "upon the whole but conventional stuff, and it never has been and never can be regarded as either characteristic or worthy of its composer." This was written apropos of Bronislaw Huber's sonata's recital. The Times called the sonata "pretentious, hollow stuff."

The Times does not approve excerpts from "Parsifal" in the Queen's Hall. "This treatment ought by all the rules to be fatal to its place in public esteem. Almost every source of contrast is eliminated, and the endless repetitions become emphasized to an almost unbearable extent. The Grail scene, without voices, and with various instruments, including the organ, filling in the blank spaces, becomes a mere potpourri of motives; The 'Flower' Maidens' scene, very freely arranged by Steinbach, is merely what the program analyst calls it, an 'attractive excerpt,' and the Prelude to the third act, with the 'Dresden Amen' stuck on to make an ending, is grotesque. Still it attracts a public which is not very sensitive to details."

It would not surprise me in the least to find that Elgar's Second Symphony, discovered a few days ago by people who would have little or none of it (or of him as composer) on its production some 10 or 12 years ago, was to repeat the success of No. 1. If Landon Ronald had "had his rights" No. 2 would not have been relegated, as it has been, to the dusty shelves; for he worked hard against the critical neglect of a great work by a native composer. How Elgar must smile up his sleeve, as it were, at this recent "discovery." But I sincerely hope that No. 2 will not be boomed into a publicity that will ultimately strangle it as No. 1 was strangled by upwards of 100 performances in Eng-

land alone in the course of a year. I pride myself on being one of those who heard the first performances of both symphonies, No. 1 three times in one week or thereabouts—and I have loved them both ever since.—London Daily Telegraph.

Telegraph.
"She possesses a very considerable technique, if by technique is meant a facility in striking the right notes at any necessary speed."

Messrs. Murdoch and Sammons took part in a chamber concert in London devoted to Elgar's recent works. "In the quartet and quintet, instead of two good men, there were many—the others being Messrs. Reed, Jeremy and Salmond. That was the trouble; one did not know which to listen to. Fancy a breakfast table with five Macaulays at it! If it had been even the dinner party one has sometimes attended, where, after five minutes, one is conscious that only one man is effectively present, it would have been intelligible, though not ideal. But this was the conversation of the gun-room—every one with a tall story which he insisted on telling. It could only result in a compromise—in getting some one to take a couple of feet off his tiger by resigning half a dozen pounds of your own salmon, instead of having the tact and sense never to have put them on. This kind of quartet playing is sheer waste of time. True conversation consists in listening as much as talking—of listening in the very act of talking. Joachim, De Ahna, Wirth and Hausmann built up the success of St. James's Hall in the nineties by their monthly debates in the eighties in the Sing-Akademie at Berlin; and, having trained themselves, they also trained their audience. We have at present no quartet of that authority; it is amazing what even the rather special audience at these concerts is prepared to swallow, and it may therefore be some time before we have one."

Mr. Carolus W. Cobb of Lynn appealed to many when he published in this column the lines about "salt hogg":

"Old hoss, old hoss, how came you here?
From Saccarap to Portland pier
I carted stone for many a year,
Till, worn out with sore abuse,
they salted me down for sailors' use."

They salted me down for sailors and Mr. Cobb said at the time that he thought there might be more lines. "H. C. G." of Boston sends a version given to her by the wife of a sea captain. "She says that often when at sea with her husband she has seen the sailors with a big chunk of salt beef on a fork thus address it":

"Old boss, old boss, how came you here?
You ploughed the field for many a year.
After many a kick and sore abuse
You're salted down for sailors' use.
The sailors they do you despise.
They eat your meat, they damn your eyes,
They eat your meat, they pick your bones
And send the rest to Davy Jones."

"Constant Reader" of Boston adds these lines to Mr. Cobb's version:

"The sailors they do me despise
And turn me over and damn my eyes."

Mr. Louis D. Starbird of Boston adds four lines to Mr. Cobb's:

"The sailors they do me despise.
They eat my meat and damn my eyes,
They eat my meat and pick my bones
And pitch the rest to Davy Jones."

"H. J. C." of Dorchester gives these opening lines:

"Old hoss, old hoss, how came you here?
From Sacarapp to Portland pier."
"I wanted boards for many a year."

The version sent by Mr. Elias Barn-
castle of Boston begins:

"Old horse, old horse, how came you here?
I've carted stones for many a year
From Sacarapp to Portland pier."
etc.

"Saccarap" for ever! no version is complete and satisfying without it. "Saccarap" gives "local color" and "atmosphere," to borrow from the jargon of aesthetes.

As the World Wags:

'I do not attend the theatre so frequently as formerly, as I am not over-interested in vital statistics. The murder mystery plays and bedroom farces monopolize the boards. In the first, one is momentarily in fear of someone being killed; in the second, of someone being born.

DIX.

Secretary Meredith of the department of agriculture has handed down this "important decision":

"Hereafter it will be 'milk cow' and not 'milch cow.'"

A glossarist adds: "This decision marks the termination of a controversy in which etymologists in the department have had not a little interest." Those in favor of sticking to 'milch cow' cite the Bible and other good English books. Friends of 'milk cow' argue that milkmen, cattlemen and others in every day touch with cows prefer that form.

"The deciding argument, it is said, was that 'milk' is more strictly an English word, while 'milch' was akin to German."

As regards the respective ages, "milch cow" appeared in English literature as

as 1424, "Milk cow," until 1533 "Milk cow" is now in English dialect; "milk cow" is preferred in England. As for the kinship of "milk" with a German word, "Milch" comes from the Middle English "mlech," or "milche," representing the old English "milce"—an "pri-milce," month of May, when the cows can be milked thrice in the day. The old Teutonic type is "melukjo" from "meluk."

"Milk" is to be compared with "the Teutonic: Omerian 'mle,' corresponding to the old Saxon 'mele,' old Frisian 'melok,' old Teutonic 'meluk,' etc. If anything, 'milk' is nearer kin to the German than 'milch.'"

We prefer "Bristol milk" to the milk that comes from any cow. Old Fuller knew it and no doubt drank it: "Bristol Milk. This Metaphorical Milk, whereby Xeres or Sherry Sack is intended." The name passed into the British wine trade as denoting a particular class of sherry.

No; although we do not own a cow and do not expect ever to own one, we shall say and write "milk" in spite of Secretary Meredith clothed in awful authority; yet we might compromise on "Milcher," a good word in Suffolk, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. Thomas Hardy likes it: "I shall have to pay him nine pound a year for the rent of every one of these milchers."

Was the phrase "Milk your tea"—add milk to tea—ever common in New England. We have heard "How will you have your tea sweetened?" For the life of us we cannot help telling the story again about Tom Corwin and the genteel lady. "Will you have condiments in your tea, Mr. Corwin?" "Pepper and salt, madam, if you please; no mustard."

Criticism in India

"The house was full almost to the very doors, and the manner in which 'Aida' was received showed that Calcutta can appreciate something more than a 'leg-show' showed, indeed, that a 'beauty chorus' is not necessary, provided the said chorus can sing. Neither the male nor female chorus of 'Aida' could plead guilty to the charge of 'beauty' without running the risk of an action for perjury, but they could do what they were there for—sing!"

James and the "Russians"

One of the interesting items to be found in Henry James's letters is the fact that he was one of the very many people in this country who were deceived (for a day or two) by the rumor that an army of Russians passed through the country on the way to the western front.

Of course, he heard of the "train after train of Russians" that were sighted at different points. But the main point of his suspicion was a photograph of which he writes of having seen "so-called Belgians" landing at Ostend. "If," he comments, "they are not straight out of the historic, or even fictitious, page of Tolstoy, I will eat the biggest pair of moujik hoots in the collection."—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS NIELSEN'S

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Alice Nielsen, soprano, assisted by Jean Bedetti, solo violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert in Symphony Hall last night. William Reddick was Miss Nielsen's accompanist, Alfred De Voto, Mr. Bedetti's. There were only a few seats vacant in the hall.

Miss Nielsen's songs were as follows: "Ich vieni non tardar," from "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bachelet, Chere Nuit; Debussy, Mandolin; Duparc, Extase; Fourdrain, Papillon; Vidal, Ariette; "Batti, Batti," from "Don Giovanni"; Scott, Lullaby; Buzzi-Pecola, Under the Greenwood Tree; Lehmann, The Weathercock; Arensky, But Lately in Dance; Woodman, An Open Secret.

Mr. Bedetti's selections were: Beval, Suite Ancienne; Bruck, Kol Nidrel; Glazounoff, Serenade Espagnole; Schumann, Berceuse; Popper, Tarantelle.

The air of Susanna in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" is a severe test of a singer. It calls for tonal purity, the establishment and maintenance of melodic lines, sureness of attack, a release of sustained phrases that suggests reserve force and not necessity from shortness of breath, and also a repose that is far from being phlegmatic, that is not due to musical or emotional indifference, but is characteristic of Mozart and his period. By her singing of this aria Miss Nielsen showed the fine qualities of a lyric singer.

Since Miss Nielsen last sang here, her voice has gained in color and volume, and, although she made a long tour this season, her voice was fresh and of a youthful quality. Only in the second section of "Batti Batti," in the roulades, was there momentary insecurity. The group of French songs included Bachelet's "Chere Nuit," in which sopranos for some inscrutable reason delight, but it also included Du-

parc's beautiful "Extase." Fourdrain's "Papillon," of a lighter nature and with an obvious appeal, greatly pleased the audience, but the hearers appreciated to a greater degree the songs in English, partly no doubt because they, then knowing what the songs were about, could dilate with the proper emotion.

Mr. Bedetti's rich tone, consummate technical skill, and fine phrasing and musical feeling, were displayed in the unfamiliar and interesting Suite and in the smaller pieces. The Adagio of this Suite is beautiful in the simplicity and directness of expression.

Miss Nielsen and Mr. Bedetti were fortunate in their accompanists. A feature of the evening was Mr. Reddick's playing of the piano part in Fourdrain's song.

RUFFO AND FITZIU

Titta Ruffo, baritone, and Anna Fitziu, Chicago opera soprano, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Rudolph Gruen was accompanist. The program:

"Il Bacio," Arditi, Miss Fitziu; Aria, "Le Roy de Lahore," Massenet, Mr. Ruffo; "Some Other Day," Theresa del Rieko; "Bitterness of Love," Durr, "A Little Word," A. Voorhis, Miss Fitziu; "Novembre," Tremat, "Sei morta nella vita mia," Costa, Aria, from "Demon," Rubenstein, Mr. Ruffo; Aria "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," Puccini, Miss Fitziu; Aria, from "Barbiere di Siviglia," Rossini, Mr. Ruffo.

The audience was not large. There were blocks of vacant seats in orchestra and first balcony. The second balcony was nearly filled. What was lacking in numbers, however, was more than atoned for in muscular force of applause and vocal power of acclaim, and it is altogether probable that never before in Symphony Hall was there a more halcyon and vociferous Sunday concert.

Comment on the voices and the singing of the artists is hardly needed. They are both young and very, very strong and they rejoice in their strength, and their friends rejoice with them. So why should anyone else worry? Probably if they sang in the Roman Coliseum one could judge better of their artistic capabilities. Symphony Hall is too diminutive for a proper hearing.

Eight years ago this month our valued correspondent, Mr. Hallday Witherspoon, a shrewd observer, an intrepid explorer, the one man that could solve the mystery of mysteries—the final disappearance of "Liverpool Jarge"—if this disappearance was final—wrote an account of meeting a Socialist at the Dutchman's. This Socialist, a mild mannered person, took from his pocket a newspaper clipping, noting the ruling of the Western Union on the shirtwaist question. Mr. Witherspoon's article was duly published in this column.

Eight years have gone by. This Socialist could not today ride "his hobby through 11 beers and three Rhine wines" at the Dutchman's. Note Mr. Witherspoon's illuminative touch: "When I left he was trying to give his hat away to the handsome waiter." Nor in 1920 is "our genial President" Taft campaigning either in blue jeans or sculptural trousers. But much within this letter that seemed extravagant and grotesque eight years ago may now be considered trite. But to the letter. We omit the description of the meeting at the Dutchman's. The Dutchman, where is he now, this servant of Gambrinus? All gone! Afay mit de lager beer—Afay in de ewigkeit!

Dress Reform

As the World Wags:

My friend's scheme is more picturesque, but less practical, than the single tax, and, while it will be scoffed at by all well balanced, level-headed citizens, it furnishes material for a lot of interesting speculation.

My Socialist would pass a simple sumptuary law prescribing a uniform costume for both sexes—a suit to consist of trousers and tunic of denim or fustian, common-sense shoes, no hat and no adornment of any kind, this costume to be worn universally in public under penalty of imprisonment. Here are some of the results claimed:

GLORIOUS RESULTS

A. Women would stay at home unless they had really important business elsewhere.

B. The department stores would close, as 70 per cent. of their output is in the form of, or the result of, luxury in dress. (The statistics are not mine.)

C. The expensive restaurants and hotels would close.

D. The theatres would close, with few exceptions, and the loss would be a gain.

E. The advertising business would be killed and we would no longer pay 15 cents for a package of breakfast food that cost 1 cent to make and 10 cents to advertise.

F. The newspapers would quadruple in cost and the magazines would double,

but there would be something in them worth reading. (In the magazines, of course.)

G. Several millions of people employed in the manufacture and distribution of dress luxuries would get out of the cities and back to the soil. And so on and so on. The mild-mannered Socialist enumerated several hundred beneficent results which must surely follow.

Mrs. Witherspoon says my friend is a candidate for examination by an alienist. I have lived in countries where extreme simplicity of dress was the rule on account of climatic conditions, and they were pretty good places to live in. But imagine our genial President campaigning in blue jeans and brogans—or imagine the Easter parade under the fustian regime. 'S enough, Morris.

HALLDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, May 29, 1912.

Clock Vs. Conscience

As the World Wags:

I am placed by this "daylight saving" device in a position of great embarrassment. I have in my home several clocks that have come down to me through several generations of my family and that I hold in high respect. For a great many years these clocks have told the strict truth about the time of day; indeed, it has been a matter of some pride with me that they should tell the hours correctly and that they should strike always coincidentally. I hold disagreements and contradictions in abhorrence, and have always found satisfaction in the unanimity of my clocks. I was enjoined by the newspapers of April 24 to set my clocks forward one hour, in obedience to this ridiculous movement, so that they might bring false witness as to the time of day on the ensuing Sabbath. Rather than upset the truthful tradition of their long and honest lifetimes, I stopped them all at midnight on Saturday, and have since purchased a number of cheap clocks of no character or reputation save that given them by their maker's guarantee, and am allowing these to lie to me instead.

This change has thus involved me in some slight pecuniary expense that I can ill afford. Further, I am embarrassed by certain moral considerations. When I am asked by a stranger, relying upon my clock for a truthful answer, what time it is, what am I to say? If I am to tell him or her the exact truth, I may complicate his or her affairs more or less, and I cannot bring myself to repay his or her trust with an untruth. The alternative of entering into an exhaustive explanation of the whole matter involves a waste of time, and is, besides, an impertinence. My calling enforces upon me perhaps greater scruples than might affect a layman, but I feel that it is in incumbent upon me to make proclamation of these scruples for the possible guidance of others similarly minded, but groping in the mists of uncertainty. It gratifies and heartens me to note that our infant, aged 6 months only, and thus too young consciously to entertain such considerations of propriety, still revolts by instinct from this falsification. It has been found impossible to persuade her to her evening's rest at the conventional 6 o'clock of the present time schedule because her sun-slumbered infant mind divines its insincerity, and her vocal protests, I regret to say, smite the air until somewhere about 7.

REV. BARBLINGTON BROOKE.

Time, reverend sir, is like life; it is what we make it. To the mystic there is no time. He well knows the truth of the sublime saying: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." There are thousands in other lands that hear the clock strike 12. Not long ago we read in a London newspaper of 17 o'clock tea. Are we sure that the sun has run regularly since Joshua ordered it to stand still upon Gibeon? Some thought that it suffered during Phaethon's reckless driving. Mark the selfishness, the egoism, of this clergyman. He thinks only of his clocks, his squalling child—has not good old Doc Evans declared that all babies are egoists and neither moral nor immoral? This clergyman, with no doubt an impressive pulpit manner, does not think of the thousands to whom this extra daylight hour brings health and happiness.—Ed.

In Michigan

A dance was given at Weiler's Hall Saturday evening in honor of Leslie Clark, who is home from Birmingham. He leaves Monday to go back to his grandmother's, Mrs. Sloat. He came with the body of Mr. Sloat to Michigan for burial last week.

Jack Norworth Brings Personality in New Melodies

Jack Norworth, in an act entitled "New Songs," assisted by Miss Adair, is the principal feature of the bill at B. M. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was unmis-

takably pleased.

Mr. Norworth gets away from the beaten paths of acts usually employed by the singing comedian. All his songs are new and then there is his unique style of presentation and a personality that is little less than magnetic. Covering a wide range of style in song, he also fell back on the vein to which he is best known to the public—the plaintive melody. This number, his concluding one, was the outstanding feature of an exceptionally clever performance. Miss Adair, good to look upon, shared in the success of this feature.

One of the best acts on the bill was the dancing act of Frances Pritchard, assisted by Edward Tierney and James Donnelly. Miss Pritchard, fleet of foot and charming in the lightness of her step, aroused the audience despite the fact she was suffering from an indisposition. The Messrs. Tierney and Donnelly, two neat dancers, were exceptionally clever in their impressions of dancers of other days, and made the audience sit up with their dances of vigorous rhythm and exceptional length.

Other acts were Julius Tannen, monologist; the Van Cellos, in "Foot Feats"; Venita Gould, in impressions, an act of unusual excellence and fidelity; Rockwell and Fox, two irrepressible comedians of the "nut" variety who nearly stopped the show; Eleanor Cochran, vocalist; Grey and Old Rose, in a dancing oddity, and Enos Frazere, in an acrobatic thriller.

HAMPDEN SEEN AS SHYLOCK

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

The Duke of Venice.....	Allen Thomas
The Prince of Morocco.....	Ernest Rowan
Antonio.....	William Sauter
Bassanio.....	J. Harry Irvine
Salanio.....	Horace Pollock
Gratiano.....	Richard Abbott
Lorenzo.....	G. F. Hquiam-Clark
Shylock.....	Matens Loebehl
Tubal.....	Walter Hampden
Launcelot Gobbo.....	P. J. Kelly
Old Gobbo.....	Lo-Rol Operi
Leonardo.....	Allen Thomas
Balthazar.....	Bernard Merrell
Stephano.....	Katherine Haden
Page to the Prince.....	Netta Sunderland
Portia.....	Bunty Sunderland
Nerissa.....	Mary Hall
Jessica.....	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Heatrice.....	Heatrice Mande

Mr. Hampden, we are informed, played Shylock for the first time. The part may be acted so that at the end there is sympathy for the Jew and for his tragedy, in which case the spectator has no stomach for what follows the trial scene and the comedy ceases to be a comedy; or the actor may persuade the spectator throughout that Shylock deserved the insults the Venetians have heaped upon him; that Jessica was not heartless in quitting his house and robbing him; that justice was denied him and Antonio escaped only by a silly quibble; that Shylock in short is the personification of his cruelly persecuted race; persecuted in the England of Shakespeare's time; persecuted today in lands whose inhabitants call themselves Christians.

Mr. Hampden represents Shylock as revengeful from the start. He hates Antonio, who in his act of borrowing treats him contemptuously, as do Antonio's friends. In the opening scenes this spirit of hatred and this lust for revenge, now smouldering, now flaming out, were finely shown. He interpolated the scene of the return from the supper, introduced by Irving, we believe, but here Mr. Hampden was less effective; his return was hasty as if he already was convinced that Jessica had fled, whereas it should have been slower, with time for suspicion to enter his mind, while a shut house door and fruitless calling for entrance would have been more dramatic than the rushing into the open door with the calling of Jessica's name within. On the other hand the burst of exultation on learning of Antonio's bad luck, alternating with the lamentation over the loss of ducats, jewels and daughter was passionate and moving, tragic in its intensity. In the trial scene the crescendo from his dignified statement of his case to the moment when with uplifted knife he stood before Antonio was artfully, not artificially contrived, while the crumbling of his revenge, the humiliation and the utter hopelessness of the man's future were admirably portrayed. And at the end the spectator was left pitying the Jew, despising the smart legal trick of the priggish Portia irritated by the cheap insults of Gratiano.

It is to be regretted that the audience was small; that there was so little curiosity to see this excellent actor in a part new to him. The performance was in general an unusually interesting

one. Miss H. J. Perla was at the piano. Kittenish rather than gracefully light, and in the trial scene she spoke with conventionally becoming dignity. Miss Maude was fair of face and fair of speech as Jessica. The Prince of Morocco was a striking figure; Basilio was a manly wooer. The scene between old Gobbo and young Gobbo was tiresome but that was not wholly the fault of the actors. The comedies were beautiful; they stood out in bold relief against the simple background.

"The Merchant of Venice" will be played Wednesday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee; "Romeo and Juliet" tonight and Friday evening; "Hamlet" at the Wednesday matinee and on Saturday evening.

'OUI MADAME'

THE WILBUR THEATRE—"Oui Madame," a musical play in two acts, by Victor Herbert, Robert B. Smith and G. M. Wright; first time here:

Frederick Harper.....Howard Remig
Jane Walker.....Marguerite St. Clair
Laura Briggs.....Eleanor Shadley
Dora Mendel.....Dolly Arlyn
Grace Sterling.....Dorothy St. Clair
Claudia Wells.....May Thompson
Dave Kidder.....Joseph McCallion
Jerry Wild.....Franklin Daly
Joe Bixby.....Ralph O'Brien
Ely Hutt.....John V. Lowe
Richard Ogden.....Vinton Pradley
Polly Ogden.....Hattie Burks
Patsy Hubbard.....Georgia O'Raney
Seave, the jaulor.....William Kent
Mrs. Sheldon.....Catherine C. Doucet
Dorothy Sheldon.....Adele Hassau

Probably they said to Mr. Herbert, when commissioning him to express himself musically in "Oui Madame": "Now, Victor, this is to be a smart show, a dancing show. With plenty of comedy, of course, and a couple of good sentimental ballads for the prima donna, to say nothing of several duets about love and a cottage and all that sort of thing—but above all, a smart show and a dancing show."

So Mr. Herbert, who has such a versatile and sagely musical mind that he can turn out anything which savors of rhythm and melody, fashioned a smart dancing score for the first act. These several numbers, while fluent and danceable, were too much along the same lines for this volatile composer, so in the second act he cut loose and was more himself—resourceful, humorous, with laughing notes leaping from the strings and the few reed instruments he employed. Hence, "Such a Happy Family," a comic quartet, and "Over the Garden Wall," a colorful sextet number.

These and the tadpole trio in the first act were more like the Herbert of old. If here and there were hints of a bar from "Mlle Modiste" or a measure from "Eileen," the latter one of his best and yet most unfortunate works, they were welcome, for they were beautiful.

Last evening Mr. Herbert conducted in person, a sort of annual event for him here. He had a small band, perhaps of 20, but he swayed them as if they were four-score strong. His enjoyment of his music was infectious.

The story of "Oui Madame" is thin, but ever visible. It concerns a budding librettist, his love affair, and his household of friends, chiefly of the theatre. It has for comic characters Patsy, a cook, who is pressed into service in the new place as a maid with one line to speak 37 times, namely, "Oui, madame"; and Steve, the janitor, who, to oblige the harassed playwright, masquerades as a United States senator, nearly jorges himself into marriage with a wealthy widow and finally consoles himself with Patsy, whom he previously has jilted. The others are merely young persons who dance nimbly, sing a bit, and contribute to attractive stage pictures.

Miss O'Raney was repeatedly very funny in her quest of the identifying mark of the mermaid on the right ankle of the elusive Steve, as a black-tulled and tighted Pavlova in uproarious burlesque, as a writhing Spanish dancer of tortured mien.

Mr. Kent, a comedian of ingenuity and a certain form of courage in that he fathered more than one crudely pointed or ancient line, came into his own in his exceptionally comic shoe dance, following a rapid lapse into mock ineptitude. This latter scene, tenderly reminiscent doubtless to many observers present, was one of the many hits of the performance.

Miss Hassan and Miss Burks, the latter having a voice disturbingly suggestive of the past glories of Fritz Scheff, were the distinctive singers; Miss Thompson wove a dancing spell frequently. A large audience forced Mr. Herbert and his associates to acknowledge its plaudits twice during the evening. Even without Mr. Herbert in the chair, "Oui, Madame," should have an extended hearing here on its abundantly diversified merits.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—The Charming School, a comedy in three acts by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton; first production in Boston. The cast:

Austin Bevens.....Mr. Sam Hardy
Laura Briggs.....Mr. Ernest Casson
George Boyd.....Mr. James Gleason
Jim Simpkins.....Mr. Neil Martin
Tim Simpkins.....Mr. Albert Hackett
Homer Johns.....Mr. Rapley Holmes
Ella Benedott.....Miss Marie Carroll
Miss Hayes.....Miss Margaret Dale
Miss Curtis.....Miss Minnie Dupree
Mrs. Rolles.....Miss Bern Franklin
Sally Boyd.....Miss Judith Daly
Marlet Doughty.....Miss Florence McGuire
Ethel Spelvin.....Miss Carolyn Arnold
Alix Mercler.....Miss Theodora Laroque
Lillian Sanford.....Miss Frances McLoughlin
Madge Kent.....Miss Mary Mead

The amusing adventures which befell Austin Bevens, automobile salesman, when he inherited his deceased aunt's fashionable school for girls were highly diverting in Mrs. Miller's story. "The Charming School." They are vastly more diverting when transplanted to the stage.

Austin had ideas about the education of girls. Why should girls be taught a lot of things of no use to them when there were so many important things for them to learn? he argued. Charming instance—that was of prime importance. All parents want their girls to be charming; so does the rest of the world. So why not teach charm? Austin Bevens was not the man to decide that a thing ought to be done and then leave it at that.

The morning following the news of his more or less good fortune found him established as head of the school, with his four doughty friends and true, as assistant teachers. The rest can be left to one's imagination. Five attractive young men settled as teachers in a school full of flappers! It doesn't take a legal mind to reach the right conclusion. As for Austin Bevens himself, he came; he was seen; he conquered, and the play ends with Austin admitting that at least one of the pupils no longer needs to be taught charm; that she already has it in abundance.

It goes without saying that anything from the pen of Alice Duer Miller is fairly alive with wit, brilliant but never caustic; keen, but never bitter. "The Charming School" lives up to the reputation set by Mrs. Miller's other work; it is a delightful comedy, with a refreshing novelty in plot and lines. The woman who wrote "The Happiest Time of Their Lives" loves and understands youth as few American writers; she has put all the sparkle and charm of youth into this play. And the company does full credit to the piece.

Sam Hardy, long a musical comedy favorite, proves that he is more than that; he is very much at home with the delicate humor of the play. Miss Carroll, as the infatuated Elise, was delightful, as were the group of girls who play her school fellows, particularly Miss Daly as Sally Boyd. Miss Dupree did notably good work as the little secretary of the school. The other members of the cast were equally happy in their respective parts.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First Boston

showing of "Howdy, Folks," a comedy in a prologue and three acts, by Pearl Franklin. The cast:

Ma M. E. C.Marie Day
Buck Babb.....Horace James
Mr. Carson.....J. E. O'Reilly
Mrs. Carson.....Beth McNeill
Sam Disbrow.....Chester Morris
Mr. Disbrow.....Wilson Day
Pa McBrieny.....Harry E. Wallard
Dick Babb.....Benjamin Kaiser

Azalea.....Marlan Swaine
Preacher.....Alphenz Ethier
Sheriff.....Frederick Malchun
Mrs. Mitchell.....Merion Kirby
Music Man.....H. H. Beckinger
Jeff Coulter.....Charles W. Donald
Mandy Coulter.....Lella Bonnett
Paul Morgan.....Matt R. Helsey

"Howdy Folks" is a character study of the poor whites in the Blue Ridge mountains. The plot concerns a fortune left by a miser, a feud, a girl, who ran away from a circus where she was being abused by her guardian, the development of an industry in the mountain region and two or three simple love stories which wind through the piece.

The chief charm is the delightful character studies. Even the dumbness of the women folks was carried through. Mountain dialect, not at all overdone, rippled along and seemed quite proper. A real wedding, which the father of the bride tried to stop, only to be felled by the preacher and covered with a revolver in the hands of the best man, was the climax.

The action sped along, and while there was no attempt on the part of the author to be humorous and introduce bright lines, the naturalness of the people portrayed was in itself quaint enough to be laugh-provoking.

The laziness of the men, the boorish coqueting of the girls, the awkward

shyness of all who felt any emotion, furnished relief for playgoers.

It is a distinctly different sort of entertainment, and for one who doesn't want to think, but enjoys a show where good humor and human nature bubbles through, it is a fine evening's entertainment.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Robert B. Mantell and his company in "Richelleu," a play in five acts by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The cast:

Cardinal Richelleu.....Mantell
Bastard.....Frank Compton
Gaston.....John Alexander
De Berlingham.....Franklin Salisbury
De Mauprat.....George Stillwell
Inguet.....George Wilson
Joseph.....Henry Buckler
Francis.....Guy Lindsay
Louis XIII.....Edward Lewers
A Captain of Guards.....Roy Clifford
Pages to Richelleu.....Miss Theresa Clifford
Miss Frances Loughton
Clermont.....Vaughan Deering
Secretary.....Guy Hawkes
Another.....C. Porter Hall
Marion de Lorine.....Miss Marion Evensen
Julie de Mortemar.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

Copley Theatre: "His House in Order," presented by the Jewett Players.

The cast:
Harding.....Noel Leslie
Forshaw.....Leonard Cusack
Henry Jesson.....Nicholas Joy
Geraldine Ridgeley.....H. Conway Wingfield
Geraldine Ridgeley.....Jessamine Newcombe
Derek Jesson.....May Ellis
Mike Thome.....Blanche Lelley
Nina.....Lilma Royton
Lady Ridgeley.....Viola Koch
Major Maureward.....Percy Carne Waram
Sir Daniel Ridgeley.....Campan Matthews
Derek Ridgeley.....Lloyd Watts
Blyth.....Sharlant Bradbury
Dr. Dimott.....E. E. Clive

The opening concert of the Pops for the season was given last evening in Symphony Hall with every table on the main floor occupied, and all of the balcony seats taken. The front of the stage was attractively decorated with foliage, plants of many varieties, the centre space being filled with massed rhododendrons.

The atmosphere of gaiety and the bright plumage which until the last few years had characterized the opening night of these popular concerts were still lacking, the war-time somberness of attire predominating. The latest decree of fashion that sleeves shall be short as well as skirts, had been followed by a few of those present, but in most cases dark wraps concealed whatever was hidden below, and a general air of sobriety prevailed.

In line with the dry law, wet goods of 50 per cent. proof were much in evidence, and the "bar" which had been installed in the rear of the first balcony did a brisk business. Tables were placed along one side of the wide passageway, and during the intermissions this new addition to the popular entertainment was well patronized. The usual light refreshments also were served in the hall.

An enlarged orchestra of Symphony Players conducted by Agide Jacchia gave the following program:

OPENING NIGHT:
March Militaire.....Schubert
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
Songs Without Words.....Tschalkowsky
Fantasia, "La Boheme".....Puccini
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
"Gypsy Dance" from "Carmen".....Bizet
Organ Solo: Finale, 6th Symphony—Widor
(Mr. Albert W. Snow)
Tempest Scene from "Othello".....Verdi
Selection, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Canzone.....Van Westerhout
Intermezzo from "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Hungarian Dance No. 1, in G minor.....Brahms

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HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—R. B. Mantell and his company in "Hamlet," by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Hamlet.....Mr. Mantell
Francisco.....Abraham Levy
Bernardo.....Vaughan Deering
Marcellus.....C. Porter Hall
Horatio.....Guy Lindsay
The Ghost.....George Stillwell
Polonius.....Henry Buckler
Claudius.....Frank Alexander
Laertes.....John Salisbury
Rosencrantz.....Vaughan Deering
Guildenstern.....Edward Lewers
A Gravedigger.....C. Porter Hall
Another.....Miss Genevieve Reynolds
Gertrude.....Miss Marion Evensen
The Player-Queen.....Miss Genevieve Hamper
Ophelia.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

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Gertrude Atherton in the last New York Times Review of Books made an unprovoked assault on Jane Austen. She made faces at her, stuck her tongue out, yanked her hair and clawed her face. And the names she called her and her books! "Dull, pompous, arid, petty, peopled with puppets or caricatures, devoid of drama, of passion, of psychology" and so on, and so on. Sappho and George Sand should quiver and shake in their tombs. It will be their turn next.

And then Mrs. Atherton made an onslaught on English authors, beginning with poor Mr. Galsworthy, who splits his infinitives, writes "one another" for "each other" and "knows even less of the subjunctive than Jane Austen." English authors are guilty of many atrocious crimes. They write "different to." We prefer "different from," but "different to" goes back to the middle of the 16th century and was used by Fielding, Addison and Thackeray, who were pretty fellows in their day. "Different with," "different than" and "different against" are also found in English literature.

How savage Mrs. Atherton is! If Mr. Woodhouse, the worthy father of Miss Austen's Emma, should meet her, he would recommend in her case a basin of gruel, as sustaining and not heating, also an emollient.

Problems for Augustus

As the World Wags:

I sent to you some time ago an account of some painters who were at work upon my church and who seemed to me in a rather enviable case. The progress of their labor has brought them nearer to my study windows, and it was my privilege the other day to overhear their conversation during their lunch hour. One of their number who, upon what basis of right I know not, habitually assumes a tone of superiority to the rest, related the following remarkable circumstance. He said that if one had a dish of water weighing five pounds, and placed therein a live fish weighing five pounds, the weight of the dish and its contained water and fish would still remain five pounds. He stated that he had personally performed this experiment in natural science and that the ascertained facts bore out his assertion. He admitted in the course of the argument that ensued that a dead fish would not produce this interesting infraction of the law of gravitation. He offered no hypothesis to account for this strange matter and no argument in support of his position, save that he proposed to "knock the block off" anyone of his auditors who had the hardihood to impugn his statement. This seemed convincing, for there was no subsequent opposition. But at this distance of time and space from the encounter I venture to question the validity of his bold statement. And it seems to me that I have before now encountered this curious error. Was it held perchance by those early humorists, the scholastikoi, whose acquaintance I made in my youthful study of the classics? There should be some one among your many erudite correspondents who could enlighten me on this point.

Rev. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.

We have read somewhere of a monarch—was he not Charles II.?—who gravely put this proposition to learned men of his time. A more important question is, did fishes perish in the Deluge? Sir Thomas Browne thought they did not escape with their lives, "except the salt ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh element." And here are other problems for the bright-eyed young Adolphus before he goes reluctantly downward: Will a pot full of ashes contain as much water as it would without them? Will a bullet dipped in oil carry farther and pierce deeper? Will pumice stone weighing a pound weigh more or less when it is reduced to powder?—Ed.

"Page Mr. Wood"

As the World Wags:

As I was reading in the Herald an account of the "cordwainers' strike" in Lynn 60 years ago, I recalled that leader, or one of the leaders of that forerunner of labor troubles, was a man named Napoleon Wood. I remember that he was caricatured in the newspapers of the period as Wooden Napoleon I. Is anything known of the subsequent history of this man? H. P. E. Middleton.

The Slangy Muse

"S. H." of Westminster sends us this old song:

On the high toby-splice flashed the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old snut;
If you at the spellen can't hustle
You'll be hobbled in making a blout.

Then your Blowing will wax gallows
haughty,
When she hears of your early mistake,
She'll surely turn enit for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight.

"I found this in an old copy of Byron's poems as a note to stanza 19, canto xi. of 'Don Juan.' I thought I was rather good at this sort of thing, but I can't make some of it out."

Let us interpret this song. "Splice" by the way is sometimes "splice." High-toby-splice means the highway.

Pull out a pistol on the highway, in spite of every "bloody" watchman (or spy). If you can't hustle at the theatre, you'll be hauled into court for taking a handkerchief. Then your girl will become mighty haughty (?) when she hears of your contemptible bungling, and she'll surely inform on you for the £40, so that her fellow may be regular weight.

"Regular weight." Thief catchers would often let a petty theft pass unnoticed. When a capital crime was committed, they would grab the robber or burglar, to share the reward of £40 or more. They would say: "Let him alone till he weighs his weight."

"Blowen" or "blowing" is a word over 250 years old. It originally meant a woman, without reference to moral character. It came to have an evil significance. In this country it means the mistress of a thief. The refrain of Henry's imitation of Villon's Ballad is

"Booze and the blowens cop the lot," which may be compared with Andrew Lang's translation, "'Tis all to taverns and to lasses."

Byron added in his note: "If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a translation, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., professor of pugilism." This led the frequently inaccurate J. S. Farmer, quoting no

Then came artists and actors who were native Argentinians. Spanish and Italian producers did not satisfy the popular demand, while the "dramas criollos" did not reflect the life of civilization and progress. Yet the day by day growth of the cinema in Buenos Aires and Rosario and

and a third in a day for different cities all the way to the Germania. In Berlin, I heard three bands; in Munich, two, and two in Venice. These are besides the opera or hestras and regimental bands, and concerts of singing, and private musical unions, of which I have heard a great number; I went five times to the opera in London. Also to the opera in Munich, in Berlin, in Dresden, in Vienna, in Venice and in Florence, and heard fine performances in every place. I heard Grist three times in London, Mario twice, and Tamberlik twice. In Germany, I heard Joannia Wagner twice, and Fraulein Ney, who will one day excel Grist, and equals her now. But if I should call over merely the names of all the great singers, it would only confuse you.

"In London the favorite music is that of Donizetti and Rossini; in Germany, of Meyerbeer and Mozart, and occasionally Spohr for operas, and Beethoven and Mendelssohn for concerts. I heard symphonies of Mozart, Spohr and Beethoven at concerts in the beer-gardens, in the open air—admission 2½ groschen, about 7½ cents. Here in Rome a secured seat to the opera costs 30 cents. In Florence, at the cheap opera you can get a seat by going early, for about 5 cents. I heard Verdi's 'Lombardi' for that price. The great opera at the Court Theatre, which is a magnificent room, costs about 30 cents to those who go early, and only 50 for a secured place with luxurious cushions. In Italy the favorite music is that of Verdi. The 'Trovatore' is just now all the rage, and you may hear the peasant boys singing it under the arches of the Coliseum. It is certainly a very brilliant opera and a great deal finer than any previous work of Verdi. But all his

works are too noisy to suit my taste. I prefer very much Bellini or Mozart. "One of the great luxuries of Europe is the music of the regimental bands. This you get everywhere the soldiers are—and where are the soldiers not? In the German cities it is the custom for the band of the palace guard to play every day in one of the public squares between 11 and 12, and sometimes in the afternoon between 5 and 6. In Venice they play in the evening between 7 and 8. Here in Rome they play in the morning at parade and again in the afternoon on some of the squares. These bands are not the small affairs which we call bands in Boston, but they consist of 50 to 100 performers, most admirably trained and drilled as thoroughly in their art as the soldiers in the art of fighting. I was amused the other day to see a troop of about 20 drummers going through their practice down by the arch of Constantine. Outside the walls of Bologna, there's hornblowing from morning to night. I knew absolutely nothing of the richness of military music before I came to Europe.

"There are a good many Yankees studying music in Italy and Germany. At Leipzig there are Parker and Charles Perkins of Boston, both fine piano players, and William Mason, who some think to be a wonder even in Germany. At Florence there is Adelaide Phillips, who makes her debut in the opera at Brescia, a city in Lombardy near the lake of Garda, and young Millard of New York, and Sumner of Boston, who are going to appear this month at Arezzo in the Papal States. But they will have to study a long while before they equal the Italian voices. Now while I am writing these lines, I hear a piano across the street played better than Perkins can play it, and a man, who is evidently walking home from the opera, singing snatches of the airs he has heard as Sumner cannot possibly sing them. You can hear good music in Italy at almost any hour. If you will only sit at the window and listen.

"And then the organs! Why, we have no organs in America as they understand that word here. An organ here means an instrument that can supply the place, if necessary, of the human voice. The organ at Freyburg, in Switzerland, can do anything, laugh or cry, sigh or pray, or shout, can give you the forest wind, the insects in the field, or the roar of the ocean, can make a requiem for the dead such as angels from the land of the blessed might sing, or roll out such thunder as shall shake the solid arches above you. I heard in the Dominican Church at Bologna an organ which sang the whole mass, so that I hardly noticed the absence of all other voices. Every large church has at least two organs and generally more. I recollect one in Florence which had four large organs all standing out in the main building. I should regard it as worth while to come to Europe to hear the organs if there were nothing more."

Yes, Adelaide Phillips made her first appearance in opera at Brescia four or five days before this letter was dated. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, she came to America when she was 7 years old. The family first went to Canada, then settled in Boston, where at the age of 8 she appeared at the Boston Museum as a "celebrated infant prodigy," possessing great histrionic, terpsichorean and vocal talent. She then impersonated five characters in "old and young" and took the part of General Bonaparte in "Bonaparte's Progress." Pleasing as a dancer,

she took lessons in singing of Mme. Arnould. Jenny Lind heard Adelaide, gave her \$1000, with a letter to the great Garibaldi. Other Bostonians aided the young singer who studied nearly two years in London with Gisela, later in Florence.

At Brescia she appeared as Arsace in "Semiramide." The letters of her adopted sister, Arvilla, spoke of her as "Signorina Filippi," but in Valentini's history of the Grand Theatre of Brescia she is listed under her English name.

As for the other Americans mentioned in this letter, Messrs. J. C. D. Parker and Charles C. Perkins were active in the musical life of Boston. Harrison Millard sang in "The Messiah" at a Handel and Hayden concert in 1854. He was afterwards well known as singer, composer and teacher. There was a time when his song "Waiting" was on the program of every concert soprano. Was this Sumner Edward Sumner?

Music for Films

W. E. K. of Boston writes to the Herald:

"The writer for the London Times, quoted in the Herald the other day, who complains of the disturbing noises made by the cinema machinery, brings up memories of the American movies 15 years ago. In those days, if you ventured into a movie theatre, there arose such a clatter, you sprang from your seat to see what was the matter. But that is all changed. The machinery of the movies now is as unheard as the melodies on Keat's Grecian urn. The Times writer touches disdainfully, too, on the incidental music of the movie performances. But can anybody imagine himself enjoying a screen play without it? It has become essential, as essential as live blood-hounds to a successful production of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It would be interesting to know whether this incidental music was first employed to drown the whirr and squeak of the cinema machinery, or because somebody discovered that what might loosely be called onomatopoeic music helps in the interpretation of the silent story of the screen. Organ music seems to be especially effective in giving audible expression to the various movie emotions, and the builders of organs are having the time of their lives. Formerly they used to get a straggling order for a church now and then. During the last two or three years they have been deluged with orders from the wealthy proprietors of movie theatres. Has the melodeon been put to use at all in the picture palaces? In the city, of course, it might not seem quite up-to-date, but in the country it should be popular. It has its limitations in the interpretation of the joy and anguish of the human heart, but it ought to do very well indeed as an accompaniment to scenes of attempted suicide. Even the organ fails at times in attuning itself to the situation rolled before us on the screen. I

should be sorry indeed for any organ that could even approach an interpretation of Fatty Arbuckle, and even Charlie Chaplin, who is a clown of exceptional merit, rather puts the organ to its trumps. While the organ can, through its shrillest pipes, express after a fashion the impact of a flying pie on the face of the villain, it is the instruments of percussion like cymbals and bass drums that most realistically interpret such catastrophes. But the organ will still do its best in these cases, for the cost of hiring percussion performers for these incidents in the drama is high. Moreover, instruments of percussion disturb the spectator's illusion. We see the pie sailing through the air in the grand salon of a chateau in Bessarabia. We ourselves are for the moment in Bessarabia, far from Boston's madding crowd, when, presto! crash! the drum-beat that synchronized with the landing of the pie smites the ear, and at once we are back in darkest Washington street, and it takes some moments of mental readjustment to carry us back to Bessarabia the blest. The organ never spoils a scene in this way. If it roars, it roars you as any sucking dove, or rather it strikes just the right pitch to carry out the illusion of the screen. Even the piano, which is excellent in the hands of a talented accompanist, cannot quite match the organ. Perhaps this is because the spectator is always conscious of the human fingers at the piano keyboard, and that is a disturbing thing to a genuine movie fan. The organ seems to pour forth its music independent of human agency, like an Aeolian harp, and to be the unconscious medium through which the various emotions depicted on the screen find utterance."

Boston. W. E. K.

For Dramatic Leaders

In answer to a growing demand for such a course, Community Service, Inc., is holding a training school for dramatic leaders till May 24. The course is a practical one in play production and stage craft. Features are introduced

suitable to the tercentenary celebration, also lectures on pageantry, voice placement and dramatic organization; Saturday morning lectures on and demonstrations of story play and story telling. Ruth Delano, Henry Hunt Clarke of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Oliver Larkin, Elizabeth Grimbail of New York and Margaret Shipman Jamieson as well as other dramatic experts, are among the instructors. The sessions are held at the Elms Club, 100 Broadway. Play-

house, 301 Charles Street, from 7 to 10 o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Those now wishing to register should write at once to dramatic department, Community Service, Inc., 849 Little Building, or telephone Beach 3550.

Two Shakesperian Operas

J. E. Barkworth's opera "Romeo and Juliet" was performed for the first time in London on April 7. It was produced at Middleborough on Jan. 7, 1916. It is said that the composer's methods approximate most nearly to those of Charpentier in "Louise." The orchestration is significant; the vocal music is to a considerable extent declamatory recitative, though there are suave melodic passages. Set airs are absent. The Queen Mab speech is omitted. The first act ends with the balcony scene. There is a curtain after Romeo has slain Tybalt. The short third act comprises the Nightingale and Lark scenes and Juliet's refusal to marry Paris. The long fourth act is made up of the Potion, Apothecary, Churchyard and Vault scenes, with an elaborate ensemble bringing about the reconciliation of Montague and old Capulet. Some of the best music is for Mercutio, especially in the scene with the Nurse; for the Nurse; and for Capulet.

Nicholas Gatty's "The Tempest" was produced at the Surrey Theatre, London, on April 17. Reginald Gatty, the composer's brother, condensed the comedy into three acts. There is a prologue, in which Prospero is seen by the sea-shore invoking the storm. "We could not hear what Prospero said because the storm was blowing full blast in the orchestra and the tea-trays were clattering prodigiously thunder in the wings." Shakespeare begins with Miranda's speech: "If by your art, my dearest father." Then comes the scene on the ship. The three acts are played on the single scene with Prospero's hut and Caliban's hovel by the rocky shore and the sea in the background. "Mr. Gatty is one of the very few of our composers who have concentrated on opera as a working proposition. Temperamentally and by experience he is opposed to extravagance. He uses the ordinary full orchestra, but uses it with economy. His music is definite and incisive in rhythmic design, never luxurious. Ariel's lyrics are clear-cut, the love music of Ferdinand and Miranda is earnest rather than voluptuous. Prospero's famous speech, 'The cloud-capped towers,' the musical climax of the whole, has an extraordinary nobility of sound, arrived at by very simple means. 'The Tempest' is a subject filled with music before the composer begins; we hear it as we read the play, and that fact, while it naturally tempts the composer to give outward form to the imagined sound, increases his difficulty. He has to persuade his hearers that his music is the music. We would not say that Mr. Gatty did that always, though he did at certain crucial moments. 'Where should this music be? In the air or in the earth?' We felt sometimes that we knew too positively where the music was, that it was too much concerned with the characters in the foreground and not enough with the spell which binds them all together. But that, again, is a question of the composer's point of view. He is anything but an 'atmospheric' composer, and in an age when so many are nothing else we can be glad of what he gives us. . . . The treatment of the mask in music shows Mr. Gatty at his best. He preserves the clean, classical line of melody; Juno's song, 'Honor riches marriage-blessing,' is almost Purcellian in its design." Thus the Times. The Daily Telegraph says: "If we have a fault to find with his very clever, thoughtful and always musicianly score, it is that it gives us rather less than one could have wished of the spirit of fantasy which is of the very essence of the play itself—that spirit which holds

sway over Prospero's island as surely as does Prospero himself."

Personalities

Mme. Anna Pavlova was welcomed on Monday night by a Drury Lane choke-full of distinguished and undistinguished people, with enthusiasm—the kind of enthusiasm which cheerfully and ruthlessly breaks up a ballet by breaking into it, stopping the music, keeping the dancer curtseying and kissing her hand, when what we all really want is for the music to go on playing and the dancer to go on dancing to it. . . . Well! Mme. Pavlova is still Pavlova, the incomparable. There are other great dancers. There is only one Pavlova.—London Times, April 12.

Henry James, eager for success in the theatre, wrote that he had worked like a horse over technic. "I have run it to earth, and I don't in the least hesitate to say that, for the comparatively poor and meagre, the piteously simplified purposes of the English stage, I have made it absolutely my own, put it into my pocket." This leads Mr. Walkley to say: "As to the theatrical technic which he had put into his pocket he certainly kept it there. Like most laboriously acquired, alien technics it was too technical, too 'architecto-altoalooal.'"

Apropos of Ducasse's Suite for small orchestra played in London last month, a remark of Vincent d'Indy was quoted: "I am sure that when M. Ducasse is willing to trust himself more to the impulses of his heart than to researches

in sonoric, he will be able to make very beautiful music."

Laurette Taylor said in London before "A Night in Rome" was produced: "Although neither Hartley (Mr. Mannes, husband and dramatist) nor myself wishes to pose as a philanthropist, we are not over here to make money. That can be done so much more quickly and officiously in the United States."

Maurice Ravel, the composer, has refused the honor of being named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Austrian newspapers tell of the extreme poverty of a niece of Franz Schubert.

At the Lord Chancellor's in London the fox-trot and the one-step were recently danced to music by the unfortunate Chopin.

A new tenor, Cecil Sherwood, laureate of the Milan Conservatory, has met with success in London.

Vincent d'Indy, lecturing on Chabrier in Paris, regretted that he had been pushed toward the stage, while he should have devoted himself to works for the orchestra and the piano. He also inveighed against snobs, who, hearing "pseudo-musical insinuations," admired in proportion as they did not understand.

Moderic Dufour, lecturing on Debussy at Lille, likened him to Mallarme. "Let one read Balzac's 'Unknown Masterpiece' and it will be seen how a genius can end, by a mental aberration, in denying the principles of art and despising works of the past and his own works."

Saint-Saens in a letter to a friend in Boston tells of his present activity. He goes to Athens to play the piano. He reminds his friend that he is now 84 years old, and writes this sentence in English: "I am the oldest living pianist!" One can see his ironical smile as he wrote this.

Leonard Boyne, the Irish actor, died in London on April 17 at the age of 67. He was favorably known in this country as in England. It was in 1913, producing with Charles Hawtrey "General John Regan" and taking the part of Timothy Doyle, that he was so sick that his life was in danger. An operation saved him, but he was not the same man and the London stage saw little or nothing of him.

At a dinner given to Henry Ainley at the Playgoers Club, London, Sir Ernest Wild spoke of this actor's uncommon versatility: "And yet his greatest part was when he played the fool. It was only a great man, and probably no woman, who was able to sustain that role successfully."

Vesta Victoria mourns her stolen jewelry, valued at £20,000. "There was one pearl necklace of which I was particularly fond. Its value is nearly £6000, and during my many years of hard work on the stage I gradually collected stones to

make it perfect. I started the necklace with one row of pearls, then added two others, and after that went on lengthening it, until at the end there were 324 stones on it."

Arthur Sullivan's primal gift was the power of delightfully fooling the public. He sent the Britons whistling round the world what was not only a catchy tune, but, though he knew it not, beautiful melody. The man who would that he hates good music, and would jib at the name of Mozart, takes to his heart an air that might have been cheerfully signed by that master. You cannot force the British public to become musical. It won't be driven, and, if you shout at it, it won't listen. Sullivan whistled them into the theatre, never bored them, but got them innocently to appreciate his more musicianly qualities.—London Daily Telegraph.

Correspondents have complained of the insufficiency of cheaper seats at the Sunday evening concerts in Queen's Hall, the common denominator being that though all the cheap seats were occupied, there was an abundance of empty seats at higher prices. This point has often been raised before, and it has always seemed to me that a live 2s 6d is better than a dead 5s. Just precisely why the authorities don't hold this view I know not, for the truth of it is undeniable. Yet I confess I cannot see how orchestral concerts can possibly pay their way, much less leave a profit, in these days of rising expenses and everlastingly fixed prices for seats. A well-known agent told me a few days ago that the cost of a first rate orchestral concert nowadays could hardly be less, all told, than some such sum as about £400!—London Daily Telegraph.

Adele Verne played piano sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and Brahms in one recital in London. "Here was material to make the boldest performer and the stoutest-hearted listener quail."

Few actors, we should imagine, have played their parts in so many different languages as Maurice Moscovitch, the famous Yiddish actor, now playing in "The Government Inspector" at the Duke of York's Theatre. He commenced his career at the age of 14 by playing children's parts in the Russian language. When 23 he was in America giving performances in Yiddish of the old father in "Samson and Delilah." He has also played Iago in Yiddish. Tolstoy's "Reparation" he has played in German, and of course his Shylock in English has been pronounced the best interpretation of this character of our generation.—London Daily Chronicle.

On R. R. ... of Westminster Cathedral, London, ... in no uncertain voice, that "the present young school of British composers is superior to that of any other country in technique, originality, fertility of ideas, and almost every artistic quality." The choir will now sing, "Rule Britannia!"

Tomorrow, in his pleasant seaside home, Mr. Edward Lloyd celebrates his 75th birthday. Since his retirement from singing, the great tenor has only emerged on two or three occasions. He sang in the anthem at the King's coronation—a very appropriate conclusion to a career which began in the Abbey choir of 68 years ago.

Mr. Lloyd's beautiful voice survives in many gramophone records, which will prove to a later generation the fine quality, and fervor of his singing. He was always popular with the British public, and as a member of the "great four"—Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Sir C. Santley—delighted multitudes in oratorio performances.—London Daily Chronicle, March 6.

Random Notes About Plays and Players in Great Britain

Mme. Pavlova began her season in London on April 12 with two one-act ballets: "Snowflakes," music by Tschalkowsky, and "Amarilla," music by Glazounoff and Drigo. Other ballets on the bill were "The Swan" and a Syrian Dance, music by Saint-Saens, for Mme Pavlova, and "Pierrot," music by Dvorak, for Alexander Volinine.

For the Shakespeare birthday festival at Stratford-on-Avon, April 19-May 8, these plays were announced: "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Taming of the Shrew," "King Richard the Second," "Cymbeline" and "Hamlet."

"A farmstead, the Shakespeare farm, known in the poet's day as the Old Shippe Inn, at Grendon, Underwood (where Shakespeare was accustomed to stay on the road between Stratford-on-Avon and London), is shortly to come under the hammer. The room which tradition declares the poet used to occupy has been preserved, with its ancient elliptical stone fireplace."

Graham Moffatt's new play, "Don't Tell," produced at Glasgow, is said to be breaking the record of even his "Bunny Pulls the Strings."

In connection with the Shakespeare birthday celebration a performance of "Hamlet" by an "all-woman cast" was announced for the Strand, London.

Mary Nash has been playing in "The Man Who Came Back" at the Oxford, London. Mr. Walkley spoke of her rich temperament and talent, "which would be shown to advantage in a work of a really finer. He added: "Miss Nash has an interesting personality, a rich voice and high emotional power—of the glowing, ringing, hair-down-the-back sort, which is the proper sort for work of this kind."

"The Maid of the Mountains" completed on May 1 a run of 1352 performances.

"The Young Visitors," after a run of nearly 140 performances at the Court, was transferred on April 26 to the Kingsway, where it is played every evening and at four matinees a week until June 5.

In Memory

Every day, rain or shine, at the same hour I meet him. In December's driving sleet, in the torrid days of August, his costume never varies. A black slouch hat with a haunting brim, at an angle still defiantly rakish. A Gladstonian collar, a broad sateen black bow, a heavy overcoat which, was black at one time, now turned by wind and weather to a rich jade green.

He is still manifestly proud of the astrachan collar, and down to the knees he is fairly presentable, thanks to the air of distinction of which not even pawnshops have been able to rob him. Below this level all is calamity, his boots betray the utter poverty that the outflung chest belies.

As he walks down the street, using his plain ash stick with an air that would do credit to the finest malacca, he will purse his lips, from which issues a clear, pure trill. It is always one of the operas that he whistles, the overture from "Tristan und Isolde," "Der Freischuetz" or that familiar thing from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

So true and limpid flows the melody, so unconcerned does he look that I have seen passers-by stop to stare in amazement. His face is always immobile, save for the fluttering of the muscles in that gaunt cheek, but I think it gives him pleasure that he is still able to cause a small sensation.

For his name, which I learned once by chance, used, in years gone by, to command respect in Milan, in Vienna, in New York. Great things were hoped of him; it was openly said that he would be the tenor of his day. A chill, an operation, and the golden voice was gone. But as he saunters whistling, I think it all comes back to him, once more in memory he sings divinely, once more the packed hall rises at his feet.

—R. H. B. in London Daily Chronicle.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Richard III."

Duke of Gloucester.....Robert Mantell
An Officer.....Edwin Ross
Sir Robert Brakenbury.....George Wilson
Lord Stanley.....Henry Buckler
King Henry VI.....Guy Lindsey
Tressell.....Franklin Salisbury
Duke of Buckingham.....George Stillwell
Prince of Wales.....Lucille Adams
Lord Mayor of London.....Edward Levers
Duke of York.....Frances Loughton
Sir William Catesby.....Vaughan Deering
Sir Richard Rastell.....C. Porter Hall
Sir James Tyrrell.....Franklin Salisbury
Earl of Oxford.....George Wilson
Sir James Blount.....George Baker
A Captain of Guards.....Roy Clifford
Earl of Richmond.....John Alexander
Duke of Norfolk.....Edward Levers
Duchess of York.....Genevieve Reynolds
Elizabeth.....Marion Evensen
Lady Anne.....Genevieve Hamper

May 10 1920

F. H. La Guardia, president of the board of aldermen, in New York, at a meeting, wore an army shirt as a protest against the high cost of clothing and laundering. For this he was attacked by the borough president of Richmond: "You are wearing a ridiculous shirt to advertise a cheap patriotism and get your name in the papers."

Now a shirt may well be the emblem of revolt, reform, patriotism. Witness the shirt of Garibaldi. In the days of slavery Whittier addressed the man who in 1856 was the presidential candidate of the Republican party as follows:

Rise up Fremont and go before;
The Hour must have its Man;
Put on the hunting shirt once more
And lead in freedom's van.

Before the Fact

As the World Wags:

A quite unusual prescience was displayed by the parents of Miss Fannie Hurst, the story writer, who in an interview in a recent edition of a prominent newspaper, said: "I was born Fannie Hurst and I expect to die Fannie Hurst." The latter is more or less within her powers, but father and mother Hurst certainly had their nerve with them when they christened Fannie before the fact.

LOUIS MAYME.

Miss Hurst in her theories concerning marriage has been anticipated. The Herald mentioned recently the views expressed by the unfortunate and unhappy George Gissing in one of his more dismal novels. Long before Gissing was a school teacher near Boston, Marshal Saxe made a singular proposition in his "Reveries." A marriage, he said, should be only for five years. If this marriage should be renewed thrice, and children should be born meanwhile, then the man and wife should be compelled to live together until death should separate them. The Marshal gave physiological arguments in support of his theory, which was solemnly combated by the amazing Restif de La Bretonne in his "Gynographies," containing the "ideas of two chaste women" about a project of regulation proposed for all Europe, to put women in their place and bring about the happiness of the two sexes.—Ed.

Democratic Henry

As the World Wags:

It is not a fact that Henry Ford has applied for a coat of arms. He contents himself with true democratic simplicity, with a mere device for practical use on his private stationery—a simple Fleur de Lizzle.

BESS CANDOO.

The Question Box

As the World Wags:

After much cogitation, born of long and, in a manner of speaking, painful struggles of mornings, I have been forced to seek the aid of those philosophers who favor your column with their ponderous mental acrobatics. I am intrigued by the following problem, which I maintain is even worthy of the attention of Mr. Herklimer Johnson, the celebrated sociologist:

Why do men become bald on the head, but never on the face? R. A. B.

Boston.

Roast Lion

A young lioness, accidentally killed by her trainer in Paris, was roasted and eaten by a music hall singer and her friends in a restaurant. The meat was said to be "tasteless and stringy."

These feasters should have consulted the wisdom of the ancients. What did our old friend, Mr. Edward Topsel write in his "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents"? He quoted Aesculapius as his adviser.

"The flesh of a Lion being eaten either by a Man or Woman which is troubled with dremnes and fantasies in the night time will very speedily and effectually work him ease and quietness. The same also being boiled or baked, and given to them which are disordered of their wits to eat, doth bring them ease and comfort, and renew their wits again; It is also very good for the pains of deafness or the ears. And being taken in drink, it helpeth those which are troubled with the shaking of the joints or the Palsey."

Milked Tea

As the World Wags:

Your query, "Was the phrase 'milk your tea'—add milk to tea—ever common in New England?" recalls my childhood days in Albany. I preferred the kitchen to any other part of the house, and the company of our old county Cavan servant, Rose Fitzpatrick, to that of my elders upstairs. For one thing, I never ventured into the sitting-room, but was posted off on some infernal errand of an idiotic nature, such as matching samples. Rose, on the other hand, kept my stomach in repose with first fruits of the oven—rusk, turnovers, crullers, cookies. And we often had a pleasant cup of tea. "Sugar yourself, and I'll milk ye," was always her overture to this ceremony of tea-drinking, and she would toss her head in quiet merriment over the joke.

Boston. W. E. K.

Every Inch a Queen

A letter written by Queen Elizabeth of England about 1590-5 to Henry IV. of France and Navarre was sold in London some weeks ago and will be sold again. She alludes to the dangers that encompass him, and entreats him to consider how necessary to his cause is the preservation of his life; but she adds these noble words:

"For as to my son if I had one, I would see him brave rather than a coward (and further) I would conjure you, by all you love best, that you reverence yourself not as a private soldier, but as a great prince; perhaps you will despise this advice as coming from the heart of a woman, but when you remember how many times I have not shown too much fear in my breast of pistols and swords which have been prepared for me, that idea will pass away, being a fault of which I do not admit myself guilty. Attribute it to my affection alone in your case."

May 11 1920

An American court jury in New York city, having heard a reading of Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin," while the judge sat with a copy of the romance in his hand, decided that the romance was not a poisoner of morals. We are not told whether the lawyer for the bookseller, who had already won his suit for false arrest, quoted Swinburne's sonnet beginning: "This is the golden book of spirit and sense," or the lines "Veiled loves that shifted shapes and shafts," from Swinburne's "Memorial Verses," or the Rhapsody of Mr. George Moore. "Mademoiselle de Maupin" is worth reading if only for the amusingly insolent preface and the description of "As You Like It."

With the news of this jury's sane decision came across the Atlantic from London a story told of Mr. Biron, chief metropolitan magistrate. Defending a bookseller for selling "The Heptameron," he led the police witnesses to say that they regarded "Tom Jones" as an immoral book. He then reminded Sir Albert de Ruitzen, who was presiding, that the author of "Tom Jones" had been chief magistrate at that very court.

Our Nautical Critic

As the World Wags:

I was down to Kimballs store the other night and Abner Kimball had a Herald his boy Bill had brang down from Boston with a piece into it how the Prince of Wales crossed the line. And the piece says how showers of rockets flew from the fo'cassle and jets of water leaped from the capstan. What kind of a newfangled capstan is that? Why didn't the feller tell how the crew climbed the scuppers and set on the bobstay with there feet in the bilge? Why not do the things right? I see by the paper a willo back how John Shaghellion sent some kind of a message up from hell about me. Dont you believe it. John aint dead. He's writing editorials for the Herald. That water spoutin out of the capstan sounds like John. He aint a sailor and never was. And he aint dead no more than I be. When I get the spring plowin done I'm golen to get the old brass knuckles down from behind the clock and take a trip to Boston. I aint as theffy with 'em as I was but there's a shot left in the locker yet. LIVERPOOL JARGE MUNN. Boxfield. His mark (X)

A Deserving Object

As the World Wags:

Pinckney Street climbs over a hill—One side's called Jack, the other Jill. And perched up there on Louisburg Square My lungs are filled with the rarified air That is breathed by some of the very best people (Those familiar with King's Chapel steeple); There are pleasant brick houses that put one in mind Of the sort that in England are a v to find.

But there's one thing I don't quite understand In this city of progress, ciastest of the land. And that's—why on earth they don't clean up this street. That one's stout-shod Anglo-Saxon feet May not always involve themselves in dust, In dirt and in papers not clean, or must I draw up a ringing petition Loudly bewailing the touching condition Of the orphaned rubbish in Pinckney Street?

Is it to Dugan, or Isidor Cohen, Or Pietro Balbini, or mere Hiram Bowen, That one speaks of the paper in Pinckney Street?

O Herald brave, whose passionate pleading For Ireland's cause makes such wonderful reading, Look down on the litter in Pinckney Street!

J. H. S. Boston.

As the World Wags:

Would a consideration of "Uncle Rastus Pig" help at all in the solution of the weight problem of "The Pan of Water and the Fish," mentioned in the Rev. Babbington Brooke's article on May 6?

"Uncle Rastus took out a bucketful of breakfast for his little pig, and after he had eaten the breakfast he done put piggy in the pail." H. J. L. R. West Medford.

Napoleon Wood

As the World Wags:

In answer to "H. P. E.," I would state that Napoleon Wood died in 1908, aged 72, and is buried in Pine Grove cemetery, Lynn. At the close of his labor activities, he resumed work at his trade minding the old admonition, "Shoemaker, stick to your last." He was a resident of the "Woodend" section of Lynn and is well spoken of and held in respect by his old neighbors. Wood must have been a man of forceful character and a born leader to have accomplished what he did with the severe handicap of small figure and a thin, piping voice. I am told that the papers of the day carried many cartoons illustrating his efforts and peculiarities. One of the most noted was entitled "Napoleon Wood Crossing Rocks Pasture." This pasture, now Lynn Highlands, was the scene of one of his schemes to keep his forces together—great clambakes to feed the hungry. Lynn. A. R. S.

All Up for Sidereal

As the World Wags:

Exactness, precision, mathematical truthfulness—Time. But, shades of Ananias, can it be, I whisper, that the Rev. Babbington Brooke has been living and preaching a horrible lie all these livelong years—but perchance those wonderful clocks did tell him and the others the truth, sidereal time, or should it be solar time? Ah, but let's hope he taxed not their mechanical ingenuity by asking them to accompany him on his daily travels; here again, his domicile and his pulpit may have been located on the same meridian of longitude. That exact conscience and that inherited "unsullied" infantile mind should build their rostrum and cradle on the 75th meridian where man and nature meet in timely accord. Possibly that is why our Quaker friends settled around the city of Brotherly Love.

Sir, I am for exactness, precision, mathematical truthfulness. Let all our clocks speak the truth, the time that the regulator of the universe has decreed. Let our clocks all tell sidereal time. What matter it that for every degree east or west we travel our clocks must have been changing through four minutes. Our Edisons, our Seth Thomases surely are capable of solving that little mechanical problem.

Yet I have noticed a secret satisfaction among the ordinary unregenerate people over the still greater lies our clocks are forced to tell by a wicked democracy's legislation. Possibly, after years of being 15 or 20 minutes behind the true time, they now rejoice in a chance to rectify their unwitting falsifications, due to congressional tamperings with nature's laws—liars, those congressmen—as they now, during these short summer months, can add 40 or 45 gained minutes to their accounts in the books of Father Time to offset subtractions of the long years past and the winter seasons to come. Truth, where are thou?

Worcester. JEREMIAH.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

Marcus Brutus.....Robert Mantell
Cassius.....Vaughan Deering
A Commoner.....Roy Clifford
Trebolius.....Frank Compton
A Cobbler.....Edward Levers
Julius Caesar.....Guy Lindsey
Marc Antony.....George Stillwell
A Soothsayer.....George Wilson
Cassius Cassius.....Henry Buckler
Cinna.....Franklin Salisbury
Metellus Brutus.....John Alexander
Metellus Cimber.....C. Porter Hall
Popilius Lena.....Harry Lear
Servilius.....Lucille Adams
A Citizen.....Edward Levers
Another.....Robert Sellis

'MARY' IS FULL OF COHAN 'PEP'

TREMONT THEATRE—"Mary," a musical comedy in two acts, the book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. First production in Boston. The cast:

Jack Keene.....Jack McGowan
Mrs. Keene.....Georgia Caine
Tommy Boyd.....Alfred Gerrard
Madeline Francis.....Florrie Millership
Mary Howells.....Janet Velle
Augustus Marceau.....Friedrich Graham
Gaston Marceau.....Charles Judels
Mr. Goudard.....James Marlowe
Deakon.....Gene Richards
Meakon.....Wesley Totten

George M. Cohan, in response to the most thundering applause we have ever heard at a musical comedy, appeared before the curtain last night. He smiled, gave his old familiar kick—a famous writer once said that "Cohan had the wildest legs on the stage"—and apologized to the audience with, "I don't know what I'm doing here. I didn't write the play; I'm not in it." "No," cried a hearty supporter from the audience, "but you put it on!"

And that is at the bottom of "Mary's" success—George M. Cohan's personality. On that has been built a musical play whose story centres around Mary Howells of Kansas—would anyone but George M. Cohan have his heroine come from Kansas and then get away with it? Mary, out of gratitude to her friend and employer, Mrs. Keene, and because of her love for Jack Keene, promises to "do anything in the world" to help Mrs. Keene win another fortune in place of the one Mrs. Keene has lost. Mary, therefore, consents to be a "gold digger" and plans to marry for money. Of course

in the end Jack, having gone to Kansas to sell portable houses, strikes oil there; he is in a fair way to make \$50,000,000. Mary retires from the matrimonial market and she and Jack are, according to last reports, headed for Kansas. And yet there are some who affect to dislike Kansas. "Mary" will convert them; the Kansas Chamber of Commerce ought to get on the band wagon!

The music is pleasing and very lively; the company is altogether out of the ordinary in the dancing ability of its individual members. Everyone in the whole piece is a star when it comes to dancing; even the chorus can really dance, and does not merely trinkle in and out and look fetching. Cohan has some good old-fashioned ideas concerning what a chorus should be and he puts them into practice in "Mary."

It was pleasing to see Mr. Marlowe, rare comedian that he is, once more in Boston. Miss Veille as Mary is just the sort of girl who ought to have that name; she is also a singer of charm and a dancer of ability.

Miss Millership as the widow-vampire—why are all widows necessarily vampires?—does some real acting in addition to her unusual dancing. Mr. Judels was very amusing as the amorous Frenchman, and Miss Caine looked and acted the brilliant woman of the world. Mr. McGowan and Mr. Gerrard are two attractive suitors for Mary's hand, and the former has not a few of Mr. Cohan's own mannerisms. Two girls, both extremely beautiful, do sensational dances. But the most distinguishing mark of the whole production is that typically American and Cohanesque quality—"pep."

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BROOKLINE AMATEURS PRESENT "BLUEBEARD"

Large Audience Repeatedly Applauds Tuneful Numbers

"Bluebeard," a musical romance, words by Reginald Heber; music by William Henry Chase, was performed at Beacon Hall, Brookline, last night in aid of the Boys' Summer Camp, conducted by the Brookline Friendly Society. The chief parts were taken as follows: Fadlallah, Elliott B. Robbins; Selim, C. Emery Atherton; Fatima, Eva Mellich; Ayesha, Emily Hale; Abon Malek (Bluebeard), John Power; Shekh, William Chandler. Mr. Masucci conducted the orchestra.

Why the Right Reverend librettist turned the French story of Bluebeard into an Easter tale is not clear, but it thus gave an opportunity for picturesque costumes and exotic music. Mr. Chase's music is not deliberately too oriental, though it often has color and rhythmic piquancy. Solo and ensemble numbers are tuneful. The singers entered into the spirit of play and music. A large audience insisted on many repetitions.

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We all remember Judge Boompointer's delightful non sequitur: "Prisoner at the bar, you have enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education, instead of which you have taken to sheep stealing."

When Lord Berners' Spanish Fantasy was performed in London at a Quaker's

hall symphony concert, the program book gave this information: "He (Lord Berners) was born in 1883 and received his musical education first in Dresden, and subsequently in England with one of the most orthodox of English professors, as a result of which he entered the diplomatic service."

"The Skin-Game"

Mr. Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," one of three just published in this country, was produced in London on April 21. The Times said of it: "You feel you have been living in a warm neighborhood where the people begin to throw stones without waiting to see whether they live in glass houses. Is human nature quite so crude and primitive as that? Well, we suppose human nature must just accommodate itself to Mr. Galsworthy's purpose, on condition that he makes a striking play out of it. That he has certainly done."

Before the production, questions were asked in London newspapers about the meaning of the title. There were weighty, solemn explanations. Yet "skin-game" is in the great Oxford Dictionary, where the word is said to be American in origin: McCabe's "New York" (1882) is quoted: "The 'skin-game' is used, with the majority of visitors, for the proprietor is determined from the outset to fleece them without mercy." R. F. Foster's "Complete Hoyle" (1897) is also quoted: "Skin games, those in which a player cannot possibly win." This dictionary refers the reader to "skin-faro," for the same McCabe wrote: "Skin-faro, the only game played here, offers no chance whatever to the player. In skin-faro the dealer can take two cards from the box instead of one whenever he chooses to do so." When did "skin-game" come into general use? In "The Gambler's Flash," an appendix to George W. Matsell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y., 1859), we find "Skinning—a sure game, where all who play are sure to lose, except the gamblers"; we find "squo game"; also "summer game," playing merely for amusement, or for the benefit of another person with his money; but not "skin-game."

The Scholiast

As the World Wags:
Mr. Benjamin de Casseres of the New York Times Book Review, in his flamboyant remarks about Leon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman," translated into English (long after its publication in Paris), says: "It was Gabriel Sarrazin and Remy de Gourmont who first uttered Whitman's name in France." Mr. de Casseres forgets or does not know of Mme. Th. Bentzon's article about Whitman in the Revue des Deux Mondes of June, 1872; the translation into French of a few poems of Whitman by Jules Laforgue published in Vogue—Laforgue died, all too young, in 1887; the translations into French by Francis Viel-Griffin. Sarrazin's article, by the way, translated by Harrison S. Morris, is included in the anthology "In Re Walt Whitman" (Philadelphia, 1893); he refers to Mme. Bentzon's essay. Remy de Gourmont was a comparatively belated Whitmanite. In his little essay on Gustave Kahn he speaks of Rimbaud, Laforgue and Kahn as innovators with "vers libre," and "above all Whitman, whose majestic license then (about 1886) began to be enjoyed."

I see by the Herald of May 10 that a publication of Verdi's "Don Carlos" is announced by the Metropolitan opera company for next season, "never before given in New York." The opera was performed at the Academy of Music, New York, on April 12, 1877, by the "Havana Opera Co. managed and conducted" by Max Maretzek. PAUL ABBOTT.

A May Basket

As the World Wags:
I have been looking at a May basket, over a week old but still beautiful, and trying to analyze it. I have been wondering why I have revelled in it, why I have asked for it over and over again. The boys at the office sent it out and its fragrant spirit I should have appreciated in any case; but the usual formal presentations of flowers leave me cold and not much interested. And I am trying to discover why these seem so different.

It was the selection, to begin with; secondly the variety; most important of all, the beautiful harmony. I was so glad they didn't send an armful of fat, overfed, pampered roses, all alike and all looking like pink cabbages! The poverty of imagination which deals out a

few flowers for weeks, such a monochrome display is as tasteless as the cowboy's restaurant order for "fifty dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

My May basket has a few roses, yes, and a few carnations, but these were daisies also, and Scotch heather, and nigella, and white and yellow jonquils—a whole choir of beautiful harmony in color and fragrance, every bit of it redolent of outdoors and spring, not of the stuffy and steam-heated hot-house, although no doubt as a matter of fact that is probably where most of it grew.

Why are orchids valued so highly? Because of their variety and harmony of color. The bale of roses, or great list full of violets or armful of any one bloom, is simply a monochrome, a splash of a single color, whereas a rightly selected bouquet is a picture. Even the bride's armful of roses leaves only a flabby interest; we all know it is artificially wired together.

Not being an artist, far be it from me to presume to dictate flower fashions. But this much I will say, at a venture: "Mix 'em; arrange 'em; harmonize 'em." The great armful of roses originated in New York, and is worthy of its origin. What does the New York like think when he sees them? He thinks, "Six dollars a dozen! Gee, dey's expensive!" But a real bouquet like my May basket brings thoughts of peace to weary eyes, and thoughts of "what good fellows they are to send them!" W. C. T.

Brookline.

Aero-Poetry

(Inspired by an article in the "Chemical Age.")

Benzene, as every schoolboy knows, By mere hydrogenation, In streams of cyclohexane flows, A chemical transmutation.

With nickel as the catalyst— 'Tis highly calorific— A hexahydrobenzene twist It gives that specific.

Yet, reader, would you dwell at ease With substance so spillable, Of hexahydrobenzene, please Breathe not another spillable. A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

VICTOR ARTISTS

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall a concert was given by eight Victor artists. The program:

Opening chorus.....Entire Company
Tenor Solo.....Albert Campbell
"Little Mother of Mine."
"Girl of My Heart."
Tenor and Baritone Duet, Henry Burr and John Meyers
"Hunting Song"—from King Arthur.
"My Rose of Romania."
Bass Solo.....Frank Croxton
"Didn't It Rain."
"Exhortation."
Stories.....Monroe Silver
"Cohen Gets Married."
"Cohen on His Honeymoon."
Sterling Trio.....Burr, Campbell and Meyers
"That Thump-down Shuck."
"Oh! My Lady."
Banjo Solo.....Fred Van Eps
"Marriage Bells."
"Medley of Popular Airs."
Tenor Solo.....Henry Burr
"Oh! What a Pal Was Mary."
Tenor Solo.....Billy Murray
"The Hen and the Cow."
"Oh! By Jingo."
Piano Solo.....Frank Banta
"Nola."
"Old Folks at Home"—Transcription.
Tenor Duet.....Campbell and Burr
"Sugar Coated Chocolate Boy."
"Golden Gate."
Baritone Solo.....John Meyers
"Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride."
"I'm Aching for the Sight of You."
Songs and Stories.....Monroe Silver
"Cohen at the Picnic."
"Cohen at the Fair."
Bass Solo.....Frank Croxton
"Gypsy Love Song."
"On the Road to Mandalay."
Banjo Solo.....Fred Van Eps
"Chinese Picnic."
"Persiflage."
Peerless Quartet, Campbell, Burr, Meyers, Croxton
"Swing Along."
"Medley of Songs."
Tenor Solo.....Billy Murray
"Profiteering Blues."
"That Wonderful Kid from Madrid."
Closing Chorus.....Entire Company
Frank Banta—Accompanist

It was an afternoon of popular music, comic and sentimental songs and ballads, rag-time, solos on the banjo and piano, and Cohen stories made up the program, the whole of which was well rendered by the different artists. The tenor solos by Messrs. Campbell, Burr and Murray were the most popular numbers of the program. They sang the familiar sentimental ballads of the day with great success. Mr. Silver entertained the audience with amusing songs and stories on the well known "Cohen" theme; and Fred Van Eps won much applause by his excellent playing of the banjo.

The piano solos were very well played. It is a pity that more rag-time was not played, instead of transcriptions of "Old Folks at Home," and the like; which, however excellent and flabbergasting in their various intricacies, failed to interest a popular audience half as much as real rag-time—such as "Darktown Strutters' Ball," "Liza Jane," "Ja-Da," or some of the later pieces that will be with us for a while. For this Frank Banta is a most proficient professor at the piano and has a fine understanding of the possibilities of the music he plays. Mr. Banta was also the accompanist for the singers and his well-directed and timely "schlags" had much to do with the success of this very successful concert.

Mr. Meats has not been seen here in "Julius Caesar" for a good many years. There were performances at the Castle Square Theatre as late as 1913, when Mr. Craig took the part of Antony and Mr. Carleton played Brutus. Mr. Faverham in 1912 took the part of Antony at the Majestic, with Tyrone Power as Brutus and Frank Keenan, Cassius. Early in 1915, at the Boston Opera House Brutus and Frank Keenan as Cassius. Mr. MacLean, Brutus, and George Repph, Antony. Some of us recall Richard Mansfield's Brutus at the Colonial in 1903, by no means the philosophical, stoical Roman to whom we were accustomed; and some are old enough to recall the noble Brutus of E. L. Davenport, that most accomplished actor, when the Cassius was the nervous Barrett and the Antony, the fiery Bangs.

In the eyes of many the "fat" roles in the tragedy are Antony and Cassius. Antony is the man for the noisy applauder. Yet Brutus calls for more subtle skill in the acting. Caesar is a comparatively insignificant, though scrupling figure. Nor does the tragedy lie in his assassination, but in the development of the idea that however noble the aim of a man, the carrying it out contrary to the moral law becomes a crime and the action, though it be ultimately of benefit to the world, calls for the punishment of the criminal. Brutus is the one of the conspirators that has doubts concerning the necessity of shedding blood.

Did Shakespeare intend, as some think, that Brutus should have the warmth of youth behind his mature, carefully reasoned ideals? Is he to be opposed to the joyous, reckless, yet cunning demagogue, Antony, and the Cassius that has been described as "a tremendous fellow, born to ruin himself and everybody else?"

The old theatregoer clings to the old traditions concerning the manner in which Brutus should be played. And so he finds satisfaction in Mr. Mantell's conception of the part, not caring whether Shakespeare utterly misrepresented the character of Caesar, whether the assassination of Caesar was a crime, whether, as a recent writer would have it, Caesar has been absurdly overrated. Nor is he interested in the discussion over Portia, whether there was any ground for Martial's foul epigram. From boyhood he was trained to look on Brutus as the noble Roman, philosopher and patriot. Great actors of the past confirmed his view. Neither Mr. Mansfield nor Mr. Tyrone Power shook it; and again the performance by Mr. Mantell and his company strengthened the boyhood belief.

Mr. Mantell made Brutus a simple, sincere and forceful personage, and strongly suggested the nobility of his nature. George Stillwell as Marc Antony was energetic and at the same time subtle and crafty. During the speech before the mob he spoke the lines, "for Brutus is an honorable man" with a conciliating smile on his face but scathing contempt in his voice. Henry Buckler made of Cassius a sour, vindictive man of irascible disposition. Genevieve Hamper as Portia was very expressive. On Wednesday and Saturday matinees and Saturday night "Julius Caesar" will be repeated. "King Lear" will be given on Tuesday night, "Richelieu" on Wednesday night, "Macbeth" on Thursday night, and "The Merchant of Venice" on Friday night.

BIG HIT AT KEITH'S

Anatol Friedland, "the man who wrote 1009 melodies," assisted by Neil Mack, Emilie Fitzgerald, Lucille Fields, Marie Hall, Vera Velmor and a company of singers and dancers, in a musical act, "Mistland," is the headline attraction at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Mr. Friedland's act is one of the speediest of its kind now before the public. There is a company of pretty girls, who have something besides good looks to commend them, and they sing and dance as on a lark. The act is nicely dressed and many of the songs are vitalized; thus "Lily of the Valley" strode down the stage accompanied by "Joe" Morris, the principal comedian of another act on the bill, and almost stopped the show. Mr. Friedland was at the piano and indulged in a little comedy as well as showing his skill as a player and composer.

One of the features of the bill was the act of Milares and company. One of the trio, who kept the audience in an uproar by the excellence of his "souse" act, continued the performance on the tight wire, in one of the most extraordinary feats of daring ever displayed at this theatre.

Other acts on the bill were the Earles in a sketch; Harry Hines, a comedian of the "bit" variety, clever in song and story; Morris and Campbell in a sketch; George MacFarlane, baritone; Sam Liebert and company in a comedy sketch; Marion and Forrest, singers and comedians; and Alanson in an aerial comedy

CANTOR ROSENBLATT AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House Cantor Josef Rosenblatt gave a song recital. Stuart Ross was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

- Bachem.....Mana Zucca
- Shomer Israel.....Rosenblatt
- Adno Prosty.....Danza
- Aria from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
- U'lrusholaim, Elokay Neshomo, Keva-kora.....Rosenblatt
- The Last Rose of Summer.....Flotow
- "Martha".....Irish Folk Song
- Duna.....Rosenblatt
- Uchnim.....Rosenblatt

Cantor Rosenblatt's program was interesting, and one that offered fine opportunity for a display of the wide range of his voice. He has a tenor of great power and richness, and uses it effectively. There was at times a guttural quality in his singing that was unpleasant; but for the rest he gave evidence of good control. One of his best numbers was "Adno Prosty," which he sang in Russian. In some of his songs he made use of a peculiar falsetto tone. A very enthusiastic audience was present.

Our neighbor and friend The Listener, who listens courteously that he may talk later for the pleasure of others, did last Saturday that he had been reading an editorial article in the N. Y. Times, wherein the writer spoke of a debate in the Senate as "a hominization in a vacuum." The Listener liked the phrase, but did not know its origin. Like all wise and sane men, he is not ashamed to say "I don't know."

Did the phrase originate with Rabelais? The title of a choice book found by Pantagruel in "The library of St. Victor at Paris was we beg the limotype and the proofreader to be sympathetic and merciful as follows: Quæstio subtilissima, utrum Chimædra in vacuo hominians possit comedere secundas intentiones" etc. As Latin is now out of favor, even at Harvard University, we venture a translation. "The most subtle Question, whether a Chimædra buzzing in a vacuum can eat secondary intentions," etc. This question about the Chimædra was written in satirical vein against the Council of Constance, begun in 1414. It lasted nearly four years and as Rabelais says in the continuation of the title quoted, for several weeks only one thing was debated and that was a chimædra.

Now "hominians" is by no means Cleronomic Latin; not even classical Latin, but "hominization" is a mouth-filling sonorous, noble word, more impressive even than "hombination," which also means "buzzing" or "droning." "hombination," as the dictionary has it but "hombulation" in the essay of Sir Thomas Browne on fulminating powder. "How to abate the vigor thereof, or silence its hombulation, a way is proposed by Porta."

Balm in Gilead
As the world wags:
Some of our friends might find consolation in reading Cowper's hymn:
"When Asaph found the bottle spent,
And wept, O Daniel,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a still."
Lynn. A. L. JOHNSON.

Proper Pride
There is an old saying that a man must not laugh at his own jest. Charles Lamb argued against this popular fallacy. Should a man appreciate his own book? Sir Rider Haggard at the opening of a South African exhibition in London last month admitted that "King Solomon's Mines" was begun with a waker of a shilling, which was never paid. The romance was written for a job he had had success, and had ruined his career at the bar. He was glad to say that the book after 35 years was more popular than on the day it came out. It had held its own against time. He believed that when he had long been dust there would still be boys reading "King Solomon's Mines." Should Sir Rider be considered a forward? If so, then are Horace, Virgil, Marlow, Properties to be condemned? "I have reared a monument more enduring than brass," sang Horace of his odes. The boast was not a vain one. Not without reason did Mortimer Collins, who referred Catullus as saying that Horace wrote for the express purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons. Do any one think the loss of Thackeray for saying that when he had written the scene in which Captain Crawley assails Staine, he knew he was a genius? Does anyone shrink from the sight of Artemus Ward laughing uproariously and slapping his thigh after he had written one of his sketches in the office of Vanity Fair? The fellow that thinks small of himself will not work. Yet the man who works will not be denied of the entertainment. The Williams has

not been for some of late with his songs, for he has had poor material to work with. In this edition of the Folies he fares better with "You cannot make your Shimmy shake on tea," in which his artistic diction and his expressive pantomime give point to lines that in themselves are not of marked significance.

There is graceful dancing, first of all by Merilyn Miller, charming in her display of skill, and in her own youthful gaiety and sweetness. Nor was her dancing merely in one vein or stereotyped; she was now lithe and spontaneous, now classically academic; nor did she disdain in the minstrel show the good old-fashioned clog. There were other dancers; conspicuous among them the girlish and refreshing Fairbanks Twins.

Mr. Phil Dwyer's dog was another feature; his tears flowing at the thought of prohibition touched the hearts of the great and sympathetic audience.

John Steel's singing pleased everyone, whether he sang simply and effectively, or introduced his falsetto. Delyle Alda, the other principal singer, also gave pleasure by her voice and personal attractiveness. Messrs. Dowling, Van and Schenck were also prominent.

The entertainment is generous in every respect, in length and in variety. There was only one wait and that was not a long one. Mr. Barling, master of the orchestra, was merciful in his avoidance of tiresome repetitions.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Genius and the Crowd." a comedy in three acts, by John T. McIntyre and Francis Hill. First production in Boston.

- Philippe Trava.....George Renavent
- Robert G. Burr.....Frank Otto
- Harrison Lloyd.....H. Cooper Cliffe
- Dickson.....W. Mayne Lynton
- Gaspard Tagliani.....Fuller Mellich
- Salvatore Venneto.....Howard Boulden
- Giovanni Sataro.....George Boldman
- Luigi Baccigalupo.....Charles Bartlett
- Edouard Barna.....Wright Kramer
- Tenor Soloist.....Ralph Soule
- Mira Van Nees.....Marion Coakley
- Mme. Trava.....Viola Leach
- Louise Gribert.....Marie Louise Pecheur
- Mrs. Lanham.....Leonora Lottinger
- Rosamond Lanham.....Vera Fuller Mellich
- Mrs. Berners.....Ruth Trelease
- Vera Cleve.....Gladys Wilson
- Mme. Serafina Loriale.....Katherine Stewart

Old William Wordsworth long ago remarked that "the world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." No one has cause to know that more truly than the artist. If he paints, his friends use his studio as a club; they flock there for tea when their own day's work is done, and his day perhaps just beginning. If he is a writer, they torture him by calls on the telephone. If he is a musician, well, the authors of "Genius and the Crowd" have shown what happens to a musician when the crowd begins to worship, particularly the crowd made up of the female of the species. Philippe Trava, in addition to being a genius, was a young and very good looking boy. Ladies of all ages and degrees of puerility pursue him. One lady in search of the superman, who shall be the father of her superchildren—the father of at least one of them—fastens an amorous eye on Philippe. We wonder whether the authors had any particular lady in mind when they state that she is a famous dancer. Another is a great singer, fat, more than forty, and very much dressed up in cerise satin, orange "bugles," and decorations. But, as she remarks, age has nothing to do with love, love is for the artist, and only the artist knows how to love. But Philippe is sick of the crowd; in a frenzy he sends them away from his house; he decides never to touch a violin again. Through an ingenious ruse of his friend, Robert G. Burr, and with his secretary's help, Philippe changes his mind, goes through with his great concert, and wins the love of his secretary, the only girl who didn't belong to the "crowd."

The play is a good deal like the British nation—a slow starter but a great stayer. Up to nearly the end of the second act, very little happens. The audience is led to believe that something very mysterious has happened to Philippe, when it is nothing more nor less than falling in love, and there is nothing mysterious about that—on the stage. But as soon as Robert G. Burr starts his "system" working, things liven up, until at the end there is a touch of farce in the three principals chasing each other from one room to another. The play would be better if some of the sentimentality were left out; the singing of "Celeste Aida"—very good singing by the way—hacks stage somewhere, savors a little too much of the church choir singing in "The Old Homestead," while the snow falls softly, etc.

Mr. Renavent is a young actor of great charm and subtle ability; more than that, he has mastered technique, that weapon which so many young actors on the American stage affect to despise. He should have a real future. Mr. Otto, very Cohanesque, was a great success as the American business man; he was probably born on the 4th of July. Miss Coakley—who looks extraordinarily like Violet Heming—is a delightful person; she plays in excellent taste and speaking voice is a treat. The of members of the large company was equally capable.

Mr. Dooley and Ray Dooley were legitimately funny in the "Spanish Frolic" as Torador and Carmen, and Mr. Cantor was amusing in Renold Wolf's sketch "At the Osteopath's," amazingly amusing in the scene where he is treated by Mr. Lemaire as the doctor. This sketch and "The Seldom Misses," in which Bert Williams and Mr. Lemaire figure, are the two great features of the ludicrous portion of the entertainment. Mr. Williams has

been for some of late with his songs, for he has had poor material to work with. In this edition of the Folies he fares better with "You cannot make your Shimmy shake on tea," in which his artistic diction and his expressive pantomime give point to lines that in themselves are not of marked significance.

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The play is a good deal like the British nation—a slow starter but a great stayer. Up to nearly the end of the second act, very little happens. The audience is led to believe that something very mysterious has happened to Philippe, when it is nothing more nor less than falling in love, and there is nothing mysterious about that—on the stage. But as soon as Robert G. Burr starts his "system" working, things liven up, until at the end there is a touch of farce in the three principals chasing each other from one room to another. The play would be better if some of the sentimentality were left out; the singing of "Celeste Aida"—very good singing by the way—hacks stage somewhere, savors a little too much of the church choir singing in "The Old Homestead," while the snow falls softly, etc.

Mr. Renavent is a young actor of great charm and subtle ability; more than that, he has mastered technique, that weapon which so many young actors on the American stage affect to despise. He should have a real future. Mr. Otto, very Cohanesque, was a great success as the American business man; he was probably born on the 4th of July. Miss Coakley—who looks extraordinarily like Violet Heming—is a delightful person; she plays in excellent taste and speaking voice is a treat. The of members of the large company was equally capable.

Mr. Dooley and Ray Dooley were legitimately funny in the "Spanish Frolic" as Torador and Carmen, and Mr. Cantor was amusing in Renold Wolf's sketch "At the Osteopath's," amazingly amusing in the scene where he is treated by Mr. Lemaire as the doctor. This sketch and "The Seldom Misses," in which Bert Williams and Mr. Lemaire figure, are the two great features of the ludicrous portion of the entertainment. Mr. Williams has

been for some of late with his songs, for he has had poor material to work with. In this edition of the Folies he fares better with "You cannot make your Shimmy shake on tea," in which his artistic diction and his expressive pantomime give point to lines that in themselves are not of marked significance.

There is graceful dancing, first of all by Merilyn Miller, charming in her display of skill, and in her own youthful gaiety and sweetness. Nor was her dancing merely in one vein or stereotyped; she was now lithe and spontaneous, now classically academic; nor did she disdain in the minstrel show the good old-fashioned clog. There were other dancers; conspicuous among them the girlish and refreshing Fairbanks Twins.

Mr. Phil Dwyer's dog was another feature; his tears flowing at the thought of prohibition touched the hearts of the great and sympathetic audience.

John Steel's singing pleased everyone, whether he sang simply and effectively, or introduced his falsetto. Delyle Alda, the other principal singer, also gave pleasure by her voice and personal attractiveness. Messrs. Dowling, Van and Schenck were also prominent.

THE SHILBERT THEATRE—"I'll say She Does." musical comedy in three acts, book by Avery Hopwood, lyrics and music by B. G. DeSilva; staged by Edward Royce; first time in Boston:

- Tommy Belden.....Donald MacDonald
- "Dodo" Warren.....Juliette Day
- Herb Warren.....Ernest Glendenning
- Dr. Elliott.....Charles Hampdon
- "Bobo" Brown.....Roland Young
- Angie Martin.....Elizabeth Hines
- Mrs. Elliott.....Marion Vantine
- Francis.....Robert Fischer

A maid enters the Warren dancing room, as it might well be called, hastily places a bowl of rare orchids on the centre table, as hastily speeds to answer the bell which announces Mr. Tommy Belden, and the fun begins. Begins just as it did when this highly seasoned farce was "Our Little Wife," away back in 1916.

Tommy calls himself a poet; Herb Warren, husband of "Dodo," calls him one of her countless tame cats; and it is on the topic of tame cats, or too many admirers, that the subsequent proceedings are developed, originally by Mr. Hopwood, and now by his collaborators. When the Warren household is about to be split in twain, arrives one "Bobo" Brown, college friend of Warren, long a sojourner in Japan, a blundering, simple soul. Warren seeks to use him as an instrument to learn how far his wife goes with the various tame cats, and in trying to see the thing through "Bobo" piles up a series of situations agonizing to himself and embarrassing for a number of other persons, mostly feminine.

To carry out the subtle scheme he invites Mrs. Warren to his bachelor apartments to partake of caviare, oysters and "something cold, stuffed with something"; not only "Dodo" Warren, but Brown's fiancée, Angie; Mrs. Elliott, whose husband, a physician, is another of "Dodo's" tame cats, reach the rendezvous at the dinner hour. Mrs. Elliott is mistaken by Brown and his chef, Francis, for a noted dabbler in interior crime known as "Shifty Kate." She, therefore, puts in a very unpleasant half hour. Angie fancies herself disillusioned, and "Dodo" frankly confesses that as a bold, wicked man, who has consorted deliciously with gelsas, "Bobo" is a flat disappointment.

The third act, in the Warrens' morning room, untangles the devious threads, and ends with the song which runs through the entire action, a soothing, flowing melody, "While the City Sleeps." Its title is from a line which "Bobo" utilizes, to enhance the glamor of the adventure in his quarters.

Mr. Hopwood is a past master in double entendre. Frequently he misplaces even that palliative and slap you in the face with a remark concerning morality and the sexes. His dialogue is generous in caviare. To the musical numbers Mr. DeSilva brings a freshness of treatment, effectiveness and ingenuity in orchestration. He may be welcomed as a composer brave enough to snub the banal, noisy, jazzing jingles, and to set himself to graceful rhythms, to interludes in character with the stage action. There were, beside Mr. MacDonald, eight very pretty girls to dance to his tunes, and in a purposely condensed space they danced as if from sheep joy in the measures.

Last evening was "Army" night, to mark the opening of the American Legion drive of a week for increased membership, and to give it distinction. Gov. Coolidge, Lt.-Gov. Cox, Mayor Peters, Gen. Edwards, Col. Logan and other state and military officials, with ladies, occupied the boxes. This helped the performance, bound to be admirable, with such a clever cast. Mr. Young, who first delighted us in "Good Gracious Annabel," and more recently here in "Buddies," again amused mightily. He is that rare bird, an artistic comedian. Mr. Glendenning, Mr. MacDonald, Miss Vantine and Mr. Fischer each gave point and rounded perfection to conventional farcical roles.

There is one other. Does Miss Day reveal, in her finished, ever charming and piquant characterization of "Dodo," model wife at heart, flirt by habit, but never of courtesan's instincts, an artistry that too rarely has been known on this season's stage? Does she dance, sing, cajole, incite and soothe, with lightness and appeal? Does she please the eye, stimulate a jaded mind, and, to use "Dodo's" own words, hit one squarely in the centre of one's nervous system?

"I'll Say She Does."

COPLEY THEATRE—Revival of "The Man Who Stayed at Home" by the Jewett Players. The cast:

- John Preston, M. P., H. Conway-Wingfield
- Miss Myrtle.....Ada Wingard
- Fraulein Schroeder.....Blanche LeRoy
- Perceval Pennicuk.....Nicholas Joy
- Daphne Kidlington.....May Edles
- Molly Preston.....Elma Royton
- Eriz.....Leonard Craske
- Miriam Lee.....Viola Trach
- Christopher Bre.....E. E. Clive
- Mrs. Sanders.....Bessamine Newcombe
- Carl Anderson.....Hammond Matthews
- Corporal Atkin.....Harland Brady

JAZZ BAND HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

The United States jazz band, substituting for Helen Keller, who is unfortunately unable to appear owing to illness, is the headline feature of the bill at H. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was warm in its approval.

This is not the first time this band has appeared at this theatre. Their program, a varied one, is much the same as on previous visits, but the performance last evening gave added pleasure and the organization now shows the perfection of a long period of association.

One of the big features of the bill was the musical act of Bailey and Cowan, assisted by Estelle Davis. The piece excels by the manner of its introduction and its novel development. Then there is the advantage of two excellent musicians. Mr. Cowan, the factotum of the act, besides using a good voice industriously during the entire length of the sketch, has a neat comical style as well as being gifted with a nice personality.

Other acts on the bill were Helen Hunter, in an instrumental and comedy sketch, introducing the unique style of comedy of Mr. Hallen; Johnny Small and company, in a dancing act; Frank Wilcox and company, in a lively farce; Daisy Nellis, pianist; "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin, in a breezy act of chatter and dance; Harry Mayo, in a hobo act, enhanced by a rich baritone and Samayoa, in an aerial act.

HARVARD CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in this country of "The Governor's Wife," a comedy in three acts, translated by John Garrett Underhill from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente. Performed by the Harvard Dramatic Club, presented by the Harvard Club of Radcliffe College. First production at the Teatro de la Comedia, Madrid, Oct. 8, 1901.

Don Rodrigo.....P. C. Packard
Don Alonso.....P. L. Cheney
Don Juan.....P. E. Edov
Don Diego.....J. F. Lincoln
Don Sancho.....Walter Butterfield
Don Pedro.....Katherine MacLennan
Don Juan.....Dorothy B. Grogan
Don Diego.....Bertram Little
Don Pedro.....Cecil Ferguson
Don Juan.....D. J. Ferguson
Don Diego.....Leonard Ware
Don Pedro.....J. M. Brown
Don Juan.....Powell Robinson
Don Diego.....P. S. Stranahan
Don Pedro.....C. S. Howard
Don Juan.....H. B. Ayer
Don Diego.....Grace Cobb
Don Pedro.....Janet Ekins
Don Juan.....Dorothy Sands
Don Diego.....Louise Denison
Don Pedro.....Harriet Schelle
Don Juan.....Barlow Leach
Don Diego.....Marilyn Seely
Don Pedro.....Kathleen Middleton
Don Juan.....P. E. Ferguson
Don Diego.....Isabel Hoopes
Don Pedro.....Warwick Scott

It is a bitter play, bitter in its satire, and a cynical view of human nature.

It has literary flavor, yet it is dramatic although there is little or no action. Read with pleasure, it interests throughout, from the entrance of the smiling comedians into the provincial capital with its gossiping scandal mongers, hypocritical inhabitants, to the last lines in which Josefa tells Manolo to accept the offer of her husband, Don Santiago, the governor, "because as a world of amorous promise is in answer while the sporting young Marchioness looking at the arena glances, 'I wonder what that fellow is in for!'"

The characters, for the most part, are of intriguing, some of them grotesque, some contemptible, are sharply etched. The governor's wife, the official mousers, yet she is swayed by her feeling, one can hardly call her a hypocrite, for her husband's secret, also by her carefully concealed jealousy of little Josefa, the daughter of Don Balduino, the rich man of the town. The couple began with the row over the production of a play, "Oscurotismo," which had been regarded as audacious and intolerable. The liberals wished to see it; the reactionaries strongly objected. The governor was swayed now one way, now the other, by his wife's changing moods. Not till she learned that Don Balduino proposed to send Manolo to Madrid, to rid himself of the fellow-lover by Esparanza, did she finally change her opinion and the decree of her husband.

The characters portray themselves in such a way that the dialogue is always amusing and it is illuminating; it is often witty, and too epigrammatic, nor are lines buried in simply because they are startling or amusing in themselves; they express the nature of each speaker. There were a few excursions, needless, for they would not have shocked even a young person in these days of bedroom farces.

It was a bold undertaking on the part of the Harvard Dramatic Club to produce this play, for the success or failure depended chiefly on the ability of the young Canadians to portray character in a convincing manner in an aerial

act. The evening's performance was a success. The attention of some of the reactionaries will be gratefully attracted. The wonder is that no theatrical manager had thought of bringing out the play.

The performance in general was smooth. There was little or no beating of the drum, there were no unreasonable waits. The ensembles of the first and third acts, presenting especial difficulty, by reason of the rapid interchanges, the cross-fire of dialogue, were effective, for the pace was brisk without consequent confusion. It is considered ingracious to particularize concerning acting by amateurs, yet we cannot refrain from speaking of the wholly admirable performance.

HEINRICH GEBHARD HEARD IN RECITAL

Pianist Assisted by Miss Lawson, Mezzo-Soprano

Last night Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a recital at Steiner Hall. Mary Frederickson Lawson, mezzo-soprano, sang two groups of songs. Ethel L. Silver was the accompanist.

Mr. Gebhard, a Boston pianist, has been heard here before, both in recitals, and as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His program last night was varied, and it was made even more so by many encores, among which were pieces by Albeniz and Grainger. Mr. Gebhard was at his best in the movement from Beethoven's "Waldstein," which he gave an excellent reading, and in the pieces by Debussy, whose music he always plays well. The Bach gavotte in B minor, although essentially a somewhat rough-and-tumble little piece, was handled with more force than nice judgment, and was perceived to stagger dangerously throughout its whole uneven, albeit always enthusiastic, performance. In a "Squidillo" by Albeniz, which Mr. Gebhard unhappily essayed as an encore, the piquancy of the rhythmical effects was missed by some few miles.

For the rest, though, Mr. Gebhard's playing was marked by an excellent taste shown for color and shading. His reading of dynamic passages in the Beethoven and Liszt was piano-playing of a high order, and was always rendered intelligible through skillful pedaling. Above all, Mr. Gebhard succeeded in making interesting a program of old and trusty friends; and that was much.

Mary Frederickson Lawson is a pleasing mezzo-soprano with a voice of pure quality, firm in the high notes—mellow in the lower ones. Her singing of "My Logan Love" by Hamilton Harty, was her happiest effort. She showed throughout a good diction and an unaffected manner of interpretation; and from the other songs on the program she did her best to extract the precious little that is in them—and succeeded, which was something.

ACTORS' FUND

The Actors' Fund Benefit show, "A Little Bit of Everything," given yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre, was perhaps the most successful, from every point of view, that has ever been seen in this city.

Mr. Sam Hardy of "The Charm School" company was a gracious and entertaining "master of ceremonies," introducing the various acts in turn. Principals and members of most of the companies playing in Boston contributed. Elsie Ferguson, as beautiful as ever, came from New York especially to make a little speech of thanks to the audience for their interest and support. She explained how much the Actors' Fund means to stage people when they are ill or in need, and mentioned the fact that actors and actresses often must hide their own personal sorrows in order to entertain the people on the other side of the footlights.

Speech by Frohman

Daniel Frohman, president of the fund, gave a little speech in which he made the same point, and illustrated it by speaking of the tragedy which had come to Marilyn Miller of the Follies in the recent death of Frank Carter, her husband. And a little later, Miss Miller, herself, appeared. It was hard to associate tragedy with that exquisite, youthful apparition, dancing and laughing in the spotlight. Countless theatregoers here would have been bitterly disappointed if Miss Miller had left the company last week when the accident happened. But she did not fail her public, and she deserves the warmest admiration for her courage in "carrying on."

Besides the principals—Bert Williams, the Dooleys, Eddie Cantor, and chorus from the Follies, others appearing in the show were: Janet Velle, Charles Judels and others from "Mary"; Ada Mae Weeks and others from "Listen to Lester"; George Ormond and Billy

Scott from "The Charm School"; Margie Dyer, Maria Corda, and others from "The Charm School"; Alma Tell, Robert Humes and others from "Susan Lennox"; Juliette Day, Edna Stoddard and Donald McDonald from "The S. S. She Does." Mr. Hardy announced that the receipts were \$350 and anyone who attended the performance will agree warmly that it was worth all that and more.

MARIONETTE SHOW AIDS MOUNT HOLYOKE FUND

Miss Owen Directs Pleasing Entertainment at Steiner Hall

A marionette show managed by Miss Owen, who was long associated with Torey Sarge in New York, was given yesterday morning and afternoon in Steiner Hall for the Mount Holyoke Endowment Fund. Children, young and old, were pleased in the afternoon by seeing the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer and the life of a rabbit family. The speech put into the mouths of the puppets was often amusing. The giant's make-up was rather disappointing, not corresponding to the pictures of him in the old fashioned books for children, but the cow that Jack sold for a handful of magic beans was eminently satisfactory.

Seeing puppets were managed and with appropriate speech, one is not surprised at the eulogy of marionettes by Anatole France, or by the comparison

in the matter of facial expression made by him to the disadvantage of the comedians at the Parisian theatres.

"Masks," with "Jim's Beast," "Tides," "Among the Lions," "The Reason," "The House," "One-act Plays of Contemporary Life," by George Middleton, are published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. Mr. Middleton in preceding volumes explained his reason for publication: "Not as a substitute for production, but as an alternative sometimes compelled by the exigencies of a highly commercialized theatre." The note of irony is in these plays, even in "The House," where a professor of philosophy and his wife, dwelling in an apartment hotel suite talk humorously, wistfully, sadly of the house they will never build. This house has changed in 40 years; a way dream houses have. They sit and drink on their wedding anniversary to each other and their children, whom their marriage did not concern at the time. The wife reminds her husband of white hairs. "That can't be blamed on the children. White hair doesn't indicate marriage—always. It's a matter of pigment, I'm told, and affects bachelors equally." With each child a house was built; the fourth will never be. Should it be in the wooded country or in the city? All was given up for the children, and they have forgotten the wedding anniversary. Three candles on the low radiator represent the log fire in the dream house. The wife put aside all that might have been hers if she had not married the professor. He might have had his dream, without her and the children. Had the two missed something? "Even the happy must be incomplete or else they would cease to be happy. Isn't happiness hope as much as realization? We have realized—not ourselves completely—yet through each other. We have been what the other sought. But only the very wise know that there is an inner life no one can be the part of; a lonely place where even the dearest cannot enter, because it is a lonely place. . . . And, dear one, when we each think of our houses we can never build. Let's—let's always go on holding each other's hand, eh? So many people lose each other when they dream."

The other plays are in a much bitterer vein. In "Masks," a dramatist, whose good work had been unappreciated, wins fame and money by a play that is deliberately poor. His wife rejoices in this poor play, "The Sand Bar," a revision of his "Lonely Way," made to suit the public taste. Two of the characters, a great painter and his divorced wife, appear to the dramatist at night and reproach him for his failure to portray them as they actually were. They are shocked because he killed the original play for money. He answers: "Think of the exquisite joy I had in revising my problem play. Think of how I turned two hectic, distorted, twisted, selfish, miserable, little-souled characters into two self-sacrificing, sugar-coated, lovable creatures." To which the painter replies that the dramatist is murderer and hypocrite, for he distorted life to win sympathy for the couple. "The theatre," says the dramatist, "no longer has anything to do with life. It's a palace of personality." The visitors disappear. The wife, coming into the room, irritates the dramatist by saying that "The Sand Bar" is his first play that is true to life. He laughs and goes to work on a curtain-raiser, "Masks." "The theme of my play; that so long as an

artist knows what he is doing with his art he is alive; that the only thing which can kill him is self-deception." Nor does he care whether anybody will understand this curtain-raiser.

"Jim's Beast" is an amusing study of a light wife in search of sensations, a suspicious husband and a philanderer. They find themselves with others in the hall of paleontology of a public museum near a brontosaurus. The conversation between the scrub-woman and the curator is followed by the still more amusing talk of two society women proclaiming flaunting wealth, one obviously nouveau riche, who has achieved "a successful manner, most of which is dextrously expressed in her lognettes." Her husband, James, had given the beast to the museum, hence the title of the play. The scenes between the sensation-craving wife, the coolly observant husband and the lover are in the spirit of the Viennese Schnitzler. At the end the wife suggests that she and her husband take a fine, strong, good-looking young soldier, who had mistaken the museum for the Eden Musee, for a drive. The lover, left alone, reads the sign before the brontosaurus and thinks: "Mainly herbivorous." "Anything she can pick up." "Several million years." He leaves the hall. Rays of the setting sun centre on the skull of the brontosaurus. The scrub-woman exclaims, "Holy mother of saints! What are you grinnin' at, ye dirty heathen?"

"Tides," or the changing heart of a pacifist, a famous internationalist, in 1917 is less cynical. This cannot be said of "Among the Lions" or "The Reason," shrewd studies of social and sexual life, satirically unsparring.

These plays, which will bear repeated hearing, for their wit, keen observation and psychological interest, are as dramatic as they are "literary." Could not Mr. Jewett be persuaded to produce one or two of them, if not all, in turn? Miss Roach and Mr. Wingfield might do justice to "The House." But Mr. Jewett is wise in his generation. No doubt the audiences at the Copley Theatre would prefer the revival of an old farce.

Pinski's Plays

"Ten Plays," translated from the Yiddish of David Pinski by Isaac Goldberg, are published by B. W. Huebsch of New York. Some of these plays were published in the New York Tribune and the Boston Evening Transcript. Two were included in a volume published by John W. Luce & Co. of this city. "The Stranger," an elaboration of a legend from the Midrash or commentary on part of the Hebrew scriptures, was performed in Boston by the Community Players in December, 1913. It is a portion, complete in itself, of a tetralogy based on the legend of the Wandering Jew, but it is modern in spirit and in personification, as are Pinski's plays on Mary Magdalene and the amorous adventures of King David, and so "The Stranger" has justly been described as "a fusion of legend and history into action of contemporary interest."

Pinski does not spare his race. Some of these little plays are written with vitriol, as "The Phonograph," in which Nahmen Riskin does business with an imported machine in a remote Russo-Yiddish town, "where the Jews lived upon wind and miracles." "The God of the Newly Rich Wool Merchant" is a bitter satire on the newly rich. The merchant shocking his family and neighbors by worshipping the scroll of white wool goes mad. In "A Dollar" miserable strolling players show their contemptible natures, as in "Cripples" irony deals cruelly with quarrelling unfortunates. There is a touch of symbolism in "The Inventor and the King's Daughter." The king refuses world domination because he would not give his daughter to the descendant of seven generations of criminals; the princess refuses immortality because she loves another; meanwhile humanity continued to suffer. From "Diplomacy" we learn how a senseless mob insists on war when a chancellor vainly opposes. "Little Heroes," "The Beautiful Nun" and "Poland 1913," inspired by the great war, are painfully tragic, too painful for performance on the stage especially for those who have already forgotten German outrages and

the spirit in which this country entered into the struggle.

Strong effects are gained in these little plays by simple means. The dialogue is concise; there is no waste of thought in the attempt to be literary or rhetorical; nor are the plays merely photographic in their realism. Back of the irony and the grim humor is the sympathy of the author for "the complaining millions of men," for the oppressed and the despised.

"Drama of France"

Prof. Frank Wadleigh Chandler's "Contemporary Drama of France" is published by the Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. It is a volume in the Contemporary Drama Series edited by Richard Burton for this house.

Opening the book at random and finding on page 300 that "Pelias and Melissande" has "profited from the popularity of an operatic version by Strauss," one might well question the accuracy of other statements. Turning to the remarks about plays by Villiers de l'Isle Adam (page 721) and finding only his "L'Evasion" and "Elen" mentioned, one

might question the width of Prof Chandler's acquaintance with the French drama, also his judgment when he treats Villiers de l'Isle Adam as cultivating the "drama of terror." There is no mention of his "Revolte" (1870) with the same subject as "The Doll's House," but with a different solution, for the wife returns, pitying her husband; nor is there mention of the symbolical, mystical "Axel," with its gorgeous rhetoric, or of the singular "Morgane," "Isis" or "Le Nouveau Monde."

Yet in a book covering so much ground slips and omissions may be excused, and in this instance the more readily because this volume serves a writer about the drama as a ready book of reference, an elaborately annotated catalogue. Now and then in the critical remarks there is a flavor of philistinism, or shall we say the inability to view the relations of the sexes with the eyes of a Frenchman searching material for a play of conflicting passions. In the opening chapter, "Precursors of the Moderns," perhaps too much respect is shown Scribe, whose dramas have the sole merit of being as ingeniously constructed as a Chinese box puzzle or one of Wilkie Collins's novels. Louis Veuillot's diatribe is still good reading, the savage article in which he said that a drama of Scribe's did not demand actors of talent or audiences of literary culture; no stage machinery, little costuming, yet it was quickly swallowed from Paris to Irkutsk, from London to Milan.

For the convenience of the reader, short analyses of plots with critical remarks are grouped under these heads: Masters of Stagecraft, Naturalism and the Free Theatre, Laureates of Love, Ironic Realists, Makers of Mirth, Moralists, Reformers, Minor Poets and Romancers, Major Poets and Romancers, Importers and War Exploiters. There is a bibliographical appendix—Authors and plays, History and Criticism (periodical articles omitted); and there is a full index. In the second section of the appendix "Essais de Critique Dramatique," an unusually independent view of the French Theatre by Edouard Franchetti (1912-1913), is omitted.

Books for Organists

Everett E. Truette's "Organ Registration: A Comprehensive Treatise on the Distinctive Quality of Tone of Organ Stops, etc.," which is published by C. W. Thompson & Co. of Boston, should be of great assistance to organists young and old, not to mention teachers of the organ. Mr. Truette, an accomplished organist, studied in Europe with Haupt, Gullmunt and Best, leading representatives of three schools. This book of 257 closely printed pages is the only one we know dealing especially and thoroughly with the subject. A good many years ago Dudley Buck wrote a book concerning the art of registration for accompaniment of choirs. Compared with Mr. Truette's treatise, it is only a sketch. The first part of his book gives a full description of organ stops, their classification, the principles of their acoustics, the mechanical aids, the nature of echo and antiphonal organs, the art of combining stops, their manipulation. The second part deals with registration of hymn tunes, anthems, organ trios, transcriptions; registration for organs of from one to four manuals. There is a complete index with glossary. Mr. Truette treats his subject not only as a choirmaster and virtuoso, but also as a man intimately acquainted with the mechanism of the organ, a man that at a moment's notice can correct ciphering and remedy any failing that in the case of a less experienced organist would require the summoning of a workman. He is not pedantic in explanation, not too conservative in his advice; he is sane. For example, see his discussion of the vox humana stop, unjustly despised or recklessly abused. "It seems to me that the vox humana is a much-maligned stop, due largely to its unfortunate and inappropriate name. One English writer has written: 'Instead of resembling the human voice, its tone is anything from Punch's squeak to the bleating of a nannygoat.' The stop has been variously dubbed 'the gas pipe' and 'Nuxvomica with a gargle.' I suspect that the stop would escape much of the criticism, and would be judged on its merit as a distinctive tone-color, if it were called by some less inappropriate name. If organ stops were numbered like the stops in French reed organs, and this stop were 'No. 36,' no one would expect an imitation of the human voice, and hence, would not be disappointed. One would then accept the tone of the stop just as it sounds."

We wish Mr. Truette had expressed his views more fully on the subject of transcriptions, nor do we share his evident admiration for the "arrangements" of orchestral music by W. T. Best, who often disarranged, as in his versions of Handel's concertos. Speaking of more modern transcriptions, Mr. Truette says: "The student will hear many surprising effects of which the orchestra itself is entirely innocent, in the attempt of the performer to make the organ sound 'orchestral.' Many of these effects are ingenious; some are striking, and all of them are attractive to a certain class of listeners." A good many years ago purists objected to the playing of the overtures to "The Barber of Seville," "William Tell," "Zampa," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Marriage of Figaro" on the organ, and the objection was well founded. Would

Mr. Truette defend the playing today of "The Ride of the Valkyries" or the overture to "Tannhauser" on the organ?

There are many pages devoted to the proper registration on organs of varying size of compositions by foreign and American musicians.

"French Organ Music Past and Present," by Harvey Grace, is published by the H. W. Gray Company of New York. There is a preface of commendation by Vincent d'Indy. Portions of this book of 209 pages appeared in the New Music Review. The writer reviews the music of French writers for the organ from Titelouze (1563-1633) to Quef, who succeeded Gullmunt as the organist of La Trinite in Paris. Excerpts from compositions are numerous. The earlier writers have been neglected in this country, and it is chiefly due to Mr. Bonnet, a welcome guest in the United States, that they are known to lovers of organ music. Mr. Grace, acknowledging his debt to the "Archives de Maitres de l'Orgue," edited by Gullmunt and Piro, has much to say for himself, and his critical remarks are shrewd. Naturally his admiration for Cesar Franck's organ compositions is unbounded; the book is "a humble tribute to the memory of Cesar Franck,"

but he is not deaf to the merits of Lemmens and Widor. His eulogy of Saint-Saens may surprise some. He hardly does justice to Boely and Chauvet. Thus he does not mention the solemn Prelude in C sharp minor by the former, nor does he apparently appreciate the individuality of Chauvet, whose premature death was a loss to French art. Gullmunt once told us that he had seen three compositions of long breath by Chauvet that were admirable in every way. These manuscripts could not be found after Chauvet's death in 1871, a death hastened by the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Grace's estimate of Gullmunt as a composer is singularly discriminative and just. The book, which should be in the library of every organist, is pleasant reading. "There is a good deal in a name, especially in the organ loft, and too many of us deliberately choose an admittedly dull work by Bach in preference to a very much alive one by (say) William Jones, partly because it is less trouble to go on playing Bach than it is to investigate William's claim to consideration. Also (and perhaps most important of all) Bach's name looks well on a program, whereas poor Bill Jones. . . . What a heaven-on-earth it will be when we players shed our snobbishness and judge works honestly on their merits!" This book, which is not provided with an index, should be put on a shelf with Wallace Goodrich's "The Organ in France," published by the Boston Music Company in 1917. One supplements the other, the two are excellent.

Various Publicatinos

The Herald has received from the Four Seas Company of Boston "The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth," by Isador H. Coriat, M. D., published by Moffat, Yard & Co. of New York in 1912.

The Marcotone Company, Inc., of New York publishes "Marcotone, the Science of Tone-Color," by Edward Mayors. "Because color is a natural, spontaneous and involuntary act of the mind, tone can become color, and indivisible with color. This tone-color system is marcotone."

"Choral Orchestration," by Cecil Forsyth, is published by the H. W. Gray Company of New York. Mr. Forsyth, well known as a composer and the author of "Music and Nationalism," "Orchestration," and with Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, "A History of Music," treats elaborately of orchestration as applied to choral works. He takes Walter Henry Hall's Festival de Deum for chorus and organ, and dissects the whole work, six measures at a time, placing the original copy for organ and voices at the head of each left-hand page, with its orchestration on the page opposite; a practical lesson with many instructive remarks concerning choral orchestration in general. He closes the quarto of 84 pages: "Let the reader then study the scores of the great masters with a cool mind. Let him afterward visit the concert hall with as much of the score in his head as he can carry, but with none of it in his hands to distract his attention from the music. In this way he will learn much from their successes. From their failures, too, he will be able to glean something if he keeps his judgment sanely balanced as between the orchestral methods of the past and of the present. 'Happy the man made wary by the dangers of others.'"

A Play by Old Heywood Revived; Other Dramatic Notes

Thomas Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West" was revived by the Phoenix Society, London, April 12. It was published in 1631. Stephen Kemble's version was brought out as "The Northern Inn" at the Haymarket in 1791.

Concerning the revival last month, the Times took a cheerful view. "Inn-keeping must have been a lively occupa-

tion under Queen Elizabeth. The gentlemen, sea captains and miscellaneous rosters who 'used the house' made love (to give it a nice name) to the barmaid, pulled the drawers' ears and kicked the kitchen wenches when they were not fighting one another and perhaps being dragged out, dead from the bar-parlor. But Bess of Plymouth was a virtuous barmaid, and a doughty, too,

for, dressed as a boy (in accordance with the prevalent fashion in those days of boy-actors), she put a bullying customer to shame with her sword. She afterward took an inn at Fowey (really Thomas Heywood's play ought to be rewritten by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch), where she fitted out a ship under her own command, purposing to recover the body of her own true love, Mr. Spencer, which was reported to have been recently burned at Fayal, in the Azores. Mr. Spencer, however, was not dead, but a prisoner on board a Spanish ship, which Bess's ship gallantly engaged and captured, and the two lovers were happily united at the court of the King of Fez (a potentate whose hearty cry of 'Find us concubines!' was one of the chief joys of the play). It is a moderately amusing play of Elizabethan adventure, on much the same artistic level as the average 'war play' of our own day. You note that the old sort was a little more modest than the new, content with less flag-wagging and not so 'nasty' to the enemy. But, then, the Spaniard was a gentleman.

Gerald Du Maurier wrote affectionately about the late Leonard Boyne in the London Daily Telegraph. 'He was an extraordinarily real actor—not an impersonator—not a man who put on a different beard and moustache and a different voice for each part he played—but an actor who was the part, who felt it out of his heart, who lived it in his voice, his walk, the very way he sat

down, till you who watched him said inwardly, 'This is not Leonard Boyne—this is Rawdon Crawley.' His Tom Jones in Buchanan's play was an astounding creation of the times. 'He was a swearing, rollicking, hard-drinking, roystering, lovable creature in the part—an indomitable hero. And because he was so real I wished that it was I chasing a Sophia Weston across England and "accepting challenges to love in the spirit of challenges to fight.' . . . If I were asked to say what was the secret of his success, I should reply that it was his capacity for taking infinite pains every night, at every performance. . . . He had a passion, a genius for little things. . . . His very alluring Irish brogue was one of his many charms, and one of which he was always a little consciously sensitive. He was quite positive that when he spoke he used the most English of English accents; yet, much to one's delight, whenever he came on the stage the whole of Ireland came with him."

"Cynbeline" was chosen for the place of honor as the Birthday play at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23. It has not been seen in London since Irving staged it in 1896. A writer in the Daily Telegraph said apropos of the Stratford program: "Do you remember how Judy Abbott, the heroine of 'Daddy Long-Legs,' read 'Hamlet' and was surprised to find that it was 'perfectly corking,' and how her surprise was due to the fact that up till that time she had always darkly suspected Shakespeare of 'going on his reputation'? There must be a good many people who are in the same case—people who, through having had Shakespeare thrust in small doses down their unwilling throats at school, have ever since regarded him as an over-rated bore. It is a pity that all such cannot be made to go to the Stratford Theatre, where, if the New Shakespeare

Company to itself do prove but true, they would be convinced once and for all of their error."

Malcolm Watson writes in the Daily Telegraph: "What is wrong with the London stage?—for, undoubtedly, its condition at the moment cannot be described as wholly satisfactory. Precisely where the root of the evil lies it would be somewhat difficult to say. Is it that managers have, partially at least, lost their ability to gauge the public taste, or are dramatists unable to supply sufficiently attractive material, or is the general feeling of unrest and uncertainty, everywhere visible, rendering playgoers capricious and super-critical? It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that prosperity has been wholly banished from our stage; you have only to look around to discover conclusive evidence to the contrary. But whichever of these reasons you may prefer, it is impossible to ignore the truth that things at present do not rest upon those solid foundations capable of insuring lasting and widespread prosperity."

"Mr. Ernest Rhys said the Little Theatre did not necessarily rule out what they might call the Great Theatre. Standing outside a bookshop in the Brompton road, he had just put down a copy of Shakespeare's works, when a young man picked it up and made the casual remark, 'Shakespeare has too much jaw for me.' That young man had the courage of his opinions, and they had to allow for people who did not like Shakespeare as well as for those who did. To run a doctrinaire theatre insisting on one form of art would be a great mistake."

William Farrer wrote to the London Times: "Your article on 'Taste in the Theatre' points out the danger of 'enforced intelligence.' No doubt your correspondent attended the meeting of the Stratford-on-Avon conference at which a school teacher rose and informed the chairman that her pupils 'loathed Shakespeare and all his works,' and another sufferer protested against any attempt 'to raise his villagers with Shakespeare or any other noble form of drama.' Much good may, and probably will, come from 'The British Drama League,' but the promoters must bear in mind that the

taste of the public is not likely to be stimulated by prescribing Shakespeare as a medicine. On the contrary, these well meaning enthusiasts will 'confound the appetite.' Doses of Shakespeare measured out at the proposed suburban and village theatres and administered by youthful practitioners will be a dangerous method to cure that disease we are told is so prevalent in the life of the modern theatre—commercialism. Of art and commercialism one might say with Sheridan, 'suppose them man and wife, one so seldom sees them together.' Yet Sir Peter and his lady were united in the end and lived happy ever after. So may it be with stage art and stage commerce."

The London Times praised highly the Jaques of Herbert Marshall in a revival of "As You Like It," by Nigel Playfair, last month, calling it one of the best performances of the part seen on the London stage in a generation. "Using no artificial aids or tricks, like the eating of an apple, he delivered the 'Seven Ages' in a manner which carried the audience away. One never felt that this was a professional cynic expressing hackneyed views, but rather the dignified and reserved victim of ill-fortune, drawn by a chance remark into confiding to his friends his outlook on life."

After an absence of five years Albert Chevalier delighted audiences at the Coliseum, London, last month, by singing the good old songs including "Mrs. Enery Hawkins," "My Old Dutch," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" (this last with a little dance). Chevalier is now in his 60th year.

"The Showroom," by Lady Bell, was

produced in London on April 19. A young fellow, practically betrothed to his cousin, falls in love with a "showroom lady." She is sent with a dress, to the cousin. "Trying-on scene with opportunities for exhibiting smart 'undies.'" The showroom girl pleases the youngster's uncle by showing her interest in his hobby, spiders. She marries him and nephew returns to his cousin. "Quite a lady's play. Ladies love, or at any rate love to write about, relations of the sexes with horrid, coarse, masculine references to passion politely ignored. Relations of the right sort are called 'engagements,' and of the wrong 'entanglements'—both words, we believe, of feminine invention. But Lady Bell writes agreeably enough, and as the showroom lady, Miss Sybil Thorn-dike plays agreeably enough."

"Troilus and Cressida" was revived by the British Empire Shakespeare Society April 8. It was much cut. Charles Fry brought this strange play out on June 1, 1907, "for the first time of performance since the author's lifetime." The Herald noticed in 1912 the performance in French at the Odeon, Paris, when it was played in the spirit of Melhac and Halévy's "Belle Helene," which, according to some English commentators, believing that Shakespeare wished to satirize Chapman's Homer, is the right one. William Poel, in 1912, brought out the tragedy in London as a wild comedy; this view was taken when the play was acted by Yale students in 1916.

Gogol's "Government Inspector," now translated, was produced in London April 13. "There is too much detail, which teases you by being obviously more 'et cetera'; but the governor himself is always a joy. He is really a great figure—bully, coward, rogue, flatterer, dupe—and Mr. Maurice Moscovitch fills him out well with his expressive face, his ample style, and his guttural r-r-rolling (is it Yiddish?) accent. Here's richness, as Mr. Squeers observed, Mr. Moscovitch is rich, thick and slab . . . But one could laugh more heartily at the play if one were not tempted to occasional fits of somnolence. In short, 'The Revizor' would be the better for a little revision."

At the Royal Institution, last evening, Sir Israel Gollancz lectured on "Shakespeare's Shylock and Scott's Isaac of York." His main theme was to indicate how Scott had, by means of his characters of Isaac of York and Rebecca, attempted to make amends for what he deemed were blemishes in Shakespeare's Shylock and Jessica. Scott had already, as early as 1849, paid tribute to Cumberland's "efforts to stem popular prejudice, in favor of a people degraded because they are oppressed and ridiculed because they are degraded." According to the lecturer, the romantic additions to "Ivanhoe" dealing with the Jews in the pre-expulsion period were suggested to Scott by Isaac D'Israeli's account of the heroism of the Jews of York in the 1897 volume of the "Curiosities of Literature." "The Merchant of Venice" was due in the first instance to contemporary interest in the problem of usury, though legally no Jews were then resident in England. Shakespeare did his best for the human side of the character, but the initial difficulty was the unreality of "the bond story," on which the play depended. He wellnigh transcended this initial obstacle, though hampered by it.—London Times, April 23.

Hauptmann's New Play; Other Stage Notes of Berlin

The most notable production (in Berlin) since the reopening of places of entertainment has been that of Der weisse Holland (The White Redeemer) at the Grosses Schauspielhaus. Hauptmann's

new dramatic fantasy differs little from the hispanic story of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards under Cortez, and the pomp and reverence with which they were received by the Emperor Montezuma and his subjects. His Cortez has indeed little of the redeemer about him. Clever, brutal, believing only in the force of arms and his own generalship, he is a strange bloudding of the Spanish Hidalgo and the Prussian war-rant officer—a blending which it seems particularly difficult to avoid in his-trionic Germany. Montezuma, as played by Alexander Moissi, is an awe-stricken, long-suffering old monarch, who believes implicitly that the Spanish conquerors advancing town by town through the land, are the White Gods from over the seas whom the oracles had predicted for centuries; and who finally, disillusioned, a victim to his faith, dies at the hands of his own archers. The whole tragedy is sombre and mysterious. Its scenes are permeated by the spirit of Hauptmann's best known fantasies, and they can hardly be said to have made a wide appeal, the success of the production being due in great measure to the rich Mexican settings and the energies of Reinhardt and his players.—London Times, April 27.

Other plays in Berlin: Walter Hasenclever's "Antigone," a pacifist drama written during the war. It failed. Hermann Sudermann's latest play, performed in German provinces last year, is a picture of life on an East Prussian Junker's estate, "into which a young beauty, quite at home in the Palais de Danse, intrudes, and it represents a crisis in the career of a father, cleverly played by Paul Wegener, who is stronger willed and more successful than his son in his attempt to pack the girl back to the scene of her former escapades." Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Calderon and Ibsen have been represented. "The theatres are now in full swing again. They were hard hit by the coup d'etat, and are likely to be still more seriously affected by the general state of unsettlement, of which the burden imposed by the new taxation laws is the first and severest outward sign. The general public, struggling enjoyably for seats and fighting good-humoredly for sandwiches in overcrowded foyers and buffets, is as yet hardly aware of the dis-consolate outlook. It simply sees that places of amusement are full to overflowing wherever it goes, and that paper money in ever-increasing quantities is fluttering into the hands of laconic cashiers in theatre boxoffices. And it may be partly excused for overlooking the seamy side of things, for it cannot be denied that German producers have maintained the illusion by a high standard of performance worthy of a rosier outlook."

How the London Times Enjoys or Dislikes Musicians

What can one say of the sempre energetic pianist except that he, or she, has the meet reward that he expresses energy? But these hectic people are tiring to meet; we cannot live up to them; something in us refuses to be banged and bullied into acquiescence; it was the sun, not the storm, that got the cloak off the traveler's back. There was something more, certainly, in Miss Jessie Bristol's playing than this; there were, in violent contrast, passages of limpid flow and languid rubato. But that is just the mistake that is most afflicting to listen to. The player has heard at some time that "expression" consists in playing loud and soft, just as life consists of pain and pleasure, and thinks that the greater the pain the greater will be the pleasure, forgetting that if you put an ice-cold hand on a red-hot iron you feel nothing at the time, but something not at all pleasant afterwards. If people would only believe it, it is the little changes of force that count—when there is a brain and a heart behind them; but they go on taking for truth only what is shouted on the housetops or whispered under the pledge of secrecy, and ignore that truth of intercourse which emerges from delicate judgments.

Miss Katherine Doubleday did something of the same kind with Liszt's

B-minor sonata, but with more excuse, because the sonata has got no soul. It is one of the most immoral pieces of music there is, because it only says to the player: "Come and show off." In lighter pieces, such as Granger's "Reel," Miss Doubleday led us to believe that she was some music in her. With a conscientiousness she dots at her 's, but, like a hasty writer, not always in the right place, inverting accents, and delaying the pedal, which her right foot never leaves alone for a moment. It is all so polite and so meaningless, and nobody seems to mind. Mignon Nevada: It is a nice point how we should place a singer who sings inevitably and inexorably flat at all the critical places. Can he lay claim to a place among the high ones of the earth, since, aiming at a million, he misses a unit? And, if so, are we justified in preferring the low ones whose hundred's soon hit? On the whole, for the purpose of a song, we prefer to have the note hit, whether soon or late, and hit plumb in the centre, and are inclined to rule out of court any one who hits it otherwise. Still, Miss Nevada's case, if we

can admit that she has one at all, has some strong points. * * * Ali Khan, a tenor with some glittering high notes, a skilful Miss Nevada and wisely chosen Italian, the best substitute Europe can offer for the soft tongues of India. His style had the stiffness one would expect from one who sings songs written in quite a different convention from his own; the singing was in tune at first, though a faulty production began to militate against this toward the end.

L. A. Collingwood: A sense of dramatic effect was displayed in the "Monologue from Macbeth," composed by Mr. Collingwood, and in a couple of old English songs he conveyed a sentiment of real charm. Mr. Collingwood was further represented as a composer by some piano music; the sonata played by Mr. Mitchell is a curious work, full of harmonic experiments and an interjectory style of melodic line which made an indefinite impression at a first hearing. But one felt interested and inclined to think that the musical idea was tied up in technical knots, only to be unloosened with further training.

Film Notes

It is a curious but undeniable fact that it is better to be a film actor in the U. S. A. than in Great Britain, first for the reason that for a performer of any status the pay is better; next, because when the American producing firms engage an actor they see that their publicity manager "gets busy," not only in America, but on this side of the Atlantic. Take, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks, Mabel Normand and Pauline Frederick, good artists all; but look how they are boomed. I could instance others, who are decidedly of third rank, but who, by help of astute press work, get foisted into the premier position. Alma Taylor seems to me to get the best attention from the press agent of any film actress in England, consequently she is well known here, but her "publicity" shrinks into insignificance when compared to Mary Pickford's. No wonder little Mary is known from China to Peru.—The Stage.

Though it is impossible not to pay homage to the tireless courage and boundless ingenuity of those inventive spirits who, for years, have been wrestling with the problem, it may be questioned whether the "speaking film," when it does arrive, as it assuredly will before long, is going to revolutionize the art of the screen to the extent some people imagine. By its means, no doubt, we should have the illusion of seeing and hearing a public speaker or an actor reciting a monologue, but it is doubtful if its practical utility would extend much farther. One obvious objection is that films would at once have to abandon their claim to speak a universal language, a privilege they now share with music. The producer of the films would also be terribly handicapped. At present, he takes and retakes scenes over and over again till he is satisfied, and then selects about a quarter from, perhaps, a total length of 20,000 or 30,000 feet to make the picture finally shown to the public. Imagine how his task would be complicated, if he had to consider not only the pictorial quality of the parts he picked out, but the vocal quality as well. He might, it is true, obviate this by rehearsing his players until they were as perfect as he could make them, before taking each scene, but this would add enormously to the expense which, in the case of any fairly ambitious performance, is exceedingly heavy. Some other practical objections which might be urged against the "speaking film" faded into insignificance before the question: "Is it really wanted?" Would the silent art of the screen be the gainer were it to lose one of the chief characteristics which now differentiate it from the legitimate drama? Admittedly the "sub-titles" used to explain the action in the pictures form a poor substitute for the voice of a Sarah Bernhardt, but, in the case of screen actors not so gifted, we might quite conceivably lose half the pleasure we derive from watching them were we to hear them speak. The screen play, moreover, is fast teaching us to understand the eloquence of silent gestures and attitudes, which are often far more expressive than if the reason for them were explained at length. As time goes on, and the film producer ceases to imitate in a more or less childish manner works of art made for a totally different medium, we shall certainly get screen plays in which the necessity for verbal explanations will almost disappear. The mimetic talent of the actor will learn how to speak directly to the imagination of the spectator. This appeal will be heightened by music composed expressly for the purpose by a new race of musicians, who will find in the pictures of the future an illimitable field to exploit.—London Daily Telegraph.

"We say it with bated breath, but we really believe that George Eliot had a better idea of how to write a story for the films than had the gentleman who adapted 'Mr. Gillfil's Love Story' for its new career. "We had occasion in this column last week to refer to a new policy of creating the correct atmosphere in which a film of circus life might be shown. 'A Deal Certainly' seems to open up new terrors, for exhibitors are informed that the film admirably lends itself to 'novel outdoor publicity stunts.' Miss Wyndham, who are told, is one of the very few 'stars' who can ride a horse at breakneck speed, and they are informed that a good suggestion is to hire a 'race

and the driver a lady dressed in racing colors to ride it daily through the town." It is terrible to think that, perhaps, after all, Lady Godiva was not redeeming Coventry from the burdens of taxation, but advertising the film production of the period.

"Robert Browning tells us that Dante, after having written the 'Divine Comedy,' wished to paint a picture, and that the painter, Raphael, was not content until he had written a century of sonnets. Now M. Clemenceau, after having won the great war, is not content until he has produced a film. Browning went on to say, 'What of Raphael's sonnet?' Dante's picture? We feel inclined to say in the same way, 'What of Clemenceau's picture?' Dante's picture was lost, and Raphael's sonnets were merely a poetic license of Robert Browning, but Clemenceau's film has been shown last week. It is called 'The Strongest.' The title is rather unkind, because the film is really a very weak production indeed. It is nothing but a tangle of cinematograph clichés. The story is poor, the characterization weak and the acting most unconvincing. The whole thing seems to show that it is comparatively easy to win a European war, but exceedingly difficult to write a convincing film."

May 24 '92

"The Old Farmer and His Almanack: Being Some Observations on Life and Manners in New England a Hundred Years Ago," by George Lyman Kittredge, was published in Boston by William Ware & Co. 16 years ago. We have often quoted from this entertaining book of folk ways and folk lore. Now the Harvard University Press brings out the second impression. Prof. Kittredge adds a paragraph to the preface, otherwise the editions are identical. In the first, speaking of the barberry, he said that it "gradually lost its bad eminence in the farmer's mind," for it was believed that the bush had an unfavorable influence on wheat, rye, etc. He now says: "In this new impression it is my painful duty to retract my ignorant exoneration of the barberry on page 332. Recent investigations have established the fact that the common (not the Japanese) barberry plays an important role in the history of Black Stem Rust, a disease which in 1916 caused a loss of about 20,000,000 bushels of wheat in Minnesota alone."

The Question Box

An up-state newspaper in New York published this paragraph:

"Several from this vicinity were at the homing-bee at Mr. Brown's, Woodside, the 22d, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Steele. They say they were treated most royally. Mr. and Mrs. Steele have our hearty congratulations."

What is a "homing-bee"? "Hornings" had various meanings in old and merry England, but we doubt if any one of the definitions is here applicable.

Frou-Frou

Stanley Kidder Wilson contributed to Christopher Morley's column in the New York Evening Post this

SONNET OF MUTED SKIRTS

For long mine ears had apprehended loss, Though I could not define it; much as the eye, Seizing a landscape, finds the acene awry, Some feature missing, yet over all agloss. So perfect that the mind must vainly toas From guess to guess, or as one hears the cry Of silence where cacophony should lie. Then suddenly light bridged the void across.

It was the memory of from-front that lacked Achast, I asked myself, where is that swish? The very word has lapsed—of garments packed With padded hints that floated whisperish About my lady? Gone like an unstarished wish! Do girls, then, need no petticoats to attract?

Years ago a Chinese emperor wrote of Li Fu-jen, "so beautiful in life that one glance of hers could destroy of city, two glances a state."

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped; On the marble pavement dust grows. Her empty room is cold and still. Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.

A magician was summoned. Lights and wine and food were ready. The dead woman came from behind a curtain and passed through the room.

Is it, or is it not? The swish, swish of a silk skirt. How slow she comes!

"Frou-Frou." Some of us remember Melhac and Halevy's sentimental play with Agnes Ethel as the dying and forgiven heroine.

Nice People

Mr. Norman Forbes says that to play the part of the father, aging about 25 years in the course of one act in "Mary Rose," is "a joy." He gives this reason: "All the people in Barrie's plays are nice people." This, of course, includes Captain Hook.

"Nice." How many meanings this word has had since it came into the language at the end of the 13th century, and how it is abused today! Foolish, stupid, wanton, extravagant, trim, strange, lazy, effeminate, luxurious, coy, dainty, particular, fastidious, scrupulous, not obvious, subtle, slender, unimportant, critical, delicate, attentive, able to discriminate, delicate in manipulation, finely poised, appetizing, agreeable, kind. "The abuse of 'nice,'" say the Fowlers in "The King's English," "has gone on at any rate for over a century. The curious reader may find an

interesting go upon it in the 14th chapter of 'Northanger Abbey' (1803). But even now we do not talk in books of 'a nice day,' only of 'a nice distinction.' On the other hand, the slang use makes us shy in different degrees of uniling the words in their legitimate sense: 'A nice distinction' we write almost without qualms; 'an awful storm' we think twice about; and as to 'a blooming girl,' we hardly venture it nowadays."

"Nice" and "smart" and "swagger" are used by some to define what the haberdasher calls "our best people."

Sir Phine, of amber snuff-box justly vain, And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

How many undergraduates or graduates of a year or two can define correctly in this couplet of Pope, "nice," "conduct" and "clouded"?

Was it Swift who said that nice people had nasty ideas?

As for Mr. Forbes finding it a joy to act in plays wherein only "nice people" strut and fret their hour, William and Kate, strolling comedians in Jules Laforgue's "Hamlet," object to the parts assigned to them in the Italian play before Claudius. "Our custom," declares William, is to incarnate only sympathetic roles; that is our preference."

New York Company Plays "Tovye der Milchiger" Before Large Audience

Boston Opera House.—"Tovye der Milchiger," or "Tobias the Dairyman," a three-act realistic drama by Sholom Aleichem. First production in Boston. The cast:

Tovye.....Maurice Schwartz
Golda.....Mme. Nadolsky
Eva.....Bertha Gerston
Zeitl.....Mme. Brodofsky
Galgan.....Mr. Skurnik
Petrushka.....Mr. Skurnik
Fedya.....Al Tanenholz
A Priest.....Mr. Samueloff
Elder.....Mark Shweld

Last night Maurice Schwartz and his all star cast from the Irving Place Theatre, New York, presented "Tovye der Milchiger," or Tobias the Dairyman," the first of a series of Yiddish plays to be given in this house, before a very large audience.

The piece is a dramatization of a novel with the same title by Sholom Aleichem, known as the Yiddish Mark Twain. In the stage adaptation certain superfluous parts had to be eliminated. Sholom Aleichem was a genuine humorist, a prolific writer, also a realist, painting his characters with scientific exactitude, supplying the Russian village gentry with everyday garb, speech, mannerisms, traits, habits, passions and feelings. All these centre round Tovye, a typical Yeshuvnik, a village Jew with long unkempt beard and earlocks, devout, religious to the core. Not so with Galgan, the village elder. Urged on by the village priest, whose saintly and fatherly phraseology seems to work well on the unsophisticated minds of the peasantry, Galgan is ever ready through intermarriage to save a strayed soul. This is the vital problem of the play, since it involves two civilizations, the Slavic and Hebraic. In this instance neither triumphs, and unfortunately the author has offered no definite solution.

Eva, the lovable daughter of Tovye, is of the neo-modernist type of the Tolstoy-Gorki-Artzibasheff school, but she is a Jewess. Galgan, the illiterate village elder, boasts of a son, Fedya, whom he sent to the big city to study. They live in the same village, but Tovye dwells there only by proxy, since he is Jewish and must possess certain domicile rights. No sooner do the birds commence twittering in vacation than Eva and Fedya are discovered discussing romanticism, culminating finally in Eva's abandonment of faith and parents. But she soon learns that Fedya's love is fading away, and this, with an imperial decree ordering her father and family to abandon their abode, fills her with remorse. She returns to her parents, deserting her husband, and joins them in their journey through the ghetto.

Maurice Schwartz, as Tovye, adroitly portrayed a character that requires more than mere skilful handling of a part. Tovye was his prototype and he Tovye's mouthpiece. He was countrified and at the same time kind and generous. Like the Vicar of Wakefield, he bore the brunt of misfortune stoically.

Bertha Gerston gave an excellent version of Eva, his daughter. She is talented and American born. The role of Fedya was ably taken by Al Tanenholz, with the exception of the intense, amorous scene in the middle of the first act, where he lacked that passionate flow of romantic blood which oozes so freely in the veins of a Slavic youth. The rest of the company played well. The stage atmosphere was excellent. There was a veritable picture of peasant life in a remote village in White Russia.

Maurice Schwartz and company will give "A Forsaken Nook" next Wednesday evening, and "The Blacksmith Daughters" on Friday evening, Saturday matinee and evening and Sunday evening, at the Boston Opera House. Both plays are by Perez Hirshbein.

"The Ouija Board" Aims to Raise Gooseflesh and Set Hair on End

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Ouija Board," a drama in three acts by Crane Wilbur. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 30, 1920.

George Dannenberg, Annixter, Stewart E. Wilson, Winifred Annixter, Regina Wallace, Ruth Hammond, Crane Wilbur, George Gaul, William Ingersoll, Edward Ellis, Howard Lang, John Wray. It was to be expected that the ouija board would be brought upon the stage. Thirteen years ago there was a comic opera, "Planchette," in England. Not having seen it, we may have mistaken the name of the heroine for the board that once amused or thrilled, relieved boredom after dinner, and gave wise counsel to David Bispham, hesitating about an operatic career. A ouija board we believe, was seen some months ago on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre and in the medley, "What's in a Name?" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, but now the ouija gives the title to a spook melodrama. Baird Leonard objected to this title, as a concession to the current spiritualistic craze. She would call the play "The Moving Picture." Surely "The Ouija Board" is a more alluring title, although it leaves one in doubt concerning the nature of the play—whether it is farcical or melodramatic. Furthermore, Mogador's house was nicknamed "The Ouija Board." Well, this "Ouija Board" is howling melodrama, with the board appearing only once, asking for a departed spirit, while automatic handwriting, not necessarily in the Spencerian school, or in the old-fashioned fine Italian hand cultivated by genteel women of the fifties, plays a far more important part.

It is the evident purpose of the dramatist to make the spectator's flesh creep. If he succeeds in raising gooseflesh and setting hair on end, he gains his end. The story is of a jailbird who has turned medium. He plans the marriage of his deserted son to a rich girl, that he may ultimately possess the money that would come from her father. This father visits the medium, wishing to hear from his dead wife, who had run away but had returned to be forgiven. The visitor does not know that the medium is the man who seduced her. The spirit of the wife tells through the croak the story of her seduction. The visitor thereupon kills him. Thon the hand of the murdered man writes another communication. Let us add that the daughter, who is betrothed to her adopted brother, a dope-fiend, loves Norman Kemp. In the third act a photograph playing to the murderer the favorite song, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charmers," once sung by the wife, fires a pistol and kills him as he is seated in his chair. The dope-fiend had made many curious experiments with electricity.

Mogador's house—did he take his name from the audacious dancer Celeste Mogador, who married a French nobleman and wrote her memoirs, a wretched actress, a brazen hussy?—Mogador's house, we say, was fitted up with all sorts of fear-compelling devices: ghostly lights, a sinister clock that always struck the same hour and was mysteriously illuminated, doors that opened and shut without a human hand. This stage trickery is calculated to set the spectator a-shivering. Unfortunately there is a comic ex-convict with a wealth of slang, an old pal of Mogador's, and he turns the room and the scenes into a jest. Perhaps he was needed to put the medium's previous history before the audience and to clear up the mysteries in the final act. The audience with his entrance and his first speech was in farcical mood. It giggled and snickered and haw-hawed throughout the act, even when Mogador, knifed, was squirming in death agony. It was a pity. We like melodrama piping hot; the more absurd, the better. This comic ex-convict spoiled it all. There was no illusion; there was no thrill. We were ready to accept the ouija-board, to believe reverentially in the automatic writing; but there was the comic ex-convict. We regretted that Mogador explained his bag of tricks before the entrance of the duped husband. Perhaps the audience was right; this play of "the seen and the unseen" may, after all, be a farce. Yet there was the murdered Mogador with his eyes rolling horribly; there was the murdered Annixter stretched out behind the sofa, while his interesting family and the detective were paying no attention to him.

The drama was played in the most serious spirit. Mr. Lang gave versatility to the character of Mogador and was effective without undue emphasis of speech and gesture; an excellent performance. Mr. Gaul made a good deal out of an essentially neutral

part. Messrs. Ingersoll and Ellis were good in roles of widely differing character. Miss Wallace was an attractive Winifred, a puppet-part, and Miss Hammond was distressingly voluble as the girl that threw herself into the arms of the dramatist, the mildest mannered detective known to the stage. Mr. Wilson portrayed the unpleasant victim of dope with considerable skill.

What constitutes a feast? Not haunch of venison, of flavor true, Fat, juicy, nicely dressed; Nor turtle calipash of verdant hue; Nor soup, in whose rich folds, French cooks a thousand relishes infuse. Not fricasees well stewed, Nor France's greater boast, high-fumed ragouts; Not a sirloin of beef, Crowning a dish in which rich gravy lies; Nor turbot, ocean chief, Which ruddy lobster-sauce accompanies. No—a good appetite, And good digestion, turn into a feast Whate'er front tooth can bite, And grinders mandate, and palate taste. Be it homely bread and cheese, Of which the ravenous carl tucks in some pounds.

Aristide, the Just

The camel Aristide, once owned by the French Zoological Society, has been sold to a butcher, who will sell the meat to Parisians. The Bedouins are fond of roasted camel-coat, but the cost is too great unless some accident happens to the animal. Sir Richard F. Burton says the young meat is excellent, but old camel is much like bull-beef. Europeans, he adds, do not relish the young meat because, like strange fish, it has no recognized flavor. The Bedouins believe that any one who lives on camel's milk and eats the meat for 41 consecutive days will acquire the animal's strength. The milk for a few days is a powerful cathartic. "It has perhaps less body" than any other milk, and is deliciously sweet shortly after foaling; presently it loses flavor, and nothing can be more nauseous than the produce of an old camel. Furthermore in these high and mighty days, a general housework girl—a fast vanishing species—would refuse to do the milking.

Fashions in Hair

As the World Wags: How is Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and how is the colossal immortal work progressing? If he doesn't get a wiggle on the Oxford dictionary will be finished first. If you happen to see him, will you kindly ask him how, as a sociologist, he accounts for the fact that so many apparently sane young men have taken to wearing their mustaches like Charlie Chaplin—two little, isolated dabs of hair directly under the nostrils. It is all very well for that amiable mountebank to do it so that he can be easily recognized in a crowd in a movie picture. Business is business, and what must be, must; but why should any sane man disfigure himself in this way if he doesn't have to? It is as bad as the Japanese doll haircut which began a year or two before the war. I mean the cut which leaves the hair long on top and close cropped over the ears and round the back of the head. It is the regular thing with a Japanese baby, and there is also a tribe of Mongols who follow the same fashion; but what have Mongols and Japanese babies to do with fashions in Billerica and Haverhill?

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

Boston. And why does lovely woman wear her hair in ugly blobs over her ears? It is whispered that in some cases this hair is re-enforced by purchased stuffing. As certain fashions for woman owed their origin to a physical infirmity or disfigurement of a queen, princess or other noble dame, so some woman with wing-wing ears may have plastered them with hair. Pretty ears should be shown, for the delight of the male. They need no ornamentation, not even ear-rings.—Ed.

From San Juan

As the world wags: I am glad to learn that "W. L. P." is a thirst for gossip from San Juan, as everybody must be who feels calling from Porto Rico the lure of the tropics. The Porto Ricans do not sing that song about "poor mi madre querida" now, but a friend sang me the melody and promised to get me the words; it ends on the sixth; nearly all the native ballads are in the minor. It tells about thinking tenderly back about the dear old mother who had been so devoted to her son, and the son wishing he had been more thoughtful, more considerate of her; something like "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Popular songs pass quickly here, as elsewhere? Eusequio Pujado wrote a stirring "Cancion del Soldado" (Song of the Soldier) for the war, a strikingly original melody. Everybody sang it. Although copyrighted, it was cribbed, so it is sold, for a graphophone record and the composer has sued for \$25,000 damages. It cannot easily be forgotten, yet it is out of print and not a copy can be obtained; but I hear it is to be included in a book of Spanish-American songs soon to be published by a Boston

The people here are almost fonder, as I understand they are in Europe, of American rag-time than they are of their own "danzas" and since all the upper grade school children know English they sing the original words with much zest. It helps towards Americanizing Porto Rico and making the people bilingual. At a Sunday night retreat in the Plaza San Francisco lately they went wild over an Al Jolson fox-trot and gave it a three-fold encore. But the retreats of the Plaza Baldorioty are not what they used to be when nobody but the "gente de razon," the quality, the "gentry by right" took part in the promenade. "W. L. P." will be interested to know that I am bringing home a guichara. If he will send me his address I will arrange to show it to him and tell him more news from San Juan. Wouldn't the guichara (rasposa) they call it in Cuba) be a great thing for a jazz band? The guichara and the bomba make a telling combination. I shall be home when "W. L. P." reads SYLVESTER BAXTER, San Juan, Porto Rico.

Miss Ashford's Predecessor

England has its child novelist, America its little girl poet. Does any one recall a story attributed by Dickens to a little girl? He named her Nettie Ashford. "She" wrote "Holiday Romance," which was published in Our Young Folks in Boston, and in London in All the Year Round (1863). Nettie told of a "Most delightful country where 'grown-up' people were obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays." A London reviewer, calling attention to Nettie Ashford and Daisy Ashford, says: "The coincidence is near enough to make it probable that some centuries hence there will spring up a controversy splitting the literary world into two camps, one holding that Dickens wrote 'The Young Visitors' and the other that Daisy Ashford wrote 'Pickwick.'"

But Dickens, great humorist as he was, could not have invented Dr. Salteena.

Looking Ahead

As the World Wags: Both January and April of 1920 began on Thursday, thus making those months duplicates except that January has 31 days, April only 30. This came about by February having 29 days. February this year had five Sundays, which, the student at our table says, will not occur again for a great many moons, and probably will never occur again to the English speaking people, as the new simplified calendar will have 13 months of four weeks each, dropping or not counting one day at New Year's, except at the beginning of the next century. Be sure to remember this in the year 2000. What a boon this change will be to book-keepers, bank clerks and insurance clerks, who reckon interest and equation of payments. It will also wipe out some of our many holidays. DOWES HILL. PHILLIPS EXETER.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Clothes and the Woman," a comedy by George Paston (Miss E. M. Symonds), revived by the Jewett Players. The cast:

Robina Fleming, Jessamine Newcombe, Mrs. Pershore, Viola Roach, Dr. Lomax, E. E. Clive, Jim Bradley, Cameron Matthews, Claude Goring, Nicholas Joy, Elled Warrender, May Edess, Mrs. Desmond, Emma Roston, Col. Brereton, H. Conway Wingfield, Freddie Henslowe, Leonard Cranke, Knox, Shirland Hendbury, Mrs. Henslowe, Ada Wingard, Muriel Tatham, Blanche Lefroy. This brilliant, sparkling comedy, or satire, was a success when produced at the Imperial Theatre in London in 1907, and was so well appreciated when the Jewett Players opened the present season with it for a three weeks' run at the Copley that all the seats at that theatre were occupied when the curtain rose on its revival last night.

The play satirizes in revealing fashion the influence of clothes on man's estimate of woman and her attractiveness. Plain Robina Fleming, a journalist who has achieved success but neglects her personal appearance, has never won admiration from a man. Determined to have "her hour," she spends £200 on dress and accessories and becomes so much of a social success at Pangbourne that she has two proposals and arouses the enmity of other women. With unscrupulous delight she revels in her triumphs for three weeks, but weakens when Dr. Lomax, an old "pal," tells her she is playing a crooked game. So she receives the two who have proposed marriage in her old quarters in Bloomsbury, wearing her old, dowdy working clothes, and both are quickly disillusioned. But out of regard to the doctor she changes to more becoming clothes and decides to be the "nice woman" he wants her to be—and she and the doctor are happy.

Jessamine Newcombe had the part of Robina and played it in her usual charming and effective manner; admirable both as the real and the masquerading Robina. Mrs. Pershore was stately and dignified as a boarding-house keeper should be, with a realistic accent and an entirely proper misuse of her "h's." Ethel Warrender, a rather silly girl in love, is aroused to furious jealousy by the wiles of Robina, but is made happy at the end.

E. E. Clive as Dr. Lomax was brutal

Jill, of course,

in telling the cold truth, but effective in his brutality, while H. Conway Wingfield as Col. Brereton, if not too ardent as a lover, was a good loser.

The play is full of clever lines and the players adequate to their interpretation.

MISS FRIGANZA BACK AT KEITH'S

Trixie Friganza, comedienne and featured player of musical comedy, is the headline attraction at Keith's this week.

Miss Friganza's act is entitled "The Surprise Party." She appears in extravagant and exaggerated costume, tells several funny stories in her inimitable style and sings a group of songs with the funny asides in which she is an undisputed mistress.

One of the best features of the bill was the act of Charles and Henry Rigoletto, assisted by the Swanson Sisters, in their unique sketch, "Around the World." This is a remarkable exposition of a many-sided talent, in which the brothers appear as magicians, jugglers, comedians, posers, acrobats and street musicians. All these different features were essayed with uncommon versatility. The Swanson Sisters heightened the act with their excellent singing and dancing; nor were they the less interesting in their high spirits, aided by physical charm.

Other acts are Maud Muller and company in a singing and instrumental sketch, in which Miss Muller displays a voice of sweetness and a convincing style of comedy; McCallen and Carson, introducing a comedian with a plausible style, who gave added pleasure in a roller skating performance; Charles McGood and company, equilibrists; Frank J. Conroy, assisted by Irving O'Day, in a good old farce, in which Mr. Conroy played in blackface in a manner that reminded one of the days of bygone minstrelsy; Tracey and McBride, in an entertaining sketch of dancing and burlesque; Donald E. Roberts, vocalist, and Laura and Billy Dreyer, in a dancing act.

A man in a jumper which was spotted with oil stains, one of those rude, stern men that do the world's rough work (the description is from a paper covered novel we read years ago when our literary taste was fresh, catholic, unsophisticated) entered the shop of a leading haberdasher in this city. He wished to look at shirts. Those first shown did not please him. He finally bought half a dozen silk shirts at \$16 apiece. The clerk, by no means surprised, for the newly rich as well as the workman with swollen wages have accustomed him to extravagant demands, chirped: "Anything else, sir? Collars, perhaps?" "Naw," said the customer; "I don't wear collars," and opening his jumper, he displayed a silk shirt.

Perhaps this workman is a member of the Anti-Collar League, founded by Mr. Leighton Frooks, the president of the society. Mr. Frooks asserts that collars stop the free flow of blood to the brain. "No author ever wrote anything worth reading when wearing a collar. President Wilson always removes his collar when penning his messages. And Edison has to take off his collar before he can invent anything." Did not Norfolk say to Buckingham "Let your reason with your choler question"? Even reputable novelists have been accused of receiving money from Troy, N. Y., by inventing titles, as "The Broad Arrow," "The Golden Arrow."

"Jumper" and "Jump"

Why is a certain article of clothing called a jumper? Dr. Kane, writing of the Eskimos in 1833, describing "a close jacket, slipping on like a shirt and hooded like the cowl of a Franciscan monk," called it a jumper. He put the word as a quotation. It must have been already in colloquial use. The jacket itself was at first of coarse canvas or wool. Sailors donned it for dirty work. Clark Russell includes the word in his "Sailor's Language"; but the thing and the word have long been known to miners in New Zealand; "The jumper-clad diggers so rowdy and free," and in English workhouses "Jumper" was synonymous with "straight waistcoat."

The word did not come from the body of Welsh Methodists known as Jumper. "Jumper" has other meanings, an English ten-penny piece; a thief who enters houses by the windows, one who "jumps" appropriates a claim; any jump, especially a flea; a frog;

K	Gustav Schief
K	Helena Bernhart
K	Bertha Gerstlin
K	M. Plöckner
K	Maurice Schwarz
K	Nada Iskl
K	A. Tanehoiz
K	Hild. Schwarz
K	Miss Barndofsky
K	Louis Dubinsky

Here's where trouble begins. Threats are hurled, finally culminating in the expulsion of Chatzkel, the city fellow and the marriage of Noah and Tzlrel with a new mill thrown in as dowry for the newly weds.)

Tzirol was portrayed by Bertha Gerston, who overdid her part a little and at times was not the spry, youthful country girl. Alex Tanenholz ably took the part of Noah, and Mme. Nadalski skilfully played the role of Kreisel's mother. Others who played well were Louis Dubinsky, Miss Baradofsky, M. Fishkend, Hilda Schwartz and Helen Bernardi.

Nov 29 1920

Openings —

Barbara Arden.....	Aileen Poe
Madge Merrill.....	Lulu McConnell
Lillian Lawrence.....	Alma Adams
Annie Farrell.....	Florence Webber
William Pembroke.....	Victor Morley
Dr. Russell Stevens.....	Roy Atwell
Dorothy Arden.....	Eleanor Griffith
Jane DePuyster.....	Eugenia Blair
Irene Wentworth.....	Rebekah Caudle
Helen Bond.....	Elise Bonnett
The Dancers, Ethel Rose and Leo Pirnikoff	

The best part of the comedy is the scene in which the chorus girls acquaint the audience with their opinion on life and the conduct of life as they are first revealed in the Pembroke Arden apartment. Their talk is realistically frank, funny, illuminative

Miss Po played the part of Barbara agreeably. Her three chorus companions were sufficiently malicious and insinuating. Miss McConnell threw reserve to the winds, and played in broad vaudeville and burlesque spirit. Her song "Mary, Queen of Scots," excited loud laughter. Among the most noteworthy musical pages were "The Midnight Supper" and "Will You Forgive Me?". The costumes were fresh and pretty. The changes from the apartment to the theatre will no doubt be made more smoothly in future. Even last night these changes gave pleasing variety. As the musical comedy now stands if it were not for Madge, Lillian and Annie, it might be described as a tam show with possibilities for the future provided the dialogue of the four leading characters be enlivened and shortened. The large audience last night was well disposed.

Domestic Economy

It is my idea that Mr. Halliday; Witherpoon be urged to abandon his present nefarious pursuits and devote his genius to some such work as "The Palatable Person; or, a Thousand Per-
tinent Receipts." There is a crying need, or there will soon be a crying need, for just such a book, and I have no doubt but that it would have a very large sale. A. GOOL.

Woman pudding with baby sauce,
And little boy pie for second course.
He swallowed them all without remorse,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

'Alimentis tibus ut
Produxere animos.' "

1900

Susan's Case

At West Point

It is to be hoped that when the talk of reform comes, there may be a place reserved for more flexibility of body and a present-day uniform.

Melrose. EDDIE DAGGY.

"The Blacksmith's Daughters" as Acted
by the Schwartz Company — A Second

"The Blacksmith's Daughters" is, like

The concerts in the Museum of Fine Arts were most successful. Thus was a saying of Novalis fulfilled: "A plastic work of art should never be seen without music, a musical composition should not be heard elsewhere than in a well decorated hall."

Mr. "J. H. S." complained recently, and in verse, of the condition of Pinckney street. A sympathizing soul thus addresses him:

If the soul of J. H. S.
Is vexed and in some distress—
At Pinkey street's awful mess,
Let him in humility slide
To where the great men all abide,
Majestic City Hall,
And there let his tale unfold
In humble supplication, not bold,
To Spen, McGough, Rafferty, or Feeney,
Gorman, Ryan, O'Grady, or Sweeney,
Flaherty, Healey, Kelly, or Meaney,
Doyle, McArthur, Reilly, or Keaney,
May be they'll listen, may be they won't,
Perhaps they'll do something, but I bet they
don't,
Newlon, G. S.

The housewife seeing signs "Strictly Fresh," "Fresh Laid," "Hennery Eggs," etc., hesitating, purchasing, often disappointed, should procure the discourse of Jonathan Goddard: "A Discourse upon Eggs, Containing 10 Signs Wherby to Distinguish New Eggs from Those Which Are Stale." The Royal Society listened attentively to this paper read by Dr. Goddard (1617-1671), long known by the "Goddard Drops. He was physician, chemist, botanist. His quarto, "The Fruit Trees' Secrets" might now be profitable reading. It is said that he was the first Englishman to make a telescope. However this may be, the goddard, a drinking cup, was not named after him. (The word came from France in the 15th century.)

We would not take his drops, but we like to remember him as "master of a most curious library of books, well and richly bound."

Speaking of eggs. The English Board of Agriculture, early in the great war, declared that, while eggs should "present an attractive external appearance, their actual food value can only be determined by an examination of their contents," a solemn dictum, worthy of the immortal Jack Bumble.

Housewives fearing lest they cannot obtain sufficient sugar for jam making are here reminded that their English masters are advised to use carrots. Here is a recipe for blackberry jam: "For one pound of ripe blackberries add half a pound of sugar, or slightly more, and boil a pound of carrots, the last having been well boiled and pulped before being mixed with the fruit. Still there is the sugar. Only a pound of blackberries. Why not leave them out and all to make carrot jam? The opinion of the ladies is not accepted now: "This vegetable is rich, but tolerably nutritious, and moderately good for the stomach, but it causes flatulence; it is indigestible, durietic, and without some influence is prompting men to 'morbid feelings.' But he spoke of the wild carrot, not the domesticated, housebroken variety.

"A Forsaken Nook" of three nights ago, a genuine idyll. What permanent feuds may develop in a milieu such as this, where the inhabitants take with pious seriousness the injunction that enemies must make up before the annual Day of Atonement? What wild romances of the heart may blaze up amongst youths who ask fathers for their maidens' hands with all the deference that they themselves, when they shall in turn become fathers, will expect to receive from the children of the next generation? The average maiden in these forsaken nooks goes whither her father sends her; father and daughter alike harden to the advantageous matches which the travelling book-vendor carries around together with the sacred books he sells; and the vendor, who hawks hearts as well as tomes, finding every maiden beautiful and every wight sturdy and able, is himself a sort of symbol as to how marriage is looked upon. Not that there is no love amongst these youths; not that marriages of convenience arranged in haste do not in a surprising number of instances lead to long years of happy married life, not that there is an undue admixture of mercenary motives. But these simple folk have acquired no coat of sophistication; they speak their true mind as often as not; the girl is hardly ashamed of wooing her chosen youth, and she will fight openly for her right to him; the obdurate father will listen to reason, and if he has two daughters, provided the elder is married off first to a person of worth, the important thing is, to marry the second off and free himself of a double burden—the duty to marry off his child and the ease that come with knowing that he need no longer support her.

So, in the play of last evening, we meet the two daughters of Nakhmen Beer, the blacksmith. Leah Dobbe and Zelda are twins; since, in the orthodox Jewish household the matter of precedence among daughters is of no small importance, these two maidens are often at odds as to which is really the elder. To be sure Zelda, if strict chronological order is to be observed, was born first; but then, hasn't Leah grown up to be a big, strong lass, and does not her very appearance proclaim her virtual seniority? Zelda, self-willed and high-spirited as she is, resents such a usurpation of her rights; nor is the resentment based upon merely abstract principles; there is a very concrete reason in the person of her father's hired blacksmith, Nisson Alter. Nisson is an active, industrious fellow, who has brought a great deal of trade to his employer, and when the latter praises him with generous words, he plucks up the courage to ask for Zelda's hand. But just at this point a travelling blacksmith comes along asking for work. As Nisson has only a moment before been complaining that the establishment needs more hands, and as the applicant looks like a worthy chap, he is engaged. He will live with the rest of the household and make the place his second home.

The coming of the new workman, Borukh Mayshé, brings new dissension into the sisters' lives. The mischievous self-willed Zelda, who at first "stole" Nisson away from Leah, now has taken a fancy to the new man. Still, she and Leah are sisters, beneath their rivalry is the blood relationship, and Zelda, for some purpose of her own, and to show that she is not trying to steal Borukh away from Leah, will even let her sister have some of the love-powders that she has got from an old woman skilled in such matters. These Leah takes, and determines to put in Borukh's soup that night; carefully she does so, and is about to serve it to the young blacksmith when Zelda manages to strike her sister's arm, and the precious bowl of love-laden soup goes crashing to the floor.

Zelda is induced by her sister to stay over at a relative's until the holidays, when the family will journey over by wagon and take her back. In the meantime—and perhaps without Leah's wishes—Nisson seems to have turned his affections from one sister to the other. He is happy with the one dear clearer while the other is away, and now approaches the father to ask for Leah's hand. The parent is willing; after all, a marriage is a marriage, be it Zelda or Leah. But once again Nisson's proposal is upset, this time by Zelda's unexpected

arrival from her relative on the wagon of an itinerant book-vendor. Homesickness—and a bit of lovesickness, too—has brought her back thus early, bringing upon the scene the picturesque vendor himself.

The hawker of hearts and books for a moment sees good prospects of earning an honest ruble by matching off the youths upon which he comes. Zelda, however, is of the type that matches off herself; perhaps her short absence has taught her that Nisson is the man she really wants. At any rate, like the perverse imp she is, no sooner does she get an inkling that Nisson desires Leah, than she desires Nisson with all the energy of her wilfulness. Borukh has a word to say in this, too. What does Nisson mean by trying to take away Leah from him? If the match is a settled one, very well; he will leave. Fortunately here is the itinerant vendor, who will take him off to some other spot where he can hire out his services anew. But where are his tools? Who has hidden

them? (Zelda could answer if she chose. Once she wished him to stay because she thought she would like to have him for her own; now let him stay so as to remove Leah from between her and Nisson). Surely enough Borukh has his way with Leah, and Nisson, who was fond of Zelda in the first place, is fond of her in the last, too.

Here, as in "A Forsaken Nook," there is a wise grandfather, whose favorite Hebrew chant about praising God at dawn for the light of the stars is redolent of that deep appreciation of youth which rises from so many of Hirshbein's dramas. Like the play of Wednesday night, so this one is simple, idyllic, pictorial, though by no means static, and in more than one point well sustaining comparison with the plays from the Irish company that made Lady Gregory's name well-known in this country. And, if there must be comparisons, the folk-plays of Hirshbein are to be found much nearer in spirit to the comedies of Lady Gregory, let us say, than to the sterner realities of a Sygne. But let us not hasten to compare. It is in such pieces as these, free of the sometimes baffling symbolism of such of his dramas as "The Earth" and "The Abandoned Inn," that Hirshbein is refreshingly himself. Here he is not only the playwright, but the poet as well—a writer of a charm that is something more than the echo of words and the melody of phrases; above all these quarrels of lovers, these domestic altercations, these tea-pot tempers that loom so large in the pastoral regions where his muse has her favorite spot, rises an aroma of enchanting powers—a volatile essence, indeed, but as rare upon our stage as any other of the more delicate qualities of art.

The acting of this rural Comedy of Errors and cross purposes was during the first half of the performance not up to the high standard set in the previous plays. The second half, however, brought full compensation. Messrs. Schwartz and Tenenholz, as the rival blacksmiths who turned out not to be rivals, and Mmes. Gerston and Gherman as the rustic sisters, were well contrasted pairs, and all four parts were played with a fine feeling for the peculiar psychology of Hirshbein's villagers.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Man 30 220

In his preface to "Three Lancashire Plays," published by Samuel French of New York and London, Mr. Harold Brighouse has something to say about the publication of plays. He reminds us that in an earlier age plays were a popular if not the only form of light reading. Even in the 18th century a play was thought by many to be easier reading than a novel by Fielding, Richardson or Smollett; possibly because the play was comparatively short.

Mr. Brighouse might have gone more into detail on this subject. He might have told us of Elkanah Settle's "Empress of Morocco," "the first play that ever was sold in England for two shillings and the first that ever was printed with cuts," according to John Dennis. Dr. Johnson wrote that Settle, "in the confidence of success had published his play with sculptures and a preface of defiance," but even Dr. Johnson nodded at times, there was no preface; the defiance was in the dedication. The play disturbed Dryden in 1673. Three-quarters of a century later Dodsley was selling certain plays for 18 pence apiece.

In the second-hand book shops one may pick up a volume of plays of the 18th century by different authors in one volume, plays that are often broad, often dull, often broad and dull.

Not many years ago publishers in this country looked sourly on plays; that is to say, publishers not solely in business for the theatre. Today plays of all sorts are published by the dozen and by the most solid and respectable houses; nor are the names of the dramatists always household words. Translations of dramas, comedies, by Russians, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Italians, Argentines appear. Even symbolical plays come out to perplex the careless buyer.

Mr. George Middleton, known as a successful dramatist, also as the author of a half-dozen volumes of short plays, recently freed his mind about the published play. After saying that in this country drama is controlled by the ground rent of the theatre, he pooh-poohs the manager's superstition that publication kills all chance of production. Bernard Shaw's early plays came to this country as books; Mansfield found there "Arms and the Man"; Winchell Smith and Arnold Daly produced "Candida." Mr. Middleton mentions "Damaged Goods"; "John Ferguson," "June Ulegg," on the book shelves before they were played. "Nearly all foreign plays are obtainable in print because they are produced here. Abroad every dramatist publishes, generally simultaneously with production, because he is taken seriously as a literary figure.

Here the general public doesn't know who writes a play. There's hardly a single author who draws more than an opening on his name." But there is a large public more interested in drama than in the theatre, the people in sections of the country where there are few productions; people in small towns who eagerly read the works of contemporary dramatists. "The names and works of all foreign dramatists, for example, who are seldom produced here, are better known than those of us who have had successful plays on Broadway. There is certainly a larger public reading Ibsen than seeing him; and, incidentally, Ibsen often insisted on his plays being published before they were produced. And, after all, if there be such a thing for an author as posterity, how else is he going to reach it except through the printed page? We get few chances to study all of Moliere and Shakespeare except through the printed page. The literary and human values of a play keep it alive after its active acting life has passed."

Mr. Brighouse, granting that plays are written to be acted, and reach completeness only through "the collaboration of author with producer, scene painter, actors, and, finally and essentially, audience," comparing the author's script and the completed play to an architect's plan and the completed building, believes that a script read with sympathetic imagination may be "a key to fairyland, and from an armchair one sees more marvels than ever stagecraft could present. There are abominable limitations on the stage; producers are tedious pedants; but the reader mentally producing a play from the book in his hand looks through a magic easement at what he gloriously will instead of through a proscenium arch at the handiwork of a merely human producer." Yet the manuscript of a spectacular play is a libretto to some specific scenery or stage effect, and the reader may thus be puzzled; nor does a play of action necessarily make good reading, for the first concern of the dramatist may be situation and rapid physical movement. "It is those plays which exhibit in high degree the use of action in the form of dialogue that are the more comfortable reading; and, always postulating that a play is a play—not necessarily a playwright's play, the admiration of his brother craftsmen, but a thing practicable,actable and effective on the stage—the more physical action is subordinated to character, to the exploration of the springs of human motive, the better it is for reading purposes and the better for all purposes."

A proof of this last statement was given here a few days ago. Benavente's "Governor's Wife," was most agreeable reading. It answered Mr. Brighouse's description. To the confusion of those who, reading, saw only a talky-talky comedy, when it was played even by amateurs at the Copley Theatre, it engrossed attention during the performance, led to reflection, and left a remembrance of men and women that had life and were actuated by motives as though they were at home in the Back Bay and at the State House.

Mr. Brighouse thinks that those who delight in the modern psychological novel should find pleasure in the reading of modern plays for this reason: "The dramatists, though they haven't in a play the same opportunities for analysis as the novelists find in their more spacious pages, are essentially 'out for' the same thing."

He then has much to say about the "Repertory" type of play, a name, perhaps, given in derision, for the Repertory play was thought to be synonymous with the uncommercial play. Yet "Hindle Wakes," "The Younger Generation," "The Lost Leader" and "Abraham Lincoln," breaking out of the "Repertory palladium," were peculiarly successful. "Repertory has golden possibilities, if you don't expect too much of it. It would be fallacious to expect the same pay dust from 'Abraham Lincoln' as from 'Chu Chin Chow.' Nor would one expect Joseph Conrad to sell like Nat Gould." If the Repertory play, as a rule, is sincere, so is melodrama, the most popular type of drama and the most English. In melodrama that pretends to be something other than it is, there is obvious insincerity, but the straight, old-fashioned melodrama, as was played at the Adelphi, is most sincere. "It will not do to call the 'highbrow' plays sincere, with the implication that all other plays are insincere, any more than they can themselves be sweepingly characterized as uncommercial."

The plays of Mr. Brighouse, published in this volume, are three of seven about the people of Lancashire, his native country. He publishes them now because no Englishman wished to publish plays during the great war. The three belong to the Manchester school, though no one of them was produced by Miss Horniman's company. This school was never "conscious of itself" as the Irish school was. Irishmen had a country, a little sentiment, a national mythology. There was a deliberate endeavor to create an Irish drama. The reputation of the Lancashire drama was made in London and America, not at Manchester. Mr. Brighouse discusses at length the question whether local drama is or is not a good thing. It is not a question of dialect; dramatically correct dialect is literally incorrect. "The true dramatic dramatist is not the man who exactly imitates the speech of a dialect, but he who most skillfully adopts its rhythms and picks out its

about words. So we invented an idea which watch is false in detail and infinitely true in broad effect. Manchester school solved the difficulty in the same way. "Local drama" is as important for London (or New York) as for the localities. "London is quite as ready to be interested in good plays about people in Aberdeen or Halifax as in plays about people in New York, but the New York author lives in a city where plays are produced and the Aberdeen author does not. The stimulation of local drama is possible only where a local producing theatre exists; the education of a dramatist is unfinished until he has heard his lines spoken and watched his puppets move." Intelligent producers, weary of standardized drama, should be endowed in provincial repertory theatres. "The theatre is either a business or a gamble."

The plays in this volume are "The Game," "The Northerners" and "Zack." Mr. Brighouse is known in Boston chiefly by "Hobson's Choice" and "Garside's Career," though his "Price of Coal" has been performed here and possibly another of his one-act plays. "The Game" is a comedy in which a football hero is sold to a rival club because the director is hard up. This director, before the match, begs the hero, who is in love with his daughter, to play poorly, hinting at his consent to the marriage. The hero indignantly refuses and breaks an arm in the game. The director believes this accident was not an accident, whereupon the hero goes back and by remarkable playing wins for his side. The daughter, a singularly emancipated young woman, visits the hero's mother. She then learns that the mother comes first; that she will rule the future household. The hero also begins to doubt the future. The engagement is broken. This little sketch gives only a faint idea of the portrayal of character and the truth of the amusing dialogue. It is hard to say whether the mother or the girl is the more deftly depicted. There are other characters, as the shrewd and pompously genial London solicitor visiting his brother, the director.

"The Northerners" is a tragi-drama of the 1520's. It tells of the weaver's revolt against machinery. There is Butterworth, proud of his skill at the loom in his own cottage; old Barlow, a factory owner, greedy of gain, yet not wholly heartless, while his son Guy is of iron and looks only for the pounds, indifferent as to the matter of quality. Heppenstall, another factory owner, but a man of humane and generous instincts; Martin, a young weaver, an idealist, in love with Ruth Butterworth, who loving him, weds Guy, thinking she can better conditions in the region. Unfortunately, she, described as dark and passionate, loves Guy furiously after the wedding. She forgets her purpose, almost her family, until the weavers revolt and burn Barlow's factory. Then, finding that Martin, arrested, will be executed; that Guy, freeing her father only on a repugnant condition, suspects her of infidelity, she shoots her husband. "I have killed the man I loved. Lest he become the beast I'd hate." A powerful drama with an interest not solely theatrical.

"Zack" is a character village comedy in which two brothers are contrasted: One contemptibly mean; the other a drudge, timid, coerced into a betrothal by his brother and an offended father to a vulgar woman whom he does not love, freed at last and made happy by a remarkable young woman, Virginia, a cousin with some money and great expectations, visiting the family. Virginia at last awakes self-respect in the drudge by shaving him; she shaves so well and so coquettishly—he had never known a razor—that he is prepared to ask her to be his wife. The forward minx gives him this answer: "Kiss me." The play is a pleasing study of meanness, village squabbles and gossip, undeveloped and also hardened characters. Not the least amusing portion of the play is the opening scene in which the elder brother, his wife, and the temporary maid servant prepare for the coming of Virginia.

Three New Plays, Among Them "The Skin Game," by Galsworthy

The fourth series of plays by John Galsworthy is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The volume includes "A Bit o' Love," "The Foundations" and "The Skin Game." Of these plays, the third has attracted the greatest attention, for it was produced at St. Martin's Theatre, London, a little over a month ago. As we know from Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife" and "Justice," from some of his novels and essays, he is not a partisan; he states the case of each side in the discussion, and allows the spectator, or reader, to draw his own conclusions. He calls "The Skin Game" a tragi-comedy; it has for its motto: "Who touches pitch shall be defiled." The story is of the bitter quarrel between the Hillerists, representing family pride, blue blood, and the Hornblowers, flushed and unbearable, for they are insolently rich. Hornblower, the head of the family, is a

blunderer and a bully. He is a world's out-of-the-way places. For some time he has made his lonely home, summer and winter, on Cape Cod, with Provincetown the nearest place for marketing. He has written his plays with the sea near his doorstep. The play is a tragic story of lost illusions and the demoralization of a family. Robert Mayo, the son of a New England farmer, is a delicate dreamer, eager to

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all the ocean and see strange lands far beyond his horizon. His brother Andrew, hard-headed, with both feet on the farm, is the pride of the father, but the brothers, mentally apart as they are, love one the other tenderly. Robert is about to go for a three years' cruise with his uncle, Capt. Dick Scott of the bark Sunda. But there is a young woman, Ruth, the daughter of a widow. Robert loves her or thinks he does. She prevails upon him to stay on the farm. Then Andrew, loving Ruth, yet wishing his brother to be happy, embarks with Scott, unable to see the happiness of the two. The father in his anger curses Andrew. Three years go by. The old farmer is dead. The house shows the evidences of "carelessness, of inefficiency, of an industry gone to seed." Ruth has aged; the little daughter is sickly; the mother-in-law complains. Andrew's letters, treasured by Ruth, excite Robert's scorn. "We're in Singapore now. It's a dirty hole, and hotter than hell. Two of the

crew are down with fever and we're short-handed on the work. I'll be damn glad when we sail again, although tacking back and forth in these blistering seas is a rotten job, too!" Robert sneers at such impressions of the East. The two quarrel. Ruth defiantly shouts her love for Andrew. "I always loved him. And he loves me! I know he does. He always did! And you know he did, too." At this moment Andrew's voice is heard hailing the house. Robert pushes Ruth from the door and welcomes his brother with forced cheerfulness. Andrew is bound to stay on dry land. He speaks contemptuously of the East. All he found there was a stench. The farm is in a bad way. Money must be raised. Andrew, speaking to Ruth of his first leaving home, tells her that he put all silly nonsense back of him long ago. Ruth is to him only a sister. She is hurt to the quick when she learns that Andrew had told Robert the same thing. Scott wishes Andrew

to sail again with him, to Buenos Ayres. The temptation is too strong. Five years later. The sitting room now has the appearance of decay and dissolution. "The whole atmosphere, contrasted with that of former years, is one of an habitual poverty too hopelessly resigned to be any longer ashamed or even conscious of itself." Robert is weak, emaciated, feverish. Ruth is prematurely old; she is apathetic, a slattern. Robert, still a dreamer, talks of shaking off the curse of the farm, of borrowing money from Andy and starting afresh in the city, where people live, not stagnate. He feels a thrill, a vision of a new life. Andrew comes in. He had made a fortune and lost it. The doctor tells him that Robert has only a little time to live. Robert, leaving the house in his feverish exaltation, dies happy as the sun is rising. "I'm making a start to the far-off places—free—free!—freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally." Ruth and Andrew have found him before he breathes his last. Andrew at first curses her for not lying to Robert in order to give him peace; for not saying that she never loved Andrew; that she had said she did because she was angry. "Don't, Andy, stop! I couldn't help it—and he knew how I'd suffered, too. He told you—to remember."

Andrew. "I—you—we've both made such a mess of things! We must try to help each other—and in time—we'll come to know what's right to do—(Desperately.) And perhaps we—But Ruth, if she is aware of his words, gives no sign. She remains silent, gazing at him dully with the sad humility of exhaustion, her mind already sinking back into that spent calm beyond the further troubling of any hope."

The dialogue throughout is realistic and vital. As Mr. Alexander Woolcott well says: "To an extent unfamiliar in our theatre, this play seems alive. This is not merely because truth works within it nor because of the realism of its people. It is rather because of the visible growth and change that take place as the play unfolds. The aging of the people is evidenced by more than the mere graying at the temples and the change of clothes, those easy symbols by which the theatre is wont to recognize, if at all, the flight of the years. In a hundred and one ways it is evidenced as well by the slow changing of character and the steady deterioration of the souls—a progression of the spirit. O'Neill paints his canvas with what Henley called 'the exquisite chromatics of decay.' You might almost say, then, that the play is alive because it follows the inexorable processes of death."

The wish to see this play in Boston is a vain one. The public is all for bedroom farces and musical comedies. Within a month two charming comedies were neglected. Many did not go to "John Ferguson" because, as they said, they had never seen Mr. Ferguson act and might he probably did not amount to much. Some of those who did see "John Ferguson" play snickered, finding it a little bit "Betty in the Bath."

"Beyond the Horizon"

"Beyond the Horizon," a play in three acts by Eugene O'Neill, is published by Boni & Liveright of New York. Brought out in New York early in February of this year, it was warmly praised by critics whose judgments are worthy of respect. It is, indeed, an uncommonly strong play, but its strength does not compel holding of the nose in the reading of it. A half dozen or more of little plays by Mr. O'Neill had already been published. These one-act pieces had been produced in what may be called the experimental theatres of New York. The dramatist is a son of James O'Neill, the celebrated actor. When he was very young he shipped before the mast,

to the story goes, and roughed it in the world's out-of-the-way places. For some time he has made his lonely home, summer and winter, on Cape Cod, with Provincetown the nearest place for marketing. He has written his plays with the sea near his doorstep. The play is a tragic story of lost illusions and the demoralization of a family. Robert Mayo, the son of a New England farmer, is a delicate dreamer, eager to

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uh" be announced and the theatre will be sold out before the first performance. "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone."

Izzet and "Fatinitza": the Memory of a Delightful Operetta

To the Editor of the Herald:

Did you notice among the recent dispatches, this: "The Turkish cabinet has resigned and Marshal Izzet Pasha has been asked by the Sultan to form a new cabinet?"

Izzet Pasha! Shade of Suppe! How the memories of melodious "Fatinitza" come crowding along at sight of that name! Izzet Pasha—the "reform Turk" then as now. What a capital story it was! This "Fatinitza" would have made a good comedy without a note of music; had a beginning, a middle and an end. But the music was and is delightful, and often rises beyond the plane of operetta. For "zip and go" it would be hard to find the equal of Lydia's "Sleighb Song." Sylvester Baxter did the spoken text into English and Theodore Barker took care of the lyrics—good jobs they did, both of them. Wasn't Adelaide Phillips the first impersonator (or—trix) of Fatinitza in Boston? I seem to have a memory of dear, old "Billy" Fessenden as Julian Hardy, the reporter. I forget who took the part of gruff old, love-sick Gen. Kantshukoff, but it might have been Myron Whitney. 'Twas mighty well taken, at any rate.

A parody on one of the songs in "Fatinitza," in march tempo, and which had great popularity—especially in southern Germany, Baden, Württemberg and Bavaria, I should say—ran as follows:

"Du bist verrueckt, mein Kind:
Geh' nach Berlin.
Wo die Verrueckten sind—
Da geh'erst du hin!"

There was an unconscious prophecy in that song, for, in the light of what we have been through—hindsight, if you care to call it so—Berlin was certainly "verruückt" when it started something that has toppled Germany from its once proud eminence of power and respect, compelled America to sacrifice some of its best blood on the altar of necessary self-defence and injected turmoil into the economic and political processes of the whole civilized world.

Arlington. EMIL SCHWAB.

That delightful operetta, "Fatinitza," was first performed here on June 2, 1879, at the Boston Theatre. Vladimir, Adelaide Phillips; Princess Lydia, Mary Beebe; Gen. Kantshukoff, George Frothingham; Izzet Pasha, H. C. Barnabee; Julian Hardy, Tom Karl; Russian officers, George Parks, H. A. Cripps and W. H. Fessenden. Rachel Noah, one of the charming Calif girls, and others, were in the cast. At later performances M. W. Whitney took the part of the Russian general, and Fessenden that of the reporter Hardy. During the first season at the Boston Theatre Isabelle McCullough played Vladimir when Miss Phillips was indisposed. What a dashing Vladimir Miss Phillips was! No woman in opera or operetta within our recollection acted a male role so well. No woman that we remember equalled her or even approached her as Azucena. "Fatinitza" was first performed in English in this country at the New Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on April 22, 1879, when the chief singers were Jennie Winston, Sallie Reber, W. H. Hamilton, W. A. Morgan and Vincent Hogan. The first performance in America was at the Germania Theatre, April 14, 1879.

The libretto of "Fatinitza" was based on Scribner's "La Circassienne," music by Auber, which was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, Feb. 2, 1861. "Fatinitza" was produced at Vienna, Jan. 5, 1876.

If we are not mistaken, Joseph Bradford assisted Mr. Baxter in writing the spoken text for the performance at the Boston Theatre in 1879.—Ed.

How Mme. Calve Was Once

Hissed at the Famous Scala

Mme. Calve, singing in London this month, talked with a reporter. She finds the British public the most faithful. "I do not sing opera now, for I have always held that a singer must say good-by to the theatre before the theatre says good-by to the singer. But I sing at concerts—the voice is still there. . . . I should like to open a school, but not for beginners. There are so many who have been trained to sing and have a good voice, and when they are on the stage they don't know what to do. I would like to give them the advantage of my experience to teach them the importance of a gesture, as far as it can be taught. I should like to make them

understand what is meant by 'dramatic delivery' and elocution. So many of our well-educated French girls have contracted a habit of speaking rapidly that when they come to sing they forget the difference between the grave and the acute accents.

"Once I thought of London, but I am afraid the climate would not suit me. Do you know a young singer, of good presence, intelligent—she must be intelligent above all—a mezzo-soprano, who could be taught? They are not easy to find. I could make of her a great

Chopin's and the orchestration was probably clever. But when Pavlova dances she becomes the melody; the music is her handmaiden, no more."

Arthur Somervell, the English composer—when we knew him in Berlin in the early '80's he was a delicate and charming youth expecting to die soon of heart disease—had much to say recently in London about the cinema, which in his opinion had a most degrading influence and was rapidly rivaling the public house in its evil influence. "In attracting children the cinema presented a real danger and was vulgarizing them. He wished this country would emulate some foreign places, where no child under 16 years of age was allowed to enter a cinema."

He also criticized the attitude of the public toward music, and expressed the opinion that the present generation was past praying for. It was the children they had to consider. They must get away from the old idea that a musical education simply meant playing upon the piano. That was, in his experience, the last way of making people fond of music. They wanted to encourage children in school to take to music. In one school he visited he asked a master why a certain pupil was not receiving musical instruction, and the answer was, "The boy's voice has broken." "But the ear has not broken," he replied. The children at a school at Hornsey knew the music of Beethoven so well and so appreciated it that when it was played he could only liken their faces to old ladies at a prayer meeting. Cheer up, O friend of our youth!

Of Hortense Schnelder, the first Helen in Offenbach's opera, who died early this month, the Daily Telegraph says: "With half a dozen features, boldly taken from the Parisian gamins' stock of 'mimicry's punctuation,' such as the putting of her finger to her nose and the shrugging of her hips, she did more to check the expressive importance given to the study of Homer and Virgil than Jules Valles and Louis Veuillot had done with their hitting essays. Both her play and hy-play were an amplified 'kindergarten' demonstration of Jules Valles's stentorian reply to the question of the university professor, holding up an old Greek or Roman drinking vessel. 'What could he more beautiful than this old, battered and empty amphora,' exclaimed the learned man, enthusiastically. 'A litre when it's full,' thundered Valles. She revelled in her opportunities for saying incongruous things, and for trollying equivocal ditties, in both of which accomplishments she had no rival. The spirit of incongruity was bred in her, but she was an excellent creature, full of generous impulses, a capital comrade and an inimitable boon companion."

The London Times says of Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony, which Mr. Montoux purposes to produce here next season, that its value lies in something behind perspicacity of treatment and brilliant technic, behind "program" and tunes frivolous or beautiful. "It is enormously strong. Through all the crude treatment, the slashing common chords, the counterpoint by force of arms, the ragged edges of dissonance, the rambling lay-out, the huddled orchestration, and even because of them, the whole weight is thrown on the thing that it is intended to say. The tones themselves can alone tell us what that is; but if we have to use words, they would be something like this: Life matters. It is not a plaything, however much we may enjoy a joke or a bit of sentiment. And when it matters, then its natural language is poetry. It breaks into this at any moment; its fun is very near tears."

"The worst of all-British programs is that they always attempt to be representative and always fail in two directions, by leaving somebody out and by overcrowding those that get put in."

MONDAY, MAY 31.

Wedding March.....Mendelssohn
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Waltz, "Tondino and One Night".....Strauss
Fantasia, "The Star Spangled Banner".....Wagner
Suite, "Nutcracker".....Tchaikovsky
"Extase".....Ganne
Intermezzo, Act III, "The Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
March, "Jachre".....Saint-Saens
America.....
Overture to "Zampa".....Herold
Minuet.....
Waltz, "Waves of the Danube".....Ivanovic
Coronation March.....Svendsen

TUESDAY, JUNE 1.

Harvard Night
Marche Herolique.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Mignon".....Schuman
Waltz, "Summer Ballet".....Eschman
Songs with orchestra:
Prayer of Thanksgiving.....Kretschmer
"The Answer of the Stars" (in honor of the great wall, words by M. A. DeWolfe Howe).....
Harvard Glee Club, A. T. Davidson, conductor
Finale of "Rehearsal".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Allegretto for strings from Ballet Suite, Mabel W. Daniels
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Songs a cappella:
Matona, Lovely Maiden.....Lassus
My Bonnie Lass.....Mortier
Drake's Drum.....Coleridge-Taylor
Harvard Glee Club
Selection, "My Golden Girl".....Herbert
Scherzo, Dance No. 2.....Dvorak
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
"Fair Harvard".....
"Cricket".....Strube

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2.

"Galop Chromatique".....Liszt
Argonauts from "The Gipsies".....Massenet
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
"Dance of the Hours".....
Ballet music from "The Demon".....
Ballet music from "The Sleeping Beauty".....

Tarantelle with flute solo.....Jachre
Poisonous from "Eugen Oueigin".....Tchaikovsky
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia".....Delibes
"Mener a l'Antique".....Paderewski
American Dances, Past and Present.
Danse Boheme from "Carmen".....Bret

THURSDAY, JUNE 3.

Boston Teachers' Night
Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture to "Zampa".....Herold
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Otello".....Verdi
Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Tarantelle (with flute solo).....Jachre
Reve Allergique.....Rubinstein
In the Hall of the Mountain King.....Grieg
Selection, "Pinafore".....Sullivan
Menuet a l'Antique.....Paderewski
"Indian Summer".....Herbert
Pomp and Circumstance (with organ).....Elgar

FRIDAY, JUNE 4.

Commercial Travelers' Night
March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
Overture to "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Girls of Baden".....Komzak
Fantasia, "Faust" (with organ).....Gounod
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
Largo (with organ).....Handel
Introduction Act III, "The Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Ferrari
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Selection, "Sometime".....Primi
American Idyl, "Indian Summer".....Herbert
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss

SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

Cortege de Bacchus.....Delibes
Overture to "Ravmond".....Thomas
Waltz, "Morning Journals".....Strauss
Fantasia, "L'Oracolo".....Leon
Finlandia.....Sibelius
Violin solo (Jacques Hoffman)
Quartet from "Tosca".....Verdi
Finale, Fourth Symphony.....Tschakovsky
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Reverie.....Redway-Rissland
Patrie Acte Valse.....Helmberger
American Patrol.....Meacham

Concerning Ears

As the World Wags:
Your diatribe on the modern concealment of feminine ears is as well-founded as it is topical, but it shows a regrettable lack of information on a most compelling subject. In the '80's and '90's you would have been quite justified in maintaining that "ears should be shown for the delight of the male." Recall but those of Della Fox and memory proves your words. And those of Ullie Akerstrom—who of us remember now that dainty poet, playwright, comedienne, danseuse?

But the point is—and I am astounded that one of your perspicacity has not observed it—that the modern feminine ear is not at all the ear that you and I and all of us did know. Follow my confessed example, peep behind a blob or two of hair, and the sad, important fact will be revealed. The lamentable metamorphosis is hardly transcribable to paper.

I beg you question Mr. Herkimer Johnson at once upon the matter. Surely his great work will not be without a paragraph on this historical calamity. Brookline. E. P. G.

We have been more fortunate, perhaps, although in street cars or on the sidewalk, we have refrained from lifting the blob with a suave "By your leave, fair lady." The uncovered ears that we see are generally well-shaped and often beautiful, delicate shells. The ancients had little to say about women's ears. There is a rather minute description of the prince's daughter in the Song of Solomon: Interesting references to her feet, neck, eyes, nose and other portions of her body, but there is not a word about her ears. Giovanni Nevizano tells us that Helen of Troy, who possessed the 30 attributes of perfect beauty, had short ears, teeth and feet. Robert Herrick eulogized rapturously in verse attractive hood features of his Julia, but there are no lines in praise of her ears. Francois de la Mothe le Vayer in his essay on fangs, has much to say about men's ears pierced and natural—the Naires, for example, could run an arm through the hole in their ears—but as regards women, he contents himself with remarking: "I say nothing about women's earrings because at all times and in all places they have made them one of their chief vanities," and he quotes Seneca complaining because women carried two or three palm monies at the end of each ear. No, "E. P. G." we think nobly of the female ear and mourn the capping by the blob, although, in some cases, it may hide disfigurement.—Ed.

Adam and Minerva

We do not like to disturb Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for he is at present interested in two matters of art. It is said in Budapest that the director of the museum has removed the beard of Adam in Jordaens's picture; that Adam did not sport a beard in the original; that this hirsute adornment was painted on during the last century. Did Adam shave? Did he fashion himself a razor? Painters have taken many liberties with Adam. In the gallery of the Jesuit convent at Lishon there is, or there was, a picture of him in the Garden, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, while Eve shines in a striped petticoat. Sir Thomas Browne acquired curiously into a bodily peculiarity of Adam, but he said nothing about a beard, mustache, Piccadilly weepers, Galway slug-sers, zymos.

Mr. Johnson is also interested in the news from Belgium. A poster made for a Mons art club showed Minerva nude. The prosecuting attorney saw her and was shocked. The poster was seized; the people laughed. Now Minerva was represented by the ancients on medals

and in statuary as carefully draped; often with a breastplate, spear and shield. She was supposed to strike one with awe and terror, not to charm. Cupid in one of Lucian's dialogues tells his mother he is afraid to approach Minerva, so grim is her visage, and there is the snake head of Medusa on her breastplate. When Charmides, the reckless youth in Oscar Wilde's poem, stood before the statue of the goddess in the temple, he noted her cuirass, crocus gown, peplos.

An Ancient Dish

The New York Evening Post, speaking of a gambling house conducted long ago by Tom Jolly, who died recently, and "Deacon" Westcott, a native of Newburyport, said that the excellent cuisine had a New England flavor, "especially noteworthy being the Boston baked beans and the Parker river smelts." Artemus Ward once said that Boston baked beans was a dish invented by one Gilson. We would not dispute this eminent authority, but pork and beans, probably baked, was an Athenian dish; also known to the Romans and sacred to the minor hut chaste goddess Cerna, the protector of the physical welfare of man. Pork and beans were eaten in her honor by Romans on June 1.

A Gifted Family

At the World Wags:
The order asking the opinion of the supreme court whether or not Massachusetts may pass laws authorizing the sale and manufacture of liquors, was introduced by Senator Wellington Wells of Boston.

Now let us turn to the song with which the necromancer in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer" introduces himself.

"Oh, my name is John Wellington Wells, I'm a dealer in magic and spells, In blessings and curses And ever-filled purses, In prophecies, witchies and knells.

Love philter—twelve quintilles of it, And for knowledge, if any one burns, We keep an exceedingly small prophet, Who brings us unbounded returns: Oh! he can prophesy With a wink of his eye, etc., etc.

So the Wellington Wellises of all time seem to have been interested in exhilarating potables. EMIL SCHWAB, Arlington.

LOU TELLEGEN

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Underneath the Bough," a comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas, produced at the Grand Opera House, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on May 7, 1920, as "The Blue Devil," known in Baltimore and Philadelphia later as "Speak of the Devil."

Miss Walling.....Frances Shannon
Judge Ellery Baxter.....Mac G. Barnes
Mildred.....Alma Belwin
Sir Kenneth Arkwright.....Ivan Simpson
McConnell.....Thomas Walsh
Jean Pout Pierre.....Lou Tellegen
Madame Helene.....Ruano Borislaw
Casper Lindlow.....Ralph Locke
Miss Currie.....Josephine Coll
Kelly.....Albert Lawrence
Footman.....Edgar Woolley
Lady Mary.....Cecilia Radcliffe

Mr. Thomas with the aid of Rossetti's poems and a quotation from Kelllogg's speech of Spartacus to the Roman gladiators has written a play in which Mr. Tellegen figures easily as a heroic and sympathetic character from the time he first appears, unknown to himself as an alleged co-respondent in the office of Sir Kenneth, British consul in New York, till at the last he draws himself up, slaps his chest and declares to the delight of Lady Mary that he is a real live marquis, something more than a common soldier and the brother of Mme. Helene, the dressmaker.

For two acts there is agreeable comedy; there is also the requisite dash of melodrama. The third act shows Mr. Thomas perplexed and biting his nails. "How to get Jean out of the box?" The scene between Judge, Baxter, with others, and Mildred's contemptible husband, Casper, is wildly absurd. Jean's tearing up the affidavit charging Casper with furnishing faulty munitions and Casper's sudden change of heart and withdrawal of counter-charges in the divorce suit are the merest claptrap. The lugging in of Lady Mary, a too familiar character to excite laughter, a wholly superfluous figure in the play, shows that Mr. Thomas was driven to desperation.

The first two acts are entertaining. Jean arrives in New York as a blue devil. He had been nursed in France by Mildred, the niece of Sir Kenneth. He was handsome—she thought him physically attractive—even his legs were sculptural; for, as she exclaims in a fine burst, she had bathed them in alcohol. She was beautiful and romantic. They fell in love. Mildred neglected to inform Jean that she was married. She did not even tell him that she was seeking a divorce. The

It was and Casper met in New York. The husband is, indeed, a "leathsome subject." He would never have treasured, as Jean did, a volume of Rossetti's poems. In the second act Casper, contemplating suicide from fear of being persecuted for the munitions affair, or from excessive use of alcohol—the cause is not made clear—happening to look out of the bathroom window sees Jean hugging and kissing Mildred in a room of Mme. Helena's, the dressmaker. Armed with a pistol, he makes his way into this room and finds Jean alone, for Mildred has gone into another chamber to don a new dress. But Jean is not frightened. He talks bravely to Casper and holds him with his glittering eye, until by working a dummy Casper he puts Casper, in a panic and shoves him for his protection into a fireproof strong room where his sister keeps her books showing large amounts owed her by leaders of New York society. Then comes the feeble third act with the clumsily contrived but necessarily happy ending.

Mr. Tellegen played the hero in a virile, picturesque manner, holding the sympathy and exciting the admiration of the audience. He delivered his lines effectively, was now humorous or ironical, now the patriot and the soldier, now the ardent lover. He was well supported by a competent company. Miss Belwin, a singularly attractive young woman, gave a charming portrayal of the romantic creature, who, passionately in love with Jean, was innocently, though as Judge Baxter shrewdly remarked, she was certainly indiscreet in her goings on with the man named as co-respondent. Miss Bogislar, refined and exotically handsome, gave distinction to the part of Mme. Helena. The men were good in their respective parts: Mr. Barnes as a lawyer whose conversation and general bearing indicated of a lower practice than that of a corporation counsel; Mr. Simpson, who gave a delightfully amusing impersonation of the English member of the aristocracy known chiefly on the stage; while Mr. Locke made Casper sufficiently amusing and Mr. Walsh was a sheriff such as we have seen in every-day life.

After the second act Mr. Tellegen made a short and modest speech. Mme. Geradine Farrar, who sat in a box, that on this occasion might have justly been known by the French term *Baignoire*, then came upon the stage, embraced her husband wildly and said in the face of the public that she was glad to be the wife of Mr. Tellegen. After this expression of connubial bliss, after this feat of lucrative publicity, Mr. Tellegen was allowed to play the third act without any scene of oscillation save with the eminently desirable, Miss Belwin.

Our valued contributor, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, writing about the landing at Provincetown 300 years ago, quotes a description of the company on the Mayflower: "For the most part, simple, humble, earnest folk, intent on the duty of the moment." He puts the words in contrast with windy attempts to connect these men and women with the English aristocracy of the period. He then asks this question:

"Did Priscilla tell John Alden to 'speak for himself'? What authority have we for it? The Rev. Dr. E. A. Horton says: 'Longfellow's poem can hardly be justified, except as a romance. Standish was able to speak for himself. It is hardly probable that John Alden undertook to negotiate a marriage for the captain, except incidentally and subordinately.'"

"And no critic of the doughty Myles has ever dared to insinuate that he asked initiative or feared a referendum. 'But if Priscilla did say it she wasn't the first of her sex to make a similar suggestion to a hesitant suitor. Henry the Eighth's great chancellor, Sir Thomas More, fell for it long before John Alden's time. After the death of his excellent first wife Sir Thomas married a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, a lady of very different character. He had not the least intention of marrying her. He was addressing her on behalf of a friend when she very bravely told him that 'he might speed the better if he would speak in his own behalf.' He did. They were married, but they did not live in Utopia."

"Could the fair Priscilla have heard of Sir Thomas's case?"

Mayfloweriana

Is there any foundation for the story that the Mayflower was originally owned by one Leif Ericson, from whose family Abraham descended?

Did the Mayflower in 1633 bring goods to Boston for John Elliot and his disciples? Was the Mayflower, chartered to the East India Company in 1630 and on her homeward voyage, the famous *Mayflower*, or did the historical name belong to a whaler?

We are often told the little book about the life of the ship was written by Dr. Samuel Hilditch, a member of the May-

flower Club of London. Mr. Hilditch has also written a little book about the adventures of the ship. It is entitled, "The Adventures of the Mayflower." And now come Messrs. W. E. Stirling and Alfred Hayes with a drama, "The Mayflower." It has been read before the Anglo-American Society of Birmingham (Eng.). It will be performed at Plymouth, Manchester and other English towns during the terecentenary celebrations in September.

"Bee Wine"

As the World Wags:

Do you know anything about Bee wine? It appears to be a mild intoxicant derived by fermentation from dilute molasses and water or some other syrup—possibly honey originally—by the action of some plant or other of the yeast family. The plant, or this manner of its employment, is said to have originated in Australia. Do you suppose that this question may tempt any of your following to illuminative eloquence? The stuff seems to be familiar to certain New England country people, so it may be a local contraption.

Boston.

JOSIAH APPLEBY.

The only reference to "Bee-wine" that we find in English dictionaries is to a line in Keats's "Endymion": "And honey-suckles full of clear bee-wine." This is certainly not your beverage, Mr. Appleby. The dialect dictionaries speak of "bee-ale," a kind of mead made from the refuse of honey; and "bee-liquor," a kind of mead made from the washings of the combs. The ancients knew six kinds of honey-drink. The English found out a drink late in the 17th century, a new composition of hydromel that old Dr. Mouffet said served better for ships than any wine. He gave the recipe: "Take barley torrefied after one steeping in water, what you please, boyl it long in 5 quarts of fountain water, till it taste well of the malt: 1 pound of this boyled with 8 pounds of honey, and 20 pounds of water, makes a drink that tastes most sweet, and is most healthful for use. It nourisheth well, is hardly corrupted, and keeps very long." But Dr. Mouffet, who wrote two folio pages about beverages into which honey entered, did not once use the word "bee-wine." You say that "bee-wine" is a mild intoxicant, otherwise we should suggest that it is a form of mead. You may remember that the old man who gave Lavengro a cup, remarked: "Mead is a good drink, but woundfully strong," and Lavengro, agreeing, said he would not drink another cup for any consideration. Mead, however, was not so "hot in operation" as methueglin. This last drink was well known in the New England of the 18th century when it sold at \$10 a barrel. Many ministers then kept bees; let us hope only for honey and beeswax (rum was the steady, sanctified drink). The straw or wicker hive was called a skep. It is surprising that Borrow had nothing to say about mead in his "Wild Wales." He shouted the praise of ale when he found it to his liking—"about nine or ten months old, somewhat hard, tasting well of the malt, and little of the hop, ale such as farmers, and noblemen too, of the good old time, when farmers' daughters did not play on pianos and noblemen did not sell their game, were in the habit of offering to both high and low, and drinking themselves"; he expressed his dislike of sherry, "a silly, sickly compound, the use of which will transform a nation, however bold and warlike by nature, into a race of sketchers, scribblers, and punsters, in fact into what Englishmen are at the present day." He mentioned whiskey and brandy, but there's nothing about mead, although Welsh mead was famous. A good book, a grand book, this "Wild Wales," underrated by some. Yet why did Borrow have nothing to say about Welsh gypsies? Was it because, as Theodore Watts-Dunton suggests, his wife and step-daughter went along with him?

—ED.

An Ideal Drama

As the World Wags:

Jules Depauquit, cartoonist, and mayor of Montmartre, is a versatile young man. His literary successes have added new laurels to his already famous name. Besides the dainty masterpiece known as "Letter of the Queen to the King," which he modestly acknowledges as his own, another powerful drama is ascribed to him by no less a critic than Andre Billy in L'Opinion:

"We owe to him one of the most beautiful Alexandrines in the French language. This verse is in itself a historical drama with three personages: the King, the queen and the queen's page. As the curtain goes up, the queen and the page are seen in the centre tightly embraced. The king, unexpectedly returned from the crusades, appears at the extreme left. He beholds the two lovers, and gently stroking his patriarchal whiskers, exclaims, sotto voce:

"Tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens! Tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens! tiens!" which, freely translated into idiomatic English would be: "Well! well! well! well! I want to know!" (I refrain from trying to impart to the translation the poetic flavor of the magnificent French verse.) The king then crosses the stage slowly and disappears at the right. Curtain. The play is over.

The drama, as one may readily see, is altogether an interior one, and pro-

bably psychological. The celebrated Jules has written other plays, but this one is undoubtedly his best. Besides, what commendable brevity!

Lynn.

J. ARMAND BEDARD.

FORD SISTERS

The chief attraction at B. F. Keith's this week is the Ford sisters, Mabel and Dora, in their latest dancing act, "Frolles of 1920," assisted by their own orchestra. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

The program, a long and varied one—one that would tax the endurance of skilled dancers for its length alone—called for differentiation. The interpretation was all that could be wished. The sisters appeared in a hunting dance, a minstrel dance of long ago, the "Mabel Dora" waltz, peculiarly their own, and a finale that was an amplification of the clog that first brought fame to this wonderful pair of step-pers.

The sisters have staged their act with an eye to beauty; nor did they miss the opportunity, knowing their physical charm, of presenting a wardrobe not only beautiful but opulent as well. The dancers are always neat in their steps, they never seem to tire, and their high kicking is at its best when they prance around in vigorous rhythm. One of the best numbers in their performance was the clog finale, in which they speeded up and brought their act to a splendid climax.

Other acts on the bill were Burt Gordon and Fene Ford, comedians and singers; Frankie Wilson, in posings; Charles E. Bensee and Florence Baird, in an act of song and grimace; Grace Huff and company, in a clever sketch as cleverly acted; Eddie Borden, a comedian of the "nut" variety, with a new bagful of tricks; Clifford and Wills, in a "hick" act of chatter and song; Merritt and Bridwell, vocalists, and the Nathanes, in an acrobatic act that makes every one sit up and take notice.

MORE YIDDISH PLAYS

BIMKO AND THE UNDERWORLD OF WARSAW

A Notable Polish Playwright for the First Time Hereabouts—Measured Performance of a Piece Kept as Discreetly Within Bounds—For Contrast, Ibsen's "Ghosts," Unseen in Boston for Many Years—Uneven Acting

FROM the unsophisticated rustics of Hirschbein to the denizens of Warsaw's underworld is a far cry; the change is complete in almost every detail. Garb, demeanor, outlook upon life, even language, transport us at once into another world. Yet so well was the translation made by Mr. Schwartz's players at the Boston Opera House the past Saturday evening that, considered as an ensemble, the acting was the best they have yet done here. Not the least notable trait of this company—and one doubly welcome in the case of swiftly-changing repertory—is the versatility of its chief members. Changes of age, changes of milieu, affect them but little; at once, it would seem, they have undergone an inner transformation, and so thorough has been the illusion at times that even to the spectator who has followed every performance, it was difficult to discover by tokens of voice or gesture the identity of the actor behind the role. Especially was this the case with Mr. Tenenholz's performance of Lepak in the play "Thieves," of Saturday evening.

"Thieves" (Ganovim) is the work of a young writer in Warsaw, Flshel Bimko by name; he is about thirty-six years old, and has, besides a long list of short stories, written for the leading newspapers of the Yiddish literary centres abroad, some two or three other dramas to his credit, including "Die Intriganten" and "Beim Feler" works of a mystical-symbolistic cast. Though he has knowledge of Polish, Hebrew, Russian and Yiddish, his writings have been chiefly confined to his mother tongue; "Thieves," it may be noted, has been given more than two hundred times in Warsaw and Vilna. There is little in the play to suggest the symbolism and mysticism of his other work; it is, in no derogatory sense of the word, sternly realistic material, treating a subject that to many must be of the most repulsive nature, yet so handling the matter as to produce a certain dramatic beauty—the beauty of the sun illuminating an infested marsh. It is, indeed, questionable whether the local authorities would permit the play in an unabridged, unexpurgated translation, yet the fact is that not only did the audience sit through a series of delicate situations without protest or comment, but not even titters were heard where they might have been expected—the frivolously inclined.

Though much of the credit for this signal behavior must go to the actors for the restraint in a performance that might easily have sunk into sordid melodrama, the author, too, must be complimented upon keeping his tale essentially true without laying on the colors too thick.

Whether in the writing or the acting, "Thieves" presented a number of difficulties. Here we have, in the first place, a half-dozen underworld men each engaged in the same traffic, yet requiring distinct characterization if they are not to become a six-fold, tiresome reflection of a single type. Here we have a slum woman, raised by preference of the gang leader to the relative dignity of wifehood, such as their milieu knows it. Yet even these lawless haunts feel the necessity for some higher striving; though they may find ready excuse for the trade they ply, though they may consider themselves even removed from the necessity of justification, there are those among them who long for something better. It may be the reawakening of religious fears instilled in childhood; it may be simply the natural desire to excel, to stand out from one's fellow men, be the claim to distinction ever so small. But the feeling is there, and even among these Gorkian "ex-men" there is the sense of caste.

Shloyme Shuver who has married Gittel, granddaughter of the barber-woman Keyle, is the leader of the thieves. Ever since his marriage, however, his hand seems to have lost its cunning, and his heart has gone completely over to his wife. As it turns out later, he beholds in her not only the woman, but the vessel of redemption. It is the child that she will give him who will come to wipe out his past—to cleanse him of the evil which blackens his soul. The rest of the gang are disgusted with this change in their chief. Not only can they not understand his altered ways, but they poke fun at him for his chicken-hearted courtship of his coquette wife. He is so "touchy" about her—so watchful, that none may approach her—as if she were indeed a lady. The tragedy of Shloyme's life begins with his realization that he cannot have a child, and that the trouble does not lie with his wife. He broods himself into utter uselessness as a gang leader, and all the while his wife's affections really belong to Mazik, as spry and handsome a thief as ever carried a jimmy. The inevitable happens; Mazik and Gittel have secret meetings and before long Gittel confides an interesting secret to her grandma. The latter, at first unformed as to the whole truth, receives the news with all the joy that it would bring to the orthodox Jewish household; indeed, even old Keyle has a little religion in her for all her living in a thieves' den. Has she not sent Gittel to the rabbi, even to witches, for a remedy against the curse that has brought Shloyme such agony?

Slowly the truth unfolds. Shloyme himself suspects, and after the child is born he spends hours gazing at its face, trying to make out whether it resembles him or another. Because of his preoccupation with the infant, a preoccupation that is steadily growing into an obsession, the gang's plans go awry; his fellow thieves tease and taunt him with cutting references to the dubious paternity of the child, and at last, from the lips of his own wife, who has long since lost all love for him, comes the confession that Mazik, not Shloyme, is the father. Obsession now flames to insanity, and in a wild furor, after gathering some clothes and setting fire to them so as to burn down the house, Shloyme strangles his faithless wife.

It is characteristic of the entire play that the strangling scene does not take place in view of the audience; nor is this because the Jewish spectator shares any Greek aversion to the representation of such events. "Thieves" is genuine drama, with

little affinity to its step-brother melodrama; its characters are well distinguished from one another, and though it would be presumption for one who does not know the Varsovian underworld to comment upon the author's truthful portrayals, it is enough for the purposes of art to agree that he makes us feel they are true. The play as a whole has been called a Yiddish "Na dnye" (i. e. Gorki's Night Lodgings), and, to be sure, there is a certain resemblance. In both plays there is a motif of violent love, in each there is a breath of aspiration to higher things, though this is conveyed more poetically, more elusively, by Luka of Gorki's striking piece; in each there is a well-differentiated group, though here again the advantage is with Gorki, whose drama is of deeper philosophical import and of broader application. Bimko's thief-psychology is an incidental, however, rather than a salient trait; it is directed not so much upon the group (as in Gorki's piece), as upon Shloyme and his strange, though by no means unnatural, desire for redemption. "Thieves," then, has stronger ideological resemblance to one of the best known plays in the Yiddish repertory—Sholom Ash's powerful "The God of Vengeance." And it is, by the way, this same Sholom Ash's picturesque novel "Motteke the Vagabond" (Motteke Ganov), which, in its third part, gives us an intimate insight into the very Varsovian slums that provide the background for Bimko's play. Yekel,

In the Ash play, cherishes the same eagerness for redemption through his daughter, and even gives holy gifts to the synagogue, paid for with money made on the most nefarious of trades; yet despite his attempt to bribe the Lord, his daughter falls a victim to the very brothel her father runs. In each play, then, is a theme of retribution that falls upon the perpetrators of evil and sweeps even the innocent in its path. In both is a strange yet characteristic separation of secular and sacred, and an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile them. Though once more the advantage may lie with the other author, "Thieves" may well be said to provide a worthy addition to the Yiddish repertory of "unpleasant" plays.

The performance—despite the occasionally audible prompting—was admirable in every part. Schwartz as Shloyme again surprised his admirers with the bridled power of his interpretation; as in the choice of plays, so in his choice of histrionic means, the man is first of all the conscientious artist. More the pity, then, that the most auspicious opening of two Sundays ago has not been followed up with audiences that shall do their share as well as this man and his fervent associates. Gustav Schacht, as Mazik, added another living role to the diverse parts he has so convincingly interpreted through the week; the various thieves, Switnik, Lepak, Shtcherb, and their receiver of stolen goods, Nakhman Koshier (played, respectively, by Messrs. Dubinsky, Tenenholz, Sameloff and Fishkind), were a well-diversified group. Mme. Nadalsky's Keyle left little room for betterment, while Miss Gerston's Gittel revealed reservoirs of dramatic power that one would little have suspected from her excellent interpretations of Hirschbein's innocent, placid, mischievous country maidens. In all, a worthy play very worthily done. Mr. Schwartz and his company have more than fulfilled the promise of their opening night; it remains for the Jewish audience of the more intellectual type to fulfil theirs.

"Ghosts"

For Sunday night the company left the province of purely Yiddish plays for that of translations, beginning with Ibsen's "Ghosts." It is strange to think that almost forty years ago the play should have been received with such sanimonious horror. Peculiarly enough, the high point of the drama, judging from the spontaneous applause drawn by one of Mrs. Alving's speeches, was, for the audience, not so much the moral implications of the piece as the social criticism it contains. It was the wife's protest against society and its conventions that most impressed the Yiddish spectators, many of whom know the Ibsen play far too well to confuse it with such meretricious writings as Erioux's "Damaged Goods." Coming as the play did after "A Doll's House," it is a question whether Ibsen really intended such emphasis upon the hereditary taint; he must surely have been fully as much concerned with the inherent evil of Mrs. Alving's having yielded to social pressure and remained with a husband underserving of her companionship. The repellent form which the hereditary influence takes underscores the theme of the drama; it is not so vital to it, however, as is Pastor Manders's pious maundering. Compare this play with the Spanish drama suggested by it to Echegaray, and you will note how the Spaniard transforms the emphasis almost completely. The latter's "El hijo de don Juan" (The Son of don Juan), heaps horror upon horror in terms of the materia medica, and is concerned almost exclusively with the very point that Ibsen uses for emphasis rather than for primary interest.

Mr. Schwartz's Oswald was a restrained, well-modulated presentation of the doomed son. From the very first, when his wavering hand and his rambling thoughts suggest the approach of his end, he sought his effects through abdued means; such a painter as this Oswald probably covered his canvases with crepuscular hues, with sober grays and hazy, violet tints. Only when the moments of foreboding came upon him did he raise his voice above the half-whisper that betokened his lessening interest in life; now and then a seemingly accidental twitch of his mouth traced the permanent disfigurement that final paralysis would bring it; at the close, his entire body seemed to shrivel into the very physical embodiment of that second childhood whose mental horrors he would spare himself by the poison he always carried. His request for the sun was not the climax of horror which actors with the melodramatic instinct—and not necessarily in error—would make of it; his interpretation was all the more striking for the infantile impotence of the looks and the ones in which it was couched. Mr. Sameloff's Pastor Manders was unctuous and not overdrawn; this pastor was not necessarily a hypocrite; he believed what he said, wherefore the tragedy of it all was heightened. The acting of the women did not come up to the standard of the male parts; Miss Silbert was a trifle stiff at times, while Miss Gerston's Regina was as much like the village housewife whom she so vividly gives in the Hirschbein

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Mme. Valliere as Revealed in "The Kreutzer Sonata"—The Closing Playhouses—A Gentle Appeal from Gordon Craig—Poe and Whistler Led to the Footlights—Mr. Gest's Newest Speculation—Nascent Rebellion from the Book-ing Powers—Incidents and Opinions

WITH a couple of contradictions and a spell of weather that does not help indoor amusements, the second week of the Yiddish players was ushered in at the Boston Opera House last evening by a performance of Jacob Gordin's "The Kreutzer Sonata." In most of its personnel the company is distinct from that which played on the same stage during the previous week; it is, so to speak, another division of these earnest, sincere performers. Whereas it is more usually the case that bad acting spoils a good play; last night it was a bad play that served to obscure, though by no means to extinguish, the high talents wasted upon it. And again, whereas the more usual occurrence is for the Yiddish actor to make his way to the English stage, last night the Yiddish spectators possessed the doubly rare experience of witnessing a French and German actress who had thoroughly acclimated herself upon the Jewish "boards"; doubly rare because Mme. Jennie Valliere speaks an excellent Yiddish, and because she is an actress of deep emotional appeal and of refined art. What Mr. Schwartz's remarkable acting of the previous week revealed in the portrayal of varied and difficult men's parts—that reserve, that slow up-building of a character in its evolution during the course of the drama, that genuineness of self-absorption into the personage portrayed—this, too, Mme. Valliere gave evidence of as soon as she had made the sober, but effective entrance that Gordin had written for the much-tried Etel of his melodrama. She has not been long upon the Yiddish stage and by signs that one may read from recent events in New York, she may not long be there. Let us be frank; if Yiddish audiences (in Boston at least), show no better response to such histrionic gifts as these, they deserve to lose them to the American stage.

The play itself is a poor concoction indeed. It has but the relation of analogy to the famous work of Tolstol. Gordin, in his day and generation, performed what is reckoned by and large as a valuable contribution to the tortuous development of the Yiddish stage. He brought in the breath of realism that had been so sadly lacking in the song-and-dance absurdities of the Hurwitz-Latner school, which itself represented a degeneration of the Gold-faden operettas. But rather every absurdity of the Hurwitz-Latner genre—for absurdity set to tickling tunes provides at least innocent relaxation—than such cheap melodrama as "The Kreutzer Sonata" from the man whose name will always be gratefully associated with two of the masterpieces of the Yiddish theatre—"God, Man and the Devil," and "Mirele Effros." Here at least was the Gordin of high worth, using a foreign suggestion to make a play completely his own, and one that will stand the test of both re-reading and seeing. But "The Kreutzer Sonata"? A worthless hodge-podge of woe heaped upon woe, of infidelity heaped upon infidelity, of "re-ller" that is sometimes comic and more often vaudeville intrusion of the insipid sort too well known on our own stage. Tears, laughter, music, sobs, stirred in a gurgling mixture that must contain plenty of elements calculated to appeal to every cheap taste. But, just as the worst of us has his better moments, so are there a few in this peculiar farrago, where persons soliloquize at will, overhear what the author needs them to, indulge in highly informative "asides" and repeat "gag" lines ad infinitum ad nauseam. Thus, for instance, the end of the third act, where the disillusioned father bids good night to the various members of the family and seeks in vain to stifle back the tears that have long been gathering.

Mme. Jennie Valliere's acting was, if that be possible, a thing apart from the play; she was so clearly above it that one merely studied her and forgot the foolish situation into which the playwright had thrust her. (Imagine, if you will, a woman shooting her husband—whom she never cared for from the first and grew heartily to detest as time went on, a man who was not even the father of her child—out of jealousy of a sister whom she should have thanked a thousand times for removing the cad out of her light!) She achieves her effects not by ranting, not by sudden contrasts of mood, but by the unexaggerated emotion that rises naturally from the moment. She has learned the valuable secret of restraint; she is no weeping-willow, even where the play calls

for tearful release. No higher praise could be bestowed upon this evidently conscientious artist than to say that she dignified one of the worst bits of trash ever confided to a group of players that deserves far better at the hands of playwrights and public alike.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Some deep-thinker and lover of humanity has said that a poem should be read daily for the improvement of the mind and as food for the soul. Let us today read a charming bit of verse by John Ruskin, who boasted that he could write in Shelley's vein by Shrewsbury clock.

It was a little lawnly islet,
Like anemone and violet,
Like muscivore.
There sat a gentleman flushed and shy,
And a girl with a corkscrew cast in her eye.
On the grass between was a large cel-pie
And a ham-bone cleanly shaven.
And the gentleman asked, in accents mild,
"Was it quite enough soaked before it was
sliced?"
And the lady replied, as she pulled a violet
Off the little lawnly islet.
"Didn't I tell you Jane would spoil it?"

For the Table

Not long ago certain Bostonians dined on strange dishes, fish and meats frozen on the Antarctic continent for transportation, octopus soup, Tasmanian endives, peas from Argentina; a geographical dinner reminding one of the banquet served at that exclusive club in London, the Slosers, when Arctenus Ward was introduced there by the gentlemanly stranger in black, shiny garments, who accosted him in Regent street; dishes "from Greenland's joy mountains and Inly's coral strands." Major Craven, the host in Boston, recommended that yaks, river bucks, wart hogs and swamp buffaloes be imported and used here for food. The accounts of this dinner published in the newspapers said nothing about the desirability of importing and eating the musk-oxen of the Arctic. A commission appointed by the Canadian department of the interior is considering the possibility of domesticating this animal in the barren lands. There is a dispute over the quality of its flesh. Some say that if the animal is skinned quickly there is no disagreeable musky flavor, others say there is, and that Arctic explorers are not passionately fond of a steak or joint. On the table it would stimulate conversation. Prof. Donwhinger would argue that the animal is a link between sheep and oxen—hence the name "Ovibos," while the equally learned Dr. Dredger (Wallcup would insist that it is separate and primitive ruminant type, related perhaps to those well known animals the tapir, serow and goral. Musk-oxen probably could not live much farther south than their present range, but slaughter and packing houses could be established in the Arctic region and the meat then sent to us. By the way, are whole steaks still recommended in the Boston market? It is about time for the lover of dogfish to raise his voice.

Poplars

As the World Wags:
Let me add to your correspondent's essay on poplars. In Sylvester Judd's "History of Hally," which contains much curious information about the life, manners and custom of early New Englanders, I read that in 1783 a Hally shoemaker bought of Oliver Smith a log of the large poplar on Mount Holyoke (populus grandidentata) for five shillings, to make heels for women's shoes. Zadock Thompson in his "History of Vermont" says that three fine species of poplar, the two balsam poplars, and the magnificent Vermont poplar (populus monilifera) are scarcely found, unless cultivated, in any other of the New England states. Let me also say that if a pedestrian carry a twig of white poplar in his hand he will have no surbating of the feet or galling between the legs. ("Surbating" is a good old word). I am surprised that your correspondent did not mention this long-established fact.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR, Beverly.

Sir Edgar's Mansion

As Sir Edgar Speyer Et. sojourned in Boston and his wife was known here as a violinist before she entered the state of matrimony, the description of his house sold in London under the hammer will interest the Bostonians that associated with them during the first year of the world war. We quote from the London Daily Telegraph: "It was erected from the designs of Messrs. Detmar Blow and Fernand Blery, the elevation being in stone in the Florentine style, and the work was executed 'regardless of expense.' As, for decoration, there are 31 bed and

dressing rooms, nine bathrooms, seven reception rooms and a great hall. The rooms set apart for entertaining are remarkably fine and range in style from the Florentine and Venetian to the Queen Anne and Louis XVI. The dining room is in the Italian Renaissance style, as is the library, while the drawing room, of oval form, with oak-panelled walls, is in that of Queen Anne. There are two staircases ascending from the great hall, one in Renaissance style in oak, with walls of Ancaster stone, and the other after the French Gothic. In the great music room is a pipe organ by J. W. Walker & Son, having two manuals and fitted with electrical blowing apparatus. The small music room, in Louis XIV style, has a carved plaster ceiling, the walls are panelled in oak, with Corinthian pilasters, and the open fireplace has a Dutch brick interior and marble hearth. The garden is arranged in parterres for flowers, with large Dutch tile paths. This residence is held under three leases from the Duke of Westminster, having about 53 years unexpired, at ground rents amounting to £300 a year."

"It Is . . . That"

As the World Wags:

I wish you would devote some time and space to the deadly and steadily-growing habit of even serious writers of beginning their simple statements of facts with the French idiom "It is . . . that" or who or "It was . . . that." In one page of a recent book I counted at least eight examples, every one of which would have been improved in clearness had the sentence been recast. Here are two or three specimens from Chesterton's diatribe on "The Superstition of Divorce."

"It is the Christian Church which continues to hold strongly, when the world for some reason has weakened on it, what many others held at other times."

"It is that I have wanted a window."

"It is not the Englishman's house, but the Frenchman's house that is his castle."

"It was in this grim sense perhaps that Parnell's, in that mysterious pun said that Kettle was a household word in Ireland. . . . But it is not of such crises of bodily struggle that I speak."

"It is precisely those who have been conservative about the family who have been revolutionary about the state."

Mr. Chesterton runs the thing into the ground; but others are worse. It is a blight on English style, for while the phrasing may occasionally be used for due emphasis, when no emphasis is needed it weakens instead of strengthening the proposition and it generally involves a repetition of pronouns; and English A. does or should teach that the use of too many "who" or "whiches" in a sentence is bad.

N. H. D.

A new edition of "John Ferguson" by St John G. Ervine is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. This edition contains an introduction by the author. He at first thanks the actors and actresses who performed the play in New York from May until October, 1919. He then comments on the success of the play in that city—but not in a vainglorious spirit—and draws deductions.

"The peculiar success of this play in America, a tragic piece of foreign origin produced at an unfashionable theatre by an unfashionable company, seems to have upset many established beliefs about the kind of play the public wants." The managers believe that the more empty a play, the better will the greater number of audiences like it, so they spend much money on the production of feeble and silly plays. Mr. Ervine doubts if, in the long run, fortunes are thus made. "We are often told of the great sums of money made out of this or that drivelling revue, but are told singularly little of the bankruptcies that have also been caused by drivelling revues. I imagine that if an accurate financial statement covering the history of the theatre either in America or in England were prepared, it would be found that the amount of money irretrievably lost on 'popular' pieces would be far in excess of the amount lost on 'unpopular' pieces, having regard to the capital invested in each, and I should not be astonished to discover from such a balance sheet that the 'high-brow' drama had more or less paid its way, while the 'low-brow,' or 'brow-at-all,' drama had not done so. But these are matters of opinion—there are no statistics available on which to found arguments—and I do not doubt that the commercial theatre manager who reads these words, if he troubles to read them at all, will at this point become convulsed with laughter. Nothing but bankruptcy and the hell that has

"Body and Soul," by Elizabeth H. Marsh, a play in eight scenes, is published by the Cornhill Company of Boston. It is highly symbolical, mystically religious. The time of the wandering soul of Lord Barcardon is "the begin-

ning of modern incredulity." The body casts out the soul that it may try its worth with friend and foe.

"America's Position in Music," by Eugene K. Simpson, a little book of 33 pages, is published by the Four Seas Company of Boston. Mr. Simpson of Taylorville, Ill., published this discussion in "Modern Music and Musicians" (1918). He believes that America has "for a long time possessed a number of distinctive elements in music which were found in no other country, therefore were inevitably American." He begins with William H. Fry and Lowell Mason, not with Francis Hopkinson, who wrote songs long before them. He has much to say of Sobolewski, a distinctively American name, who went to Milwaukee in 1868. He thinks that Mr. Mortimer Wilson "promises to qualify * * * as the most facile and powerful symphonist America has yet afforded." A chronological list of American composers is added with the titles of their more important compositions.

Mr. Hampden and Mr. Mantell were seen here recently as Shylock, nor was there any protest against the production of "The Merchant of Venice." In Newark, N. J., the play was barred last year from the schools by the board of education on account of the alleged "slander to the Jewish race."

In New York city the League of Scottish Veterans of the World's War passed a resolution demanding the elimination of "Macbeth" from the school curriculum on the ground that the tragedy is a libel on the Scotch in its "misrepresentation in presenting King Macbeth as a traitor and murderer." The resolution was signed by gallant men whose Christian names were Ian, Malcolm and Donald. Capt. McTavish exclaimed, "If the Jewish gaberdine is to be cleared they should also remove the stain from the Scottish kilt."

Let us address a moment. The British government not long ago sold about 2,000,000 yards of gabardine, a mixture of cotton and wool. The material is well known in this country, but gabardine, or gaberdine, was first the word for a coarse smock frock that reached from the neck to the ankles, or a loose upper garment of coarse material. Thus Trinculo in "The Tempest," when the storm comes up, says: "My best way is to creep under his gaberdine." Thus Hudibras, conquered by Trulla, "disrobd' his gaberdine" in exchange for her mantle. The word then came to mean a garment worn by Jews, perhaps by reason of Shylock's speech. Almsmen and beggars wore a gaberdine. The word also means merely dress, covering, protection. "They have crawled into the House of Commons under the gabardine of the Whigs." In English dialect gaberdine is a smock frock worn by laborers, a short jacket, or a child's sleeved pinafore. In Kent the garment was sometimes called a cow-gown. The frock, worn by carters and farmers' servants in Sussex, differs from a round frock, for it is open in front with buttons to close it if required. Rabelais's "galverdine" was a rain-cloak. It is thought by some that the original garment was a pilgrim dress, and the word, a derivative of the middle high German "wallevert," pilgrimage, which passed into the old French "guavardine," the Italian "gavardina," and the Spanish "gabardina." The last influenced the English form. We have never heard the word used in New England for smock frock.

It appears from tradition that Shylock should wear a scarlet hat lined with black taffeta, for thus the Jews of Venice were formerly distinguished. In 1551 they wore red caps. Bacon, writing about usury, quotes the invective, "that usersers should have orange-tawney bonnets, because they do Judaize." Cesare Vecellli's "Habiliti Antiche e Moderni," published at Venice in 1598 with wood-cut illustrations, describes the proper costumes that should be worn by every character in "The Merchant of Venice" with the exception of Shylock. No particular description is given of the dress of the Jew of Venice, because, as we are assured by the same authority, it differed from that of Italians in the same rank of life only by the addition of a yellow bonnet in the case of the men, and a yellow veil in that of the women." Bonnets of this color were then worn by Jews throughout Europe.

Was Edmund Kean the first to play Shylock with a black wig? Tradition has it that the Jew in the Elizabethan drama was distinctly a comic character, with red hair. Christopher Marlowe's Jew of Malta in the first two acts is a man of heroic stature in purpose and in speech but in the rest of the play he is, as Lamb justly described him; "a mere monster brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in

Sport, poisons, whole hummeries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners by the royal command. When a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the Cabinet."

Maurice Moscovitch was warmly praised this season in London for his performance of Shylock, yet he said in an after-dinner speech that he had never been truly happy playing the part. "He was a Jew; Shylock was a Jew, but Shakespeare was not. Shakespeare's Jew, to his mind, was not a faithful type, but the imagination of a type. Because he had tried to interpret the part as Shakespeare intended, he was not very popular with his confreres. Shakespeare, in fact, had caused him much anxiety. The Jew in Shakespeare's time was hated—an outlaw, and it was that that made Shakespeare so difficult from a Jewish point of view. Today, he thought, Shakespeare would not have made Shylock demand his pound of flesh. He played Shylock as the cruel man Shakespeare drew; but he was the theatre Jew, and what the public wanted in Shakespeare's time."

Apropos of Arthur Shirley's play, "Ned Kean of Old Drury," produced in London in April, the description by Hazlitt of Kean's Shylock was recalled by Mr. Courtney discussing the character of the famous actor. Hazlitt wrote: "When we first went to see Mr. Kean in Shylock we expected to see, what we had been used to see, a decrepit old man bent with age and ugly with mental deformity, grinning with deadly malice, with the venom of his heart congealed in the expression of his countenance, sullen, morose, gloomy, inflexible, brooding over one idea, that of his hatred and fixed on one unalterable purpose, that of his revenge. We were disappointed because we had taken our idea from other actors, not from the play. There is no proof there that Shylock is old. . . . The stage is not in general the best place to study our author's characters in."

Mr. Moscovitch's Shylock was constantly the villain of the play, never exciting sympathy or pity. As a Russian Jew with pogroms in mind, he realized the hatred of Shylock for his Christian oppressors. At the end of the trial scene his hatred was not quenched, his spirit was not broken, the spectator trembled for the future of Antonio and Bassanio. When Mr. Courtney first saw Mr. Moscovitch as Shylock he discussed the position of the Jew in Elizabethan days, and said that Shakespeare's audience could not have found injustice in the treatment of Shylock, and would not have noticed the bad breeding of his persecutors. "Bassanio, who goes out of his way to assure Portia that he is a gentleman, is a man whose primary desire to marry the lady of his choice is based on the fact that she could relieve him of his debts. Gratiano, in the court scene, is an amusing and worthless little cad, no more and no less; while it is the

blemn and dignified Antonio who decides that part of Shylock's punishment must be his conversion to Christianity."

To the role of commentators must now be added Mr. James J. Montague, the ingenious poet of the New York World. He wrote apropos of the "modernization" of Gilbert's plays some verses entitled "Putting Pep Into Them," with reference to Shakespear's tragedies and comedies:

hen Portia sits to hear the case of Shylock's ancient grudge, the aged money king will rise and say, "Good morning, Judge!" and when she says his pound of flesh is held a bit too high, "It isn't half so high as beef," old Shylock will reply.

to the Editor of the Herald:

While away from Boston on my travels have read of the interest awakened in this city on the score of grand opera. You will, of course, remember about the generous space you allotted me last Dec. 7th and subsequently on this most important subject. Possibly the seeds I then sowed have taken deep root in fertile soil. I would advise them, while congratulating the earnest men who have formed a committee on this, to be aware of even considering the traveling company as an assistance to or a means of attaining the permanent much desired grand opera for Boston man.

Nothing could be more fatal than to catch up the traveling standard which is, of course, anti-permanent. One reason of the long delay in establishing national opera in England and here is the encouragement accorded to wandering organizations, visiting a city for a few nights or weeks and giving the so-called "popular" favorites, usually the same repertoire in each place. By this method some towns actually never see more than three or four, or at most six, operas in a quarter century. A limited education breeds a limited demand, and eventually an indifference.

Why pay into the private coffers of an individual speculator a guarantee subsidy which he will naturally utilize for his own ends in his own way—probably add a star or two to his normal, ordinary standard of personnel, and after a short season go off again and leave Boston still wanting. No, no! Surely there is enough education, intelligence, wealth and courage in Boston

to start again at the beginning. The preliminary organization must be earnestly and honestly Bostonian, and with faith, hope and charity as well as strength.

"I'd like to help, and can help, if my services would be welcome. But that help could only be secured for a real attempt to give Boston a permanent artistic and complete organization, such as would set a standard for other American cities to imitate and follow. Drop at once any idea or danger of hooking onto a wandering caravan to anchor it here as a foundation for a Boston palace of our glorious art.

The Paris correspondent of the Stage writes about the first performance of St. Georges de Bouheller's new drama, "Les Esclaves," produced by the Society of French Dramatic Authors.

"The first act was received with the usual deference accorded to the author. The play opens with the typical symbolism dear to M. de Bouchelier. In her little room, overshadowed by the high and gloomy wall of the barracks, Anna, a girl of the streets, awaits her soldier lover. But Bernard has been put into prison for insubordination and their passionate love for each other revolts against the tyranny of laws that make the man a slave to militarism and the girl a slave to prostitution. Bernard escapes over the wall, bringing with him the money he has stolen from a rich comrade. But while they plan to flee to America, the sergeant, suspecting the truth, comes to Anna's house and she is obliged to let him in. A violent discussion occurs between the deserter and the sergeant, and Anna wounds herself with the latter's sword while Bernard escapes. But he is caught and brought back and rather than undergo imprisonment and trial, shoots himself. Anna becomes insane. During the scene in the second act, when Anna and Bernard denounce the despotism of the army and of society, the audience began to murmur, and these murmurings became indignant protests and loud whistlings (the

French expression of disapproval) until the end of the act such a turbulent uproar filled the auditorium that it was impossible for me to hear what the actors were saying, although I was seated in the first row. A great number of persons evidently took the play for an attack on the army and a direct challenge to the Conservatives, while others, either from sympathy for the author or his ideas tried to drown the outcries with applause. In the darkness one could feel the sway of public opinion like an angry sea, in a manner that I have never experienced before. When the lights went up in the interval, before the last act, a gentleman in the stalls was pounding another's hat out of shape to enforce his arguments, while everyone stood on their seats to see, and those in the balcony leaned over and cheered. The last act was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter and waves of applause. Some of the older critics held their peace, but the younger men were very excited. Just behind me, Roland Dorzeles, the author of one of the best war books, 'Les Croix de Bois,' kept shouting: 'It's idiotic!' while somewhere in the darkness at the back Gillot de Saix was singing. It was an extraordinary and somewhat ridiculous affair. As for the play, truly there was much ado about nothing. M. de Bouhellier has protested in Comœdia that his one motive was to follow the psychology of the two outcasts revolting against law and order, and that a writer should be free to make a work of art without considering the morality of his characters. A play may be non-moral or immoral as you like, but it is certainly well done or ill. From a mere dramatic point of view, this is not a good play. The second act is uncertain and insincere. We can have no sympathy with the desertor, because he is at best a distraught and dishonest person. It has become the habit among French playwrights to rise up and denounce the press if their plays are not pronounced masterpieces, but I can assure M. de Bouhellier (whose work I have always sincerely admired) that my objection to 'Les Esclaves' is that it is an unconvincing

and feeble play." Yet it is not as black as some have chosen to paint it. I greatly liked the symbolical use of bugle calls and the sounds of the hurdy-gurdy, the descent of the police upon the girls, and, above all, the character of Anna, somewhat idealized, perhaps, but played with a remarkable passionate intensity by a young actress, Mlle. Sephora Mosse. M. Dullin's rendering of Bernard is rather grandguignollesque. The play is mounted with considerable artistic taste."

The French ministry of fine arts has consented to an annual subsidy of £100,000 for the Trocadero, in view of making it a theatre for the people. The plan is that each of the four official theatres—the Opera, Opera-Comique, Comedie-Francaise and Odeon—shall give in turn performances from their classical repertory at popular prices, ranging from £1 to £5. The theatres will lend the costumes and scenery, and the artists will receive only a small allowance for their expenses. Young pupils of the Conservatoire will also be em-

... will be prepared for those who
... their lives to debasing the public
... which, for all eternity,
... will be compelled to witness their
... theatrical entertainments, will con-
... them that this is no laughing mat-
... ter.

Mr. Mink has no illusions about his profession, does not regard it as a work of genius, but it has in his eyes this merit: it is an honest and, I hope, useful attempt to put human beings upon the stage as human beings, and not as stuffed dummies hired from a theatrical costumer." A bad dramatist is a man "who goes into the theatre and never comes out again"; a good dramatist is a man "who is constantly creating the creatures of his imagination with the creatures who live around him"; for "imagination, unchecked by experience, becomes violence or sentimentality," and the writer who does not frequently renew his contacts with human beings is in desperate danger of substituting rhetoric for speech and opinions for feelings; and the end of such men is written in oblivion."

While John Ferguson" is a tragic play, Mr. Irvine does not think it is depressing, for it does not disgust with humanity the reader or spectator. "An audience should leave a theatre, after seeing a tragedy, in a state of pride, proud that they are human and of the same species as the tragic figures." Tragedy has been the main force of the Heroic Ages. In the world war soldiers on leave in London found the "amusing" shows, "the usual damned rot." These revues and cheap plays were known to soldiers as "civilian stuff." Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, driven out of the commercial theatre, were welcomed at the soldiers' theatres in France. "It is only since the armistice and the demobilization of the fighting men that decent drama has contrived to get back to the English stage." Mr. Irvine mentions "Abraham Lincoln," "The Lost Leader," "Cyrano de Bergerac" plays by Shakespeare, Sheridan, Shaw, and, above all, "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, which has been performed with success in a London music hall.

"John Ferguson" drew large audiences in New York for six months, including the period of hot weather and the "Red" Strike, "why should not these people say to see much better plays than this?" Does the commercial manager rate the intelligence of the paying public? "If I could feel that I had cleared the way for that young American dramatist whom I imagine in a remote village or in some college hall striving to express himself greatly in drama, I should feel proud and happy, and my play would have a merit in my mind surpassing any other merit it may possess."

What would Mr. Ervine say of the play-going public of Boston that shamefully neglected his "John Ferguson"? What would he say of those that snickered at the most emotional or tragic scenes, "guffoons" that found these scenes amusing? Would he blame a manager in Boston for not bringing out serious plays before a public so unmotivated or indifferent? Would he smile if he were told that some did not see the play because they had never heard of Mr. Ferguson, the actor, and knew nothing about his histrionic skill?

The "Globe of Youth," an imaginary episode in the lives of Shakespeare and Fletcher, by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia and London. This little book should be put on the shelf with Lander's "Citation of Shakespeare," the account of Shakespeare's funeral that was published a good many years ago in Blackwood's—was it written by the author of the crushing review of "Lothair" that appeared in the same magazine?—and Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's poem, "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." The motto is Shakespeare's 29th sonnet. Shakespeare and Fletcher are talking about the work to be done in collaboration. The former is sick at heart. His great tragedies are caviare to the general. His comedies give him little pleasure. Little Nan Bellott, by her prattle, dispels his gloomy thoughts. She brings in two playmates, Noll and Jack. Boys as they are, they can spout passages from Shakespeare's plays. Noll likes best "Henry V." and "Henry VIII." "As You Like It" is to him a silly play, and Shakespeare agrees with him. Jack wishes to be a poet; Noll, a King. Fletcher comes in from the Globe Theatre. "The people are for comedies and such like shows. They care not for serious plays—" Shakespeare exclaims: "The people! Perdition seize the people! Here are three loving, loyal hearts shall utter the empty brains of a theatrical set of arrant speculators— See—Nan, my token of the world. Master John Milton's poems know, eh, Jack? And 'Far from the madding crowd'—that shalt be King Lear, eh? Jack murmurs with a sigh, 'Macbeth, Banquo, J.' And Shakespeare turns to Fletcher and Mistress Bellott, who do not understand: 'What's that—of the public have what I mean—' 'Shakespeare! The present voice of the nation—' 'Lisp the children to him.' 'The people love— The future—aye,

played, and special matinees will be reserved for students and schools. The auditorium contains 5000 seats. The new theatre tax in Paris will be 1 per cent., instead of 10 per cent., of the gross receipts.

The receipts of Sacha Guitry's new play were less than £5000.

Sarah Bernhardt has received a new play, "Paul and Virginia," by Nepotys and Guiraud. Henri Rabaud has composed the stage music.

Adriana of "Pucciniella," performed by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe in Paris, it is said that it is not a ballet and it is hardly Russian. "It seems that now the Russian ballets, powerless to preserve their autochthonic character, seek to borrow the elements of their new spectacles from Italian comedy and music, embellished by stage settings inspired by the neo-modern French school."

The music is made up of music from Pergolesi's works, arranged for a small orchestra by Stravinsky.

"The Geisha" was harshly criticized in Paris when after many years it was produced at the Gaite-Lyrique, with Farguerla Carre as the Geisha. The story is described as naive and sometimes rather dull. "Mr. Sydney Jones has written music without any originality and character, music that is for the music hall rather than opera. How one misses the diabolical dash of Offenbach, the restless buffoonery of Herve, the delicate distinction of Lecocq or Messager!" But the scenery, costumes and the chorus girls met with approval.

A new musical comedy, "La Belle de Far West," at the Apollo, gave pleasure. The plot was built on "a theme inspired by American moving pictures, and this idea is carried out in the staging. Before the curtain rises a kinema flashes the title, and portraits of the authors and principal artists in the cast on a screen before the curtain. Next, the opening explanation of the story, and the first scene—a bar in the far West—are flashed, precisely as if we were going to see a moving picture show, and finally the curtain goes up, disclosing the bar, with the turbulent musical comedy cowboys and the lively musical comedy Spanish dancing girls." The music is by Mme. Germaine Raynal.

Notes About the Drama, Opera and Musicians

It takes a lot of pluck for a star of established reputation to give up her position and go into retirement at 43. No one would think of doing it nowadays, but in the mid-Victorian era, it was considered, well, 43, and a bit over. At that period young girls on their marriage, immediately took to bonnets and awails in place of smart hats, and tried to assume all the airs and graces of a matron. How different it is today, when our mothers and grandmothers are often disguised as flappers, seeking the same work in which they captured the public eye 20 or 30 years before, and sometimes getting it—the Stage.

"The Jeffersons" celebrated its 1000th performance at St. Helens on May 17. The play has been performed in England for four years without a break. The rights for America, Australia and South Africa have been sold. Wilfred Shinc has not missed a performance of the character he took on the opening night.

Wilkie Bard, again playing in London, has also been acting as umpire in billiard matches.

"The Mayflower," which has already been noticed in the Herald, is announced for production at the Surrey, London, tomorrow. It will be performed for two weeks at Plymouth, beginning on Aug. 20, during the tercentenary celebrations there. Miss Horniman will produce it at Manchester for a fortnight beginning Sept. 27. Plays with this title have already been seen in England: A four-act comedy founded by Frankfort Moore on Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," Opera Comique, London, Jan. 9, 1892; Louis N. Parker's three-act play produced at Camberwell on March 6, 1899.

— and Cruelty," by Monica Ewes, was produced in London a month ago. The missing word in the title refers to the first of the two causes for the granting of divorce in England. A cabinet minister, Charteris, had been unfaithful to his wife Joan, but there had been no public indiscretion. She had consoled herself with one Harding, a specialist, who has told her that her heart will not long stand the strain. She refuses to elope with him before she has grounds for divorce, but she thinks of making her husband strike her in the presence of the doctor, who had taken her to a theatre, to a fast restaurant and to the house of a woman not in good repute. When told of this adventure, Charteris grew angry. Hysterical, she threatened to expose him, so that he would be ridiculed. He was so exasperated that he began to choke her, as she had hoped. Crying "You have set me free," she became unconscious. The doctor repeats her words, for she is dead.

A new comedy, "Runaway Will," produced at Manchester (Eng.), May 17, is said to be a sequel to Harold Brighouse's "Hobson's Choice."

Herbert Darnley was upset by the thought of Ben Greet bringing out "As You Like It" with an "all-men" cast.

"Pillcaddy" hits the nail on the head when he says, "Far too long has what is termed the 'Nancy' element been tolerated on the stage in England, and 'pretty boys' with ladylike manners should be rigidly taboo." This female impersonation business is a growing

evil. In Shakespeare's day there were no women actresses available for female parts. At the front, during the late war, the same thing applied. Therefore, there was a reason in both cases why men should act the parts of women. But on the stage today we have dozens of clever ambitious girls who are only waiting until some manager happens to be passing the provincial theatres, in which they may be playing, and, being caught in a shower of rain, pops in out of the wet, and is forced to witness their performances. This being so, Mr. Greet's experiment is uncalled for, and, with the exception of the pantomime 'Dame' and 'Charley's Aunt,' there is nothing interesting or funny to an audience composed of healthy-minded people in witnessing the miming antics of a male performer aping the which in the original is delightful, but which in the imitation gives a man a pain in the neck.

"I remember discussing 'The old days' some years ago with General of Worcester, one of the last of the stock managers. He was standing at the entrance of his theatre one night, when a blue-chinned actor approached and asked for a seat.

"What are you?" said Gomersal.

"Second low comedian," said the actor.

"Oh," said Gomersal, "is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation."

"Actor: 'I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight. The Crowned hath sat on her and finds it Christian burial.'

"Pass one to dress circle," said Gomersal, and the actor called in.—The Stage.

A book on Maud Powell's life and work is in preparation. Her husband, who is furnishing the larger part of the material for this volume, will be grateful to any one that will send an account of any incident or permit examination of letters or other memoranda throwing light on her career. All papers will be carefully copied and the originals returned to the owners. Communications should be addressed to H. Godfrey Turner, 110 Broadway, New York.

Amadeo Bissi, a tenor who has been heard in Boston, has appeared as Siegfried at Trieste.

A "new" oratorio by Perosi, "The Massacre of the Innocents," has been successfully performed at Rome.

A new opera, "La Samaritana," described as a Biblical musical drama by Arnaldo Furlotti, has been applauded at Parma.

Commenting on a revival of Puccini's "Edgar" at Malta, the Corriere di Milano remarked: "Since 'Edgar' rested in peace, it was wrong to disturb its repose."

Cesar Thomson has been fiddling at Athens, and he received there the order of George I. The orchestral pieces were Franck's Symphony, Marsick's "In Memoriam" and Jongen's Fantasy on Walloon Christmas Songs.

A Mahler Festival took place at Amsterdam, organized by Mr. Mengelberg, who, it is said, will start Mahler propaganda in New York next season.

International Nature of the Cinematographic Appeal

There is one fact about the cinematograph that is so obvious that it seems practically to have escaped notice. This fact is the international nature of its appeal. We often hear of efforts to form a national theatre, but while the theatre is still striving to be national, the cinematograph has already achieved internationality. Its popularity is universal, and anyone who has eyes to see can look at the moving pictures and understand what they represent.

This international and universal appeal is at once the greatest drawback and the greatest advantage of the cinematograph. It is a drawback because it is not good for anybody or anything to become too popular at so early an age. It is an advantage because it places the cinematograph in an almost unique position. The cinematograph despises the bounds of nationality as no other entertainment can. The absence of the spoken word, which is so serious a bar to its artistic improvement, is an enormous advantage to its universal appreciation. Language compels nationality, and when it is done away with it is possible for a film prepared in a back room in London by an Englishman, who has little English and less Pjlan, to be enthusiastically applauded by an audience in Fiji. The cinematograph is not quite alone in its internationality, but it is certainly quite alone in its universality. Painting and sculpture have an international appeal, but they do not attract an audience of 20,000,000 people a week in this country. Music is international, but, to the bulk of those who listen to it, it does not become comprehensible until it is made national by written explanations. The ballet and all kinds of dancing are more or less international, but their expression is extremely limited. It may be said even that Funch and Judy are two comedians who appeal to the aesthetic minds of many ages and many countries, but then they do talk, and so they can

never become international.

The cinematograph can run through the whole gamut of human emotions without the use of a spoken word. It can describe the story of a Greek tragedy in so convincing a fashion that the Chinaman sheds tears, and can set forth stories like Salome with such barbaric splendor that the Mahomedan and the Parsee are overcome with amazement. It discovers a comedian in America, and causes an outbreak of hysteria in London. A tragedian is found in Japan, and Paris is thrilled. The potentialities of such an instrument are beyond all calculation. The cinematograph might become the greatest aid in the spread of culture since the days of the Renaissance.

What do we find? In England we are entertained by the antics of comedians who would be hissed off the stage of any country theatrical booth. In India the natives are edified and instructed by being shown films which far too frequently deal with the problem of the colored man and the white woman. In certain wild districts the natives demand—and get—pictures in which a large amount of crockery is broken. The story may be bad and the actors intolerable, but so long as so many cups and saucers are broken the film is bound to be a success. The Chinese have a passion for seeing people fall foul with water. They may either fall in it or get covered with it, but so long as they are incommoded by it the Chinaman is perfectly happy. All these facts are the drawback of the international nature of the cinematograph.—London Times.

The Music Critic of the London Times Discourses Shrewdly

"There has been a good deal of chamber music this week, and there has, as a rule, been little the matter with it except that neither the Wigmore nor the Aeolian Hall is, unfortunately, a 'chamber.' On the other hand, and on sober reflection, we do not want the modern grand piano any nearer; and if sometimes we wish, in our taste, that it had never been invented, and sigh for the gentler clavier of the past, which supported strings without forcing their tone, we may still be thankful that we live before the days of the pianocelli and pianoli that threaten us in the future."

Schubert's Quintet. "It is rank heresy, of course, but we wish we could hear the 'Trout' Quintet without the Trout movement—those arpeggios get on the nerves."

"D'Indy's B flat Trio calls for a word. The construction of the several movements out of one theme is a doubtful boon, as are most extraneous sources of inspiration in music. Like the themes evolved from the first seven letters of the alphabet, or the canonicisms, or any other of the toys with which composers have played, it is a stereotype, and the metamorphosed does not save it; for the theme when metamorphosed is essentially a new thing, and the pretence of its being an old one is only irritating because irrelevant. In the last movement, where this hardly worked material is hurried away where no audience could and where there is suddenly a refreshing spontaneity."

"Arnold Dolmetsch's music is a thing by itself and a great relief after the roar of the concert room. For a 'concert' of music is something more than an antiquated way of spelling concert. You go into a kind of sealed chamber in Queen's square with no windows to let in motor horns, but with a past generation looking down from the walls, and listening—who knows?—to this old-world music. There is no applause when the performers step forward—they do not need it, and besides, Mr. Dolmetsch might be going to make a speech or a joke—and no bowings or bouquets at the end, they would be much too formal. They—'we,' one might almost say, for the audience is taken completely into their confidence—break down occasionally or play what is not set down for us, but it does not put us out in the least. The music is the thing and the personal equation nothing. It is precisely this impersonality, this absence of what is called 'expression,' that does it. The whole family plays; each appears to pick up an instrument that comes handy. The youngest member put in a tonic-dominant bass on a gamba when it was wanted, and then crossed his legs in an armchair with the air of a connoisseur until it got late and he fell asleep. All this time we have not managed to say anything about the new recorder which was played."

"The quality of repose in chamber music is one which latter-day composers are apt to ignore, either because they do not understand its value, or, which is possibly nearer the truth, because they are unable to follow up a train of musical thought for any length of time without becoming dull."

"Bach's violin music is essentially musicians' music, because it implies so much more than it says. The limited capacity of the instrument for harmony and contrapuntal texture necessitates this. The mind of the listener must fill in the blank spaces, and the great player is the one who can stimulate the listener's mental process by suggestion."

Mr. Huberman playing three sonatas, by Bach, for violin unaccompanied. "He played to an audience of experts, and received at the end the applause of conviction and not the conventional clapping that often cuts the thread of connected movements. Bach taken neat in

this way is a very different thing from an occasional fugue intended, perhaps, to show that the player knows something about double-stopping. This is serious work, and the whole meaning of the sonatas lies in that fact, for the sounds in themselves lay no claim to beauty. The beauty, and it is great, lies down below them in the just proportions and economy and reticence, in what we might call the geology of it. Mr. Huberman is a kind of Aurel Stein, who comes and makes us see the Siberian plains, which look so arid in photographs and maps, to be full of live interest, because they are the bones of the world as well as the cradle of our race. Like all successful lecturers, he knows a great deal more about his subject than he can convey in one hearing. What he has to say about a Presto or a Chaconne is no happy thought of the moment, but the result of research and judgment."

Although sections of Symphony Hall have been engaged by the Professional Women's Club for Monday, June 7, and by the graduate nurses, the Women's City Club and Euclid lodge for the succeeding nights, these Ppp concerts are in every sense, public. The same applies to Technology night on Friday, June 11. The week's programs follow:

MONDAY
Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
Waltz, "Les Sirenes".....Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Manon".....Masseenet
Ballet Suite "Sylvia".....Delibes
Prelude Religieux.....Lang
Sinfonia d'Amore.....Eigard
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Selection, "My Golden Girl".....Herbert
Anitra's Dance.....Grieg
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Strauss
The Fairest of the Fair.....Sousa

TUESDAY
Marche Lorraine.....Ganne
Overture to "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
"The Lost Chord".....Sullivan
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet
"The Star Spangled Banner".....Grieg
Suite, "Peer Gnt".....Bolton
Mimic.....Bolton
Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Selection, "Chimes of Normandy".....Planquette
Largo (with organ).....Handel
"Rose of No Man's Land".....Caddigan
March, "The Merry Soldiers".....Sabathal

WEDNESDAY
Triumphal March from "Aida".....Verdi
Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night".....Suppe
Waltz, "Dances from the South".....Strauss
Fantasia, "La Tostea".....Puccini
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Hungarian Dance No. 1.....Brahms
"Depuis le Jour" from "Louise".....Chaprentier
Overture Solennelle, "1812".....Tschalkowsky
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Reve Angelique.....Rubinstein
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn

THURSDAY
Prelude to "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Waltz, "Donquieschen".....Tschalkowsky
Fantasia, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Harp solo (Mr. Holy)
Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Finale of First Symphony for Organ and Orchestra.....Gullmunt
Organ, Mr. Humphrey
Selection, "Yo San".....R. L. Harlow
Tarentelle with duo solo.....Jacchia
Waltz, "Artist's Life".....Strauss
Rackow March.....Berlioz

FRIDAY
Technology Night
Entrance of the Boyards.....Halvorsen
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Waltz, "Estudiantina".....Waldteufel
Selection, "Patsy" (1920 Tech show)
Tannhauser from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Hungarian Dance No. 1 in G minor.....Brahms
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Songs by the Technology Glee Club
Selection, "My Golden Girl".....Herbert
"The Lost Chord" (with trumpet solo), Sullivan
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
Stein Song.....Ballard

SATURDAY
March from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Prelude, "The Deluge".....Saint-Saens
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Bizet
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Sinfonia
Enfance (Children at Play).....Van Vesterhout
Overture Solennelle "1812".....Tschalkowsky
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier
Narcissus.....Novia
Dance of the Camorists, from the "Jewels of the Madonna".....Wolf-Pettrari
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz

June 7, 1920
They are not as the other trees;
Apart, aloof, austere,
Mute of a thousand mysteries,
They guard the present year;
Only a waft of fleeting breath
Makes answer to the rain—
A few brief words the poplar saith,
And then is still again.

When oak and elm on sultry eves
Drowse in a full-fed sloth,
When hazels hardly lift their leaves
Out of the undergrowth,
The poplars murmur each to each,
Bending tall brow to brow;
In what remote, immortal speech
Are they conversing now?

A Note About Poplars

As the World Wags:
Pale leaves wave and whisper low,
Silver leaves of the poplar tree,
Waters wander and willows blow
In Picardie.

These words of Tomson's lovely song set me thinking about the poplar. He must mean the white poplar. Young poplar trees have whitish green bark and graceful trunks like birches, are often mingled with them in our spring woods, and in the spring sunshine look almost as graceful, and in the moon

Here their trunks are straight and smooth. On the sweet Cape Cod the trunks are bent in spirals, not so graceful, but even more picturesque. But the beauty of the poplar tree lies in its leaves, which are smooth green (light or dark, according to the season) on the back, and on the lower side a silvery white, like silver in the sunlight. A fine white down which grows on the lower surface gives the color. Then the stems of the poplar leaves are long and flexible, and the leaf is so balanced on the stem that it waves from side to side, as well as up and down when the breeze strikes it. So in the sunshine and spring breezes we see chiefly the lower sides of the leaves, giving an effect like shimmering silver, only the shimmer is very quick and dazzling and incomparably lovely. There is a rustle, a whispering, what the Greeks call a "psithirisma" of the poplar leaves, coarser than the murmur of the plaintive pine, but a happy, jolly sort of rustle, as if it brought good luck. One can't describe it, but it is a very heartening sound. The Greek poets knew and appreciated the beauty of the poplar; the winners among the young athletes in the Palaestra were crowned with wreaths of it. The white poplar was called in Greek "Leuke." Leuke was a nymph who was changed into a poplar—she must have been a lovely nymph, I think—and "set out" (so to speak) upon the banks of Acheron. When Hercules went down to Hades to bring back the three-headed dog, Cerberus, to the light of day, after the mighty struggle he crowned his perspiring brow with a wreath from this tree, and the sweat turned the under side of the leaves white. When he got back to earth he planted the shoots from it, and that is why the leaves of the poplar are white on the under side. Following the example of Hercules, the youthful aspirants for herculean strength and honors adopted the poplar as their crown. Horace, who in my mind equals two Greeks, namely, a Greek poet and a Greek philosopher, to put it in algebraic form ($H = G \text{ Ph} + G \text{ Po}$), tells how Teucer crowned his brow with poplar leaves on that occasion when he addressed to his fellow-warriors and exiles those famous remarks which end in "nunc vino pellite curas," etc. Aristophanes knew just how the leaves of the white poplar look in the breeze when he spoke of the poplar as "phyllobole," "leaf tossing." The old scholiasts (who, as was suggested by my esteemed friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, never looked out of the window) are at a loss to explain this epithet because "phyllobole" usually means leaf shedding, and these poplars are described by the poet in the spring, when the smilax is in bloom, and the shadows of the palaestra are fragrant with it. Any one who has ever seen the white poplars toss their leaves in the spring breeze and sunshine would know in a minute what is meant.

Horace, Book II, Ode 3, has the pine and the white poplar entwining their hospitable branches over the head of Dellius as he drinks Falernian beside a wandering brook. The whispering of the poplar and pine must have made a fine accompaniment to the brook. F. B. L. Boston.

Some say the poplar trembles because the sacred cross was fashioned from it; but others think the wood was elder, aspen, oak or mistletoe, while Sir John Maundevile, Kt., says that pieces of cypress, palm, cedar and olive composed it. The poplar was sacred to gods of Greece. Zeus had to put up with the white poplar at his sanctuary of Olympia in the hot lowlands of Elis. "And on summer days, when the light leaves of the poplar hardly stirred in the languid air and the buzz of the flies was more than usually exasperating he perhaps looked wistfully to the Arcadian mountains looming blue in the distance through a haze of heat and sighed for the shadow and the coolness of their oak woods." The bark of the white poplar has medicinal properties: in a tincture it cures earache, strangury, etc. For the praise of the poplar by poets, see Maud Cuney Hare's anthology, "The Message of the Trees," in which are the verses by Cowper, "Centaur," May, Byron and others. And there are poplars that, standing by a lonely road, still hold up arms in horror and whisper in remembrance of the murder they saw years ago.—Ed.

Berlin Today

On a recent occasion, when revolutionary fiends had run amuck in Berlin and the streets and squares had resounded with hissing grenades and shrieking bullets, I stepped from a droschke near

the market place and saw a little group of Berliners hurrying to the theatre. The men were smoking fat cigars, and the women, their faces powdered and their hair enveloped in fine lace theatre shawls, were tittering in animated conversation. I noticed how a young girl in the party (she was shod in gold dancing slippers, and proletarians were still holding indignation meetings at the street corners) stepped gingerly over a pool of blood, shuddered, then resumed a tete-a-tete talk with her monocled cavalier. The gold slippers and the pool of blood are together symbolic of the modern Berlin.—London Times.

Gov. Smith of New York signed the Mullan bill, throwing additional safeguards about the profession of nursing. Now let some one introduce a bill providing safeguards for elderly bachelors and widowers that are nursed.

CONTENTED IRELAND

(W. S. Landor.)
Ireland never was contented,
Say you so? You are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen.
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets spilt the sky.
And about her courts were seen
Liveried angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St. Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half the county.

A triple celebration, embracing commemoration of Italy's Constitution day, memorial exercises for Ralph Palumbo and Arthur J. Solari, the first two Boston Italians to pay the supreme sacrifice in the war, and a concert in aid of the Free Italian Home for Children, drew thousands of local Italians to Mechanics Hall last night.

Congressman Gallivan, Maj.-Gen. Edwards and Col. Logan were the guests of honor with the relatives of the deceased boys, and delivered memorial addresses while Allen R. Frederick, chairman of the executive committee in charge of the celebration, spoke on the anniversary of Constitution day, the Independence day of Italy.

Portraits of Gen. Edwards

Mrs Mary Palumbo and Miss Camilla Palumbo, widow and daughter of Ralph Palumbo, and Mrs. Mary Solari and family, mother and relatives of Arthur J. Solari, were presented with framed paintings of Gen. Edwards, commander of the Yankee division when the two Boston boys were killed.

Gen. Edwards and Col. Logan were presented with loving cups, and the contributing grand opera artists each received a banner.

The Boston Italian Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino, conductor, gave several operatic excerpts, and Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto; Miss Louise Badaracco, soprano; Roberto Viglione, baritone, and Giuseppe Di Natale, violinist, gave several arias from popular operas. Alfredo De Voto was accompanist.

The musical program opened with the playing of "Columbia" and the Italian national anthem and closed with "The Star Spangled Banner."

June 8 1920

C. H. B. writes to us: "Would you kindly explain the meaning of the expression 'Hot as Toffet'?"

There is no "toffet" in the English language. What you heard was probably "Hot as Tophet." The only variants of the word recognized by the dictionaries are "Tofeth" and "Topheth."

Tophet was the proper name of "a place near Gehenna, or the Valley of the Son or Children of Hinnom, south of Jerusalem, where, according to Jeremiah xix, & etc., the Jews made human sacrifices to strange gods."

See II Kings, chap. xxiii: "And he (Josiah) defiled Topheth, which is in the valley of the Children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch." Wyclif in his translation of the Bible (1382) added this marginal note in 1388: "Tophet signifieth tympan . . . for the priests of this idol made noise with tympan, lest fathers and mothers should hear the cry of her sons dying by fire in the hands of the idol." (The Hebrew musical instrument "Tophet" was a timbrel, tambour or hand drum.) This place was used later as a dumping ground and symbolized the torments of hell.

"Tophet" soon came to mean the place of punishment for the wicked after death. Isaiah xxx: "For Tophet is ordained of old; yea for the King it is prepared, he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood, the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." This King to be so pleasantly welcomed was the King of Assyria.

And "Tophet" stood for a place, state, condition, or company likened to hell; also a "hell upon earth." In the 19th century it denoted a place or state of wild chaos, a roaring furnace, or maelstrom. Hawthorne wrote: "Converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet,

which you mistake for a steamboat. There is even a verb 'to tophetize.' Thus Cotton Mather, 'A room Tophetized with Smoke, and Rhyme, and Spittle, and Malice, and Lies.'

Godfrey Higgins, Esq., in his strange quarto "Anacalypsis"—the first volume was completed in 1833—followed others in saying that the feast of Moloch or Baal, anciently observed by the Druids in Ireland, was still celebrated or at least partly continued, by the Irish, "who light great fires on the tops of their mountains, and pass their children and flocks through them to Baal or Samha as described in the Old Testament to Bel or Baal." (Vol. I, pp. 82, 83.) This belief was vigorously combated by Bishop Milner in "An Inquiry into certain Vulgar Opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and the Antiquities of Ireland." The St. John fires were lighted on the eve of June 24 all over Europe without relation to the worship of Baal, June, 1833 there was a riot at Cork because some soldiers refused to subscribe money towards the fires which were to be lighted.

In the old huge illustrated Bible known to use in our little village of the Sixties, there was a peculiarly horrible full page picture of Moloch, the gigantic idol, heated red hot, with shrieking children on his hands, while far below were some men beating drums, and women tossing their hands in the air. This picture, that of the Witch of Endor, and those of antediluvian animals, with the picture of Giant Despair in "Pilgrim's Progress" haunted us after we had gone up stairs for bed. And in those years before a looking glass, we feared lest a ghastly head would be seen grinning over our shoulder, nor did we dare in bed to leave a hand exposed, not wishing to have it clasped by something clammy.

"Hot as Tophet" is a euphemism for a phrase with which "C. H. B." is undoubtedly familiar. He may even have used it under climatic provocation.

Dress or Undress

As the World Wags:

Since Mr. Herkimer Johnson's engagements prevent his taking part in the discussion in an adjacent column on Women's Dress Reform, lesser elucidation may result from the following references: (1) From the "moral" standpoint, nothing is more harmful than over-anxious covering of the body. (See International Journal of Ethics, Apr. 1911, at end of page 330.) (2) So a surgeon concluded, after extensive travels in Central Africa: "The more naked the tribe, the more decent is the behavior of the people." (R. W. Felkin in Edinburgh Medical Journal, 1881, at page 924.) (3) Another traveler found, near the African Great Lakes, that nakedness among the Kavirondo was "consonant with a high degree of morality"; P. Oswald in "Alone in the Sleeping Sickness Country," 1915, page 53. (4) Another (G. Bennett in "Shots and Snapshots in British East Africa," 1914, page 167) reports that this tribe "have a theory that wearing clothes tends to immorality. It is a fact that they are much more moral" than their neighbors (among whom the missionaries have labored and introduced clothes, etc.). Innumerable references to like effect might be given as to Japan and elsewhere, and to show that the modern and mediaeval notions as to nakedness descend from the Romans rather than the Greeks. So a "Milesian" (such as Mr. McCarthy, who started the discussion, presumably is) will appreciate the more a quotation from one of the few scholarly publications in Ireland, viz: (5) Herminthema, 1914, vol. XL, at pp. 7 and 8. Therein the lamented provost, J. P. Mahaffey, translated from an account of 1297, unknown to, or garbled by the Irish historians, Count John de Perthes, under the most august auspices, made a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, and incidentally visited the Kingdom of O'Neill. There he found the common people "ill clothed, but the principal of them wear cloaks of woolen plush." Even "the hand-maidens of the Queen, who were indeed twenty, were barefoot, and showed all they had and with as little shame as to show the face." Would Mr. McCarthy maintain that these "most beautiful women" were less moral than the court-ladies of England, then in voluminous vesture?

CHARLES EDWARD AAB,

Boston.

Star and Clock-Face

As the World Wags:
The clock in the tower of the Custom House is of great convenience to those who can see it and distinguish the time; but, unfortunately, an eleven pointed, dark colored star is shown on the face of the clock which makes it difficult to distinguish between the hands of the clock and points of the star; furthermore the material of which the face is composed absorbs moisture and darkens the face in rainy weather so that the hands cannot be seen.

I presume there must be some good reason for having this 11-pointed star, also for using the material that absorbs moisture. Will some one enlighten a few of us from Missouri?

I. AUGUSTUS REMINGTON.

Boston.

Lincoln and Desertion

As the World Wags:

In 1862 I was in the First Mass. Cavalry. One day in walking around at Hil-

lary Head, I met an old friend, the sth Me. During our conversation he said, "I suppose Gus Gammon is to be shot today." I was very much shocked as he was a friend also of mine. In 1865 I saw one of the family and inquired about H. Mr. Gammon and a prominent citizen went to Washington and saw Mr. Lincoln. After a statement of the case and the making of a plea, Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Gammon and said, "You can go home, and if any of your boys get into trouble, you come to me and bring this friend to argue his case." This was a charge of desertion. Mr. Gammon said he would never forget the humorous expression of Mr. Lincoln's eyes. S. P. REILLY.

Rosindale.

MUSICAL REVUE FIRST AT KEITH'S

Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer, assisted by a quartet of pretty girls, in the first presentation of their musical revue, "Bits and Pieces," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the conclusion of their act brought forth one of the greatest demonstrations ever heard at this theatre.

As the title suggests, the act is made up of excerpts from several of the successes of the contemporaneous musical comedy stage, including some of the pieces in which the principals were featured. Thus the audience was treated among others to "Breakfast in Bed," "My Lady Friends," "East Is West," "The Greenwich Village Follies," "Maytime" and "Jack O' Lantern."

The piece excels first of all in the spectacular sense. Each song has not only a pertinent setting, but there is a lavish hand. Then there is the enchanting dances of the principals. Mr. Santley, graceful and fleet of foot, was also agreeable in song. Miss Sawyer, diminutive and frail, and magnetic in musical speech, romped about as one on a lark, and then there was the compelling spectacle of the twain in delightful unity of step.

Added to this there was the becoming modesty of the principals, a feature too often absent in acts of this kind. The surrounding company added to the pleasure of the performance, and the final scene, with Mr. Santley in white from silken to shoe, and Miss Sawyer stepping ahead of a trap that covered the entire expanse of the stage, and carried by four bearers, is not easily forgotten. Howard Thomas Collins conducted.

Other acts billed were Herschel Hentlere, in a burlesque pianologue; Four Readings, jugglers; Bert Melrose, in a clown act; Claudia Coleman, in a monologue; Mrs. Gene Hughes and company, in a farce; Ed Morton, comedian and singer; and the Clinton Sisters, in a dancing act.

A Forgotten Author

The younger generation of novel readers know little or nothing of Rhoda Broughton, whose death is announced; yet in her early years of authorship, she was regarded as an audacious writer and her novels were among the "best sellers." Her popularity was enlarged because, incredible as it seems today, she was dubbed an "immoral" author, and was even accused of indecency. The reproach in each instance was undeserved, but reviewers in the 60's of the last century were prudish and priggish. Even Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" caused some to shudder.

Compared with the "Ouida" of the 60's and 70's Miss Broughton was tame, although she shared at first in the popularity awarded that extravagant writer, the amiable Miss Amelia B. Edwards, later known and esteemed as an Egyptologist, and Mrs. Henry Wood, who outgrew her "East Lynne" period and delighted many before she died by her "Johnny Ludlow" tales. And all these women found thousands of readers during the years that George Meredith was only a name in a catalogue.

Miss Broughton's first novels were her best. There was a certain freshness, a spontaneity about them that, with an analysis of female character, sometimes shrewd, sometimes flip-pant, held the attention and blunted the axe of savage critics, the survivors of the Bludger school. It is doubtful if today the two novels that shocked many, especially those anxious and waiting to be shocked,

would excite interest. They certainly would not find their way into magazines that welcome romances in which problems of sex, trial marriages and all sorts of illicit relations are the soul of the plot.

A LAST YIDDISH PLAY

"The Dancer" as Ably Acted by Mme. Valliere in a Final Appearance—Good Stuff of the Theatre Not Too Well Transferred to Either English or Jewish Stage

THE closing evening of the "Yiddish season" at the Boston Opera House brought together a large and enthusiastic audience to witness the first performance in Boston of Lengwiel's play, "The Dancer." About the play itself much had come from New York by word of mouth and by way of the Yiddish press. In that city it had caused something like a furore, and Yiddish reviewers were loud in praise of Mme. Valliere's acting. The play is commonly said to be of Hungarian origin, though the pedigree of the piece has not been closely traced. Likewise as "The Dancer" and in adaptation by Edward Locke, the play made way to the English-speaking stage for a few weeks in New York last winter. As such it had no signal merit; while the Yiddish version gives no

hint of unusual quality. In fine, exactly why "The Dancer" should have been or should be a "sensation" anywhere is hard to discover.

Nor is the fault with the acting. Here in Boston the play received altogether adequate performance even a recise, rapidly moving one, which is rare on the Yiddish stage. Not all the players seemed to be at home in parts that call for the atmosphere of pampered theatrical stars and champagne suppers. Yet what they lacked in such detail they made up in that eager sincerity which is the conspicuous virtue of these players from the Irving Place Theatre. The chief personages—Mme. Valliere as the capricious, high-strung dancer, Mr. Hollander as her country-boy lover and Mr. Teitelbaum as her lover-manager—were acted with illusion, reserve and effect. Outside of a tendency toward monotony of gesture, Mme. Valliere's version of a difficult part was as fine a bit of characterization as the play permitted. Her personage the dancer—valued for violent explosions of anger, of passion, of love, of contradictory mood, without any opportunity of preparing the contrast through skilful transaction. Character and actress blew hot and cold in alternate gusts, yet by avoiding exaggeration Mme. Valliere managed to work illusion in these brusque changes.

Lola, a world-famous dancer, the favorite of many a metropolis, becomes for the nonce weary of her flower-strewn career. A woman of glaring temperamental contrast, she imagines herself in love with a youth the very opposite to her capricious self. He comes from the country; he is scornful of the stage. (Why, in his view, should men take to a profession that besmears them like clowns and makes them fools in public.) He recalls the beauties of the countryside, at a moment when Lola longs for relief from her artificial life. They flee to his country house without a word of warning to Lola's mates, and she begins a summer idyll that lasts from June until harvest time.

Three months bring their changes with them; the lovers are fond enough, but the dancer gives a thought now and then to the world she left behind; while the youth is more concerned with his new life than once he was. The climax is reached, however, when Lola's former stage companions pay her a visit to the farm and are discovered by the late lover. Jealousy and scorn sound from his rage. So she yearns for her old life after all, with these low creatures of an indecent world! Bah! She is no better than they. Out with the vagabonds! And he casts the troupe forth. This, of course, opens Lola's eyes, and her servant tactfully tells her that the other dancers are waiting for her if she will only return, she gathers her things and goes. They had not tempted her. It was the boy's outburst against a world he neither knew nor understood that grieved her. In the final act we are back in Lola's apartments, on the night of her triumphant return to the stage. Lesser, the lover, has followed her. He loves her, he will marry her, give her his name. (And, has she no name, is her proud reply, rather—a name known the world over.) For a moment the idyl buds anew, but only for a moment. Then begin the inevitable recriminations from him then ensue the final break.

All this, though hardly novel, is excellent stuff of the theatre. The trick that illusion plays upon incompatible temperaments, leading them to a union that sooner or later must dissolve in tears, works quite as cruelly, one may imagine, upon such worldly-wise demi-vivres as Lola, as it does upon such dress-suited country bumpkins as Lesser. But, granted that the Yiddish version is a faithful copy of the original, no much has been made

of the second suggestion. The playwright seems to have preferred situation to character, though in the somewhat lengthy conversations between Lola and Lesser we get more than a glimpse into their minds and hearts. Yet after the first act the line of interest traces a descent and the end is too easily foreseen. Possibly the hidden Hungarian original betters both Yiddish and English versions.

Isaac Goldberg.

A Tennis Note

(London Daily Chronicle.)

The exposure of every eye
Is she beyond gainsaying,
And every casual passer-by
Will pause when she is playing
And linger near; she is in short,
The great attraction of the court.

'Tis not her drive's ferocious strength,
'Tis not her deadly volley,
'Tis not her service nor her length
(She's rather short and jolly);
'Tis that she wears to play the ball
The smartest jumper of them all.

T. H.

Thesaurus

As the World Wags:

Perhaps one of the most interesting statements ever attributed to Thomas A. Edison was made by the wizard when some one asked him how he had been drawn into so many radically different lines of research. The reply was to the effect that in all his investigations he had made it a rule never to let an unusual phenomenon pass unnoted, and that, as a result of this, a slight variation in chemical reactions or in electrical analyses and results had often led him far afield and ended in important discoveries quite foreign to the original problem in hand. Experts assure us that some of the marvellous developments in modern photography are the results, direct or otherwise, of amateur work—curiosity on the part of laymen to learn just how odd details had been produced, a field long neglected by the routine picture maker.

In both of these cases there looms large the element of fascination in following more or less uncertain clues in unravelling a perplexing mystery and solving problems that have added measurably to the world's wealth, comfort or pleasure.

Why is not that a key to the best method of education? Why permit a pupil to learn by rote that for which he will take a mental emetic as soon as the test is passed? When we "Felix Old Boys" were undergraduates we used to "gram" for annual examinations, and I dare say that in the course of the summer vacation 99 per cent. of that knowledge evaporated into thin air. We had in our class two students whose methods of work were diametrically opposed to each other, and they illustrate exactly what these few lines would emphasize. The one developed a remarkable verbal memory by committing every lesson verbatim et literatim. His translations of Latin and Greek, for example, appeared to be made with great fluency. He had scraped an acquaintance with, and knew by sight, enough Latin and Greek words to act as signals in starting and stopping him at the right place, though on occasions he did run by the semaphore and made a forced landing where there was no pier—Bohn's translation to the contrary. The other fellow's caliber was shown when he got interested in the old problem of squaring the circle, and in his enthusiastic pursuit of that phantom he became master of some mathematics we others had tasted, but never digested. The first man cultivated only his memory, while the second climbed several rounds on the ladder of education and exercised his memory as well. That is education (q. e. d.), but the cardinal point lies in the fact that one way was invigorating and effective, while the other was an out-and-out bore.

Many of us stumble along to so-called success or failure knowing little of real life until the allotted time is speeding so fast that we cannot fully benefit by what experience has taught us; but, if Henry Drummond in his Natural Law in the Spiritual World has hit upon the right outline of our post mortem activities, we may achieve there instead of here. All of which leads up to the fact that experience has given me a stimulating plan of studying and thus filling to advantage the odd hours in an otherwise busy, mundane existence; and the data, and the gulpeposts, and switches and rest stations are all noted and charted in my Thesaurus, a large, strong, almost indestructible notebook, my personal and private treasury whose standing influence mentally is equal to that of the federal reserve system

financially. In it are recorded the names of books that have influenced me, and many still to be devoured, the list growing by natural selection as I proceed, the reading of one work often calling for the study of several others in the same or kindred lines. In it, too, are jotted down oddities in French and other languages, outlines of history, genealogical trees of royal families, a collection of maps covering in detail the progress of the world war, curiosities in fact and fiction, and many other things more personal and much more interesting, but strictly private and to be studied only in solitude, for alone we came into the world and alone we must depart, and it is therefore of vital importance that at times we enter the closet and close the door so that in secret we may open the thesaurus for the enjoyment of our jewels—jewels about which no other mortal knows. That is life!

Old boys or young boys, we all need such a treasure house, and the sooner we begin it the richer it grows and the greater good it can accomplish, but like the castles in Spain, my dreams cannot be your dreams, my culture and the path thereto must differ from your culture and methods, and my castles must of necessity have architectural charms which yours may imitate and approximate but never equal or surpass, because individuality is dominant and persistent.

Boston. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Heroic Garvie

All up for Principal Garvie, now chairman in England of the Congregational Union! He has announced, in anticipation that in view of no circumstance will he attend a garden party or a bazaar.

Thyroid Sandwiches

We have all heard of the miraculous recuperative power lurking in the thyroid gland of animals. The 15th of a grain was the elixir of life. Physicians prescribed it to patients hankering after a few more years of active life. We read in a London journal that butchers for years have extracted this gland and eaten it by the ounce in the form of sandwiches, yet they are not the more remarkable for longevity in consequence. Perhaps they do not paste on sufficient mustard.

Model Workmen

Short hours and little work is the motto of workmen in more than one country. A London newspaper tells of a woman who left a small piece of jewelry to be repaired in a suburban shop. After some days she called for it. The man opened several boxes, did not find it, and then said cheerfully: "Would you mind looking in again some day? You see, when we feel like doing a bit of work we do it, and when we don't feel like doing it, we don't. I don't think yours is done."

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their memories and half their friends.

Too Familiar

Readers of the Sketch, Punch and other English periodicals have missed for some time in the advertisements the picture of Mr. Dunlop, who invented a pneumatic tire. About 1891 he gave a portrait bust of himself, with his signature, to a rubber company to be used as trademarks. Now living in Ireland, he asks for an injunction to restrain the company from printing or exhibiting in Ireland any publication containing pictures representing him in absurd costumes or attitudes.

"For some time past the said intended defendant company have, without any permission from me, been exhibiting in Ireland and elsewhere advertisements containing pictures obviously intended to represent me, the features being adapted from the said portrait bust, but the said features are placed upon the body of a very tall man, dressed in an exaggeratedly foppish manner, wearing a tall white hat, white waistcoat, and carrying a cane and eyeglass, none of which is it my custom to wear or carry. The gradual extension of the said advertisements and the absurd attitude in which the said figure is represented therein have caused very great annoyance to me and to my relatives, almost all of whom reside in Ireland, and the belief has arisen that I have permitted the company to publish the said advertisements in consideration of payments to me."

Johnnie Walker has as yet made no complaint of this nature. He is still "going strong."

"Hornig Bee"

As the World Wags:

You quote a paragraph from an up-state (N. Y.) newspaper and ask "What is a hornig bee?"

As an "up-stater" I shall try to answer your question, but request that you abbreviate the answer to suit your purpose (with newspaper print at \$16 per ewt. my reply is much too long).

A "bee" is "an assemblage of persons who meet in some joint amusement." (True, O King! Ed.)

A "hornig bee" is up-state lingo for such an assemblage in which horns (and any other handy noisy apparatus, e. g., cowbells, tinpans, shotguns, etc.) play an important part; the occasion is a newly married couple.

The bee, with horns etc., proceeds to the stopping-place of the bride and groom and after surrounding it, makes as much noise as possible. A successful hornig bee never leaves the premises until it has seen the bride and groom, who, if they are good sports, treat all who have come with refreshments, as well as their presence.

Either of two excuses may prompt organizing a "hornig bee."

1—Because the bride and groom are popular and the town folks wish to pay them their compliments (not to mention kissing the bride), which was not possible because of a family or out-of-town wedding.

2—Or the bride and groom are not popular and therefore a "hornig" is thought to be just what they deserve.

Hornig bees are held, if possible, on the first night of the marriage and usually at a late hour. If the bride and groom take a trip following the wedding, the "hornig" is reserved for the first night of their return. G. E. Jr., Boston.

When the bride and groom are unpopular, "hornig bee" is only another name for "charivari," a serenade of rough musicians with kettles, pans, tea trays, etc., in mockery or derision of incongruous or unpopular marriages, and of unpopular persons generally. The term and the ceremony have long been familiar in France. The celebrated Mr. Doyle speaks of one given to a woman married immediately after the death of her husband, Gabriel Peignot of Dijon wrote a "Moral, Civil, Political and Literary History of Charivari from its Origin About the Fourth Century," a book of 326 pages, published at Paris in 1832. It is full of curious information. Not unlike, in some respects, the charivari is the "skimpington" or skimpington ride, a procession in which effigies of unpopular or objectionable persons, a man or a woman unfaithful to marriage vows, a henpecked husband, are carried through the village to the music of tin kettles, horns, frying pans, etc. Thomas Hardy describes a procession of this nature in "The Mayor of Casterbridge."—[Ed.]

Food and Raiment

As the World Wags:

If cloth is not apparel
In the mind of Mr. Wood,
Pray tell me, is a barrel
Of flour food?

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

The Vermont Wampus

After having devoted considerable time and study to the habits and peculiarities of the animal known to science as the wampus, I feel it is my duty to communicate the facts I have discovered to the public in general.

This curious animal is indigenous to New England, although its fossil remains have been found in various other parts of the continent, as well as in western Europe, it is safe to say that since the late Pleistocene period, when it was contemporaneous with the Cave Bear, (Ursus Spoleaus) and was doubtless hunted by the Neanderthaloid races during the Reindeer Age, this is the only part of the world where it continues to exist.

Probably this creature is most common in the Green Mountains where it is quite frequently seen by campers and hunters. In the fall, 1916, I secured a good sized specimen near Plymouth, Vt. This wampus I had mounted and then presented to the Museum of Natural History at Owensville at which place it is now on exhibition, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The word "Wampus" is derived from the Abenaki language and the meaning is a bit obscure. It is well known that these aborigines used this animal's dried carapace as "legal tender" hence the name wampus.

When first noted by the early settlers it was given several confusing and erroneous names. By a number it was called catamount and the Canadian lumbermen who caught glimpses of the beast promptly gave it the appellation of "loup cervier." I will admit that there is a slight resemblance to the cat tribe when seen only for an instant or when the casual observer was so surprised that he was unable to get more than a vague impression of the wampus before it vanished in the thick spruce forest. However, the wampus does not belong to the feline family, for it has non-retractile claws and the tendency of the anatomist and zoologist

to the fact that, as there are certain
things which are not to be done, so there
are certain things which are to be done.
The first of these is to be true. The second
is to be honest. The third is to be kind.
The fourth is to be brave. The fifth is to be
wise. The sixth is to be clean. The seventh
is to be temperate. The eighth is to be
chaste. The ninth is to be obedient. The
tenth is to be diligent. The eleventh is to
be patient. The twelfth is to be humble.
The thirteenth is to be meek. The
fourteenth is to be gentle. The fifteenth
is to be lowly. The sixteenth is to be
quiet. The seventeenth is to be peaceable.
The eighteenth is to be merciful. The
nineteenth is to be gracious. The
twentieth is to be good. The twenty-first
is to be kind. The twenty-second is to be
loving. The twenty-third is to be
merciful. The twenty-fourth is to be
gracious. The twenty-fifth is to be
good. The twenty-sixth is to be kind.
The twenty-seventh is to be loving.
The twenty-eighth is to be merciful.
The twenty-ninth is to be gracious.
The thirtieth is to be good.

the same as the first. However, the dress of the white men
looked to me hardly less interesting.
Not because the men did not wear good
clothes, but on account of certain incon-
gruities. One man, for instance, wore a
good suit, but an old slouch hat; another
wore a fine hat, but a torn shirt and
ragged trousers.

And those were the days before the
high cost of clothing!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

A Lover of Tightness

As the World Wags:

My friend Tightstrings, who recently
"passed away," wrote only one poem in
his life (would that this were the case
with more poets), and he requested
that I father the orphan. (It is curious
that many a person like Tightstrings,
who extravagantly passes away when
others simply die, was not giving to
passing away much while alive.)

Mother sews the garter;
It's the tie that binds;
Is she not a martyr?
Mother sews the garter;
Has a lifelong charter;
But she never minds.
Mother sews the garter;
It's the tie that binds.

The composition was inspired by the
occasion of the one hundredth semi-
annual receipt of a pair of hand-sewn
garters from his poor mother back home
—an occasion and a subject which were
said to be almost the only occasion and
subject of correspondence between them
on his part. Tightstrings was always
averse to resigning his socks to the
support of the marketed product, as he
vigorously denied either that no metal
could touch him or that the grip was
particularly velvet-like. As a matter of
fact, he detested all velvet grips, his
own being known to be fairly hard, firm,
close, tight. His garters, accordingly,
consisted of two simple bands of black
ribbed elastic, severe and ascetic. In the
intervals between the defection of one
pair and the arrival of another, Tight-
strings was said to adapt two of the
rubber bands that usually encased his
wallet. After 50 years of tight living, be
it known, his veins had become inured to
such constrictions, so that he finally
reached the ideal stage where his blood
circulated no more freely than his
money. It may be added in explanation
that Tightstrings preferred the sonnet
and the triolet to all other forms of
poetry because of their admirable tight-
ness. The only reason for his using the
triolet instead of the other, so far as I
could ascertain, is the superior tightness
of eight lines over fourteen. Out of re-
spect to the one consuming passion of
my friend's life, I trust that critics will
be tight and sparing in their comment.
I myself, though I never dared to men-
tion it in his lifetime, have detected a
trifling looseness (perish the word!) in
his making the "a" rhymes feminine in-
stead of the "b" rhymes, as is common
with most trioleters (whose subjects
also are invariably feminine). But, by a
tight squeeze, these lines may be ad-
mitted to this column as a memorial to
the Apostle of Tightness. JUNIOR.

Cambridge.

There is a land beyond the screen, a
land that is not necessarily fairer than
any though no faith is needed to see
it afar. This land has been visited by
Miss Pearl White, who has met there
with all manner of hair-raising adven-
tures, daily, almost hourly, escaping
death at the hands of atrocious crim-
inals. Miss Mary Pickford, on the other
hand, has met persecutors of a more
conventional class; she has not been
bound to a railway track or thrown out
of an 18th story window. We like the
wilder, more preposterous film plays.
"The Iron Claw," with its countless in-
sane reels, was a delight. Gladly would
we see it again. Then there was the
play that showed Peruvian Incas wor-
shipping in a Californian temple, eager
to sacrifice a maiden to the Sun. We
remember gratefully that heroic figure
Tiger-face, the cloaked and masked
horseman, mysterious and benevolent,
riding furiously down a precipice, giving
warning, or saving in the nick of time.
What was the film that showed a phy-
sician, who had gone wrong, pumping
vitality by a machine into the bodies of
fearsome crooks? Welcome, too, is the
apparition of the rough Westerner who
is at the end domesticated and sand-
papered by a gospel-eyed blonde school
teacher from the East. The custard-
pie comedy does not appeal to us. Dearest
to us is the "vamp" than the goody-
goody girl, or even Miss Elsie Ferguson
in some sugar story. Probably Cleopatra
was not so heavy below the waist as
Miss Theda Bara, nevertheless we
treasure the memory of Miss Bara in
the Egyptian scenes.

The London Times some time ago pub-
lished a description of this land beyond
the screen, a description as entertaining
as any page of Marco Polo or Sir John
Maundeville with wondrous tale of a
"far country." And as tens of thou-
sands, hundreds of thousands visit the
cinema palaces, the reprinting of this

article today should not be regarded
as new. The sub-title is

What Might Have Been

and What Never Was

"There are countless people in England
who aver, with a certain amount of
cyster-like pride, that they have never
left the country in their lives. England,
they say, is good enough for them. The
majority of these very people go to the
picture theatre at least once and prob-
ably twice a week. Directly they put a
foot within the enchanted door they
have booked a passage far away from
the England they love so much, and by
the time they have forced their way to
a seat and lifted their eyes to the screen
they are wandering in as foreign a coun-
try as ever they have disdainfully re-
fused to visit.

"The prosaic white sheet which repre-
sents the fourth dimension of the picture
theatre is the modern Magic Carpet,
although it has an infinitely greater
capacity. The old Magic Carpet was
quite content to start on its aerial flights
with one or two passengers. The screen
triumphantly carries millions. The
Magic Carpet only covered the countries
of this earth. The screen reveals coun-
tries and customs which not even the
most hardy have yet discovered. We
could wish that, in addition to being a
magic carpet, the screen were a magic
looking glass, through which we might
step like another Alice, in order to gain

some first-hand information of the lives
and habits of the people whom we are
only allowed to see at peculiar prices of
their lives.

"It must be an interesting country, this
land-beyond-the-screen. It seems to be
divided into two great divisions, as the
world is divided into black and white.
One of these may be called the land-of-
might-have-been, the other the land-of-
never-was. In the first dwell those who
participate in film tragedies. In the
other those unfortunate souls who grin
at the audience through the horse-collar
of film comedy. As the inhabitants of
Filmland go, the former are practically
civilized. The latter are unfortunately
still semi-savages.

"The land-of-might-have-been is not a
monarchy. It seems to be a republic—a
kind of super-Atlantis. There dwell all
those strong silent supermen, who occa-
sionally fit across the screen and swim
into our ken. They live in super-houses
and have super-cars and, like the great
Caesar, when they say unto a man, do,
he immediately doeth. They smoke
cigars of enormous size, of which, un-
fortunately, the savor is denied us.
Sometimes they even disdain to take off
the bands. They wear clothes which
only a superman would dare to wear,
and their taste in hats is atrocious.
They sometimes have as many as 30
steps leading up to their front doors.
Their cars were certainly not ordered
at the motor show this year.

"They fill the ordinary man with envy.
Even when they are being used by other
supermen, they are never at a loss. Such
is their masterful way that they can ob-
tain a taxicab whenever they feel dis-
posed. If they use the telephone, the
whole exchange hangs on their words,
and their telephone call is through-
very often—before they have even ut-
tered the number.

"It is a utopian existence, but some-
how they are never happy. Wall street
seems to be their sword of Damocles.
They are always just about to fail or
to succeed. Their lives are always at
a crisis, and during a crisis they pass
a very unquiet time. The audience usu-
ally catches a glimpse of them en-
raptured in telegraph tapes, like a modern
raccoon endeavoring to behave like a
bull. They do not often meet with an
actual crash, but when they do they
can always fly to the revolver in their
hip pocket for relief. Yet, in their pri-
vate lives, when we do not overlook their
actions, they may behave in quite an
ordinary way.

"After half an hour of such an in-
tensive civilization as this, it is quite
refreshing to sojourn among the sav-
ages. An island entirely populated by
film comedians is an amazing thing to
contemplate. We can imagine them
hurling plates and dishes at each other
from early morn to eventide. They all
have revolvers, and they are all targets.
When they become tired of these rustic
occupations they run after each other.
If they misbehave themselves they have
to reckon with their local constabulary.
These should establish terror in any
wrongdoer. They may not be very ef-
ficient, but what they lack in quality
they more than make up in quantity.
They do not often arrest criminals, but
they try very hard, and that is a dis-
tinct achievement in a land where every
man's hand seems to be against his
neighbor. In case of fires they have a
motor fire engine. This can travel at a
great pace, but when it gets to the
scene of the fire it is usually found
that the hose is missing. If they have
remembered to bring the hose the en-
gine probably blows up.

"At present these two film continents
have not yet met. If they were ever to
meet—and fight—there would be a titan-
ic struggle. It would be a war of super-

men and lunatics. Both sides would be
well equipped with firearms, but the
lunatics would probably win the day
by their superior skill in throwing
bombs. After practice with crockery,

such missiles should suit them admir-
ably. We suppose it is too much to hope
that the strife would result in mutual
extermination."

Two Aspects

"How perfectly wonderful!" said the
flapper as the curtain fell and she pro-
duced a huge box of chocolates from the
big fur muff upon her knees.

"He is really remarkable"—the flap-
per's friend remarked as she deftly
and unobtrusively powdered her nose.

"That is not the word—the man is a
genius. Such an actor has not been
seen for years."

"In love with him?" queried her
friend.

"Don't be absurd," came the answer.
"I love art—the art of the actor. Such
an actor as Caspian Roumaine is not
met with often. The stage—the ap-
plause—the call before the curtain—
"What a life!"

Caspian Roumaine sat in his dressing-
room after the performance was over.
The audience had dispersed—the flap-
per was even then eulogizing him in
the tea-room.

He gazed into his mirror, and wearily
wiped the grease-paint from his face.

Two-dozen autograph albums awaited
his signature. He pushed them idly
aside.

Then, with a weary sigh—

"What a life!"—G. K. B. in the Lon-
don Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Ziegfeld's Order That the Show Girl Must Go

We learn from the Morning Telegraph
that Mr. Ziegfeld has joined the ranks
of those wishing to "elevate" the drama.
He has pronounced the doom of the
show girl.

"A new era has dawned for the show
girl," declares Mr. Ziegfeld. "It be-
comes now a question of the survival of
the fittest. The doom of the show girl
has been sounded unless she awakens
from her mannikin-like lethargy and
shows real histrionic ability.

"The ever-patient public is surfeited
with the posing type of show girl whose
only bid for fame is an ability to walk
out into the spotlight, hand extended
toward the heavens above and display
the gorgeous creations that were fash-
ioned by the genius of the costumer and
paid for by the producer.

"Only the show girl with real ability
is going to survive. Those who merely
act as mannikins to represent a carrot,
banana or quince, as the lyric demands,
can finish their professional careers in
the shops of the foreign designers.

"They have had their day and will
soon be as extinct as the dodo. The
theatre is becoming more and more
exacting, just as is the case in other
professions. Every girl from the hum-
blest chorus girl to the stars must have
something more than mere figure and
beauty.

"The idea of a show girl rolling up to
rehearsals in a foreign limousine orna-
mented by liveried attendants, to do
nothing but don a magnificent frock
and pose does not attain sufficient in-
spiration to achieve stage greatness. She
must learn the stage graces, and to
dance or speak lines or something more
than showing a pair of porous silk
stockings on her ankles and a back that
copies Eddie Dunn's decollete dome."

Some of us will regret the passing of
these gorgeous creatures. The women
in Charles Reade's novels, often
"swim"; they do not walk. Lamb's
Hester had a springy motion in her
gait. There is no one word to charac-
terize the movement of the show girl
when she comes upon the stage, re-

sponding to the incantation of some
tenor or baritone, and passes him,
seductive, indifferent, or scornful, an
animated illustration of a verse or
sentiment. She can hardly be said to
sidle, strut, prance, sprawl. A misogy-
nist might liken her to women spoken
of by Isaiah the prophet: "Because
the daughters of Zion are haughty, and
walk with stretched forth necks, and
wanton eyes, walking and mincing as
they go" etc. And she, too, is often a
daughter of Zion.

It has been whispered that in Boston
we seldom see the show girls raptur-
ously applauded in New York by the
appraising Johnnies; that these peer-
less creatures rebel at the thought of
being subjected to the gaze of the
yoked-in the provinces. These disdain-
ful bodies, who dance not, neither do
they sing, thrive only in the New York
atmosphere.

Notes About Plays, New and Old, Also About Comedians

Few professions, not even the law,
supply more examples of healthy long-
evity than the stage. Sir Squire Bancroft
entered his 80th year yesterday, a
slim and upright figure, who may be
seen any fine day traversing his beloved

And there are other. Sir John Hare will be 77 tomorrow, and it was only the other day that he was delighting us with Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles." A week or two ago Miss Kate Terry emerged from a retirement which had lasted half a century. Then there is Miss Genevieve Ward, who this year celebrated her 83d anniversary. Mrs. Kendal is comparatively youthful, for she was born in 1849; but Lady Bancroft, who was known to players of 60 years ago as Miss Wilton, is her senior by a decade.—London Daily Chronicle, May 15.

It is not easy to form an idea of Mr. Masfield's play, "The Locked Chest," from a review published in the London Times. A farmer in Ireland, a coward, finds suddenly that his wife is sheltering in the sheepfold a cousin who had killed a man in a fair fight. The dead man was the brother of a mighty lord. "The great man, with murder in his heart, bribes and cajoles the farmer into revealing the hiding place." In the meantime the wife had transferred the cousin to a locked chest. "When the great lord calls for the key she betrays the truth to everybody except, apparently, the great lord himself. He tosses the key back to her and departs: the wife and the cousin leave the husband to his shame, and the last impression one gets of the old farmer is a maniac who babbles that he will have to change his religion."

Miss Doris Keane, in Edward Sheldon's new play, will appear as "Courtesan, Saint and Mother," a part that might test the versatility of even a "protean change artist."

Appropos of the Guitry season in London last month Mr. Wakley, reviewing the performance of "La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom," wrote: "Is it that Sacha Guitry is given to prolonging his pauses, to squeezing the very last drop of value out of his jeux de scene, to scrupulously guarding against the loss of a single, the minutest, effect? In acting, as in athletics, there is such a thing as being trained too fine. Certainly the art of acting is carried by this artist to the maximum of elaboration. Nothing would be more delightful. Yet delight, by its very excess, is apt to end in satiety. We are trying, perhaps perversely, to guess why the thing seemed a little long—perversely, because after all, we confess we should be sorry to miss the least little bit of Sacha Guitry's art. So we give it up."

The same critic said of Jesse Lynch Williams's comedy, "Why Marry?" that so "familiar a moral might have been better enforced by a more exhilarating play."

It was announced that Vesta Tilley, still faringwell the British public, would end her engagement at the Coliseum, London, on June 5, when she would be given a "national tribute," i. e., an album containing signatures of countless admirers "from the people of England."

How many readers of novels, how many students of English literature in our schools and colleges could have answered the question, "Is Rhoda Broughton living?" before the news of her death on June 5 was published? And yet there was a time when her early novels were "best sellers," when her name was better known than the names of other English novelists for her superior. Perhaps her popularity was enlarged by the report that her stories were too free spoken. They were even called

Before the members of the Birmingham Repertory Players' Society, Mr. A. E. Drinkwater lectured on "Bacchus to Bernard Shaw." Outlining the development of the drama from the days of Greek plays to the present time, he said the actor-manager system, represented by Irving and George Alexander, was rightly condemned, but it was better than the form of management which had succeeded it. Purely commercial motives composed in most cases of men who did not pretend to any interest or knowledge of the art of the theatre, were even more dangerous than the actor-manager. The beginning and end of their ambition was dividends. Mr. Drinkwater urged that management by individuals who were prepared to risk their savings in the production of plays which attained to a high artistic standard became more and more difficult. Playgoers must look more and more to themselves for improvement in the standard of plays. Children should be taken with reasonable frequency to see good plays, but not dull plays. This was the surest way of establishing a reasonable standard in those who made up the audience in a theatre. It must never be forgotten that public opinion was ultimately the dominating factor in all things, and if we wanted informed and discriminating opinion on theatrical matters, we must do all we could among the older people, although their minds were more or less made up, but leave nothing undone to help in the creation of good taste in the minds of the young. Dr. Grant Robertson, principal of the University of Birmingham, expressed the view that the Repertory Theatre was going to take an important part in the future development of the drama.—The Stage.

The New Scottish Tenor; Notes

About Other Musicians and Music

Joseph Hillo, a young Scotsman, who arrived at Covent Garden via Stockholm and Naples on May 11, a Ro-

doiffo, awoke enthusiasm. As he engaged for the Chicago Opera next season, the remarks of the Daily Telegraph are interesting: "No Rodolfo in recent years has walked the Covent Garden stage for the first time so well, so to the manner born, as Mr. Hillo, and no tenor in that period has come within measurable distance of Mr. Hillo in sheer inevitableness. To a voice of lovely, smooth quality, and of abundant range and power, he adds an ease and an address that are a sheer delight from first to last. He is one of the born stage-kind; he sings his role as convincingly as he would talk it, and he sings it because it must be sung, not talked. Whether in the full light, as in the first act (where on his departure with Mimi, by the way, he adopted the much more effective musical notes of Puccini than those which have become conventional through a series of high-C tenors), or 'out of the picture,' as the supper talk with Mimi, he was actually itself, and for once the singing voice seemed the right, the inevitable, method of expression. It was all superb, and one awaits with an interest that had become somewhat rare the other appearances of this genuine artist."

Mark Hambourg's entertainment in aid of the London Fever Hospital realized £1113 12s. 9d., with more to come. Mary Anderson read the Sheep-shearing scene from "Winter's Tale"; Ben Davies and others sang; Irene Vanbrugh and Dion Boucicault recited; there was instrumental music. Mr. Hambourg, piano; Felix Salmond, violoncello; Melsa, violin; and there was dancing by Phyllis Bedells and Novikoff.

Mme. D'Alvarez has been singing again in London, and on May 16th, Mr. de Pachmann packed the huge Albert Hall when he gave a Chopin recital. There was a time when conductors used to turn to the audience and call attention to a beautiful passage: "Now, gentlemen, listen to this." That is of the past now, and only Mr. Pachmann, with his significant gestures, with his frequent asides to the audience—they were lost to the majority of us in the Albert Hall—with his waving of the hands, reminds us of the old custom. But the feeling is perfectly natural to all true interpreters, from Mr. Pachmann to the humble orchestral player who, on hearing the choir's questioning in an opera, "Who is to be our king now?" asked for the rosin, remarking, "I'll show them who is their leader." Mr. Pachmann's playing is, of course, known, and we need only say that in the less familiar as in the more popular of the preludes, valsecs, and ballades the great pianist was in his best form.

The London Times had this to say of Mme. Edvina at Covent Garden last month: "Mme. Edvina's Tosca is accepted as a strong interpretation, but she has made the part her own rather by force of character than by natural aptitude. She neither looks nor moves nor sings in a way to suggest the darling of the Roman stage snared into real tragedy by intrigues too thickly woven round her to be resisted. In the first act she strides about the church like an athletic Englishwoman; there is little of the melting softness in her voice to charm Cavaradossi or tempt Scarpia. It is difficult to believe in the weakness which makes her betray her lover's secret to save his life; throughout the scene with Scarpia she never relaxes the tension. She makes her bargain with him shrewdly and bitterly, and schemes to defeat him in the same spirit."

Mr. Claudio Arrau, who gave a recital, plays the piano with immaculate technique, but—dear, oh dear—one does get so tired of immaculate technique. Five-sixths of the British Empire believes that perfection is only for the gods and thinks it unholly to make any work of art without a flaw. And is not this fundamentally true? For if a player has got every detail exactly in its proper place ought he not already as an artist to have gone beyond it in aspiration and as a man to have fallen short of that in execution?

Is there not a point, in fact, at which technique overreaches itself? However, we are grateful to Mr. Arrau for acquainting us with the actual notes of Brahms's Paganini Variations; for certainly only a few of us are able without such help to get at the facts.—London Times.

"Chansons de Montmartre"—coster songs, we should have to say; but how different! We seem in our songs to have to plump for one of two things—sentiment or humour; the Frenchman gets behind both to a place called wit. His humour is grim and his sentiment useful; he is a man of the world. People ought to laugh, of course, and did; but somehow the laugh seemed neither here nor there; it ought to have shaken the midriff and not to have relaxed the maxillaries. Still, we did laugh, and hope that M. Edouard Garceau will have been encouraged to give us some more. He was very successful with the moon, who is no longer under a cloud, but can show herself again in polite society, and he devoted six songs to her dealings with mortals. Half a dozen others, words by Richepin, music by Blancher, were more elaborate; they philosophized rather more and depicted rather less, especially in the music, and as such were complementary to the first set. The subjects were trivial, even conventional, and we are apt to think such subjects not worth talking or singing about. But perhaps the French

view is truer, which holds that the slighter the subject the more there is to be done with it and the more worth while it is for skill, and what the dear departed 18th century used to call "artificial" treatment, to adorn it.—London Times.

There is one unfortunate thing about concerts, that we have to wait to hear them before we can say that they are good, and cannot, like the Americans, have an intelligent appreciation of events even before they occur. It would be all so simple if one only knew where to go for an evening's good music. Names, of persons and things, are untrustworthy guides; the person and thing and his and our mood at the moment must all fit, before we get a real catch. The only way is to go out on all waters and in all weathers, and do a good deal of thinking on the blank days.—London Times.

Mimi in "La Boheme": "We are used to thinking of Mimi as a person who sings without thinking about it, whose voice falls naturally into phrases of a certain contour expressive in themselves, but not telling of any strong personal feeling behind them. She faints from cold, revives with a drop of water and a few pizzicato notes on the strings, she coughs a little and sobs a little, and ultimately dies of consumption. But she goes on singing in pure, unimpassioned tones until she dies."

The revival of "The Beggar's Opera" in London necessitated curtailments in the score, which originally contained 63 lyrics. Arnold Bennett assisted in the work of excision. In his preface to the opera John Gay wrote: "Throughout the whole opera you may observe such a multitude of manners in high and low life that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen."

On the Screen

Less than a fortnight before the death of Gaby Deslys, a film play, "Le Dieu du Hasard," in which she enacted the principal role, was exhibited on the screen. Written specially by M. Noziere, an expert dramatist, for the purpose of introducing Gaby Deslys, there is at least one scene in "Le Dieu du Hasard" which those who have seen it declare proves that the apparently care-free Gaby possessed something closely resembling dramatic genius. "Without any apparent effort," wrote one critic, unaware when he penned his appreciation that by the time his remarks appeared in print the subject of them would be no more, "without a single unnecessary gesture, with a concentration of thought which illumines her whole visage, the artist makes us feel the entire gamut of the most poignant, the most human grief. In 'Le Dieu du Hasard' Gaby Deslys plays the part of a femme du monde. She is the wife of a not over-scrupulous financier, and is adored by all who come into contact with her. Her husband has got into a very tight corner owing to some business transaction, that will not bear the light of day. To extricate himself a large sum of money is necessary, and in order to obtain this he throws his fascinating little wife, who has no idea of the ignoble role she is being made to play, in the way of a multi-millionaire. When the moment comes, the financier and his still shadier partner demand blackmail. The millionaire hands over the cheque demanded by the two scoundrels, and, in doing so, denounces the wife whom he naturally imagines to be a willing accomplice. The scene in which the poor woman, who has been compromised in spite of herself, realizes all her husband's infamy, is quite a short one in an unusually long play, but, short as it is, it is acted so naturally by Gaby Deslys and with such conviction that it redeems all the other shortcomings of the film, and, in spite of M. Noziere's skill as a dramatist, they are said to be many." Irony of Fate! Just as Gaby Deslys had thus shown to the world the depths of emotion of which she was capable, the inexorable summons came to her.—London Daily Telegraph.

An Italian film play is based on Cavalleria Rusticana. Santuzza is played by Gemma Bellincioni, the original girl in Mascagni's opera. Duse gave a memorable performance of the heroine, so remarkable that when the opera was heard soon after the play the music seemed wholly superfluous, if not impertinent.

The story told in "Unmarried," a story of life in a village where the squire's daughter and the child of his humblest tenant are in trouble, is described by a London reviewer as "good though commonplace." Pray, what would the gentleman have? "When one man falls in action in France a child in the cottage and a child in the mansion are both fatherless." Hence complications and coincidences. "Mothers and their children meet in the most unexpected places, and the brother rescues the sister from an extremely awkward situation. And throughout the film Mr. Gerald du Maurier, in clerical garb, makes love, and addresses the National Council for the Unmarried Mother in his own inimitable style." The reviewer wishes that the sub-titles would be more concise. "At one point, where the one word midnight would be sufficient, the audience is astonished to find that 'the iron tongue of midnight had told 12.' Another the old squire has died, and the audience is informed that 'there falls the shadow of the last dread visitant,' which, as Euclid would say, is absurd."

The man who has the most ground to complain of his work being spoilt is apparently, the author of the serial story, in which the younger generation takes such an interest. Very few serials, says an American authority on the subject, have been produced even approximately as they were written by the author. The producer, the director and the "star" each in turn attacks them. The director, not infrequently, rewrites the story entirely, as he thinks it should be written. Next the star makes up his mind to change something, and very likely leaves out an incident which the author has introduced for the express purpose of leading up to some future development. By this means the story no longer holds together, and the climax is ruined, all the blame for which naturally falls on the shoulders of the unfortunate author, the only person who is not allowed to have a say in the matter. It is common to decry the film se-

rial, but it should be remembered that it makes no claim as a rule to interest any but those who are the least mentally developed. It really corresponds almost exactly to the feuilleton which made the fortunes of the old popular French halfpenny newspapers, with their million and two million circulation. Neither one nor the other is to be taken seriously.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Delamaine Discusses a Crux in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"

As it is reported that the new Shakespearean Company of Stratford-on-Avon will visit the United States next season, and as "Cymbeline" is in its repertory, the following letter may interest Shakespearean students:

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:
Few of the admittedly obscure readings in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" have received less attention from textual critics than the imperfect lines in two of the clauses dependent on the proposition forming the subject of Iachimo's subtle insinuations concerning the fidelity of the banished Posthumus, though ostensibly framed in praise of Imogen's beauty. Unless Iachimo's drift is shown by quoting what precedes and follows the defective lines in act 1: sc. 6, lines 107-8, the changes suggested here cannot well be made clear without using words having less precision than those which form the text:

"Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripped with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour; then by peeping in an eye
Base and unscrupulous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt."

The suggestion of Dr. Johnson to read "le" instead of "by" in the phrase "by peeping in an eye," was adopted by Stevens and succeeding editors until the mid-Victorian period, when its validity was rendered doubtful by the gradual adoption of the compound by-peeping—a change proposed by Knight and generally followed by later editors. Ill-fitted as "le" is to remedy the defective phrase, to Johnson must be given the credit "of seeing," says Furness, "what more recent editors seem to have overlooked, that 'slaver' and 'join' required to be connected, not with a participle, but with another verb." It is one of the peculiarities of English that a present participle, when in the subjunctive, requires to be supplemented by some form of the verb "be." There is no exception to this rule or mode, because there is nothing in our language to take its place. Disregard of this inflexible rule in the instance quoted should have been detected long ago and the defective arrangement of the line changed to meet the need of correct expression.

If the supporters of Knight's reading had noticed the juxtaposition of the impossible proposition in this clause, they would have discovered that the indispensable auxiliary "be" had been changed to "by," thus excluding the verb from its accustomed place and depriving "peeping" of the help required to make its action as progressive as "slaver" and "join."

As partly accounting for this oversight, it is clear that, whether the clause be considered as dependent on the main proposition or on the adjoining clause, the omission of the connective "or," as the alternative of "should I," leaves it with so slight a hold on the subjunctive that it is practically detached from its context. This loss of unity reduces the clause from being a part of a suspended sentence expressing an unreal or conditional future to a meaningless phrase, and is, undoubtedly the chief cause of the obscurity that has made the passage difficult to understand. Had it been observed that "then," introducing the clause, is not a true conjunction, but an adverb of time, neither Johnson nor Knight nor Collier's MS. corrector—with his ridiculous suggestion of "bo-peeping"—would have proposed the readings which distort the meaning of this passage in various modernized editions. It seems clear that the connective "or" has been left out by the copyist; possibly to keep the line from having a foot too many, or more pro-

to the second "falsehood" in the line. In any case, the connective "or" does what a conjunctive adverb could not possibly do and is the missing link that binds the clauses in the sentence firmly together.

Even with this gain in clarity, the passage is still obscure owing to the second "falsehood" in the line above. It would be interesting to know what "falsehood as with labour" means. Is it conceivable that Shakespeare would write such a bald phrase? or did the copyist transcribe the word twice? "One of these falsehoods should be expunged," says Mason, and Furness asks: "Is friendship strong enough in this, or a thought of legal formality possible?" But how may falsehood be eliminated unless we supply its place with the right word—the word whose inevitability

would seem to justify the change by giving the idea underlying the phrase clear and adequate expression? and how substitute friendship when its every meaning is the antithesis of all that is false and insincere? Both suggestions exclude the idea of comparison upon which the clause is evidently framed. Shakespeare must have had in mind some property or quality common to hands of falsehood and hands of labor. If the clause does not suggest a comparison between hands devoid of true feeling, cold, passionless, hard with constant sealing of unchaste arrangements, and hands that have lost their sensitive touch with hard labor, how are we to interpret the intended simile that even the errors of a careless copyist does not wholly obscure? How harden falsehood with labor? What implication does the clause hold other than that hands hardened with falsehood are like hands hardened with labor? Hard and labor connote a relation that needs no explaining to understand, but what relation is there between falsehood and labor?

From the foregoing, it follows that, as "falsehood as with labour" cannot be satisfactorily explained, while "hard as with labour" satisfies both sense and metre, there is no other deduction possible than that the former is a transcriptional error and the latter undoubtedly what Shakespeare wrote. As amended the clauses read:

Should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join grips with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—hard as with
labour; (or) then be peeping in an eye
Base and unblushing as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit, etc.
The slight changes suggested here dis-
close, to justify them, a unity of thought
and phrase which leaves nothing to dis-
tract the mind from the meaning of the
text. CHARLES J. DELAMAINÉ.

Mattapan.

Mr. Towse Concerning Revivals of Elizabethan and Jacobean Dramas

Apocryph of the revival of Webster's "White Devil" and other old dramas in London, Mr. J. Ranken Towse of the New York Evening Post writes:

"It is somewhat surprising to find a veteran English critic of widely respected authority speaking slightly of recent revivals by independent dramatic associations of representative old plays—Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan—on the ground that they were ill-judged and useless. Concerning the actual value of the representations to which he refers no one, of course, who did not witness them has any right to express an opinion. That value, necessarily, would depend very largely—almost entirely—upon the manner and quality of the performances, in which, it may be remarked, the majority of commentators found much that was interesting and commendable. Nobody supposes that any good purpose can be served by the incompetent performance even of an acknowledged masterpiece. The only result of such a proceeding is to cast discredit upon the work itself. Rehearsals of an old play, once famous, without special reference to the particular virtues inherent in it would, undoubtedly, be waste of time and trouble. But where such revivals are prompted by artistic principle and ambition they are entitled to hearty encouragement. Discrimination, of course, ought to be exercised in making selections. Everybody knows that in the older British drama there is much that is offensive to modern taste and understanding—all sorts of extravagance in the horrible and the sentimental, and of coarseness and puerility in the humor. The reproduction of that sort of stuff is neither profitable nor necessary. Whether it is much more silly, or essentially more indecent, than the matter in some of our modern entertainments is another question. It is not difficult either to expurgate it or let it alone. Many of these old plays, which are sometimes spoken of as if they belonged to the era of Egyptian mummies, still survived upon the stage up to the last quarter of the 19th century, and drew large audiences. But then there were men and women who knew how to play them.

"No one would wish for a moment—even if such a thing were possible—to replace the modern drama with the old. But it is not well that the latter should be forgotten entirely. In its literary eloquence—even in its rhodomontade and rant—in its imagery, its very excesses in situation, passion and sentiment—not to speak of its noblest

achievements in imaginative creation—it supplies the main incentives to the cultivation of those special histrionic faculties which are necessary to the full development of the modern drama itself. In the realms of poetry, romance or tragedy they are indispensable. And they can only be acquired by practice with the material which the older drama exclusively provides. These experimental revivals of obsolescent plays, indicative of a praiseworthy energy and ambition, are therefore deserving of encouragement, not only for their instructive value to performers and spectators alike, but as a reminder of the historical side of the theatre, which is supposed to be the repository of every kind of dramatic art product, old or new.

MONDAY

New England Conservatory Night
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Waltz, "Estudiantina".....Waldteufel
Tempest Scene from "Otello".....Verdi
Finale of "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Festive at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces at a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion
(a) Spring Chorus from "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
(b) Chorus of Fairies, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
(Female chorus from "E. Conservatory."
George W. Chadwick, Conductor)
"Lechivar," Ballade for Baritone and Orchestra.....Chadwick
(Soloist—Mr. F. M. Wempel)
Lyric Overture.....Paul Pucini
Fantasia, "Madama Butterfly".....Puccini
American Idyl, "Indian Summer".....Herbert
Russian Dance, "Czardas".....Tchaikowsky
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

TUESDAY

French Military March.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Poet and Peasant".....Arditi
Waltz, "Il Bacio".....Donizetti
Fantasia, "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Sevilliana from "Don Cesar de Bazan".....Masseenet
Adagio Pathetique.....Godeard
Ballet Music from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Selection, "Apple Blossoms".....Kreisler
Reverie, "Voile de Chimes".....Ludwig
Barcarole from "The Tales of Hoffmann".....Offenbach
Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa

WEDNESDAY

Boston University Night at the Pops. Entire house taken.

THURSDAY

The 18th annual convention of the American Institute of Banking. (Section American Bankers' Association) have taken the entire house for this night.

FRIDAY

Festival March.....Borch
Overture to "The Beautiful Galatea".....Suppe
Clarinet Solo (Mr. Paul Mimart)
(a) Petite Valse.....E. B. Hill
(b) Quasi "Fox Trot"
Fantasia, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Suite "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
(a) Minuet (b) Carillon
Largo from the "New World" Symphony.....Dvorak
Whispering of the Flowers.....Blon
First Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Selection, "The Rainbow Girl".....Hirsch
Prelude.....Rachmaninoff
Waltz, "Arlene".....Strauss
Overture Solemnelle "1812".....Tschalkowsky

SATURDAY

March from "The Prophet".....Masseenet
Overture to "Phedre".....Strauss
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Rhapsody, "Carnival in Pesti".....Liszt
Hymn to "St. Cecilia" (with organ). Gounod
Japanese Suite.....Kosaka Yamada
(a) Sarashi (b) O Edo (c) Kapa
Marche Slave.....Tschalkowsky
Selection, "Mlle. Modest".....Herbert
Selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti
Waltz, "Marigold".....Repper
March, "Sambre et Meuse".....Planquette

As the World Wags:

Having journeyed 70 miles or more by rail at the peril of life and limb, now that I have succeeded in obtaining some range coal at a preposterous price and put the bird bath in order I have time to reflect on the pleasures of travel in the sixties from New Haven to White River Junction, where to a boy the trip was romantic, worthy of a chapter in Sir John Maundeville, Marco Polo, or to be paralleled with a voyage of Hakluyt's herces.

"The conductors in those days were genial souls. They put the passenger at his ease, looked tenderly after the old lady with the band-box, seed cakes and canary cage, answered the little boy's foolish questions, and took a fatherly interest in pretty and unaccompanied young women. Between long-distanced stations they chatted affably with the lawyer, drummer, politician, clergyman. They gave a theatrical flourish to the punching of tickets, and produced a huge wad of bills when some one paid fare in the car. They seldom died in white-haired service; they gave up their position before age cooled enjoyment, and lived idle, in comfort, and respected. If a stranger asked, "Where did Jones get his money?" the answer was: "Oh, he was a railroad conductor," and there was no accompanying sly wink.

The locomotive engines are not so handsome as when I was a boy and collected their names. I miss the old-fashioned, spreading smokestack—wood was burned then—the shining thing-umbels on top of the boiler and, above all, the names, with the pictures on the tender. It was a pleasure to be drawn along by the D. I. Harris, the L. Brainerd, the Gov. Smith, the J. Mulligan, or Antelope, Mercury, Orion, Vulcan and Atlas of course pulled freight. I do not remember an engine named Venus, Sappho, or Cleopatra. Today before taking my seat I look at the engine, to

see that it is not 13 or any multiple of that sinister number.

I also miss the youths and men that administered to the comfort of the passengers. What became of the short chap that chanted in a seductive voice, "Sponge-and-Jelly O'AKIE"? Then there was the lozenge vender; the boy that pushed popcorn in a basket before him to the aisle and shook salt into the package with a grace that the most expert bartender would have envied. As for the water-boy with his combination pitcher and tumbler-tray, he rose majestically until he became president of the railroad company; just as the boy that was seen to pick up a plu became the head of a famous Parisian banking-house.

There were the depot restaurants—for we said "depot," never "station," in those good old days. Below New Haven, where there was an excellent one, was Stamford, famous for its ale on draught. The pork and beans of Springfield were worth a journey. I still see and taste the custard and apple pies protected by a wire fly screen at White River Junction, where trains were always late.

No; traveling by rail is now a purely business affair. The only excitement on the road to Clamport comes from the doubt whether the engine can draw the train. The train I took—I did not shake the engineer's hand on arrival for the benefit of a camera man and the newspapers, though I should have done so for he was patient and long-suffering—wheezed and groaned and grunted, and finally sat down discouraged. An intelligent brakeman told me the engine had only 75 pounds of steam when it should have had 150. I tried to look wise, and I said "Yes, Yes." Was he kidding me? When I was at Yale, I was conditioned in Ganot's Physics.

I was greatly interested in "C. H. B.'s" question about Tophet. I have valuable information about Moloch among the notes for my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast." Elephant rolio, sold only by subscription. As soon as I find the slips I will share this information with you. I have no flag pole, no flag to tell the passer-by in lordly and arrogant motor-cars that I am "in residence." But the neighbors and the cart men know I am here. The latter call me "Professor," a term I loathe, but as I am at their mercy, I make no sign of disapprobation. The villagers are at present more exercised over the question of beef and coal than over any political issue or candidate. Mr. Nickerson said at the store: "All I want is the best man, by heck; I don't care who he is." Mr. Nickerson is highly esteemed here for his sagacity and has been mentioned more than once for the Legislature.

Clamport. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Poets and Words

As the World Wags:

You wondered one day recently whether any one now reads Orpheus C. Kerr. Could one who ever did know him forget, in these melancholy days, the lines

We'll bend the bottle-neck to him
And he will Bacchus.

But does any one in this generation find entertainment in the verses of John G. Saxe? His honest "Jerry the Miller" left a lasting memory of our schooldays, to say nothing of the ballad of "Nick Van Stan," wherein the hero, jolly sailor-man, vows

Here I goes, in these 'ere clogs,
'Acrulin' in this town.

Now, is any one of your readers familiar with the use of the word "thole" as a verb? The Concise Oxford maintains that it is "archaic," but a correspondent from the Golden West, who is nevertheless a user of studied English, avers that he "canna thole Hiram Johnson." Doubtless there are those in the East who sympathize with him, but would they know what he means? Boston. ALFRED MILLENTON.

We saw not long ago Saxe's "Progress," a satire in pamphlet form. It is pleasant reading. Was his translation of "The Clouds," by Aristophanes ever published? We doubt if many today recall his lines about Cyrus Field laying the Atlantic cable, or his verses in memory of Maximilian, shot in Mexico. We remember his "Mourner a la Mode," the description of the young widow doing her conjugal duty altogether regardless of cost.

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl.

And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
Were black as a funeral pall.
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast

Boiled over in billows of crepe!
Perhaps some schoolboy in the country speaks the verses about the pleasure of riding on the rail. As for Orpheus C. Kerr, we read his parodies of American poets and his burlesque "Jane Eyre" every summer, as we look forward to "Moby Dick" again. In the Kerr papers there is much that sheds light on the methods of army correspondents during the civil war. A word about the verb "thole." It is still found in northern English dialect. Barrie, naturally, knows it. Meaning "to have to bear, suffer, endure" or "to be subjected to," it was used by the historian Freeman and the journalist Archibald Forbes. Did Mr. Millicent ever hear the word "breedbates"? We

came across it in the speech of a learned counsel in a London law suit last month. He spoke of plaintiffs as "breedbates." The judge asked him what the word meant. "It is a good Shakespearean expression, my lord." To which the judge answered: "Even some terms of Shakespeare occasionally want explaining." Shakespeare wrote the word only once. Mrs. Quickly speaks of a servant as "no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate"; that is to say, no stirrer up of strife, no mischief maker.—Ed.

The Mouse in the Car

In one account, published in a conservative journal, of the recent railway accident, it is stated that a passenger bound for New York left the train at Utica because he saw a mouse in the Pullman car. "That means trouble," he remarked. If he had seen the mouse jumping from the car, his stopping over a train would not excite surprise, for, as rats are said to desert a ship that will sink on its voyage, mice might reasonably be expected to scent disaster. Folk-lore, however, considers seriously the signs and omens to be drawn from the appearance of mice. If they suddenly come into a house that has been free from them, the death of an inmate will follow. To meet with a shrew-mouse, in going on a journey, is ominous of evil. A mouse running over a person forebodes death; so does the squeaking of one behind the bed of an invalid, or the appearance of a white mouse running across the room. It is said that any field-mouse attempting to cross a footpath that has been trod by man will drop dead.

What is the origin of these superstitions? Even in this material age, grossly material after the ideals that came and went with the world war, superstitions of centuries still rule the conduct of many supposed to be fairly intelligent, shrewd and successful in worldly affairs. There are still men and women that do not like to see the new moon over the left shoulder or through glass; they would not for the world go under a ladder, and not from fear of something falling on them; some are sure that the stars sway human destinies; the clairvoyant plies a thriving trade; one foot before the other is beneficent or malevolent in getting out of bed, crossing a threshold, or starting on a walk. Stockings put on wrong side out may bring calamity; and so on through the long catalogue.

Years ago the dog turned around many times before he settled himself for sleep or meditation. Deep thinkers tell us that through hereditary influences he turns about today. And in like manner man has not yet rid himself of ancient beliefs and superstitions. How these superstitions arose is of interest to anthropologists, to sociologists, to all curious speculators. The questions have stirred the wits from the Plutarch of the Morals, from garrulous Macrobius, through gravely smiling Sir Thomas Browne down to the present day. The mouse in the present instance had probably hoped to find the dining car, having no fear of ptomaine poisoning.

If Cardan saith that a parrot is a beautiful bird, Scalliger will set his wits to work to prove it a deformed animal. The compage of all physical truths is not so closely joined, but opposition may find intrusion; nor always so closely maintained, as not to suffer attrition. Many positions seem quodlibetically constituted, and, like a Delphian blade, will cut on both sides. Some truths seem almost falsehoods, and some falsehoods almost truths; wherein falsehood and truth seem almost aquilobiously stated, and but a few grains of distinction to bear down the balance. . . . This moves sober pens into suspensory and timorous assertions.

Preserved Fish

Mr. Christopher Morley in his delightful column informs us that Mr. Preserved Fish established one of the first packet lines to Liverpool. "The Fish family," for which we have great esteem, would not dare to continue this historic name nowadays, with as many columnists about lusting for paragraphs.

Did Orpheus C. Kerr "have the founder of this packet line in mind when

he wrote in 1901 a national anthem after the manner of Whittier? In that year a committee offered a prize of \$500 for the best National Hymn. No prize was awarded, but the offer is remembered by Richard Grant White's elaborate essay on national anthems and by Orpheus C. Kerr's (Robert H. Newell's) parodies of Longfellow, Everett, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Bryant, Morris, Willis, Aldrich and Stoddard. Whittier's manner was thus buried:

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth
Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserved Fish.

Preserved Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

This note followed: "The sectional bias of this 'anthem' renders it unsuitable for use in that small margin of the world situated outside of New England. Hence the above must be rejected."

Without End

As the World Wags:

I am unpleasantly reminded by the approaching commencement season that life has, during the last few years increasingly reproduced the dreariest features of my college days without offering any of its well remembered joys. Under the ever increasing rigors of government, both federal and state, and as a result of the ceaselessly complicating details of the various "systems" that we encounter in our contact with commercial matters, we are forever being told to do this or not to do that under pain of dire consequences; we are instructed in this matter or that, are warned of that or the other consequence of forbidden conduct, are unnecessarily hampered in our movements, entailed in our privilege and provided in all ways with definite reminders that we are no longer free, but that, doubtless with the best of purposes and the most benevolent aims, we are being controlled. And then, at the year's end, we are set a singularly difficult examination paper in the guise of an income tax return.

Something very like this was the routine of undergraduate life, save that under that stress we were buoyed up by the knowledge that the grind would terminate automatically at the end of four years, and that at the end of each of these years there would arrive a vacation during which this irksome business would be taken from our backs. It was once wisely observed by a gentleman obviously free from the trammels of my cloth that "life is just one damned thing after another." I deemed this saying at the time I first encountered it somewhat lacking in strict propriety and perhaps slightly pessimistic in tone, but I have gradually come to feel that it voices a certain wisdom and an acute perception of present conditions.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE,
Milton.

"I Wonder"

A London Journal recently put this question to its readers: "What is the thing, among the trivialities of life, that you are most anxious to know?" There were answers, of course. One man wondered which of the Moody and Sankey hymn tunes Lord Fisher waltzes to; another wondered what became of Ann, the poor, unfortunate, compassionate girl of Oxford street who was a ministerial angel to De Quincey. Still another recalled "the story of Fabius Maximus, the Roman, a religious man, who, desiring to have the gods on his side after the battle of Cannae, buried a woman alive." This correspondent wondered, 1.—How long the woman's agony was consciously endured. 2.—What the gods thought of it. 3.—Whether Fabius ever had the nightmare. But was it Fabius Maximus that thus attempted to please the gods? Did not another Fabius, one Fabius Pictor, the Roman prose writer he wrote in fashionable Greek—go to Delphi, where the sibylline books told him that the Romans should bury a Greek man and woman and a Gaulish man and woman alive in the Forum.

We are not curious about "Junius" of the Man in the Iron Mask; we do not wonder whether Cleopatra's nose tilted up, what became of Morgan in the Maine flurry, or who struck Billy Patterson, or whether Mr. Patterson invited the attack. We do wonder what became of Edwin Drood; who was Datchery? We have not read the various completions of the novel, neither the one dictated by a spiritual voice to a man in Brattleboro, Vt., nor "The Cloven Foot," by Orpheus C. Kerr. Sir Thomas Browne said that the song of the sirens was not beyond all conjecture, but no song put into their mouths by composition is irresistible, not even Debussy's. We wonder what they sang; whether they had studied the "old, true and only" Italian method advertised by singing teachers today. Did Isopel Berners think of George Borrow after she dined the dingle for America? Was Isopel and blood or a creation of Borrow's? Did Offenbach really have the

A Question Box

It was stated a year ago that the soviet government had introduced a "new chronology" whereby the year begins on Oct. 25, the date of the establishment of the Bolshevik regime; the year to contain 280 working days. Does this "new chronology" stand today in Russia?

What became of the gold challenge cups presented by Edward VII for competition at the annual international horse show at Olympia? Russia won this cup, valued at \$2500, in 1914. It was taken to that country a few days before war was declared. The Prince of Wales has replaced it by one of equal value.

"Acid Test"

"Acid test" is the latest of popular phrases. In politics, art, literature, drama and finance the shibboleth runs whether this or that stands the test of acid. It is as common now as "camouflage" last summer.

Why this chemical simile? As far as the general public goes, you meet the test only in the pawnshop, when the wary broker tries reputed gold with a drop of acid, while in dockside taverns you may still see a vial of acid attached to the cash register as a ready test for sovereigns, still occasionally tendered in this far-from-golden age.—
London Daily Chronicle.

JOHN SULLY IS

"Under the Apple Tree," a musical sketch, featuring John Sully, and employing a large company of singers, comedians and dancers, is the chief item of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was evidently pleased.

The piece is vehicular, and might be named more pertinently by a dozen other titles. The outstanding feature of the act is the speed of the performance; then the piece is interesting from the standpoint of a spectacle. The lines seldom rise above the commonplace, but the comedians work industriously and would alone carry a piece of lesser merit. Two of the numbers have significance musically, and then there is a pulchritudinous ensemble that rises from the trunk of the old apple tree by an ingenious mechanical contrivance and parade about to the delight of melody in wildly incongruous dress and extravagant headgear.

Mr. Sully excelled both as the dancer and comedian. An enthusiastic youth, he has a happy way of indulging in flippancies without offending; as a dancer he scored in a unique style. The remainder of the cast gave pleasure, each in his or her individual way.

Other acts on the bill were Maria Lo, in an act of artistic posing; Lewis and Dody, a pair of comedians in an act of chatter and song; Belle Montrose and an unnamed performer, in an act that extended across the footlights, introducing Miss Montrose, comedienne, in a performance of remarkable comeliness and repose; Harry Holman and company, in a farce; Vinie Daly, in an act of dance and song, assisted at the piano by Rubin Bloom; Marshall Montgomery and company, in a novel act of ventriloquism; Lexey and O'Connor, dancers, and the Aronty Brothers, aerial performers.

Pictorial Advertisement

At the recent meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs at Indianapolis, Mrs. Christine Frederick declaimed against pictures of women arrayed in an evening gown painting pantry shelves, or in a reception dress standing over a washing machine. "You have the wrong psychology when you show a picture of the goods being used by a prettier woman than I am. You advertisers have gone mad on the pretty girl model, the artificial, manicured manikin. I make a plea for the genuine homely human model."

The psychology of the advertiser is sound and shrewd, in spite of Mrs. Frederick's objection. A homely woman says to herself, "I, too, will be pretty, if I use that machine." It is said that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when he was sojourning in this country, having purchased a magazine at once tore out the reading matter, the instructive, educational pages, the short stories, etc., threw these pages away, read to his delight the advertisements, and looked long and approvingly at the pictured men and women. What purchaser of a magazine today does not enjoy the portraiture of domestic bliss, the young wife recommending this or that breakfast food which she with her own hands is putting on the table; the children dawning for a

favorite dish, the water nymphs stream or tub singing the praise of a certain soap; the fair women, all the fairer by their choice of hose and lingerie? Men in some respects fare worse in these pages. The faces of advertising physicians, sellers of sure cures, do not always inspire confidence; the men revealed in various brands of underclothes are seldom heroic figures. On the other hand, young patrons of collar manufacturers, youths that might have been drawn by Mr. Gibson for a cartoon in Life, excite admiration and envy. More than one observer has flattered himself that he too would be an Apollo, if he brushed his hair back and wore the collar that gives distinction.

These pictorial advertisements will be carefully studied by the future historians of manners and customs in the United States. The contrast between these appeals to attention and subsequent purchase and those in the periodicals of forty, twenty, even ten years ago, is startling. The technic of the artist grew freer and surer. The women portrayed show from year to year the changes in costume, domestic life; one might say, morals.

The Pompadour in Art

(From W. J. Turner's "The Dark Wind.")
As for myself, proudly I confess
I love not matter lumped and pondered.
The feet of flesh is but a row on mud
If the quick spirit show not in the dust;
Blushes are roses in a wilderness,
And pencilled eyebrows are the soul's delight;
The Moon is not more lovely in the night
Than are white shoulders in a snowy dress;
In silken stockings frailly gleam white limbs
Like candles drawing painted butterflies.
And dressed hair gives the soul an earthless flower
That shines into our eager, seeking eyes—
For now she speaks and moves beyond all dreams
A Focus where some wild world radiance
streams.

The Question Box

As the World Wags:

In 1709 Sir Richard Steele described Edward Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke as "washing" his teeth at a tavern window. When did the phrase "brushing the teeth" come into use; and who invented the tooth brush?

But stay—possibly this fair youth was washing his store or china teeth at the window. You may remember the passage: how he happened to see a young lady passing in a fine equipage; how instead of "rubbing his gums" he sat entranced till midnight, and, not being able to find her, gamed away his fortune, and never appeared "in any alacrity, but when raised by wine"—a sad story of passion, true and hopeless love. When were "porcelain teeth" introduced into England? The ancient Egyptians knew them. And now when physicians urge the drawing of teeth as a remedy against all ailments from corns to ichthyosis, from eczema to typhoid, a fine set of upper and lower is widely in fashion. PAUL ABBOTT, Mattapoisett.

The Moloch Cooker

As the World Wags:

I hasten to share my information about Moloch with you, as I promised in my recent communication. The Rabbits give varying accounts of the idol and the fiery ceremony. One says that the brass idol seated on a brass throne had the head of a calf; that when the idol was heated red-hot a child was put within his arms and there quickly consumed. Another describes the arms as extended and reaching to the ground so that the child placed there slid down into a great fire blazing at the foot of the idol.

I prefer, however, the account given in Dom Calmet's "Great Dictionary of the Holy Bible" (four volumes quarto, translated into English, published and sold by Samuel Etheridge, Jr., at Charlestown, Mass., in 1813. I have gained from it valuable material for my colossal work). This idol, it appears, was hollow and divided into seven compartments: the first for meal or flour, the second for turtle doves, the third for an ewe, the fourth for a ram, the fifth for a calf, the sixth for an ox, the seventh for a child. All these were cooked at the same time.

Here we have the first compartment idea for a kitchen range. You, doubtless, remember Mr. Richard Swiveller's surprise when he saw the mysterious lodger at Mr. Sanpaxon Brass's take from his trunk a kind of temple, shining as

polished silver. The lodger then put an egg into one chamber of the temple, coffee in another, raw steak into a third, and water into a fourth. By the aid of a phosphorus box and some matches he lighted a spirit lamp placed below the temple; and in a few minutes breakfast was ready. (The hot water was for rum,—"extraordinary rum"—and sugar. No wonder that Mr. Swiveller afterward told Mr. Brass and Miss Sally that the temple contained a specimen of every kind of rich food and wine known to men then living; that it was of a self-acting kind and served whatever was required by clock-work.

Here was the Molochian idea serving again a culinary requirement.

I don't know what I should do without Dom Calmet's dictionary. It is even more instructive and entertaining than his "Phantom World; or the Philosophy of Spirits; Apparitions, etc." Thus I note on page 73 of vol. 3, Article "Triumphal Entries (not 'entrees')": "The account we have, II Kings, ix, 20, of Jezebel's painting her face and 'attiring' her head and looking out at

a window,' upon Jehu's public entry into Jezreel, gives us a lively idea of an Eastern lady at one of these solemnities."

I wish I had known Jezebel, a woman misunderstood by many in her time; outrageously treated by Jehu, whose furious driving would have qualified him today for the position of chauffeur in any wealthy family. She was undoubtedly attractive physically; furthermore, she was a good provider, for she fed at her own table 400 prophets belonging to the goddess Astarte, and prophets, like the Congregational ministers that used to visit my Grandmother at Cheltenham, Vt., were heavy feeders. Contrast the hospitality of the dashing Jezebel with that of her contemporary, the pious Obadiah, who took 100 prophets, hid them in a cave and gave them only bread and water. Jezebel, daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, your name now stands for an impudent or abandoned woman, because you painted your face. How the times have changed!

Perhaps Nanthippe was not a shrew after all. What woman, even the mildest, could have long endured the constant questioning of Socrates that irritated the Athenians not forced to daily association with him?

Clamport. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

News and "Luxuries"

The Daily Chronicle of London, discussing the sensational rise in the cost of paper, informs its readers that as they are forced to deny themselves luxuries in eatables, drinkables and things to be worn, so publishers must deny themselves the pleasure of furnishing to the public what may be called newspaper luxuries. Among them are to be classed special articles, theatre chatter, gossip, columns that are described as features. In a word a publisher must cut his newspaper according to his paper. "The bare necessities of a daily newspaper are news, and this it must give without stint."

But as luxuries in the life of a household are necessities to some,

so there are men and women that read a newspaper only for "luxuries." Brown looks first, when he opens his newspaper, for a cartoon by Briggs or Fox. Jones subscribes to the Bugle on account of a certain column of jokes, verses, semi-serious or sternly philosophical comments on the routine of life. Robinson is impatient to learn what Miss Barrymore thinks about "high-brow" plays, or he wishes to know Miss Carlisle's opinion concerning the influence of women at a political convention. Mrs. Ferguson consults daily the column of free medical advice, while the housewife in the suite below turns at once to economical dishes recommended for her voracious family.

It has often been said that a newspaper of small size, publishing only "news," with perhaps a column or two of editorial comment on the news, would be, as Artemus War characterized the Tower of London, a "sweet boon." A journal of this nature might suit a limited number; it would not have enough readers to insure a vigorous life. Even a newspaper publishing miscellaneous misinformation concerning life, manners and customs, with the current news would have a far greater subscription list. A newspaper should be a powerful educator as well as a

purveyor of what is known as strictly news; and education can be conveyed in a light and cheerful manner, in type or by a cartoon.

Mr. A. A. Milne, whose volume "First Plays" is published by Alfred A. Knopf of New York, does not take his work too seriously. His short preface is almost apologetic in a humorous way. The five plays were written in the years 1916 and 1917; thus did a "temporary professional soldier" find recreation. They would not have been written, Mr. Milne says, had it not been for the war, although only one of them is concerned with that subject. "To his other responsibilities the Kaiser now adds this volume."

We infer—not having the English "Who's Who" at hand—that Mr. Milne before the war was a journalist, for he declares that the writing of plays is a luxury to a journalist, "as insidious as golf and much more expensive in time and money." When a newspaper man has written an article he is sure of his pay—at the end of the week—although we have known newspaper even in Boston—it was 30 years ago—when poor devils were put off for a fortnight or three weeks. A novelist, according to Mr. Milne, "even if he is not in the front rank—but, I never heard of one who wasn't—can at least be sure of publication." The only certainty connected with a written play is disillusionment. And so Mr. Milne, a journalist, thought the writing of a play a depraved proceeding.

"I thought I could write one (we all think we can), but I could not afford so unpromising a gamble. But once in the army the case was altered. No duty now urged me to write. My job was soldiering, and my spare time was my own affair. Other subalterns played bridge and golf; that was one way of amusing oneself. Another way was—why not?—to write plays."

So he—no, not "he," but "we"—began with the first play in the book "Wurzel-Flummery." He says "we" because another had a greater share than the Kaiser in the work. "She wrote; I dictated." Hero Mr. Milne is reticent. He does not say whether "she" was wife, mother, sister, sweetheart, maiden aunt. The volume is dedicated to his mother. What is it all to the Infinite? But here is pleasant reading. "And if a particularly fine evening drew us out for a walk along the byways—where there was no saluting, and one could smoke a pipe without shocking the Duke of Cambridge—then it was to discuss the last scene and to wonder what would happen in the next. We did not estimate the money or publicity which might come from this new venture; there has never been any serious thought of making money by my bridge-playing, nor desire for publicity when I am playing golf. But secretly we hoped. It is that which made it so much more exciting than any other game."

This "Wurzel-Flummery" produced in London by Dion Boucicault in 1917 has a curious history. It was first written in three acts. Early in 1917 there was a chance of its production if it were cut down into a two-act play. "To cut even a line is painful, but to cut 30 pages of one's first comedy, slaughtering whole characters on the way, has at least a morbid-fascinating." It appeared in two acts. "One kindly critic embarrassed us by saying that a lesser artist would have written it in three acts, and most of the other critics annoyed us by saying that a greater artist would have written it in one act." Annoyance is helpful and stimulating in the case of reasonably sane persons. Mr. Milne then threw over an office-boy, as the boy Xury disappears early in "Robinson Crusoe"; he cut his play down to one act, and this version he thinks is the best. "At any rate that is the version I am printing here; but, as can be imagined, I am rather tired of the whole business by now, and I am beginning to wonder if anyone ever did take the name of Wurzel-Flummery at all. Probably the whole thing is an invention."

This little comedy is pleasantly whimsical. A fantastical young lawyer, more interested in the theatre than in his profession, had an uncle, who despised money—"he was not afraid to put it in its proper place; the place he put it in was—er—a little below golf and a little above classical concerts." This uncle believed a man would do anything for money. The nephew suggested that if he left a legacy with a foolish name attached to it, somebody might be found to refuse it. The uncle laughed at the idea. "Leave the same silly name," said the nephew, "to two people, two well known people, rival politicians, say, men whose own names are already public property. Surely they wouldn't both take it." The experiment was made. The two men were selected. Then there was the name, should it be Parker, Tosh, Bugge, Spiffkus? The uncle finally selected Wurzel-Flummery, "a name he could roll lovingly round his tongue—a name expressing a sort of

humorous contempt. And then a new, talking with one of the legatees, who is in doubt whether to accept \$50,000 on the condition named, says that Uncle Antony must be enjoying it all somewhere. "It was his one regret that from the necessities of the case he could not live to enjoy his own joke; but he had hopes that echoes of it would reach him wherever he might be. It was with some such idea, I fancy, that toward the end he became interested in spiritualism." The comedy is one of amusing dialogue; the humor is unforced; the pompous Crashaw, young Richard, the other legatee, in love with Viola, Crashaw's daughter, and Clifton, the lawyer-playwright, all have character. Nor should Crashaw's wife, who finds Richard unsympathetic because he "makes jokes about serious things—like bishops and hunting—just as if they weren't at all serious," be forgotten.

"The Lucky One" in three acts has not been performed. Mr. Milne sees no hope of its being produced, for it was "doomed from the start with a name like that, and the girl marries the wrong man." "But if any critic wishes to endeavor himself to me (though, I don't see why he should) he will agree with me that it is the best play of the five." Perhaps it is the most carefully constructed; it is certainly the least Barriish, but many might reasonably put "Belinda" above it. There are two brothers; or, Gerald, the lucky one, is slavishly adored by his family, except by his old, shrewd, blunt-spoken great-aunt. Everything that he does is perfect, whether it be a mental or physical operation. The other brother is sour in consequence; a man with a confirmed grouch. The latter, innocent of any actual wrong-doing—he had no head for the business into which he was forced—goes to prison through the misconduct of his partner. Was the lucky one indirectly in any way to blame? Did Pamela, betrothed to lucky Gerald, at last make a wiser choice? Mr. Milne sums up the complex character of Gerald in one of his minute and illuminative stage directions. (By the way, who was the first to explain so much to actor and reader? Suppose that Shakespeare had thus commented on his "Hamlet": what a flood of ink and mountain of paper would have been saved.) Note Mr. Milne's power of analysis: "A charming figure . . . Perhaps he is a little conscious of his charm; if so it is hardly his fault, for hero-worship has been his lot from boyhood. He is now about 26; everything that he has ever tried to do he has done well; and, if he is rather more embarrassed than most of us when praised, his unself-consciousness is to a stranger as charming as the rest of him. With it all he is intensely reserved, with the result that those who refuse to succumb to his charm sometimes make the mistake of thinking that there is nothing behind it." Was Gerald selfish, self-centred at heart? Did Pamela really understand him? Was her feeling towards the grouch compassion rather than love? Here is where the comedians by their wit should answer questions. We can see Gerald portrayed in two widely differing ways.

"The Boy Comes Home," a comedy in one act, that has been played in London music halls (1918-1919), is the study of the change in the nature of a boy having returned from the war; he even makes a tyrannical cook stand in awe of him; he smokes a hitherto forbidden pipe all over the house. The scene in which he brings his uncle to his point of view and is himself brought to a realization of his duty as a civilian might have been written by Barrie. Did the uncle dream what is seen on the stage, or did the boy obtain what he wanted by holding a revolver at uncle's head? The uncle will never be quite certain.

"Belinda" is called "an April Folly in three acts." It was brought out in London two years ago with Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine. Ethel Barrymore took the part in New York. Mr. Milne says "I hope it will read pleasantly, but I am quite incapable of judging it, for every speech of Belinda's comes to me now in Miss Vanbrugh's voice." A gallant compliment; if he had seen his play in New York he would now remember Miss Barrymore's singing of the lines; also her charming irresponsibility so suited to Belinda's nature, behavior, conception of life, including marriage. The play, indeed, reads pleasantly, and it bears reading many times. Belinda, inconsequential as she is—she left her husband because he persisted in wearing a beard, and had not heard from him for 18 years, and he was vexed because if she truly loved him, she would do her hair differently—is fascinating, adorable. No wonder that Mr. Baxter, the author of an article on the "Rise of Lunacy in the Eastern Counties," Mr. Baxter, who solemnly wore a Derby hat in the country, solemnly courted her.

The fifth play in the volume, "The Red Feather" is an operetta in one act. It has never been offered to anybody. "It is difficult enough to find a manager, but when one has also to get hold of a composer, the business of production becomes terrifying. I suspect that most of the fun to be got out of this operetta we have already had in writing it." The libretto is lightly, prettily fanciful, but we see little hope for its success on the stage. It certainly would be caviare to the lovers of musical comedy; there is no chorus, no introduction of show girls.

The lyrics should tempt a composer, but for the stage his work would be in vain.

Mr. Milne acknowledges his great debt to Barrie who gave him "a first chance," but Mr. Milne has his own touch, an individual expression of wit, humor and fancy.

"Hobson's Choice" Continued—Other

Notes of Theatres Here and Abroad

Some of us remember with pleasure the comedy entitled, "Hobson's Choice." We say, "some of us," for this comedy, like other good plays performed in Boston, was not so fully appreciated as it deserved. Miss Viola Roach, now of the Copley Theatre Co., was in the company.

A sequel to this comedy, "Runaway Will," by Charles Forrest, was produced at the Galety, Manchester, Eng., on May 17. If the correspondent of the Stage is worthy of belief, the new play is disappointing. It is a broad farce in the Lancashire idiom. "At times, the high-flown phraseology in the mouth of an ordinary shop-keeper reminds one rather of the Beaconsfield phrase about 'a man being carried away by the exuberance of his own verbosity.'" (Should it not be "intoxicated" rather than "carried away"?)

In "Hobson's Choice," William Mossop wed his employer's daughter. In "Runaway Will" he is the proprietor of the boot and shoe business of Hobson and Mossop. He thinks the business has grown through his shrewdness, but Maggie holds the reins. Mossop, after six years, has positive ideas about hygienic workshops. He intends to take his men out of the cellar to put them in a hygienic factory which he will build next door. He has become parsimonious, suspicious of his relatives by marriage, contemptuous of old Hobson. Maggie arranges with her two brothers-in-law to form a syndicate for building the factory. Mossop, furious, decides to get rid of her. His father-in-law tells him the only way is by divorcing her and that it is a "mucky business" to go off with another woman, but Mossop elopes with Mabel, a shop assistant. Maggie and her father follow the couple. Mossop decides to go back to the shop. He and Mabel carry on the business at a loss. Here the dramatist whitewashes his hero. Maggie appears on the scene and points out that the business was never transferred by her father to Mossop. She claims for herself the money in the bank, a substantial sum, but she will give Mossop £100 to start himself and Mabel in life. Mabel, now there is no money in sight, storms and leaves. Mossop is forgiven by Maggie.

The critics in New York did not like "Susan Lenox." The Times called the play "falsely theatrical, shallow, and generally bad. . . . The heroine is a very good young woman indeed and the hero is a very good young man and the villain is a very bad villain. And nobody believes a word of it any time." The Evening Post said: "Throughout the remainder of the awkward jumble, She (Susan) is a whitewashed saint, with her tribulations limited to a drunken husband—for 15 minutes an empty stomach, and the same blue serge dress. . . . She has one of those pistol-juggling scenes in the third act in which she bids the villain, ere she shoots to 'Make your peace with God! Pray, you coward, pray!' Literally it seems such a pity to deny a potential prostitute the conquest of strong men or the expiation of unmentionable sins! But such is the case with this Susan Lenox. The playwright allows her to do nothing bad, and consequently since she is what she is, she does nothing at all."

When Mr. Mantell appeared here recently in "Julius Caesar," there was a question as to the chief part in the play. In the great production of many years ago, when Barrett played Cassius, Bangs played Marc Antony and Milner Levick, Caesar, the part of Brutus was played in turn by Edwin Booth and E. L. Davenport. The latter's Brutus was one of the noblest figures on the stage. When the tragedy was performed not long ago the same question was raised. The Daily Chronicle answered it as follows: Garrick always elected to play Cassius, but Gar-

rick, unlike most modern "leading" actors was often content to play a minor part. Brutus, idealist and dreamer and the true hero of the play, was a favorite part with the late Samuel Phelps, while Sir Herbert Tree, like Mr. Henry Ainley today, plumped for Marc Antony. But from the literary point of view Caesar is the chief character, and rightly gives his name to the play. Living or dead he dominates it, despite Shakespeare's insistence in the early scene on the weaknesses and foibles which detract from the greatness of the mighty Caesar. We cannot echo this opinion. Caesar in this play always seems to us, no matter who takes the part, a stuffed toga.

For a red-hot melodrama of the old sort commend us to "Other Men's Wife." The prologue opens in "A Canadian Shack in Denver." It begins with seduction, murder, and it ends with an attempt at burglary, a woman pushing the chief villain into a safe where he is suffocated, a wife discovered in the Salvation Army, and the arrest of the minor villain, minor but desperate, a butler, who had been unduly fascinated by diamonds, "heirlooms of generations," about to be sold to an Indian

prince. Arrow-on-Tyne saw the first performance of this play.

Note the beginning of "The Other Way," another new English play. "Leonard Lorraine, a wealthy merchant, lives alone in a gloomy residence, save for an only son. The boy's mother died at his birth, and the blow so embittered the father that he afterwards concentrated all his energies upon the accumulation of wealth; the result being a successful business career but the atrophy of all that was gentle and kindly in his nature."

"Such a Nice Young Man" (Westcliff-on-Sea) is an antidote to the temperance propaganda in England. The defender of things as they were and are in England is an old sea captain. The fatal falsehood of extremes and the sanity of his attitude are borne out in the sequel of events in that typically suburban household of the Roberts', after a three months' trial of total abstinence and a regime of strong tea at all hours of the day, plus the immoderate use of drugs, to act as a compensation on jaded nerves in the feverish struggle for existence of modern life. The old sailor alone sticks to his moderate drinking, and not only wins hands down, but "converts" the whole family from the error of their new experiment, after they have all grown thoroughly dyspeptic, quarrelsome among themselves and generally unhappy. In the process, delusive theories of economy and eugenics have to give way before the logic of results, but not before "humbug" in the person of the nice young man lodger, advocate of temperance, and would be seducer of the daughter of the house, has been unmasked, and learnt a wholesome lesson from the brawny fists of the irate old sea-dog. . . . The picture of a typical middle-class family of anaemic male clerks and girl typists, with all their futile snobbery and petty competition with others of their kind, is drawn with a merciless hand. . . . The post-war servant, with her silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and fur coat, general insolence and impotence in matters domestic, is especially one of the most careful studies we have seen for a long time." This comedy by H. F. Maltby, should attract the attention of Mr. Henry Jewett of the Copley Repertory Theatre. The public needs educational plays of this description.

"Such a Wise Young Man" would undoubtedly be endorsed strongly by the Drama League.

The Daily Telegraph did not find Liszt's "Preludes" a good medium for Mme. Pavlova although the critic praised the dancer. "It is rich in contrasts, and that, of course, is technically an excellent thing. But the aptness is only technical. Liszt's thoughts in writing this music were of the kind that poetry alone can adequately present after music. Mme. Pavlova does not give us the whole meaning of the Preludes. Like a conductor endowed with a strong individuality, she just chooses the element that in the music touches her most deeply and exalts that above the rest. She shows us Liszt under a new aspect which may not be, perhaps, the most comprehensive, but it is beautifully tender and serene with the kind of elegiac grace that is Mme. Pavlova's special charm. Every one of her poses was a joy, and the attitudes of the 'Daughter of Light' were also very beautiful. Only the Powers of Darkness looked a little too much like the conspirators of the 'Ballo in Maschera.'"

News of the German Stage of Today, Sex Plays and Bernard Shaw

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times writes that the magistrates have levied an amusement tax on places of public entertainment that excited the wrath of every department of the theatrical profession, from playwright to cloak-room attendant. Prices of admission, already high are steadily rising and the people, although a theatre-loving folk, are growing restive. Yet the theatres are doing their best to stay open. Dr. Johnson's dictum "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give" holds good in Berlin.

"Old-fashioned people might consider

that not all the pieces played are ideal entertainment for the young, but such a view would be hopelessly antediluvian. Since the war there are no young people here any more. As far as Berlin is concerned, the maiden lingering with reluctant feet 'where the brook and river meet' has become the figment of a poet's fancy. Where is now the 'back-fisch,' the innocent, enthusiastic school-fish, the innocent, enthusiastic school-girl once so favorite a type with German novelists and playwrights? 'The backfisch of today,' writes a woman to a Berlin paper, 'has put her dolls aside, reads Wedekind, and has a friend of the other sex who invites her to all possible good things. She has become 'Kultur-historisch.' She belongs to the past. 'The allusion to Wedekind' to those who know the works of that writer, whose 'Fruehlings Erwachen,' 'Marquis du Keith' and some other plays are among the most successful repertory pieces of present-day Berlin.

"Isen's 'Ghosts' is another favorite but for the thrill of the month the Berliners must thank Mr. Shaw. No where has the versatile Irishman more or more hearty admirers. 'Pygmalion,' 'Catherine the Great' and 'Candida' are all being played with success. Perhaps none of them, however, has aroused so much interest or been followed with

Peer attention than the lot of the... Theatre. Mrs. Warren's Profession. In Berlin, where the 'back-fisch' reads Wedeking, this composition seems quite in its element. From 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' to 'Unscere Magdalenen' (our Magdalines), produced at the Walhalla Theatre, the transition is the most natural in the world. The latter is not of the Shavian school, has no subtle dialogue or brilliant qualities, and though it deals with a theme 'older than any story that is written in any book' does so without offence. A play written round what has been called 'the great sin of great cities,' it ends in the redemption of the lost through love and pardon. In Berlin the problem of the Magdalene is a great and terrible one, and cannot be solved—alas!—in real life so easily as it is on the stage of the Walhalla.

Calderon's "Dame Kobold," performed in Hofmannsthal's German version at the Deutsches Theatre, is perfectly acted. "This gay fancy of the Spanish classic revives in a merry tale the life of old Madrid."

According to this correspondent, Shaw is a favorite in Berlin: more than ever, probably, on account of his attitude during the world war. Four months or more ago Pan-Germans, so the Daily Chronicle stated, prevented a performance of Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan," which was to have been given in English. Prof. Sauter of the Berlin University, having returned from internment in England, purposed to give his pupils a practical knowledge of English by producing a series of English plays. The university authorities supported him. These plays were to be performed at the Lyceum Club. Letters, and not of mild protest, came in. One read: "If you give this performance in English, some courageous men will turn up with hand grenades and blow up your cursed club. To give a play which comes from our oppressors, and from those who have sole responsibility for the world catastrophe, shows an unparalleled lack of patriotic feeling." Meanwhile, "Hamlet" was crowding a theatre, other Shakespearean plays are frequently given, and "Charley's Aunt," "The Geisha," and "Mr. Wo" draw full houses.

The Berlin correspondent of the Times says that the position of the theatre in Dresden, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, is fairly reassuring. From other places came to an inquiry by the Berliner Tageblatt.

A progressive descent to unmitigated pessimism, a tale of lamentation and gloom. These towns were Halle, Munich, Berlin, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Magdeburg, Bremen, Leipzig, Weimar, Koenigsberg and Hamburg. The director of the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg wrote that the theatrical equipment of that city is 15 times as dear as formerly.

Yet at Munich a Whitsun Passion play was announced for the Kuenster Theatre, which has been closed for six years and was used as a barracks. The work chosen was a free translation by Schmidt-Bonn of the Passion play of the French poet, Armand Griban, produced in 1852.

French Plays in Germany

The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote late in April that, visiting Germany, he found the French government had been organizing a series of classical performances for French propaganda. "Among the plays that have been given are Moliere's 'Tartuffe' with Silvain and 'L'Avare' with de Feraudy, Racine's 'Britannicus' with do Max, 'Le Cendre de M. Poirer' with de Feraudy and Euguette Duflos, 'L'Ami des Femmes' with Rafael Duflos, 'L'Aventuriero' with Mme. Robine, and plays ranging from those of Victor Hugo and Dumas to de Flers and Cailhac. All these artists belong to the Comedie-Francaise, and are sent in their most famous parts. At Bonn de Feraudy went to visit the house in which Beethoven was born, and, on the way, several students stopped him to express their admiration for his performance of 'L'Avare.' At Landau a professor brought 25 of his pupils to see Moliere's play. At Cologne and Coblenz the theatres were packed. Nearly everywhere the German staff of the theatres have done all in their power to help the French company. It is a pity that the British do not follow this example in France—where English literature is probably less known than the French in Germany. But if such a thing were undertaken in Paris it should only be with absolutely the best that England has to offer. The literature of a nation is an excellent means of getting to know something of its ideas and ideals, and I have often wished, of late, when the sympathies and interests of the allies seemed rather at cross purposes, that the British government would send over a few of the foremost English players to give a series of classical and modern plays. Under the auspices of the government an English season of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Piers, Barrie and Galsworthy would be of great value in making England appreciated here and better understood. Perhaps Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson could be induced to give one or two Shakespearean performances. If properly organized, at the present rate of exchange these gala productions should be possible, and would very probably be a financial success."

SCREEN NOTES

Londoners, having seen the Dolly Sisters in the film "The Million Dollar Dolls," and that as twins they are

remarkably like and hope to see them on the regular stage, "for they are evidently full of the joy of living."

"Love in the Wilderness," picturing life in Rhodesia, was taken in California with many English players in the company and produced in London, first at private view. The film disappointed. The story was loose and far from convincing. For some reason, after the story had opened on a note of deep gloom in England, everybody seemed to find himself in Rhodesia—but a Rhodesia such as few travelers will recognize. The plot darted about from

one point to another at such a speed that it was really impossible to discover what was going on. We still have no idea why the heroine's sister went to Rhodesia, and we were never introduced to her husband. We could understand why the heroine should visit the country, but she might at least have been told that "in the wilderness white silk dresses and jumpers are scarcely the fashion. Another point which worried us considerably was that throughout the story the heroine was so passionately fond of horses, yet, whenever the time came for her to go a-riding, the scene always changed. The air of California may be bracing, but it does not guarantee good films, and Mr. Samuelsen has still to show that he can do better work in America than in this country."

The London "Safety First" Council has enlisted the use of the film to teach school children the dangers of street traffic. "At three of the London County Council schools the children have learned to play safety first games, in which, to the accompaniment of up-to-date nursery rhymes, they enact in their own playgrounds imitation accidents with imitation omnibuses, cycles and trams. The Safety First Council has now had pictorial records taken of these games, and it is hoped to show them both in the schools and in the ordinary picture theatres, so that the lesson that they teach may be brought home to as wide a circle as possible. The one danger that has to be guarded against is that the children may get into the habit of looking on the whole thing as something in the light of make-believe, and there is a good deal to be said in favor of a suggestion made by the motor-omnibus authorities, that perhaps even more good might be done by reconstructing accidents as they might actually happen, with real actors and real vehicles."

The American Paganini

Again we hear from Mr. Carl Lanzer, who describes himself as "the Great American Violinist, the American Paganini, the Greatest Living Pizzicato Player, Founder of the Artists' Theatres of America, Not a Manager-made Artist." His program on a card cut in the shape of a fiddle tells us that he was a pupil of Edward Mollenhauer, who in turn was the "only" pupil of Ernst. Mr. Lanzer introduces the great pizzicato movements in his "The Girl I Left Behind Me." A collection is taken after the first part of the program. Part II opens with a "Prayer Picture for our Soldier Boys" (lights dimmed). In Viennetemps's "Arkansas Traveler" Mr. Lanzer introduces his "Yellow Arkansas Fiddle" made by him. No. 8 is his "Acollin Harp Meditation for violin alone, challenge No. 3," which he does not hesitate to say is "The Grandest Violin Solo ever written for the King of all instruments to be played in open contest against the world's violin players."

We have received a letter from Mr. Lanzer dated Oakland, Cal., June 4th: "Dear Sir and Bro.:

"It's high time that true artists and musicians 'Wake Up' and take the parasite away from the Box Office and build our own Theatres on a co-operative plan. It will be strictly for art and art's sake. The Artists' Theatres will be run on the co-operative system with all the Musical, Dramatic and Stage hands sharing the profits."

From an article published in the San Francisco Examiner of May 30 we infer that Mr. Lanzer freed his mind to a reporter. The heading is "Lanzer Kaps Women's Clubs and Managers."

MONDAY

Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
Volga Bargemen's Song (Arranged by Agide Jacobian)
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Anitra's Dance from "Peer Gynt" Suite.....Grieg
Largo (with organ).....Handel
Overture Solenne.....Tchaikowsky
Fantasia, "Laut".....Gounod
Tarentelle (with flute solo).....Jachia
Kamenol Ostrow (Reve Angelique).....Rubenstein
Dardanella.....Bernard-Black

TUESDAY

The Bankers' Officers Association has taken the entire house.

WEDNESDAY

March from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture to "Raymond".....Thomas
Waltz, "Espuna".....Waldenfel
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Elzer
Marche Slave.....Tchaikowsky
Largo (with organ).....Handel
Introduction to Act III "Lolengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Selection, "Mile Modiste".....Herbert
"The Lost Chord" (Trumpet Solo, Mr. Georges Mager).....Sullivan
Concert Mazurka, "La Ouarine".....Ganne
American Patrol.....Mecham

THURSDAY

March, "Manhattan Beach".....Souza
Overture, "Maximilian Robespierre".....Litolin

Waltz, "Waves of the Danube".....Ivanovici
Fantasia, "Il Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Suite, "Peer Gynt" No. 2.....Grieg
(a) Peer Gynt's Home Coming—Stormy Evening on the Coast.
(b) Solvejg's Song.
(c) Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter.
Viola d'Amore Solo—"Spirit of the Woods".....Shirley
(Mr. Paul Shirley)
(Harp Accompaniment by Mr. Alfred Holt)
Aragouise from "The Cid".....Masselet
Third Movement (Allegro molto vivace)
"Pathetic" Symphony.....Tchaikowsky
Selection, "The Fortune Teller".....Herbert
"The Sleigh Ride".....Mozart
Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldenfel
Second Polonaise.....Liszt

FRIDAY

Italian-Verdi Program
Overture to "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini
Prelude and Sicilliana, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Capriccio (Arranged for String Orchestra by Agide Jacobian).....Scriabin
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Pouchellin
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore" (1853).....G. Verdi
Overture to "La Forza del Destino".....1862 Giuseppe Verdi
Prelude to "Aida".....(1871) 1813-1901
Tempest Scene from "Othello".....(1830).....G. Verdi
Fantasia "Madama Butterfly".....Puccini
"Dall' Italia".....Toscanini
Waltz, "Il Bacio" ("The Kiss").....Arditi
Dance of the Camorrista from The Jewels of the Madonna.....Wolf-Ferrari

SATURDAY

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture to "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Violin Solo (Mr. Jacques Hoffmann)
Fantasia, "L'Oracolo".....Leoni
Excerpts from "The Mastersingers".....Wagner
Introduction to Act III—Dance of the Apprentices—Homage to Hans Sachs
Prelude.....Janafeldt
Barcarole from "The Tales of Hoffman".....Offenbach
Finale, Fourth Symphony.....Tchaikowsky
American Military Fantasia.....Rollinson
American Idyl, "Indian Summer".....Herbert
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Strauss
Swedish Coronation March.....Svedanson

June 21 1920

Woman's Dress Through the Ages

A judge in Springfield, Ohio, observing the dress worn by a woman applying for a divorce, thundered from the bench: "This thing of peck-a-booo waists and see-more skirts has got to stop." In his court no woman thus attired can hope for a decree in her favor. In New Orleans a priest refused to marry a woman already before the altar until she went home, changed her dress and re-appeared in a costume suited to the church and the solemn ceremony.

Will adverse criticism from bench and pulpit influence the great mass of women in the matter of their dress? From the earliest days men have satirized, ridiculed or been indignant. Isaiah exulted in the thought that the Lord would take away the changeable suits of apparel of the daughters of Zion, and the bravery of their tinkling ornament, as they went walking and mincing. Roman satirists reproached women for wearing the transparent silk that came from Cos. The fathers of the church censured the women of their flocks in language that outvied in frankness and bitterness the sixth satire of Juvenal. Treatises were published against absurd head-dresses and low-necked gowns. The women heard themselves denounced from the pulpit; they perhaps read the fulminations, and surely with a smile, if they did read; they heeded not and went their way.

A foe to present costumes recently exclaimed: "What would our

grandmothers and great-grandmothers say, if they could see the indecent costumes now worn?" Many of these women in New England wore dresses that would shock the frivolous of today. When Elisa Patterson of Baltimore married Jerome Bonaparte, it was said that her wedding clothes could have been drawn through a ring. Even in the dead of a New England winter, wives and daughters went to parties clad in dresses as transparent as those rebuked by the satirists of Rome.

It has been said by thoughtless and restless reformers that woman dresses to allure the male. Years ago a shrewd and pitiless analyst of her sex, Jane Austen, so shrewd and keen, that many women, among them Gertrude Atherton, declare her novels to be dull, combated this theory. "It would be mortifying to the feelings of many ladies could they be made to understand how little the heart of man is affected by

what is costly or new in their attire; how little it is biased by the texture of their muslin, and how unsusceptible of peculiar tenderness towards the spotted, the sprigged, the mull, or the jackonet. Woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone. No man will admire her the more, no woman will like her the better for it."

There is this to be said: revelation chills curiosity; and curiosity is of close kin to pursuit and affection. Hazlitt wrote entertainingly on this subject. Nor have all observers of manners and morals looked on woman's dress with contempt or indignation. The grave Addison, although he inveighed against the prodigious extent of the petticoat over 200 years ago, ended his essay by saying gallantly: "I consider woman as a beautiful, romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks."

Shiploads of fashionable novels, sentimental rhymes, tragedies, farces, diaries of travel, tales by flood and field, are swallowed monthly into the bottomless pool: still does the Press toll; innumerable Papermakers, Compositors, Printers' Devils, Bookbinders, and Hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labor; and still, in torrents, rushes on the great array of Publications, unpursuing, to their final home; and still Oblivion, like the Grave, cries, Give! Give!

"Clouds" Not Blonds

We have received a letter from Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly, in which he says: "In the Herald of June 14th you ask if the translation by John G. Saxe of 'The Blonds' (sic) by Aristophanes was ever published. Now, I have, as the saying goes, enjoyed the advantages of a classical education. I have soaked with Socrates and ripped with Euripides. In my youth I read pages of Lucian, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Plato and other Greek worthies. It is needless to say, perhaps, that at the age of 60 I cannot read a line of Greek, except in translation. I never heard of 'The Blonds' by Aristophanes. Were they of the strawberry order or the peroxide variety? I am aware of the fact that Aristophanes wrote two plays about women; one representing them as influential pacifists; the other describing them as legislators; but 'The Blonds' is not the title of either comedy."

Mr. Bolivar should question the linotype. Why did that moulder of thought prefer "Blonds" to "Clouds?"

At Mount Holyoke

We were greatly interested in a picture representing girls of Mount Holyoke Seminary indulging themselves in fancy dancing on a lawn, performing gleefully and simultaneously the Kikaly kick. What would the justly respected Mary Lyon say to these goings-on if she were now alive? In the sixties and in our neighboring little village it

was reported that the only recreation allowed the Mount Holyoke girls was the standing in line once or twice a year when they were reviewed by keen-eyed Missionaries in search of wives to toil with them in far-off lands for the conversion of the heathen. Education is more liberal, even in seminaries for young ladies, then it was 50 or 60 years ago. Today Miss Lyon on festival occasions would, no doubt, be photographed as leading her flock in Dionysiac evolutions.

Fatal Omissions

As the World Wags:
I was greatly interested in your little essay on cannibalism published some time ago. Your remarks showed wide reading, but I was surprised to find no allusion to a passage in Artemus Ward's first letter to Punch in which he told of an hour of grief and misfortune. "You probably refer to the circumstances of my hirlin' a young man of dissipated habits to fix himself up as a real Cannibal from New Zealand, and when I was simply tellin' the audience that he was the most ferocious cannibal of his tribe, and that alone and unassisted he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin' his Uncle Thomas on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives,—when I was makin' these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and knockt me off the platform."

I also missed the lines on the bronze kneeling African once in Clement's Inn, London, an Inn of court, transferred later to the Inner Temple Gardens:
In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear:
For thee in vain with pangs they flow;
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou feedst in vain:
Lawyers less quarter give:
The first won't eat y u till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

QUARTUS DICKERMAN.
Norton.

When it comes to say, or to dream,
Our melody never ceases for its theme.

By Telephone

Englishmen, considering the shortage of paper and the consequent effect on the newspaper world, look forward hopefully to Marconi's pocket wireless telephone receivers for common use. Mr. Rowan has suggested that authors should thus do their story telling. This is practicable enough, but as the Daily Chronicle of London asks, How about the advertiser? "Shall we pick up our receiver and get a list of ailments that might be cured with somebody's famous pills, and will the famous author intersperse his recitals with the statement that the last chapter was done with the aid of Junk's Throat Jubes, and that he was fortified previously with authors' Stamina Food?"

Chopin in London

A London Labor organization wrote to an agent who endeavors to provide entertainment of good quality for the worker. The secretary, stating his wishes, added this postscript: "I should also be glad to receive terms of international celebrities such as Chopin, Tetraxini, etc." Yes, it would be, indeed, a pleasure to hear Chopin play the piano, even if his agent should demand a high price. There are so many "interpreters" of Chopin's music that it would be interesting to hear the composer's own interpretation of his works. We do not believe that he would mail the piano after the manner of those prating about the "heroic Chopin," for we know from the testimony of his contemporaries that he was not a pounder, a ragging, roaring Boanerges. We think he would play his music as Vladimir de Pachmann plays it. Let us hope that Mr. Chopin may be persuaded to visit Boston next season.

Thoughtless Nature

As the World Wags:

The late Robert G. Ingersoll, whose opinions in general I cannot, as a matter of cloth, at all consent to, has still made certain observations upon the subject of advancing years to which I am able to give adherence. They relate to certain physical changes that seem to him and to me desirable in a man of 50, but which as a matter of conventional propriety I cannot here discuss. I may, however, fitly mention a detail that might well have been included in the Divine program if this may be regarded as a proper subject for criticism. It is a matter of common and usually unpleasant experience that the coming of middle life is usually signalized by the falling off of the hair to a greater or less extent, a wintry bareness of the poll replacing the luxuriant vegetation of youth. The pictorial results of this change are rarely to the advantage of the sufferer and are commonly deplored by him. On the other hand, the beard, upon the daily extermination of which, under custom, much valuable time is wasted and more or less incidental blood is shed, commonly waxes stronger and more vigorous with advancing years, and seems even to be advantaged by the conditions that are so fatal to its hirsute relative. If it be not impious to attempt even in thought to reverse the decrees of Providence, one might wish that it had been otherwise ordained; that the masculine menopause might have been celebrated by the gradual falling out of the tyrannous whiskers so rarely nowadays permitted to luxuriate, while the decorative hair might have been permitted to survive both for the comfort and adornment of its possessor. The hopelessness of this aspiration will probably save it from giving offence to manufacturers of the various safety razors, who are, I understand, large and influential advertisers, so that it may possibly find a place in your valued column, where it will, I am sure, evoke a sympathetic echo in the minds of many elderly shavers.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
Milton.

Deceitful Decimals

As the World Wags:

Speaking thesauristically, and in line with the views of Mr. Winkley, did I discover a great mathematical truth when, reading that an eminent scientist had gone into several hundred decimal places in search of the square root of 2, I saw at once that any decimal fraction multiplied by itself once or twice will produce a fraction, and therefore if in extracting the square or cube root of an integer we find it necessary to go into one place in decimals there is no exact answer though we extend the operation to a billion places. Does this easily demonstrable truth dispose of all possibility of squaring the circle?

Whether this is always true in the case of a repeating decimal, as I think it is, I have not investigated. Nor would it affect the great truth, since repeating decimals are false or euphemistic decimals, being ninths and not tenths, and must be reduced to vulgar fractions in order to be multiplied, but I think the proposition is sound whether the fraction be a vulgar fraction, a true decimal, a repeating decimal or a com-

position of true and repeating decimals. Nevertheless the repeating decimal is a kind of decimal; and when my daughter in high school is given a problem in decimals and finds the answer to be, say, for example, 33 1-3 cents, which is acceptable to her instructor, student and teacher, are correct in commercial effect but wrong in mathematical terms, the correct answer decimally being point three of a dollar and the three repeats, or 33.3.

L. N. CATALONIA.

Boston.

This is over our head, beyond our comprehension. In school we were at the foot of the class in mental arithmetic; in college we were conditioned in geometry and conic (not comic) sections. Do the arithmetics now used in school tell of John walking 14 miles, or mowing a field in a certain time for a stated sum, while Amos, buying a peck of potatoes, distributes them in a surprising and baffling manner? These heroes of arithmetical sums were as obnoxious to us as the Balbus in the old treatise on Latin composition.—Ed.

Gable-Ends and Gophers

As the World Wags:

In your column of the 12th, you say: that Morse's geography, years ago, described Albany (N. Y.) as having handsome houses, and "inhabitants with their gable ends towards the street." In my copy of 1819, I don't find the quotation, but a bit of Mississippi zoology has puzzled me for a long time. I quote: "The Gouffre is the resident of the pine barrens. The shell is about 15 feet long and 12 inches wide. It lives principally underground." I hope the matter will merit your attention, and that you will let us know the present name of the animal if it be not extinct. H. F. J.

Brookline.

The Rev. Jedidiah Morse's description of Albanian architecture in *animate and human*, was in an earlier edition. The laughter it excited caused him to change the sentence. Is not the "Gouffre," the large, nocturnal, burrowing land-tortoise, *Gopherus polyphemus*, of the southern United States, popularly known as the gopher, but not to be confounded with the rat-like gopher with cheek pouches or the Western ground squirrel. "Gopher" is derived from the French word "gaufre," meaning honeycomb. The English word "gopher" or goffer, gauffer, as a verb means to make wavy, flute, crimp, with heated irons; while the noun means the iron used for goffering, or the ornamental plaiting used for frills. "Gofor" derived from the same French word, is in England a thin batter cake stamped with honeycomb pattern by the irons it is baked in.—Ed.

Rocheport—What are his pursuits?
La Fontaine—As to pursuits and occupations, he is good for nothing. In fact I like those dogs best—and those men too.

MARIE CAHILL

Marie Cahill, featured player of the musical comedy stage, is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Miss Cahill's act is called "Cahillisms of 1920," and with the exception of that part of her performance in which the ivory telephone is employed, her act is new. Thus the audience had the pleasure of witnessing the return of a featured player who can offer something new with each succeeding visit. One of her best numbers was the spiritist song, with an interesting text treating the crystal globe. The singer is always a delight when she essays the Coon dialect, and this, the concluding feature of her act, was one of the choicest bits of her performance. Marce Cook was the accompanist.

One of the best acts on the bill was the dancing act of Ivan Bankoff and Mlle. Phebe. For the most part the performance was a brilliant exhibition of Russian technique. Mr. Bankoff has a few steps to offer that will startle the most blasé. It is not too much to say that as an exponent of the pirouette, both in the excellence of its accomplishment, in its speed and in the length of this specialty, he is without a peer on the vaudeville stage today. Nor is he the less interesting when he employs the legs in a sitting position. Mlle. Phebe, elfin like and astounding in the lightness of her steps, her buoyancy in the air, and in the precision and grace of her toe dancing, had the advantage of rare physical charm, and there was no evidence of affectation. A. H. Bordin at the piano was one of the features of a noteworthy performance.

Other acts on the bill were the *Nightings*, in posings; Bert Fitzgibbon, in a new "nut" act; Duffy and Caldwell, in chatter and song; Harry Tighe, in a monologue; Eva Taylor and company, in a satirical sketch with an ingenious twist; Cook and Vernon, comedians and singers, and Jennier Brothers, in one of the best acrobatic acts of the season.

"Unspeakable" Music

Mrs. Mary Obendorfer of Chicago, addressing the music conference of the General Federation of Women's Clubs meeting in Chicago, charac-

terized American music as "unspeakable; ninety per cent. of it would not be allowed to go through the mails." Does she refer to music by MacDowell, Loeffler, Griffes, Chadwick, Foote, Parker, Converse and other composers, living or dead? Perhaps stern pedagogues might object to the harmonic license of our more modern musicians and call this license, licentiousness; but no Watch and Ward Society has as yet haled any one of these composers into court, or protested against the sending of an orchestral score by parcel post (insured) or a song by mail. The critic, Hanslick of Vienna, writing about Tchaikowsky's violin concerto, said there is music that stinks. Surely even the music of Mr. Carpenter of Chicago is not mal-odorous. As for Hanslick, he is remembered chiefly by his rash and foolish saying.

Perhaps Miss Obendorfer objects to the words of the songs, whether they be by Tagore, Yeats, the classic poets or minor writers of today; but musicians have as yet set little music to the lines of the more

radical of the *vers libre* school, though Walt Whitman has inspired composers here and in England.

The severe critic of Chicago may have had in mind the ditties of musical comedy. At a performance they are innocuous, for they are seldom heard, on account of the comedian's faulty enunciation. Read, they are often silly; but they are by no means "unspeakable." Is it "jazz" music that she thus classes with the Turk? But this music has not only fascinated foreign and visiting musicians of high degree, but it has excited the curiosity of intrepid etymologists, wondering about the origin of the word itself; it has impelled anthropologists to seek the birthplace of the Dionysiac sounds. Would Mrs. Obendorfer call the saxophone, which has an important role in a "jazz" band, an indecent instrument?

Confident that America will be "supreme artistically" she insists that music should be among the first of the arts to be "nationalized." Why not "standardized"? And how is one to "nationalize" music, so that it will no longer be "unspeakable," but can be safely sent through the mails without bringing a blush to the cheeks of postal clerk and letter carrier?

Many amiable people go about saying that So-and-So has no claim to be called a stylist because he splits his infinitives. They believe passionately in their test, and may even enjoy something of a reputation for learning among simple people who do not know what a split infinitive is; but sooner or later they are bound to find out that some of the greatest of the acknowledged masters of English have split infinitives ruthlessly when it suited them.

Mr. Roland Hayes

The Herald stated some time ago that Mr. Roland Hayes, the excellent Negro tenor of Boston—one might say of the United States—was going to Africa to study the music of his race and on the way would give recitals in European cities. His first recital was in Aeolian Hall, London, on May 31. Although his arrival was not trumpeted by a press agent and he was wholly unknown, there was an audience of 400. The Morning Post said of him: "He has a tenor voice capable of sweet or ringing quality throughout a useful range, and he has been at pains to acquire all the elements of highly-cultured 'vocalism.' He delivered Puccini's 'Che gelida manina' in Italian, and Beethoven's 'Ade-laide' with extreme refinement, and set an example which many English singers would do well to copy by combining clear diction with unbroken phrasing." The Daily Telegraph said: "He captivated all by his singing of a group of Spirituals—songs that can never rightly be sung by any but Negroes to the manner born. True, those he sang were offered with a very sophisticated but none the less effective pianoforte arrangement; but they were extremely well done. It is still to be regretted that our audiences persist in treating these lovely things as comic songs. Perhaps Mr. Hayes will add more of them to his next program, for this is music we cannot make for ourselves." The critic also praised the piano accompaniments of Mr. Lawrence B. Brown, who is traveling with Mr. Hayes.

Mr. Hayes writes that he is engaged to sing at several "at homes," and he

may take the tenor part in one of Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawathas" at Plymouth with a choral society. It will be remembered that when Coleridge-Taylor visited Boston, there was talk of his conducting a part of his "Hiawatha" trilogy. The Cecilia Society had performed the whole work. He was not invited to conduct, because, as it was frankly admitted, certain members of the Cecilia were unwilling to sing under the direction of a Negro. This was in Boston, where the Shaw monument has many admirers. Coleridge-Taylor, by the way, although he was black, was a mulatto. His mother was an English woman.

On the Open Road

As the World Wags:

In the account of Gov. Coolidge's Sunday we read: "In the afternoon the Governor felt the need of a little fresh air, and,

accompanied by the plain-clothes man of the state police, Edward Horgan, walked to Massachusetts avenue and back via Commonwealth avenue, returning with beads of perspiration on his brow. Mr. Horgan said, 'We did three miles in 45 minutes.'

This is pretty fast walking for a summer's day, or in fact for any day, as those who have ever walked a measured mile know very well. To cover this distance in the time stated, a man of the Governor's stature must reel off at least 120 paces to the minute. Mr. Roosevelt was a good walker, and more than once he brought large-waisted diplomats to the verge of apoplexy by luring them to a promenade, and when they were far from home and succor leading them a killing pace. Just what this killing pace was we are not informed, but a man of Mr. Roosevelt's build, strenuous as he was, could hardly better a mile in 15 minutes. All this is interesting in the light of Gladstone's reputation as a pedestrian. Lord Morley says that he was always a great walker. "He walked from Montrose (to Fasque), some thirteen or fourteen miles, in two hours and three-quarters, and another time he did six miles in seventy minutes." As this means that the English statesman did a mile in less than 12 minutes, one is inclined to put the story in the same category with some of Weems's tales of the infant Washington. It is true that, to the curious observer, Mr. Gladstone appeared to be blessed with legs of uncommon length. He was lean and long like his contemporary, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln told an inquisitive person that his legs were just barely long enough to reach the ground, and it is safe to conclude that Gladstone's were not much longer than that. But, long or short, could they reel off six miles or a dozen miles at the rate of 12 minutes to the mile? A professional pedestrian might not find it difficult, but is the feat at all common among those who delight in walking with no thought of making it a profession? I walked once from Clones to Belturbet in County Cavan, Ireland. Mine host of the Temperance hotel in Clones (I stopped there because there was a fair in town and every hotel but the temperance affair was crowded from attic to cellar)—mine host, I say, assured me that the distance from Clones to Belturbet was but a bit of about 11 miles. The road stretched out interminably, and I only learned after making inquiries in Belturbet that an Irish mile is a mile and a quarter English; and that my 11 miles had really stretched out to 15.

W. E. K.

Boston.

"Thole" Again

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent asks if any of your readers are familiar with the expression "canna thole." This is good Scotch, as you are probably aware, and in plain English means "cannot endure," or, in New England parlance, "cannot abide." In this connection may be told the story of the old Ayrshire woman who was bragging of her newly married daughter's possessions. House and byre, farm and stock were of such wonderful quality that the listening neighbor was moved to say, "Then she must be absolutely happy." "Aweel," said the proud mother, "'tis true she canna thole her man, but there mun aye be something."

M. A. L. L.

"I Wonder"

As the World Wags:

Your list of things, trivial in themselves, that one would like to know recalls one of my own puzzles.

Montaigne wrote his essay on education for a lady whose name is given, and in the introductory paragraph he says he has jotted down these things for the benefit of the little man to whom she is about to give birth, adding "For you, madam, are of too good stock to begin otherwise than by a male." I have often wondered whether the event answered to the expectation in this case. Like the song of the sirens, it is not beyond all conjecture. Montaigne must have felt sure of his ground, and it would seem that the passage quoted would have been omitted from the published edition if the lady had disappointed his expectations.

H. B. H.

Boston.
Montaigne's essay "Of the Institution and Education of Children," is dedicated to the Lady Diana of Foix, Countess of Guzman. The translations of Mon-

known to the world as the author of the great essayist are not annotated. If you should consult a late edition of the original in the Boston Public Library you might find a footnote about the child of the countess, but, as far as we know, Montaigne has not found anyone to do for him what Birbeck Hill, the voluminous commentator, did for—some might say "to"—Dr. Samuel Johnson.—Ed.

Mr. Burns's Pet

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the letter from Mr. P. L. Martin in regard to the wampus which he secured in Vermont. I have a friend, Mr. L. R. Burns, living in Dorchester, Mass., who has a pet wampus which he caught last summer in a lobster trap while camping near Damariscotta, Me. He took it to camp and named it, and when he returned home brought it with him. It is very tame and much attached to Mr. Burns and will follow him anywhere. This is the first instance I know of a wampus being made a pet, but perhaps some of your readers may know of others.

Springfield. J. P. O'CONNELL

June 25 1921

The Stamp of Education

The atlas of six years ago is as old as the geography of the sixties in which half of the United States to the left of the Mississippi river was described as "the Great American Desert." When will cartographers go to work with any feeling of confidence? Van Dyck, the Wagnerian tenor, used to say in jest that, as a journalist in Paris, he changed at least once a month the map of Europe. He did not, however, persuade the drawers of maps.

present readers of maps must rely on newspapers and magazines and consult them constantly, to know the shiftings and transformations.

But the changes, geographical and political, in Europe are now, and more strikingly, shown by postage stamps. The war has introduced hundreds of new varieties and issues. What timbrelologist—or, to use the more common word, philatelist—could foresee the Polish vermilion, the Jerusalem blue, the Ruthenian and Albanian stamps; the Syrian, printed in honor of the Emir Feisal's proclamation as king? It is said that the first year of the war alone brought out 327 new stamps. Even in Uruguay, famous for the multiplicity of issues but not domestically affected by the war, "Peace" commemorative stamps have appeared, adorned with portraits of allied leaders, including Wilson, Poincaré and Kings George, Albert and Victor Emmanuel. The new stamps designed by the French government for independent Albania bear a double-headed eagle with a shield on its breast carrying the portrait of Georges Skandenberg, the hero that freed Albania from the Turks.

In Belgium new stamps in connection with the Seventh Olympiad at Antwerp are sold at a premium in aid of disabled Belgian soldiers. In Siam there are special stamps for the benefit of the Scout movement. The new green stamp of Haiti shows the figure of Peace with natives working tobacco fields, also factory chimneys, typifying agriculture and industry. Another stamp in red presents Commerce, armed with trident, looking hopefully out to sea; delightful expressions of optimism.

Man is a born collector, whether his craze is for postage stamps, coins, first editions, snuff-boxes, walking-sticks, pottery, gallows-halters, cigar-box labels, monograms, pictures—it matters not. Fortunes have thus been spent, as in the search for buried treasure or the philosopher's stone. The Tapling collection bequeathed to Great Britain, although it contains only stamps issued before 1890, is valued at \$250,000. Outside of the pleasurable fury of collecting postage-stamps, the mania that possesses one, brings on white nights, and sometimes leads to theft, there is the inevitable geographical and historical information. To the boy beginning his collection, Siam will be nearer, and a more substantial country, when he sees on the red stan-

of five satangs the profile of King Vijiravudh. The boy may even be tempted to learn the correct pronunciation of that august monarch's name, which in school he would be slow to memorize.

June 26

"Take care," said the goldsmith with a nonchalant air, "take care! You have to do here with very singular people." At that instant the face of the goldsmith turned into the head of a fox. This so frightened the privy secretary that he fell backward in his chair.

Mr. Ardaschir

We should like to become acquainted with Mr. K. K. Ardaschir, who wrote a letter to the London Times from Paris. We have already proposed him for non-resident membership in the Porphyry Club. This is what he wrote:

"Sir: Although I have never done the London press any harm, nearly every paper in commenting on my wedding at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, has accused me of being some kind of Persian prince. I can't think why; for to the best of my belief I have neither killed nor robbed any one, nor shown myself to possess any other symptoms. As for my owning land in Persia, Allah being merciful, I myself don't. My honest ancestors, having no sympathy with those who cut throats for the glory of God, fled from Persia in something like night-shirts, and thereby saved their descendant a great deal of trouble. I love Persia because I am not a prince. No, sir; I own nothing but a wife, British citizenship, and some hope, not much, of getting the best of a theatrical manager. Trusting you will clear my character, I am, sir, etc."

Fatal Conciseness

As the World Wags:

One of our gallant admirals, more or less disadvantaged in his private life by an almost morbid sense of propriety, traversing the Suez canal on some recent tour of duty, got his white ducks into wholly unrepresentable shape and sent ahead to his next port of call an S. O. S. cable as follows: "Have washerwoman ready to come on board on arrival of ship." Reply was promptly received, reading: "Admiral's woman will be ready for him." His horror at this compromising message was not greatly relieved by a subsequent "Correction" reading: "Insert washer between admiral and woman."

GAYLORD QUEEN.

Boston.

Mme. Melba

Mme. Melba, or Dame Melba as she is now called throughout the British empire, sang in London on May 30. "In answer to the demand of 'encore,'" says the Daily Telegraph, "she gave 'Annie Laurie,' and the performance was, perhaps, the most completely enjoyable experience in the whole concert."

Is this praise, or blame? Praise, we take it, showing the taste of the critic, who lauded the "mellowness and extraordinary evenness of Melba's voice. When she descends again on our stern and rockbound coast will she add 'Comin' Through the Rye' and 'Home, Sweet Home' to her repertory?"

But she should be sure of her words. The fine-eared critic of the Daily Chronicle said that she sang

Glad me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
to the dismay of Scotsmen in the audience, who came near shouting to her, "Which ne'er shall be forgot." "Accuracy, accuracy," Dame Melba, as the justly celebrated Mr. Joseph Pulitzer used to say to his merry men in the World office.

"Thole"

A correspondent recently inquired into the present use of the verb "thole," to undergo, suffer, endure, permit, saying it is still heard in western states. Mr. Jackson of the Boston Herald sends this quotation from Burns:

"But fegs, the session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan
Than garrin' lassies crap the cran
Clean heels o'er body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban
Afore the howdy."

There are nearly a dozen quotations from forgotten authors, illustrating the use of this verb, in that entertaining, century-old book, "The Dialect of Craven." It is stated in this dictionary that "thole," sometimes pronounced "tholl" in that region, may mean "to afford, to be able to sell," also "to give or grant freely," as in "I could thole him t' meat out o' my mouth."

American Entertainers

This is a slow old country after all. We don't seem to be able to breed the human cyclone or the hot gossipier any longer. We are obliged to depend for such live wires on America, who certainly keeps us well supplied with pioneers of the latest movements.

Of course, we can't expect a Carrie Nation more than once in a generation. Mr. Pusseyfoot was almost in the nature of a mild interlude, so conventional were his methods of soft persuasion. But we will have his "big game" to reckon

with. In the mean time, the moving spirit of the Pillar of Fire Mission is in our midst just beginning her campaign against women's shameless dress—or the want of it. It's a tough world for a wet country, anyway.—London Daily Chronicle.

Overworked

It appears that another overworked word in England is "exquisite." The highest praise in commercial minds is thus expressed. Note this sliding scale: "Exquisite" tea is offered at 4s. 6d. a pound. Then we go down, down: "Superb" tea, "marvellous" tea, "delicious" tea, "grand" tea, and, at the bottom, "household" tea at 2s. 8d.

"Vision" is sadly overworked in this country at present, especially by the roaring young lions in the hunting ground of arts and letters. A fiddler has "vision" or he is without it. A statesman, i. e., a hide-bound partisan, is said by his trumpeting heelers to have vision, while to calm observers he seems shockingly nearsighted. Unless a poet has "vision," he is only a sorry rhymester, not a "boss poet." "Babe" Ruth has "vision"; that is why he swats the ball.

"Sirkastic and Witherin"

As the World Wags:

I regret not seeing the name of Mr. Herkimer Johnson among the names of the delegates to the Chicago convention. I am sure he would there find much material for his great work "Man as a Social Beast," published only by subscription, and held back by the white paper shortage. They do say that the beasts at Chicago are very unsocial. I have read the almost perfect Republican platform, and my only criticism of it is that it is too long, in view of the white paper shortage, and of the increased cost of time, which I believe by the index numbers is about 285 per cent. For the benefit of your readers who lack this dear commodity, I have made a digest of it, much more convenient than the full-page document.

Ahem! Molto furioso. Hymn of Hate by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. Kill the President of the United States. I have killed him.

Stupidesimo molto con piacere. The United States lost the war. We won it. The Democrats are inept. Wilson is inept. We are apt. We made the world in six days and the seventh day we did not rest, but pronounced it very good. To Hell with Europe. We want the money ourselves. We have been generous with other people's money. We sympathize with everybody, except Mexico. We want that oil, and propose to have it. Also, we still fear or protection, but we don't talk as much about it as we did. We congratulate the Republican Senators on their perfection. Turn the screws out.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

A Heroine in England

There was a time when Mary Anderson going as Parthenia "to cleanse the cups" or a vision of loveliness in "Winter's Tale" was fondly called "Our Mary." Today the "Mary" dear to thousands is Miss Pickford, who is now making her triumphal way in England. Hundreds were waiting for her at the pier; thousands swarmed about her in London. Arriving at a garden party she was mobbed by her worshippers; "well-dressed women seemed suddenly to lose their heads." Even the muscular and intrepid Douglas Fairbanks, the hero of thrilling films, was nearly killed in the crush, as he was rescuing his wife. When she was safe in her hotel, "enormous" crowds gathered outside, standing until late at night, hoping to catch a glimpse of the cinematographic idol.

Nor are Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks the only hero and heroine of the films. There is the pathetic Miss Gish of "Broken Blossoms"; there is Pearl White, now barely escapes every five minutes with her life; there is Theda Bara, the thick-set vampire, who now dreams of triumphs on the legitimate stage; there is Mr. Hart, the stern-faced shooter of western bandits, in whom President Wilson finds delight, as Mr. Seibold recently informed the lovers of anecdote. There is a long catalogue, nearly as long as that of the ships in Homer's "Iliad" or of the employments chanted by Walt Whitman. Then there is Mr. Chaplin, whose birthplace is angrily disputed; Mr. Chaplin, into whose art the London Times, characterizing him as the World's Jester, analytically and admiringly inquires; Mr. Chaplin who constantly delights the countless "Chaplinophiles" and causes the few "Chaplinophobes" to wonder at the public taste.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in England may argue at length why the public should crowd the playhouse and neglect the cinematographic theatres; M. Vincent d'Indy in France may dismiss the screened play as wholly inartistic; they, and the few agreeing with them, are as the "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." The interest in the films is worldwide, from South Sea islands to Jerusalem, from Tokio to Buenos Aires. It is not only the amount of money invested in the productions; it is not alone the number of newspaper columns throughout the world devoted to news and reviews, that shows the widespread craze; the fact that the hero and heroines of the films are recognized and applauded in all lands, have achieved a fame more universal than that attained by Talma, Garrick, Salvini, Rachel, Fechter, Duse, is more significant. Mr. Gordon Craig sees the salvation of dramatic art in marionette shows. The time may come when Shakespeare will be known to the great public only through the film; when even Mr. Bernard Shaw will be tempted by a half-million of dollars to write exclusively for the screen.

June 27 1921

The Lord Chancellor approved the restriction on the sale of chocolates in London theatres. The Theatrical Managers' Association protested against this restriction, pointing out that the home office authorities had no reason or justification to urge the continuance of the restriction, except that the Confectioners' Association objected to the restoration of the managers' rights. The Times has entered editorially into the discussion: "When the lord chancellor ponderously observes in the House of Lords that the primary business of theatres 'is not to sell chocolates, but to present the drama,' he is making a statement too absurd to analyze." This editorial thundering led Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the Times, to remark: "This journal, I rejoice to see, is living up to its high traditions of intrepid and incisive utterance. I should not myself complain if the lord chancellor was merely ponderous. As the dying Heine observed, when some one wondered if Providence would pardon him, 'C'est son metier.' What is so flagrant is the Lord Chancellor's ignorance of the commanding position acquired by chocolate in relation to the modern drama."

Mr. Walkley wrote a column about the "chocolate drama." Endeavoring to be light and sportive, he out-rivalled the Lord Chancellor. Even if he had not signed the article "A. B. W.," his style would have betrayed him. We find the word "parergon," and there are three French words in italics, besides the phrase quoted above and "distractions" in italics for the Anglicized word. Yet there are agreeable passages in his refutation of the Lord Chancellor's statement.

"Drama is presented, but only as an agreeable, not too obtrusive, accompaniment to the eating of chocolate. The curtain goes up, and the ladies in the audience, 'distractions,' and manifestly feeling with Mrs. Gamp (or was it Betsy Prig?) a sort of sinking, yawn through the first scene or two. Then there is a rustle of paper wrappings, little white card-board boxes are brought out and passed from hand to hand, there is a dainty picking and choosing of round and square and triangular, with a knowing rejection of the hard-toffee-filled ones, and now the fair faces are all set in a fixed smile of contentment and the fair jaws are steadily, rhythmically at work. To an unprepared observer it cannot be a pretty sight. Fair Americans chewing gum are nothing to it. There are super-fine male voluptuaries who do not much care to see women eat, even at the festive board. But to see scores of women simultaneously eating chocolates at the theatre is an uncanny thing. They do it in unison, and they do it with an air of furtive enjoyment, as though it were some secret vice and all the better for being sinful. The act-drop goes up and down, actors are heard talking or the orchestra playing, men pass out for a cigarette and repass, but the fair jaws never cease working. The habit of needlework, lace-making and, perhaps, war knitting has given lovely woman that form of genius which has been defined as a long patience. They eat chocolates with the monotonous regularity with which they hemstitch linen or darn socks. It has been said that women go to church for the sake of the hymns, but

...theatre for the sake of... And the Lord Chancellor... man, says the primary business of the theatre is to present drama."

There are not always been munching in the British theatre? In the realm of the orange girls stood in the pews with their backs to the stage. Nell Wynne was among them. Was not Peg Woffington taunted with selling oranges in the theatre? We have read of pork pies eaten in the playhouses of the Victorian period. As for chocolates in American theatres—we have seen box after box chewed by young men and maidens and by the middle-aged in the pews of this city, from Hollis Street to the Boston Opera House; we have seen pound boxes in the laps of women even in the Copley Repertory Theatre. The sight brought pleasant memories of peanuts in the gallery while we applauded E. L. Davenport in "Damon and Pythias," or heard "Il Trovatore" with an orchestra composed of two fiddles, a double bass, a cornet and a piano. Peanuts in those days went with tragedy. No one tittered or snickered during a pathetic scene; but the crunching of peanut shells was the more furious. Today Bostonians munch chocolates and candy. Yet many years ago Dryden observed that in all tragedies the audience of his time laughed when the actors died: "Tis the most comic part of the whole play." He imputed this unseemly conduct to bad acting. Southey, noting Dryden's remark, added: "I suspect it must have been in such tragedies as his own."

The eating of chocolates goes well with the great majority of plays performed here—bedroom farces, musical comedies, dramas suggested by spiritual communications, "transmigrations" and the Ouija board. The association of tragedy, whether it be a play by Shakespeare or "John Ferguson," with chocolates or chewing gum admits of discussion. If Aristotle was right in saying that tragedy is powerful "by raising pity and fear and terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions," satisfaction accompanying the sight and the hearing should be disallowed; but if "hamfort" is to be applauded for saying that tragedies are injurious to morality because they attach too much importance to life and death, then let every woman take chocolates gayly with her to the playhouse, either in the native box or in her vanity bag.

Nor do all men dislike to see women eat, if they eat becomingly. Byron had something disagreeable to say about women at table; anxious to reduce his own flesh, he probably could not endure to see others enjoying "a meal of victuals." It depends on how Arabella eats. The fairest woman is no longer fair when she gobbles. Chaucer's prioress set the good example:

At mete wel I taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lipes falle,
No wette hire fynghres in hire sauce depe.
Wel cowde sche carle a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille uppon hire breste,
In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.
Hire overlippe wyspede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, when sche dronken hadde hire draughte,
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte.
That is to say, she did not fork a chop far down the table or stretch an arm in front of her well-disposed neighbor. Cupid flutters his wings and flies out of the window when he sees egg-yolk on Arabella's chin of Parian marble.

Reinhold Werrenrath is another American that has sung for the first time in London. He is "first a Dane, and secondly an American; in all that makes up nationality it is the other way." The critic, one not easily pleased, added: "He has a bass baritone, if there is such a term; he sings baritone songs without the disappointing lack of quality in the lower notes; he touched G at either end when it was necessary, but without any parade or strain, and there seemed to be no 'soft places' anywhere. He had a good program, of the type we are accustomed to, but with rather unfamiliar details. . . . Some songs by American writers were interesting, but had not much character. The singing throughout was exceptionally able and its various individual merits, of which

diction was a principal one, were combined into an artistic whole."

John Coates's recital. "The Queen's Hall was filled sparsely, but with people who really wanted to hear him, who enjoyed thoroughly what they heard, and, best of all, took in his points with intelligence as he made them. Such an audience is ideal for a singer, no matter what rows of empty benches. And where were all these professed lovers of British music? Listening to Miss Rebecca Clarke's sparkling viola sonata, or spending an immortal hour at the Old Vic, we must hope; there could be no other excuse for men of their creed. For Mr. Coates is one of those who touches nothing that he does not adorn. A simple instance of this was Gretchaninov's "Triste est le steppe" a fine composition which has been harkened out of all endurance; and yet he is able to restore it to its original force by simply singing it as if he meant it and letting us hear the words as well as feel the tune. Or he would

take Maubert's rather hollow "To me at my fifth floor window," or a meandering "atmospheric" song by J. Gerrard Williams, "Love Outwitted," and by dint of pure singing simply make them go. When a singer is very good, indeed, it is childish to praise him for this or that virtue; it is not this thing or that thing in itself, but the judgment with which he uses such things as are needed. Moreover, to call attention to one merit detracts attention from what really matters—the spirit of the whole. The delightful thing was the versatility with which he individualized each song in turn."

The first principle in music is to sing or play in tune. Without that all is waste of time, and if music were for one moment taken seriously in this country (as seriously, even, as stamp collecting or spiritualism—we beg its pardon, spiritism—or flirting) people would see this and not waste their time in listening to such extraordinary sounds as have been proceeding from vocal chords and catgut in the last week. There are a dozen excuses for being out of tune, but no reasons. The heat wave was an excuse, and strings certainly do get sticky, though good players can circumvent this. But vocal chords do not; and anyhow, the nightingales have been going strong all this hot Whitsuntide. For out-of-tune singing there is no reason whatever but original sin, and as such it deserves wrath and damnation.—London Times.

A Madrid correspondent says that the deeds of a master sword, "primer espada," a hero of the arena, as Joselito was, are sung wherever the Spanish tongue is spoken. Verses by an unknown poet are now sung at street corners in Madrid. "The 'Copias' celebrating the death of Espartaco are still popular. Indeed, Joselito sang one himself while dressing for the fight at Talavera, much to the distress of his faithful valet, more superstitious than his master." Here is a translation of some of the verses:

Go not to the meadow,
The flowers have faded,
For the king of the matadors
Lies dead at Talavera.

From the star-spangled sky
A star has fallen,
The brightest light
Of the bullfighter's art.

On May fifteen
In Madrid plaza,
Jose had bad luck
And the fight was a sorry one.

While he was being hissed
A spectator shouted madly
"May a bull kill thee
Tomorrow at Talavera."

A calamity, indeed,
That cry portended,
For Jose was tossed
And at Talavera died.

When Joselito fell
Under that terrible stroke,
He pressed his hands to his stomach,
Where the wound was.

And on the ground he lay,
That unequalled tofero,
His lifeblood flowing out
From the great rent.

"These are dither copias will be sung by the cobbler in his griny little den, by the lonely arriero following his mule along the dusty track, by the laborer as he wends his way home from the fields. The servant girls will teach them to their young charges. They will cross the straits to the army in the Rif, and the Moors, hearing them sung at the Spanish campfires, will recognize in the tune, if not in the words, the melancholy note of the East that still survives in Spain."

Shakespeare and Slang

To the Editor of The Herald:
Slang? "I'll say so!" When I first heard this expression I thought it was sickening, but do you think it is slang? If you do, look in your "Hamlet," or look in "Henry IV." act 5, scene 2—Vernon to Worcester.

But when I began to hear the remark, "I'll tell the world!" I thought slang had taken another drop for the worse, but do you think it is slang? Look at the same play, "Henry IV." act 5, scene 2—Vernon to Hotspur.

I have understood that Shakespeare was the best in English. "Good night!" Perhaps you think that is slang. If so, look at "Henry IV." act 1, scene 3—Hotspur to Northampton.

With the present high cost of living my mind is taken up with other matters to such an extent that it is impossible for me to reel off passages from Shakespeare, but it is fine to let your friends know you are familiar with the standard author, and above quotations will show you how easy it is to seem at home among the old writers.

E. M. DAVENPORT.

Dorchester.

Heifetz in London

The London critics are still perplexed by Mr. Heifetz, who was made known to them by the gramophone before he appeared in person.

The Daily Telegraph: "He played with all the glorious ease, all the perfect self-command and all the complete detachment from anything that savored of the higher flights of fancy, which are so eminently characteristic of this extraordinarily brilliant, if not particularly inspiring, young violinist. . . . It is impossible not to feel that the reserve is rather an accident of nature than artistry, conscious or unconscious. . . . Of course, his playing throughout was as perfect technically as playing

and his neatness. But it invariably seemed a thing apart from human life and human emotion, a tour-de-force which one could not but admire enormously, but from which it was impossible to derive much intellectual pleasure."

London Times: "To hear Jascha Heifetz is a unique experience. In spite of all that his advertisements and gramophone records have done for him, people are still asking, 'What do you think of him?' One parries such questions as well as one can—Did you ever hear such double stops? Such C's in altissimo? Such dead certainties? Faultily faultless, icily regular—and so on. For the truth is that what one thinks of Heifetz is not so easy to say. It is clear that he plays greater difficulties with greater ease than one ever heard before. There are two ways of saying a good thing. You may hum and haw and generally pull yourself together for the effort, or you may keep quiet, think, and then say the elinching word. It is this that Heifetz does. His playing is simply final; there is nothing more to be said. Like the stranger in Auerbach's 'Keller,' he has merely to bore a hole in the table and out comes champagne or tokay. And, like him, he seems to be above human weaknesses, and every one promptly says: No heart. But a man of such great attainments is not

to be lightly dismissed in this way. It is more probable that he is taking hold of music by quite another side from that to which we are accustomed, and that what others express by 'touch' or 'temperament' he expresses by agility and dexterity; much as a writer expresses by the choice and position of his words what a speaker expresses by their inflexion and intonation. He plays in the spirit of the 18th century. He does with his bow what Aquilari did with her voice. He has all the dexterity of a Farinelli, and his Charles VI. may yet come by and show him how well it would be if he could add to dexterity pathos. We accuse that century, too, of having no heart; but it is not true. It is only that their methods were so different from ours that we have never been able to understand their hearts. But they understood, and we may understand. As their hearts felt Farinelli, so may ours feel Heifetz."

Robert Hichens, Sacha Guitry and Other Stage Folk

Mr. Hichens and others had much to say about the production of "The Garden in Allah" at Drury Lane. Mr. Hichens said he was unable, after he had completed his novel, to discover in it any dramatic material. It was Mary Anderson who gave him the impetus that led him to collaboration with her. "She was in the full sense of the word a partner in bringing it to a successful close. I have been told that the first necessity of successful collaboration on a play is constant bickering or, if you prefer to put it more mildly, a continuous conflict of opinion. Ours must have been an exception to the rule, for from start to finish the work progressed with a sureness and precision that at no point suffered the slightest interruption." Miss Anderson said that their main object and greatest difficulty was to "create the indescribable feeling of mysticism which is such a notable feature of the book." Arthur Collins, the producer, with Mr. Hichens, spent some time at Biskra and Algiers. Therefore the scenery and costumes were faithful. "Some of the costumes were bought by me from clothiers, while others were obtained from the wearers, who with a touch of natural dignity took them off and handed them to me then and there." Arabs brought to take part in the play in "a mysterious way" give "atmosphere." Their dances are reproduced. Landon Ronald has written an overture, entr'actes and incidental music. Mr. Collins admitted that the play was not successful when it was first seen in this country.

The Daily Telegraph says of Miss Shelley Calton, playing a house parlor-maid and overdoing the cockney accent in "Tiger! Tiger!": "Surely it is impossible that those regal creatures, whose demeanor strikes us with such terror when they open front doors to us and condescend to take our hats, could ever sink to such depths of commonness in their hours of ease."

Franz Lehar, whose new operetta has scored an instantaneous success in Vienna, is not under the necessity to write "pot-boilers." His "Merry Widow," which had a run of 500 nights when produced and was played all over the world, is said to have brought him in a quarter of a million sterling. He came to London to rehearse the "Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre, and composed two extra numbers, especially for that production, in the cab-shelter at the Haymarket. Mr. Edwards asked Lehar after the first rehearsal if he could write the extra numbers by the same evening. The composer left to return to his hotel, but being caught in a heavy rainstorm he sought refuge in the cab-shelter, and wrote the music on the backs of envelopes while waiting for the rain to stop.—London Daily Chronicle.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" as produced by Max Reinhardt in Berlin is an imposing spectacle from all accounts. The assassination of Caesar is said to be a remarkably fine piece of stage-

craft. The effect of the two famous speeches in the Forum is diminished "by the realism which is intended to enhance them, since the orators are partly eclipsed by the tumult of the gesticulating populace. The last act is noteworthy for some very beautiful effects of light and atmosphere, with a background of moving clouds. The general impression is that of a great Reinhardt spectacle, rather than a great Shakespearean revival."

What is Sacha Guitry's secret? asks Mr. Walkley, having seen "Mon Pere avait raison." He does not write "well made" pieces, a close-knit story, or even a great dramatic crisis, his dialogue is not epigrammatic. "Yet his plays have a rare, and perhaps one may venture for once to say, unique relief."

They combine a minute veracity in the painting of modern manners with an indulgent epicureanism of tone, which is just the tone congenial to elderly, comfortable worldlings. . . . Nothing could be less symmetrical than his plays, which, if they have any pattern at all, have only what Henry James called the 'strange, irregular rhythm of life.' But it is his philosophy—to give it perhaps a name rather too fine—which is the taking thing about him. It tells l'homme sensuel moyen (not to mention his female counterpart) just what he wants to hear: that life is a thing not to worry about, but to enjoy; that one is never too old to love; that the consciousness of one another's infirmities should result in mutual toleration, spiced with humor."

Holst and Delius

The Philharmonic choir and the Philharmonic orchestra of London, two distinct bodies, combined on June 2 to perform Gustav Holst's "Hymn of Jesus," conducted by the composer, and "The Song of the High Hills," by Delius, conducted, as was Beethoven's 9th Symphony, by Mr. Coates.

The Daily Telegraph said of Holst's "most interesting of recent works": "It is not a work that can be presented honorably in a few rehearsals, however conscientious they may be; the 'liason' between orchestra and voices is too subtle and refined to permit of anything haphazard; while the composer's dissonances are too new to allow the choristers such feeling of security that they might let themselves go. The work requires a certain amount of abandon in places, an ecstasy it did not receive. Nevertheless, one felt that in this we have, with a few reservations, a valuable composition that allows us some escape from the oratorio that has given us so much discredit among creative musicians abroad."

The London Times concerning the work of Delius: "The music paints the rapture of contemplation that the mountaineer knows. But one asks oneself how far music can paint such a subject. Both music and poetry seem to demand action, either past or in immediate prospect, and to be able to expatiate only on such feelings as arise in connection with this. Music does this, not by making noises like the actions hinted at, but by

weaving its own motives into a semblance of cause and effect. In Delius the motives are there in plenty, but we are never allowed to look at them one at a time, and so we lose all sense of antecedence and consequence. The result is a gorgeous sensation like that of a lustrous spring day; we are very much alive and dazzled by the splendor, but feel we could enjoy it even more if we had something definite to do or to think. Then comes that terrible wordless cry from the choir, which seems to take an unfair advantage of us, getting down among our heart-strings, without letting us know whether it is ecstasy or pain, and we feel rather frightened amid all this splendor."

Opera and Drama by Spaniards and Others in Madrid

It has been a remarkable season in several respects—first, in that the Madrid public has been given to enjoy even before they reached London the wonderful series of Mme. Pavlova's new creations; and, second, that a larger place has been reserved this year on the program to the works of Spanish composers, interpreted by Spanish singers.

Italian and German opera must for many years supply the majority of the performances, but the merits of Spanish composers have secured this year a fuller representation. "El Avapies," "Maruxa" and "Bohemios" have substantially enhanced the reputations of Conrado del Campo and Amadeo Vives as skillful composers. These new operas—still unknown abroad—will probably henceforth rank in the repertoire of the Teatro Real with the Italian favorites. With the Wagner enthusiasts they have not "caught on," but when they become known abroad it may safely be predicted that their success will be as considerable as that which "Goyescas" scored in Paris this winter. "Bohemios," especially, in which many tuneful airs have been developed into fine melody, is an interesting example of what may be done to dignify a popular operetta.

This year, also for the first time, the Opera House remained open far into

ESS of Guit

ent, and opened its doors again after a brief arriere-saison, during which we applauded Tito Schina. We have waited many months for the great play, but this year so far it has

not been vouchsafed us. Once, at the Princessa, on the first night of "Espigas de una Haz," by Marquina, when the scene of a village tragedy was developed with realism and power, the public felt the emotions of the real thing, but a somewhat melodramatic ending dashed our hopes. The failure, any year, of Spanish authors to produce something really remarkable is regrettable, for the Madrid stage, through the companies who annually visit Central and South America, is, in a way, the purveyor of the intellect of the Spanish universe. These companies will depart from Spanish shores with somewhat miscellaneous cargoes this year.

The activity in the theatrical world has nevertheless been prodigious. A dozen theatres have averaged a new play every week. Indeed, impresarios, in their eagerness to outdo each other, seem to have neglected their own interests, for they have lavished money on these ephemeral representations without running them to their full limits. Many foreign plays have continued to be staged, generally in fairly good translations. Italian comedies, French dramas, and British plays such as "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Man Who Stayed at Home" have given Madrid hoardings an international look, but have failed to satisfy the cravings of the eclectic. Among the latter must still be counted, of course, in Spain, the immense majority of the middle classes.

Nazimova as Film Actress; Notes About Certain Screen Plays

Nazimova in "Eye for Eye." There are hardly, I think, be two opinions about the histrionic ability of Nazimova. Certainly, so far as the screen is concerned, she has set a new standard of emotional acting, though perhaps even more wonderful is the verve and abandon with which she dances. Nobody who desires to be abreast of the best work being done for the screen should be missing her. There is, however, one objection to most of the plays in which Nazimova figures, though it in no way detracts from their artistic merit. That is that in almost each instance the sympathy of the spectator is enlisted for the eastern races to the detriment of the western. The same objection, not without reason, has been raised to "Seven Blossoms." It is rather curious, in fact, how many of these films have recently been produced in America, all turning on the same theme, the fallacy of regarding that Europe has a higher code of morality than Asia. Such films, shown throughout the east, could hardly fail to provoke comments disparaging to the European—London Daily Telegraph.

Aspects of filming "Wuthering Heights" in the actual "onte country" are the subject of some remarks: "When he focuses his camera on those landscapes the man who takes the photographs will almost certainly be preoccupied exclusively by the desire to secure as perfect a view as he can, quite irrespective of how far that view harmonizes with the mental attitude of the actor who moves about in the camera, moreover, has no sort of discrimination. It faithfully records every detail that comes within its purview, and the probability is that there will be many things in the photograph which will jar on our sensibility and spoil the whole effect of the scene. Had Mr. Griffith, when he made "Broken Blossoms," insisted on giving us views of the real Limehouse instead of contrived scenes in the studio, accuracy in this one detail might have been attained, but who shall say that the quality of the play would not have vanished?"

The Londoners think that American directors are indifferent about the impression regarding American institutions made on foreign spectators. What idea would an eastern audience have of American justice after seeing "In the Tender Degroe"? This gives a most vivid representation of the methods of torture they are nothing less—which we are asked to believe are habitually employed by the New York police to extort a confession from an accused man." In "The Sign of the Cross," as yet seen in London only privately, "the impression conveyed that the New York police are honeycombed with corruption and that graft is practised almost openly. In the end virtue is, as is usual in filmland, rewarded and vice punished, but we are left all the same with an uneasy feeling about the New York police force. In the course of the play a most interesting object lesson is given of how police chiefs are bribed in the best crook circles. The money wrapped up lightly in a spill is hidden inside a cigar, which the briber invites the bribed to take from a cigar case."

Balzac's "Wild Ass's Skin" as a film play shown privately in London: "The story of the book was followed quite faithfully until the end. The hero—as he would be called on the film—was of course in a very unenviable position. What was to be done? The book left him in that condition. It was a terrible trap. It seems that a number of the greatest brains of the world have been employed, for it

was decided that the hero must wake up and find that all his unpleasant adventures were nothing but a dream. The idea was masterly, and the only begueter of it is to be congratulated upon his gallant attempt to make Balzac appeal to the sixpenny seats. If the same man were to be asked to convert Nietzsche's works into a two-reel film he would be sure to emerge triumphant with a satisfactory 'happy ending.'"

Wireless Gunfiring

At St. George's Hall this week Capt. Raymond Phillips, formerly senior inspector of ordnance machinery in the Irish command, is giving an entertainment dealing with wireless controlled phenomena. His display occupies nearly half an hour, and is really more of a demonstration than an entertainment. Had Capt. Phillips been born in the Middle Ages he would most certainly have been burnt at the stake as a dabbler in "black magic." Most of his tricks, we are assured, are worked by wireless. There is a strong battery on the stage, and, simply by controlling this, he makes bells ring and horns blow, both when standing on the stage and when carried about the auditorium. Capt. Phillips then goes on to fire off an ordinary breech-loading gun by wireless. The same principle, he says, can be applied to machine guns. He afterwards proceeds to erect a complicated arrangement of horns, bells and propellers attached to pulleys and swung into the auditorium. This is also controlled by the same battery, and while swinging freely over the heads of the audience is made to do all sorts of uncanny things. It plays flute solos and banjo solos—when asked politely to do so by any member of the audience—and then spins round, firing guns, blowing horns and ringing bells with great vigor.

In addition to the wireless phenomena there are demonstrations of how science can control spiritualism, which were neither very convincing nor coherent—London Times, June 1.

Americans in London, with Other Notes About Music and Musicians

A new string quartet by Turina, the Spaniard, has been introduced in London. "It contains some interesting, effective, and often very pleasing music, but it suffers as a whole by giving the impression of having been written from an insensitive point of view. The composer has a leaning toward the 'atmospheric' style, but he cannot do it successfully; he introduces sharp, defined harmony and rhythmic balance. On the other hand, this tendency pre-

vents him from being convincing with the 'direct' method, which to work in with real strength means concentration on the structure and a feeling for climax. The pointed and picturesque character of much of the thematic material suggests, however, that this latter style would be really natural to him if he had the necessary technic for homogeneous development."

Thos Sackbut is the name of a new musical journal published in London. The editor says it will have no rigid policy, no axes to grind, no cliques to support. "It is hoped that something may be done to break down the barrier of unnecessary modesty which so frequently prevents the non-professional music-lover from contributing to discussions on musical subjects."

Mr. Molisevich, the thrice admirable pianist, who was heard last season only once in Boston and that on a holiday pleased so greatly at Sydney last month, when he made his first appearance in Australia, that he was engaged at once for seven more recitals.

John Ireland's new piano sonata was announced for performance in London on June 12. It is the first large work of his to be produced since the Trio in one movement (1917). And here in Boston this composer, so prominent in London, is practically unknown.

The Welsh Music Festival, which has no connection with the Elsteddoff movement, but has for its objects to advance Welsh music, educate Welsh musicians by holding competitions in which the test pieces are modern, and to introduce unfamiliar orchestral compositions opened at Mountain Ash on Whit-Monday. Among the compositions produced for the first time were "An Arabesque" by Delfus for baritone, chorus and orchestra; Vaughan Williams' "Four Hymns" for tenor and strings, new songs by Elgar, Bantock's "Chinese Songs" for orchestra. The singing of Mr. Cecil Fanning at his fifth recital when he again presented an unconventional program gave satisfaction on the score of its general assurance, if one did not agree with the point of view or feel in sympathy with the result. He knows quite definitely what it is he wants to do, and always succeeds in doing it—there are no half-measures about his work. But he gives the impression of being concerned too much with effect pure and simple, and the expression sounds labored and unconvincing. His technic is circumscribed; he does not, for one thing, realize the importance of good diction; this failing was particularly noticeable in the Loewe ballads, where the clearest possible enunciation is indispensable; then the vocalization of the coloratura passages in a Rossini aria was unsatisfactory owing to the want of sharpness of attack, while now and again the attempt at expressive coloring was marred by a vein of

the tonal quality. If Mr. Fanning could remedy these deficiencies and then, forgetting altogether about his technic, put more feeling into his singing he would go far, for his vocal resources are great and his intelligence and vision unquestionable.—London Times.

Here is sour criticism from the London Times: "There is little but courage to commend in Miss Olga Haley's recital of foreign songs. She is daunted by nothing, and likes to go where danger is, to introduce us to things of Stravinsky and Lord Berners and whatever no one else has yet made up his mind how to sing, or whether indeed it can be sung. The three songs of the latter in the German, and three in the French manner, are not so much parodies as snapshots; it is thus that the natives of those countries might actually speak in song, this is the very way they laugh or become serious. Schmitt's *Musique sur l'eau* (also new) is overweighted with a leaden-footed accompaniment. It is in a song like Schubert's *Wohin that Miss Haley is least successful, for we know what that ought to sound like, and hers is an altogether different version."*

Cyril Bradley Rootham, a Cambridge, Eng., organist, has set music to Slegfried Sassoon's "Butterflies," "Idyll" and "Everyone Sings." "At all times in his music Dr. Rootham avoids violence and any suggestion of vulgarity, an admirable attitude so far as it goes; but in the work of the creative artist one requires ecstasy on occasion. (Was it not Blake who cried, exuberance is beauty?) The best of these appears to be the reflective Idyll, though even here the idyllic note seems to come from indoors rather than from that summer garden with daybreak and the morning hills for background and rain-wet roses for fragrance, of which the poet sings."

Anna Case, the American soprano singing in London, was praised (May 20) for the fine quality of her voice. "She does what she wants to do with every song, whether it is a simple piece of vocal expression, such as Monteverde's 'Lasciatemi morire,' or the floriture of Bellini's 'Qui la voce,' which were skillfully managed. But beyond this there is the question of what a singer wants to do with her songs, her taste both in choosing them and interpreting them. The Monteverde at the beginning made us hope that here, too, Miss Case would prove herself completely equipped, but there were disappointments to come. As to the choice of songs, it is possible that she made a natural miscalculation of the taste of English audiences. It is true that this country produces unlimited quantities of such trivial ditties as 'Rain' and 'Robin, Robin, Sing me a song,' but for the most part we keep them out of recital programs and reserve them for the ballad concerts. But the fault was not only that she mixed up musical nonsense with musical sense in her program, she was inclined to do so even in her singing of serious music. Handel's 'Angels ever bright and fair' is a tune with a shape of its own. Miss Case made it shapeless by prolonging certain beautiful notes and sentimentalizing over the cadences. There is a story of Handel taking a prima donna by the shoulders and threatening to throw her out of the window. He was a rude and rough old man, but he may have had provocation, and sometimes one thinks that Handel 'should be living at this hour'; prime donna have need of him."

A boy fiddler, Louis Levitus, at 10 years of age had had no musical training at all. At the age of 13½ last month in London, he had enough technic to play Bruck's G minor Concerto and Corelli's "La Folia" in a reasonably accurate, fluent and easy manner. An innate musical sense was suggested. "Experience has shown that it is not all the very young players by any means who are able to fulfil their early promise."

The violin played as Miss Lena Kontorovich plays it is always worth listening to. We are not dazzled out of our senses nor cheated of our hearts. We enjoy refreshing conversation on rational subjects. Strauss's Sonata in E flat has some eloquent passages well-written for the instrument; Sinding ploughed a lonely furrow, and was a little too intent on some pet discoveries of his own which may, however, pleasantly be taken at his own valuation; the "West Wind," by Foulds, is a piece of musical onomatopoeia, and will suit those who think that if you take care of the sounds the sense will take care of itself. Miss Kontorovich has an eloquent bow, the sounds which proceed from it are smooth and amenable.—The London Times.

It is curious that the most successful play of its time, "The Beggar's Opera," was written by a man whose other plays completely failed. At their failure none who has read "The Captives," the dreariest of tragedies, need be surprised.

According to Mrs. Inchbail, we owe the immortal opera to the author's misfortunes. Gay had lost every guinea he had in the South Sea Company, and had looked to royal favor for the repair of his broken fortunes. But when he was offered nothing better than the post of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses, he, disgusted with the court and courtiers, set to work on what proved to be his masterpiece. Now it is to be revived, and Londoners will flock to make the acquaintance of Capt. Macheath, Polly Peachum, Nymming

New, Crook-fingered Jack and the rest of them.—London Daily Chronicle, May 22.

"Cesar Franck is one of the touchstones. He is either condemned or worshipped; no one can be indifferent. He repels, and you whisper 'saccharine'; or he persuades, and you murmur of religious or other ecstasies."

"The desolate hours we spend upon nondescript programs."

"Perhaps the true light in which to regard Mr. Dolmetsch is as the founder of a dynasty, like that of the Conperins and the Bachs. The Sicur de Crouilly was eclipsed by the great Francois, and Leopold by the greater Wolfgang; and so Cecile who sings with understanding, Nathalie who plays without affectation, Rudolf who has a speaking acquaintance with every instrument, and Charles Frederic who bears a hand with the drone bass and gets out and gets in again, may live to do one thing perfectly instead of many things well. This epic aspect of accomplishment is worth thinking about and encouraging. It would be a good thing for this country if we had more families like the Eyres and the Harrisons."

"Accuse": a Pathe Production of a Filmed War Allegory

The London Times (May 25) describes the French war film that has caused much discussion in France and now in England:

"'Accuse,' the French war film which has already caused a good deal of discussion, was exhibited publicly for the first time yesterday. It is being shown at the Philharmonic Hall twice a day, and apart from a topical gazette—is the sole item of the program."

The film, which is a Pathe production, is a trifle uneven. For three-quarters of its length it is nothing but a conventional story of the great war. It tells of the loves and hates of private people and how they are affected by the great public convulsion. The males in the story join the army. The heroine is outraged by Germans. The pacifist hero wins the legion of honor. There is nothing new in all this. We have already witnessed these incidents too often, and it is very probable that they will repeat countless times more. But in 'Accuse' they are set forth with more conviction, and at the same time with more bitterness than they have ever been before.

For two hours the conventional runs riot, and then there is shown an allegory of war that is nothing less than inspired. There is no real reason why this allegory should be inserted in the film or why the film should surround the allegory. The one has very little connexion with the other, but no one can fail to be impressed with the allegory when it does appear. One of the protagonists is wounded in the head and loses his reason. He is inspired by a vision, returns to his native village, summons all the inhabitants, and tells them how he was on sentry duty over a graveyard filled with French dead. As he stood there they rose from their graves and wildly demanded whether those they had left behind were worthy of the supreme sacrifice they had made. They then made their way to their native villages in an enormous multitude to find out if the living were worthy of the dead. One multitude made its way towards his own village, and he had run in front to warn the inhabitants that they were on the way. His audience is terror-stricken, and he goes on to catechize them to see if they are really worthy of their dead. He first of all speaks to a young widow. Her husband had died at the front. Already she was married again. A landlord had driven into the street a mother. Her only support was a son who had been killed. Example after example of unfaithfulness, unworthiness, and greed are shown. One and all promise to amend.

"All this sounds crude when reduced to words, but the effect of the incidents on the film is almost overwhelming. For a quarter of an hour the audience is lifted out of itself and held above its usual rut. At the end of that quarter of an hour it is carefully placed back in that rut, but that does not matter. The miracle has been achieved. A film has caused an audience to think."

Picture Making 50 Degrees Below Zero: an African Expedition

Hitherto little attempt has been made to push the film industry in Canada, but there is every sign that the near future will witness a big development in production. There is shortly to be seen in London, "Back to God's Country," a film for which it can be claimed that it is a Canadian story, written by James Oliver Curwood, which was produced farther north than any other picture in the history of the screen.

Mr Curwood states that all the snow scenes were taken on the far shore of Lesser Slave Lake, north of the 56th parallel. Frequently the temperature was 50 deg. below zero, and it was found necessary to draw all oil from the cameras before they could be operated. Over 20,000ft. of film were used under these conditions. Dogs and sledges conveyed the actors from the railway into the frozen arctic regions. One of

There should be tempera tea-drinking. The pot stew the stove, a familiar sight many kitchens, is more dan to the health than sound beer light wine of the Rhine, the or California. Yet what woul like soldiers have done

benches without their tea, and it is to be presumed that they drank it strong. There may be, there is, intemperance in the "softest" drink.

Many persons are like many rivers, whose mouths are at a vast distance from their heads, for their words are as far from their thoughts as Canopus from the head of Nilus. These are of the former of those men, whose punishment in Dante's hell is to look everlastingly backward; if you have a mind to laugh at a man, or disparage the judgment of anyone, set him a talking of things to come or events of hereafter contingency: which eulds the cognition of such an arrogant, the knowledge of them whereto the ignorant pretend not, and the learned imprudently fall.

Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare of Jamaica Plain informs us that the terms "Lily White" and "Black and Tan," used freely in accounts of the Republican convention at Chicago, were coined by her father. Prominent as a Republican leader in Texas, he coined the phrases in the Texas campaign of 1888.

Deceiving Surnames

As the World Wags:

On the other hand, the Hall-Cole Company does nothing of the kind; it hauls groceries. And Mixer & Messer have a drug store in Louisville, but it is perfectly neat and shipshape. Furthermore Turnipseed Bros., over in Ohio, deal in dry goods and have nothing to do with vegetables.

But then, again, Woods Posey has been appointed park commissioner in Terry Hut. Who could be more so, these blooming June days? Very fitting, indeed. In fact, Fitting is his middle name, for it does not take all his time to park commish, and between whiles he prominently shoe deals. W. C. T. Brookline.

English as She Is Spoke

As the World Wags:

While following a street railway in the vicinity of Ayer the other day I noticed some signs nailed to the poles here and there along the line. On the signs were the words, "Slow and Gong."

Without doubt these words were addressed to the motorman and indicated the desirability of slowing down his car and of sounding his gong at these points. But don't the words do more than this? Don't they illustrate the elasticity of the English language? An adjective and a noun used as verbs! ("Slow" is psychologically an adjective here.) And is this not an example of the extreme degree of elasticity, beyond which would come the breaking point? WINSOR M. TYLER.

Lexington.

Seen Here Daily

(From a sermon by the justly celebrated Robert South, D. D.)

Age, which naturally and unavoidably is but one remove from death, and consequently should have nothing about it but what looks like a decent preparation for it, scarce ever appears of late days but in the high mode, the flaunting garb, and utmost gaudery of youth, with clothes as ridiculously and as much in the fashion, as the person that wears them is usually grown out of it. The eldest equal the youngest in the vanity of their dress; and no other reason can be given of it, but that they equal, if not surpass, them in the vanity of their desires.

Truth Is Inert

As the World Wags:

"My sober pen moves into suspensory and tinorous assertions."

Otherwise I should say that what you say about falsehood and truth is true, for the difference between them varies according to the world we happen to be living in. In the world of matter where we now are, truth is passivity. It is regulated and dictated by matter, and matter is the court of last appeal; but when we get, as we hope to, to a world in which matter does not dominate, wishes will be horses and beggars can ride as well as other people. This leaves out of consideration the lofty pragmatic view, which is perhaps the ultimate one, that a lie is the truth when it works.

The Rev. Habbington Brooke quotes, apparently from a layman, the plausible but inexact statement that "Life is just one damned thing after another." May I suggest that this view will not bear examination? Life offers no such seductive variety. The real trouble is that life is the same damned thing all the time. In this connection it may be added that the custom of burying animals alive to obtain a wish still survives in one form or another in many parts of the world. Various references to this occur in Greek, Roman and modern poets. In eastern Asia it is said that if an animal is put to death in a certain way its spirit becomes for a time the servant of the man or woman who does it; but that later the positions are reversed, and the spirit of the animal controls and dominates the human spirit with which it has been associated. Then the man becomes the

servant, and the animal the master. This simple fact forms the basis of the legend of a man's selling his soul to the devil in repayment for the gratification of a wish, an event for the occurrence of which we have the highest literary authority:

"A single soul, a single year:
A hundred souls, a hundred years."
'Tis with thyself to live forever."
Boston. OZIAS DRYADUST.

Mr. Mason Anticipated

As the World Wags:

It was pleasant to meet the other evening in first-class literary society an ancestor of the excellent Walt Mason, the present practitioner of camouflage verse. Thus the late Henry Fothergill Chorley, writing in the Athenaeum of Jan. 20, 1855, regarding Mr. Coventry Patmore's "The Angel in the House":

"The gentle reader we apprise, That this 'The Angel in the House' Contains a tale not very wise. About a person and a spouse. The author, gentle as a lamb, Has managed his rhymes to fit, And haply fancied he has writ Another 'In Memoriam.' How his intended gathered flowers, And took her tea and after sung, Is told in style somewhat like ours, For delectation of the young. But reader, lest you say we quiz, The poet's record of his she, Some little pictures you shall see, Not in our language but in his."

"Fear not this saline Cousin Fred; He gives no tragic mischief birth; There are no tears for you to shed, Unless they may be tears of mirth. From ball to bed, from field to farm, The tale flows nicely purling on; With much conceit there is no harm In the love legend here begun. The rest will come another day, If public sympathy allows; And this is all we have to say About 'The Angel in the House.'"

(MISS) PALLIDA MORRIS.

Chestnut Hill.

"Tacked to Leeward"

As the World Wags:

In relation to the trial tests of the Resolute and Vantile I have noticed this term used several times, "tacked to leeward." If the reporters are going to give to the public a new nautical term, will they please give the definition of the same? If it is a new name for an old movement, will they give the reason why? I have known something of such matters, having sailed many races. As sailor and rigger, I have never heard the term used before.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

FRITZI SCHEFF AT B. F. KEITH'S

Fritzi Scheff heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

Her program is composed in the main of pieces made famous by her on the musical comedy stage. She has lost none of her art as singer or comedian, she possesses the same delightful fluency, the same high spirits, the same agreeable voice. She sang her greatest success, "Kiss Me" in response to an enthusiastic recall, with all her old-time charm and dramatic action. Gus Klemecke conducted.

Another feature was the act of Marie Nordstrom, in private life Mrs. Henry E. Dixey. In a sketch from the pen of her sister, Frances Nordstrom. The act is specially constructed to suit the many sided talents of the principal. Miss Nordstrom was seen successively as the precocious child, the sophisticated frequenter of the cabaret, a modern Mme. Butterfly, and finally the chorus lady. Each character was clearly portrayed, and the essential points clearly brought out, even when the sketch called for burlesque. The piece had the added advantage of being nicely mounted, and the whole act spoke of detail and preparation.

Other acts were Vera Sabina, in artistic dances, Moss and Frye, great favorites at this theatre, in a blackface act; Harry Breen, "Nut" comedian; McCormack and Irving, in a sketch of dance, chatter and song; three French girls, in an act of song, dance and acrobatics; Miller and Bradford, singers, and Walther and Princeton, in a bicycle act.

June 30, 1920

A League for Latin

At the first annual meeting of the American Classical League at Cincinnati the performance of Latin plays in schools, the singing of Latin and Greek songs, the publication of familiar phrase books in Latin were recommended. A committee was appointed to inquire into the practicability of using Latin as an international language for scientific purposes. To some the learned gentlemen, eager to restore Latin to its former proud eminence, will appear only as misguided, sadly belated re-

actionaries. To others the meeting and the discussions will be classed with a congress and the addresses of amiable persons advocating Esperanto or some other artificial language for business, scientific, diplomatic and social purposes.

It is hardly necessary to recall the fact that for many years throughout Europe Latin was the language for science, theology and at the courts. In court circles it was driven out by French. Even Bismark recognized the supremacy of the French language at Versailles when he drafted the terms of peace. Learned men of different nationalities, coming together found Latin a convenient and adequate medium for the interchange of thought. And so today there are English speaking visitors in Italy, who, not knowing Italian, communicate with priests of the higher degree and other scholars through Latin. Of late there has been more than a tendency in certain schools and colleges of this country to throw Latin overboard. In a college not far from Boston the study of the language of Cicero and Catullus is not obligatory, and the ingenious freshman is allowed to take courses in psychology and anthropology. Latin is, indeed, a dead language in these halls of education. It is a pity, for although comparatively few continue to read Latin authors after graduation, the drill in translation during a college course is of great benefit in the use of English through life, in enforcing nicety of expression and in enlarging the writer's or speaker's vocabulary.

The French, famous for their clarity, conciseness, subtlety in writing, owe in large measure these admirable qualities to their thorough acquaintance with the Latin classics. Our young writers, feverish in their desire to be vivid, ill at ease with even their own language, could learn much from the calmness, the sobriety, the polished elegance that yet is virile, of the neglected Virgil.

Any attempt to revive interest in the Latin language and the writers in Latin, from Caesar to Apuleius, from Horace to Petronius, should be warmly encouraged, however extravagant the purposes of the American Classical League may seem to the despisers of all that is old, foreign, and, they say, "useless."

I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, "that a man would be a most insupportable monster should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age and country," and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous and telling long stories.

Long before the Entente Cordiale the French reproached the English for selling their wives at Smithfield. Wives have been sold in England and even in this country within recent years; in this country by men of foreign birth. The sale of an English wife is an incident in Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge." There was, perhaps among the ignorant of England the belief that if a man puts up his wife at auction and thus parts with her, he dissolves the union. And so in 1882 one Joseph Thompson knocked down his wife to one Henry Mears, for 20 shillings and a Newfoundland dog. Thompson brought her in with a straw halter about her neck, and discoursed on her qualities. She was a "born serpent," but she could read novels, milk a cow and sing Moore's melodies. There are many other well-authenticated instances of these sales, as that by Mr. Hartley Thompson in 1888. He advertised his wife in local journals as young and pretty; sent a errier or bellman around before the sale, and gallantly led her in with a ribbon instead of a halter around her neck. In 1899 a wife was sold for sixpence.

We were reminded of these sales by the news that in Cardiff, Wales, a husband recently leased his wife to another man. It was said at the time that the case was without precedent. The statement was a rash one. In feudal days Sir John de Canoy's leased his wife to Sir William de Paynel, but the lady, not consenting, appealed to the

law, and the lease was declared null and void. At Birmingham (Eng.) in 1853, a carpenter, tired of his wife, leased himself to another woman, and paid a lawyer 35 shillings to draw up the contract. There is a still more famous case recorded by Plutarch, that of Cato:

"Heroic, stole Cato, the sententious, Who lent his lady to his friend, Hortensius." And when Hortensius died, the wise Roman took back his Martia.

Table Manners

As the World Wags:

At a sumptuous dinner in a great French household, a young American officer writes, he saw on the table (otherwise laden with ancestral silver and rare plates) two modest bunches of quill toothpicks. The young man did not avail himself of the opportunity, nor did he use his fork to clean his dental interstices.—Some gentlemen will do that—others, shyly shading their mouths with one hand, perform the rite with the other, between puffs of an after dinner cigar. There is also the honored guest with formidable mustachios (possibly an army officer) who by gentle suction of the inferior lip, extracts every drop of soup from his hirsute ornament.

Voltaire at supper with Madame du Chatelet and a brilliant company of causeurs, would interrupt the conversation to describe in detail his intestinal colics, the eternal malady of this eternal moribund, who for fifty years threatened his most illustrious friends with his impending dissolution!

Madame de Graffigny, an habitue of these suppers, describes them in an entertaining manner. The fare is not abundant, but it is delicate, there is a great deal of silverware. They discuss books, poetry, science and the theater. Odes are tabooed, they are insipid rhapsodies. The master never could countenance either of the Rousseaus, and odes are Jean-Baptiste Rousseau's specialty.

The suppers are the only relaxation after a most strenuous day's work, either in the laboratory of physics or at rehearsals of his plays. Supper is sometimes only half done, when he leaves the table to go back to his work, on the pretence that it is a waste of time. Rarely, however, there is complete relaxation; a seance of magic lantern or of marionettes, when, as the operator, he gives full sway to his wit, his sarcasm, his inimitable drollery. Friends and foes alike pass in kaleidoscopic sequences on the screen or on the minuscule stage and share with equal impartiality the burning shafts of his wit. Thus end some of the famous suppers at Cirey, the home of Voltaire's lifelong and devoted friend, the Marquise du Chatelet.

Lynn J. ARMAND BEDARD

For Use in Private

Not long ago a contributor to the New York Evening Post, quoting Col. Roosevelt's letter about the management of finger bowls at a state dinner in Vienna, said that the "best English eat like artists, but the best Americans eat as the English do." The writer continues: "Even American gum-chewing which foreigners are fond of deriding, is not half so vulgar as picking the teeth, and the latter habit is one to which all classes of society are given, abroad—and in the most public places. Only certain Americans, however large in number, chew gum. Exclusive European hotels offer no greater curiosity than the sight of those guests whose names, impressive upon visitors' lists—counts and dukes and princesses—all bringing out their toothpicks toward the close of table d'hôte, and using them as few native Americans, no matter how humble, would dream of, save in the privacy of their own rooms. Some day some one will write a philosophy of table manners with an interesting chapter to show why the Anglo-Saxon is superior in this respect."

Yet Dickens, visiting the United States was not pleased with our table manners. In our little village there were young men of "fashionable dress" who sported a set of bone or ivory toothpicks arranged in the form of a small many-bladed pocket knife.

The ancient Romans flourished their toothpicks. Those of mastic were cherished. Admiral Coligny was known by his, although we are not informed as to the material. He often carried it in his beard. Was the toothpick buried with him after the night of St. Bartholomew? Then there is the bird that attends to the teeth of the crocodile.

In a conversation on etiquette recorded by Frances Burney, Mlle. Rosat asked, "Pray ma'am is it within the rules of politeness to pick the teeth?" To which Miss Burney answered, "Provided you have a little stick in your mouth before you." Mrs. R. in the

Downing Street

As the World Wags

As the journalist on his way back to Fleet street turns out of Downing street into Whitehall, let him remember that at that corner a hundred years ago stood a tavern, bearing the unusual sign of "The Cat and Bagpipes." The house and sign have gone but the symbol remains. Even today it happens that the piper pipes as the cat jumps.

The man who built Downing street got his education in America. This was George Downing (1623-1684), son of an English barrister, who, when the boy was 15, emigrated to Salem, Mass. George went to Harvard University, of which he was the second graduate. He returned to England by way of the West Indies during the Commonwealth, dabbling in the journalism of the day and entered Parliament, representing at different times Edinburgh, Carlisle and Morpeth. He married a sister of Charles Howard, first earl of Carlisle. Downing was minister at The Hague just before the Restoration, played the double game, in which he excelled, and gained the good graces of Charles II, who gave him the land in Whitehall on which he built his street. "To be a regular George Downing" became a proverb in New England for a double-faced man who betrayed his trust. But Sir George Downing, for he afterward was created a baronet, has higher services to his credit. Samuel Pepys states that Downing, who became the first secretary of the treasury, originated appropriation of supplies. Money grants to the crown before his time were spent as the crown pleased.

Sixty years later Robert Walpole made Downing street synonymous with the government of the day. It was never a thoroughfare. Theodore Hook's words, written close on a century ago, seem to have lost little, if any, of their point: "There is a fascination in that little cul-de-sac; an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most obvious boastfulness." K. J.

Boston.

July 3 1920

"Musical Portraits: Interpretations of 20 Modern Composers," by Paul Rosenfeld, is published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe of New York. "Some of the material of this book was originally printed in the form of articles in the Dial, the New Republic and the Seven Arts." The composers interpreted are Berioiz, Bloch, Borodin, Debussy, Franck, Liszt, Loefler, Mahler, Moussorgsky, Ornstein, Rachmeninoff, Ravel, Reger, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schoenberg, Scriabin, Sibelius, Strauss, Stravinsky, Wagner.

This is a strange book. The author alternately screams and subtly hints. The brilliance of his style is Asiatic. Sometimes he calls a spade a spade; but he is more inclined to follow the example of a writer mentioned years ago in Blackwood's who proudly described it as "that instrument with which the Theban husbandman lays bare the breast of our great mother."

It has been said that Mr. Rosenfeld has not made music a study; that he refuses to become acquainted with the technical side of composition on the ground that a knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, orchestration might warp his judgment and cramp his literary style. Rumor may have done him an injustice; he may have mastered composition from Fux to Bellermann; from Marpurg to Dr. Hull; it matters not; he is a good listener; he is receptive; he does not stand in awe of long-honored names; he does not, hearing for the first time an ultra-modern work, shout, "Epoch-making." But has he heard all the music he judges with a cock-sure air?

Take, for example, his remarks about the operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff. "None of Rimsky's scores is really lyrical, deeply moving. The music of 'Tsar Saltan,' for instance, with all its evocations of magical eldies and wonder-towers and fairy splendor, impresses one as little more than theatrical scenery of a high decorativeness." Again: "There is no score of Rimsky-Korsakoff's, no one of his 15 operas and dozen symphonic works which has, in all its mass, the living virtue that informs a single page of 'Boris Godounoff.' There is no score of his, for all the tang and luxuriousness of his orchestration, for all the incrustation of bright, strange stones on the matter of his operas, that has the deep, glowing color of certain passages of Borodin's work with their magical evocations of terrestrial Asia and feudal Muscovy." (By the way, why "terrestrial Asia"? To distinguish it from aqueous Asia, aerial Asia, or even celestial Asia?)

How many operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff has Mr. Rosenfeld heard? "Coq d'Or," no doubt. He mentions "Tsar Saltan." A suite from this opera has been performed in New York. Has Mr. Rosenfeld heard the opera itself? As for the other 13 or 14, did he sojourn in Petrograd or in Moscow?

He condemns Strauss's "Legend of Joseph" and "Ariadne auf Naxos." Has he heard the music on the stage? Has he heard all of "poor" Mahler's nine

symphonies?

He might say that he has studied the scores of these operas and symphonies. Then rumor has done him an injustice; he is an accomplished score-reader. Or he may know these operas from the transcription for piano and voice. "Transcriptions of modern works are misleading, insufficient. Even a skilled musician can gain only a slight idea of 'Falstaff' or 'Pelleas and Melisande' by playing the piano; not even an idea of the orchestral effect gained by Verdi in the first meeting of Rigoletto and Sparafucile. Nor can the pianist judge whether the music and the situation on the stage are indissolubly wedded."

Yet, what matters it whether Mr. Rosenfeld has not heard all of Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas; he has heard enough of his music to liken it to one of the gay picture books for children. "It is perhaps the most brilliant of them all, a picture book illumined in crude and joyous colors—bright reds, apple greens, golden oranges and yellows—and executed with genuine verve and fantasy." The personages in the pictures are arrayed in bizarre and shimmering costumes, delightfully inaccurate; and if they represent kings and queens, are set in the midst of a fabulous pomp and glitter, even wear crowns incrustated with large and impossible stones. Framing the illustrations are border-fancies of sunflowers and golden cocks and wondrous springtime birds, fashioned boisterously and humorously in the manner of Russian peasant art. Indeed, the book is executed so charmingly that the parents find it as amusing as do the children.

Do you say, "But this is not criticism"? Not as some professional critics understand the word, but would not the man-in-the-street, reading the comparison, form an idea of how the music sounded?

Too often Mr. Rosenfeld forces the note, as when he says that Morissorgsky's music "comes up out of a dense and livid ground"; "grows from the flesh of the nameless, unnumbered multitudes of men condemned by life throughout its course to misery"; "out of that sea of mutilated flesh it rises like low, trembling speech, halting and articulate and broken." In this essay, as too often in other pages, there is deliberate, carefully sought-out and labored hysteria.

He finds Wagner's music the sign and symbol of the 19th century, the common, universal tongue. "The century's paean of material triumph." This music was "immanent" in America, "that essentialization of the entire age." Listen to this: "From the towers and walls of New York there fell a breath, a grandiloquent language, a stridency and a glory, that were Wagner's indeed. . . . The very masonry and river-spans, the bustling towns, the fury and expansiveness of existence shed his idiom, shadowed forth his proud processions, his resonant gold, his tumultuous syncope and blazings brass and cymbals and volcanically inundating melody; appeared to be struggling to achieve the thing that was his art."

Let us come down to earth. Mr. Rosenfeld knows that Wagner ended the old and classical period; the influence of Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer, Chopin, Liszt is everywhere apparent. "What he did accomplish was the rapid emptying of the old wine that still remained in the wineskin, the preparation of the receptacle for the new vintage." But Wagner has receded from us; he has been displaced; the maturing of a generation has produced the change; he has joined the company of composers who express another day than our own. "The unflagging inventive power of a Bach or a Haydn, the robustness of a Handel or a Beethoven, the harmonious personality of a Mozart, were things he could not rival. He is even inferior, in the matter of style, to men like Weber and Debussy." What a pity that Mr. Rosenfeld spells "Handel" "Haendil."

Richard Strauss was never "the fine, the perfect artist," but he had "marvelous power of musical characterization." Thus he was "low-German in 'Die Eulenspiegel,' courtly and brilliant in 'Don Juan,' noble and bitterly sarcastic in 'Don Quixote,' childlike in 'Tod und Verklärung.'" This man of great promise has steadily deteriorated. "He has become a bad musician. He is the cruel, the great disappointment of modern music, of modern art." He has become unoriginal, quoting unblushingly. His "Salome" is not commensurable with Wilde's drama. His Salome is "eminently a buxom, opulent Berliner, the wife, say, of the proprietor of a large department store; a heavy lady a good deal less æsthetic and 'perverse' than she would like to have it appear. But there are moments when one feels as though Strauss's heroine were not even a Berliner, or of the upper middle class. There are moments when she is plainly Kaethi, the waitress at the Muenchner Hofbrauhaus."

Liszt is magnificent and miserable, "the great lord of music who struts and capers on the boards of the itinerant theatre," though he was born to sit among the great ones. More than Schumann or Chopin he was aware of the piano's proper color and quality. His influence on the new age was great, yet his music is for the most part "a monstrous 'decor de theatre.'" Only once was he completely the artist: that was in his "Faust" symphony, especially

in his conception of Mephisto.

It has taken many years for the world to understand the greatness and the genius of Berlioz. In his study of Berlioz the analytical and descriptive ability of Mr. Rosenfeld is fully displayed. Of the "Corsaire" overture he says that it has not "the wild, rich balladry" of that of the "Flying Dutchman" perhaps; "but it is full of the clear and quivering light of the Mediterranean; it flies swiftly before a wind of its own." Read the description of the "Garden Scene" in "Romeo."

Praising Cesar Franck for freeing the musical imagination of Paris, Mr. Rosenfeld is sarcastic at the expense of "the survival among the French of an institution named M. Camille Saint-Saens." Nor do others escape. "He (Franck) had rich pupils, among them the Vicomte Vincent d'Indy, but not one of them seems to have come forward to help him, to secure him greater time for composition, to save him from wasting his precious time in instructing a few amateurs."

Is Debussy's music "our own . . . proper to us, in our day, as is no other"? Mr. Rosenfeld says yes; "for it lived in us before it was born, and after birth returned upon us like a release. . . . He is the normal man, living our own manner of life." Here the writer seems to be irritatingly paradoxical, for in his subsequent eulogy he emphasizes features of Debussy's art that are at variance with what may be called normality in daily life. Debussy and Ravel are of one lineage; they are in sympathy with the French classicists that first expressed "silver temperance" in tone; their art is "the continuation of the music that came to a climax in the works of Haydn and Mozart." When Mr. Rosenfeld says that the music of the latter two is "subtle and intimate," relying for its significance largely on the contribution and activity of the hearer, his statement may well be discussed, if not disputed; nor do we find that Ravel has been "profoundly influenced" by Borodin, any more than "Boris Godounoff" is felt in "Pelleas et Melisande." Nor do we hear in Debussy's "Sirenes" the celebration of "the eternal divinity, the eternal beauty of woman's body"; but to Mr. Rosenfeld: "It is as though on the rising, falling, rising, sinking tides of the poem, on the waves of the glamorous feminine voices, on the aphrodisiac swell of the sea, the white Anadyomene herself, with her galaxy of tritons and naids, approached earth's shores once more."

And to him the music of Borodin is "a reading of Russia's destiny in the book of her past." The composer wrote as if he had lived in some "high, visionary place overlooking the sweep of centuries." Then follow sonorous pages, ending with this tribute to the composer of a few fragments. "But sometimes, amid the ruins of an eastern city, men find a slab of porphyry or malachite so gorgeously grained that not many whole and perfect works of art can stand undimmed and undiminished beside it. Such is the music of Borodin."

On the other hand, the music of Rachmeninoff is cautious and traditional. The concertos are full of "the old astounding musical dislocation." The composer comes amongst us "like a very charming and amiable ghost." Scriabin has done a remarkable thing: he has awakened in the piano all its "latent animality." Now it cries and sings like a bird; now it is cat, serpent, flower, woman. He has made a piano-trill, a "luminous and quivering" thing. The "gesture of flight" is in all his music. In the 8th sonata he is like a "gorgeous tropical bird preening himself in the quivering river light." Great heavings! And we have missed all this, listening to the music of Scriabin!

Through Stravinsky, music has become again "cubical, lapidary, massive, mechanistic." In "Petrouchka" at moments "one can even smell the sausages frying." This reminds one of John Phoenix's analytical description of Tarbo's great symphonic-ode, "The Plains," in which a passage vividly represents the cooking of pork and the removal of the pan—or was it gridiron?—from the fire.

Reger's music recalls the photograph on the cover of his catalogue, the photograph that shows "something that is like a swollen, myopic beetle with thick lips and sullen expression crouching on an organ bench." He realized his failure, and took to emptying "the vats of beer that finally drowned him."

Mahler was unwilling to speak in music as a Jew. Afraid of his own idiom, he spoke through the voices of other men. Thus he accepted sterility, banality, impotence, but the music of Bloch is proudly and effectively racial. "In his art, we feel the earth itself turning toward the light of the East." Jews before him had denied their race in music. Mendelssohn's jargon resembles Yiddish; Rubinstein gloved himself in a pretty salon style; Mahler tried to intone "Ave Maria"; Goldmark, lying on couches amid cushions, sniffed Orient perfumes in scent-bottles, and through the Sabaeen odors drifted the smell of Viennese cookery. Schoenberg is the "troubling presence" of modern music. "His vast, shallow skull lowers over it like a sort of North Cape." With him we enter the arctic zone of musical art. Sibelius, essentially the Norseman, is for all his personal accomplishments, his culture, the Finnish peasant, and air blows through his music, Loefler, "a home in Medford (sic), Massachusetts."

Londonderry

The wonder is that no one quoted these lines from "A Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," put into English by James Clarence Mangan from the Gaelic:

Thú a bhí ann, Londonderry, may plague
smile and stay
Your people! May Ruin desolate you,
stone by stone
Through you a many a gallant youth lies
of useless today.
With the winds for mourners alone!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

In "The Poets and Poetry of Munster" (fourth edition, Dublin) there is a footnote to this stanza: "For an account of the monstrous exaggerations to which the boasted defence of Derry has been indebted for so much unmerited celebrity, see O'Callaghan's 'Green Book,' p. 18." Is this in answer to Macaulay's famous description of the siege?

One of the allegorical names of Ireland that gave the title to Yeats's impressive play is here spelled "Catlin ni Uallachan," and in the introduction to a song by William Heffernan, "the blind," Conor MacSweeney is quoted as saying: "What should we say of a Hebrew lady who would write herself 'Esther, Son of Judah' and yet we do not notice the absurdity in ourselves. I therefore advise every Irish lady to substitute 'Ni,' pronounced 'Nee,' for 'O' or 'Mae.' Julia Ni Connell, Catherine Ni Donnell, Ellen Ni Neill, will at first seem strange, but they are not a whit less euphonious than the others, and use will make them agreeable. In Irish we never use 'O' or 'Mae' with a woman's name, and why must it be done in English?"

Advantageous Scrapping

As the World Wags.

I venture to suggest a new subject, the making of scrapbooks. To the present generation this topic may seem somewhat out of date, but to some persons it has a peculiar fascination and many famous men have attested its usefulness.

The story of Charles Reade and his scrapbooks is known to everybody. George Bancroft, Wilkie Collins, Presidents Garfield and Cleveland were scarcely second to him in the use they made of them. The dramatic scrapbooks of A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly are famous, and more than one newspaper man can say with Joseph Howard, Jr., "My boy, I have supported my family on them for many years." But Mark Twain holds the record as the only author whose scrapbooks had nothing in them except a bit of mummification and a royalty.

A typographical friend of mine, one of the old-time intelligent composers, possesses a library of scrapbooks which nothing would induce him to part with; but it seems to me they might be put to some practical use. The books are 30 in number. They were started in the time of the Franco-Prussian war and completed during the world war, in all covering 50 years. The subjects mentioned in the books are innumerable. Those specialized are book criticisms; personal sketches and anecdotes of popular persons, particularly authors and actors; odd happenings of every kind, such as coincidences, etc.; newspaper poems, natural history, science and biography. Of authors nearly 400 are mentioned. The clippings on Lincoln number 52, methods of authors 54, famous journalists 30, origin of poems, hymns, songs and plays 70. My friend tells me that the series was begun when he was an apprentice and had free access to all the exchanges of the country newspaper on which he worked; that from the very beginning his best gleanings were from The Boston Herald and the Boston Evening Transcript, New York Tribune, Albany Journal, Hartford Times, Springfield Republican, Detroit Free Press and one or two Chicago newspapers.

Cambridge. EARLE E. RISER.

But is the "story of Charles Reade and his scrapbooks" known to everybody? Is his "Terrible Temptation" widely read? When the novel first appeared in this country—it was published in Every Saturday, if we are not mistaken, it was roundly abused for its "coarseness" and Reade was reproached for introducing himself with his scrapbooks as the man that knew how to get St. Charles out of the madhouse. Scrapbooks are good things to have in the family if they are indexed. The best form we know is the old-fashioned "Invoice" with the preparatory lettered pages for indexing; but this species of "invoice" is not always easily obtained. Does anyone today keep an "Index Rerum," the help to elegy-men, authors, general readers invented many years ago by the Rev. John Todd?—Ed.

realis Joris Karl Huysmans, the 'oblat' of La Trappe. Why? Because, having written "A pagan poem," he teaches choristers to sing Gregorian chants. For "Medford," Mr. Rosenfeld, read "Medford." Medford, in happier days, was the home of New England rum.

As for Ornstein, he is "a mirror held up to the world of the modern city." This leads Mr. Rosenfeld to wax eloquent in the Zolaesque manner over New York, but Zola would never have thought of gray and black souls and songs blooming in the "blind air," opening their "velvet petals," their "lustrous, soft corallias." In many of Ornstein's works there passes the haggard, shrouded figure of the Russian Jew, or little old Ghetto mothers are heard; and there are accents like the savage and woeful language of the Old Testament. We are surprised to find that Mr. Rosenfeld says in common language of the street that Ornstein's recent works "represent a slump."

As we read this exciting volume we see Mr. Rosenfeld at work, his hair dishevelled, his eyes wildly rolling; steam comes from his shoes. There are cooling pages of biographic notes as an appendix.

Notes About Comedians and Plays New and Old

Maurice Moscovitch will take the part played by Mr. Ditrchstein in "The Great," when that comedy will be performed in London next fall. Sir Herbert Tree purposed to take the part. Apropos of Mr. Ditrchstein, George Grossmith will take the part of the King in his and John Salano's "The Royal Visitor," their adaptation of "Le Roi."

The London Times said of the applauding crowd at Vesta Tilley's farewell: "There must have been few people who did not feel that they had lost the best-looking, the most entertaining and the most manly young man of their acquaintance."

George B. McLellan purposes to bring out in London next fall "Up in Mabel's Room," "Mary's Ankle" and "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

The title of Lady Lever's new play, "Brown Sugar," is symbolical, indicating that what brown sugar is to refined, the democratic element in society is to the aristocracy. This, being interpreted, means that there is a fuss because a sprig of the nobility wishes to marry a girl in the second row of a musical comedy chorus. Probably the girl is a sweet thing, kind to her m-m-mother.

In "The Advocate," by Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, a supposedly dead business man sends a telepathic message to a society young woman. "Green lights and he appears in the doorway."

The London critics "slated" Philip Moeller's "Madame Sand" and protested against the turning of a genius into a farcical figure. The Daily Telegraph urges Mr. Moeller to go on by giving stage versions of the lives and characters of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte.

Seeing a revival in London of "My Lady's Dress," the Times's critic compares the typical evening gown in the first production with that of the present revival. "The dimensions have apparently dwindled almost to vanishing point. Perhaps at the next revival the dress will have altogether ceased to be a fact and become a mere rhetorical expression. As it is, in the 'show room' scene last night (June 8), the mannequins displayed as much back as gown."

When Mme. Pavlova said farewell at Drury Lane (June 5)—only for a week—there was "the wild, hilarious joy of complete appreciativeness, a glorious and English tribute to one whom our public has taken to its heart."

"Les Mille et Une Nuits" disappointed in Paris. "The new production is so French that it is hardly Parisian, and the principal people look French, and they look French after the mode of A. D. 1920. I never saw less atmosphere in any 'costume' production. The play itself is a philosophic essay, and Scheherazade tells all her stories off the stage, but talks like a mountainous prig when she is on it. If she kept the Sultan awake to tell him some of her portentous views on life and morality, I believe he would never wait till dawn to have her beheaded. It is true that she does it in a voice of gold, and with an elocution which Mme. Andree Megard seems to have enriched and deepened in the last year." Gemier, having failed with "Les Mille et Une Nuits," brings out "The Admirable Crichton" in French. At the Folies-Bergeres a dancer, Laura de Santelmo, is praised "because she has in a high degree that austere romance which is typical of Spain—of the Spain unknown to Europe generally."

We have always been accustomed to see on our theatre programs the names of those who have supplied the (generally charming) gowns of the leading lady and her friends, but hitherto the garments of the male characters have for the most part been taken for granted. In these days of sex equality are we going to remedy this injustice? The question is suggested by the perusal of the bill of a revue at a suburban theatre, which, after the announcement "Ladies' Dresses by Blank," adds "Gentlemen's Attire by Dash."—London Daily Chronicle.

A year ago the Daily Chronicle had this to say about the grease-paint box: "Face paints have lost their ante-bellum

virtues. No longer, when applied, do they leave an exquisitely smooth surface, no longer are they procurable in their former delicate gradations of tint and sub-tint, and like whatever else is for sale, they, though of inferior quality, are of much higher price than formerly." In the days before the world war the grease paints used by English comedians came from Germany. How is it today?

Fred E. Weatherly, who wrote many graceful verses for Molloy, "Stephen Adams" and other musicians, asked by a woman if it was true that he wrote "Nancy Lee" at sea, answered: "Oh, yes. I wrote it sitting astride a bowsprit, bounding over the briny billows, with a fountain pen and a pad of paper." "Really?" said the woman. "Yes, very nearly," was the answer. Mr. Weatherly's first song, "When we are old and gray," was written in 1863. "He likes to think that 'The Little Midshipmite' was really begun in 1855, when, as a little boy, he sat under the battery at Portishead, near Bristol, and his mother pointed out the ship that was bringing home the body of Lord Raglan from the Crimea. And a few years later that little boy, grown up, wrote the well known song beginning 'Twas '55 on a winter night.'"

Two Dancers

The Paris correspondent of the London Times finds two consoling features in "Les Mille et Une Nuits"; two dancers, one of whom is English, the other Hindoo.

Cynthia Goode is one of those boyishly slim girls which our island produces. She has a shock of wild, short red hair and a brilliant smile, and she dances as if she were Fey. One cannot watch the creature without remembering that this life is good—and that Fate is waiting round the corner. An autumn leaf in the torment of wind, flinging and dashing its gold through the grey wood, is like her. The French are puzzled and attracted by her, as highly civilized beings must always be by a paganism too radical for their comprehension. Doura, they can understand better. She is a little thing in pale bronze, and every movement she makes is the result of a few thousand years of careful study by a thoughtful race of how to extract beauty from life. If she flung her arm up even once in a Cynthia Goode gesture it would be a shock, it would seem almost indecent. When she is dancing the dance of a ghost tortured in hell, she can convey to us the torture and the appeal, and our minds are satisfied, our admiration roused, everything that separates us from the lower animals is evoked by Doura, and everything that alics us to trees and wind is evoked by Cynthia Goode. The two of them really constitute a sufficiently immediate claim on our gratitude for us to feel sorry rather than angry at the general philosophico-historico-Westbourne-grovelco atmosphere of this long-expected production. It goes across the channel in a few weeks. Be kind to it. It is the mistake of a man of genius, and such men are rare enough to be allowed their mistakes."

Wrist-Watches and Repeaters

See how the critic of the London Times treated Jelly d'Aranyl, fiddler, and Myra Hess, pianist.

"There ought to be some way in which we could distinguish players as we do watches, without prejudice; we bear no grudge against a wrist-watch because it is not a best Geneva, nor against a Waterbury because it is not a gold repeater."

"Miss Hess's art is comparable to the wrist-watch; it is accurate within assignable limits, neat, handy, unobtrusive. She is at the top of the wrist-watch class, and should have all the credit for being there. Her playing is there to please, not to define or interpret. Those who have been brought up on the 'Caraval' missed things they expected to hear and heard what Schumann did not write; and what was accurate was not always distinct. It was a series of cameos—pieces taken out of a long story for their intrinsic merits, and by a little distortion and manipulation of detail framed into isolated pictures. She has a gracefulness of touch that covers a multitude of—that covers more peccadilloes than she committed, in fact."

"Miss d'Aranyl's fiddling, on the other hand, is of the gold-repeater class—the best that money can buy. There is nothing she cannot do on her fiddle, and all the jolly things she does come to one through a sort of golden haze of an insistent personality that enhances their worth. There were some glorious moments in the 'Chaconne,' things that recalled all that is finest in music—I have been here before . . . but just when at that swallow's soar your neck turned so, some veil did fall! The Brahms Sonata was not on the same level. She did not give him time. There is one rule for Brahms—broaden, broaden, broaden."

The World's Jester

The fact remains that Mr. Chaplin is once again being worshipped by the multitude. There are many people to whom he is an unpleasant phenomenon. There are very few who have not at least heard his name. A prominent judge in-

formed the world the other day that he had never seen a film, but the general impression seemed to be that the loss was on his side. Apart from members of the bench, there are probably very few people in these days who could make such a claim. Those who have been converted to the cinematograph excuse their fall from grace by pointing out its educational advantages, and then their theories are upset by the bounding on to the screen of this quaint figure of fun. Mr. Chaplin is a comedian. Therefore he is vulgar. That seems to be the reasoning, and that is the opinion of many with regard to one who, whatever his merits or demerits, is the greatest comic genius who has appeared during the 20th century.

It is very odd to notice how thoroughly comedians are despised in these enlightened days. They make more money and at the same time are less respected than ever before. The paradox is rather startling. The court jester did not make very much money, but he was a very highly respected functionary. The court—not that of a judge who had never seen a film—but that of the reigning monarch—used to laugh at his antics without giving a thought to the question of whether he was artistic or educational. He would probably have created the joke of the court season if, following the example of the cinematograph, he had suddenly risen and said that he was going to give an educational performance. In those days the leaders of culture encouraged comedians, and the multitude had only themselves to laugh at. Now, on the contrary, the jester is maintained at the expense of the masses. Mr. Chaplin is the world's jester.

Many people will already have seen "The Immigrant." It is a production that will delight the Chaplinophiles and desolate the Chaplinophobes. One must either worship Mr. Chaplin or hate him, because those who are not for him are most certainly against him. In this film he is at his best—or worst. One of his great attractions is the fact that he extracts his humor from the facts of everyday life. He does not ask for motor cars to crash through houses or for water to pour through ceilings. He just passes everyday actions through his own particular mould, and offers the audience the result. He is seaisick. He plays cards. He eats his lunch. He falls in love. None of these are actions that would be suspected to be peculiarly humorous; but the result is almost irresistible.—London Times.

Melody Solemnly Defined, with Various Notes About Music

Henry J. Watt, D. Phil., lecturer on psychology at the University of Glasgow, has written a book entitled "The Foundations of Music," published by the Cambridge University Press. Dr. Watt attempts to reduce music to the terms of an exact science. Thus he defines melody as "a special phenomenon of motion or passage between two tones that appear before a mind in successive moments separated from one another by a certain interval of time, which may vary in size within certain limits under various conditions." He gives further information: "The successive tones must not be so different (in loudness and blend) from one another as to appear to come from different sources and so to suggest an objective independence of one another. That circumstance is unfavorable to melodic connection." Harmony is the "perpendicular complement to the horizontal functions of melody." To Dr. Watt ultra-modern harmony must be the "slantindicular" complement. Melodies that are not thematic may have as little form as there is in the motion of a fly. Fortunately, the price of the book is 18 shillings, which, with the import duty added, will prevent this learned man from perplexing honest musicians in Boston eager to compose, and disregarding "paraphony."

The Welsh musical festival proved that there was interest in the most modern works, orchestral and choral, rather than in the "Messiah," "Elijah" and the old and well worn symphonies. The programs included music by Borodin, Moussorgsky, Scriabin, Delius, Vaughan Thomas, Bantock, Vaughan Williams and others. Then there was Cyril Jenkins, who has achieved "the pretty nearly impossible task of making music that is democratic without being vulgar." Borodin's symphony (probably the second one) and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" aroused indescribable enthusiasm. "After the Scriabin work many members of the audience showed their delight by whistling through their teeth."

A volume of Yugoslav folksongs, "Jugoslavenske Varodne Pesme," has been published in London by C. P. Manojlovitch. The editor has revised the harmonics. "This he has done in the rich, somewhat grandiose, and always nervous, manner affected by Korbay in his famous 'Hungarian Melodies,' a free non-modal treatment which gives to this volume, as it did to Korbay's, a vitality our own national collections so often lack. The interval of the augmented second occurs frequently in the tunes, which in character fluctuate from the extremity of grief to the extremity of joy or passion. Many of them are but fragments ending on the super-tonic which the editor almost invariably harmonizes on a dominant chord and leaves there. French translations or adaptations have been made by Austin de Croÿs, and English by Mrs. Rosa New-

march. The following is characteristic of the concentrated drama of these songs—this one to a remarkable slow tune in a seven-note scale:

What news in the town, what news in the town?

(Tell me, tell me. Ho! what's the news from town?)

What news from the town, helgho what's the news?

There's no fighting there—there's no wedding feast

(Tell me, tell me. Ho! there's no fighting there)

There's no wedding feast helgho in the town.

But they say a maid has deceived her man (Tell me, tell me) Ho! there a maiden Has deceived her man, helgho in the town.

The book is adorned with an uncanny frontispiece drawn by the famous sculptor Mestrovic.

"Puccini's climaxes ('Manon Lescaut') are nothing if they are not paroxysms, and if you can throw yourself heartily into the spirit of them, often very fine ones. The best music comes, as it should, at the end, where all that the singer could say has already been said and there is nothing left for the actors to do but to die. The music of the fourth act is one long sob, and a sob is not a beautiful thing; but it takes its point from the melodic and orchestral inventiveness of the preaching acts, a thing one cannot say quite so emphatically of Mimi's death."

Although the performance of Rutland Boughton's "Immortal Hour" by the Glastonbury Players in London was unsatisfactory for several reasons, the beauty of the music pleased even those endeavoring to understand the play. "Yet the music is not only beautiful in itself, but does supply the explanation needed as a comment on the play to those who can bring an imaginative sympathy to the hearing of it. Daina is a shadow, Eochaidh a dreamer whose way is barred by the shadow, which, while it lures him, mocks him. And Etain is of the fairy folk who dwell in the light, and who, though drawn for a time to Eochaidh, must eventually return to the light. If all this is yague and visionary, and it certainly is, that is the opportunity for music which is visionary without being vague. Indeed, it is the definiteness of Mr. Boughton's musical vision which has always attracted us. He has the power which only the real composers have of summing up a character, a situation, or idea in a strong line of melody. The tunes themselves haunt one, and their weaving together in the score is always purposeful."

Busoni: "He played with it (Mozart's C minor Concerto) like a cat with a mouse who should afterward relent and let the mouse escape after a good fright. We found ourselves listening to, and laughing with, Busoni much and attending to Mozart little."

Mozart's "Voi che sapete": "She (Stella Powers, an Australian) took it at a brisk pace—most people make it too funereal, as if love were a woe-begone affair, the very last thing any of Cherubini's light-hearted fancies ever were. It was not that the pace was actually fast, but the rhythm was so assured that it seemed faster than it really was."

Alfred Cortot: "We wish we could like M. Cortot's playing more, because we are sure it is very likable, and that, as a matter of fact, a great many people do like it, including good judges. It is enormously brilliant, as hard as a diamond, and with the fearful symmetry of Blake's tiger. And this is excellent when applied to Ravel's 'Gaspard de la Nuit,' who stakes his all on l'art de bien dire, who passes like the whirlwind or the humming bird, and behind whom the air closes again—whose gorgeous palaces leave not a wrack behind. But does it suit the Olympus of Beethoven, or even the Helicon of Chopin, which breaks down in cliffs to the sea, where the moonsilver'd inlets send far their light voice up the still vale of Thibet? The Etna of the 'Revolutionary Etude,'

yes; but isn't Pachmann's idea of those velvety G flats tragic; and do we want quite so much dragging out of the inner parts in the C major and the A flat (Op. 25, 1)—isn't what Moisevitich does just about right? Still, the brilliance is in itself an 'absolute good' and there are few enough of those in the world."

If we say that the Flonzaley quartet is conspicuous for the silky purity of its harmony, there is no implication that it has not all the other virtues as well.—London Times.

Mme. Pavlova has brought out in London "Pulcinella," an opera-ballet, music by Stravinski after the manner of Pergolesi; also "Astuce Feminine," music by Chinarosa, recitatives after his manner, orchestration by Respighi.

"La Traviata": Beauty is a much rarer thing and much harder to get than we are apt to suppose, and when it comes we seldom think of calling it beauty. In opera, which is one of the places in which we look for it, we wade through hours and evenings aware merely that we are in the presence of acting which does not represent life, and of singing which has little music in it, and yet that if they could coalesce and make one thing we could believe in both. That happened on Saturday night, when Graziella Pareto played and sang Violetta. It did not seem like "beauty" at the time; we seemed simply

and Verdi, as Italian
and Brongks "Bronze
Sculpture" a remarkably well trained
sculptor is a work of striking
with striking effect concludes
the

In a country where every male citizen has the theoretical chance of being at the time President it might be well to take certain precautions looking forward to the contingency. If there is any one thing that is either expressed or implied in convention oratory, it is the great desirability of the candidate's having been born in a log cabin, if possible — if not that, at least in conspicuous humble circumstances. Would it not be well, then, for patriotic Americans to arrange their affairs so

Police control of traffic has, of course, greatly increased the danger of motor-ing. One never sees a conspicuous block at a crossing unless some well-

It is said that Mr. Bryan at the two conventions wore with statesmanlike precaution a soft hat of the kind known among boys as the "v," so that entering

I have seen it stated that the following was recorded on the tombstone of Darius Hystaspes: "Here lies a man than whom no one could hold a greater quantity of liquor." Is that statement correct? If so, where was (or where is) the tombstone? Who was Darius Hystaspes? A tombstone in the cemetery at East Derry, N. H., has the inscription, "My glass is run," but "run" is an error for "run" on the part of the engraver who did the lettering on the stone. A representation of an hourglass

Brookline

Darius, son of Hystaspes, was the Persian King that was defeated by the Athenians at Marathon in 490 B. C. (This date and that of the battle of Waterloo were ground into us at school. We associate 1492 with Symphony Hall through the telephone number; 1812 with an overture by Peter Tschaiakowsky.) Hence the yearly Marathon race. We did not know that this Darius was a two-handed drinker. He was the third king of Persia and the Persians from the mountains defeating under Cyrus the enervated Medea were a hardy lot, drinking only water. Famous toss-pots are mentioned by Pliny, Athenaeus and that learned philosopher the Rev. Mr. Wanley in his "Wonders of the Little World." Thus the Emperor Maximinus would drink daily about seven gallons of wine; Novellius Torquatus put down three gallons of wine at one draught in the presence of the Emperor Tiberius, who took delight in such performances. It is said that Hystaspes lived long after Darius mounted the throne and died by falling from a rope, for he had been hoisted up to gain a better view of the monument that Darius was building for his own tomb.

The most imposing drinker to our knowledge was the man that, swallowing a great deal of water, could throw it up again at pleasure. He was

A Native of Malta

"He would drink off 20 or 30 glasses of Water, and then immediately discharge it into the Glasses again just as if it ran out of a Fountain; and sometimes he would spout out the whole Quantity to the Distance of six or seven Yards. But what is most surprising, this man could not only bring up the Water clear as it went down, but made it very different both in Colour and Taste; so that some Part of it should resemble Rose-Water; another part Brandy, Sack, Claret, White Wine, etc., and thus he would fill several Glasses with several Sorts of Liquor at one and the same Discharge. These tricks he did with most ease when fasting. He made use of no other Means to discharge himself of the Liquor he had swallowed than the Pressure of his Hand upon his breast or Stomach. To prevent his being suspected of Magic, and to obtain a Licence to travel about and shew his Art, he is said to have discovered the Secret of it to Pope Urban the Eighth at Rome, to Cardinal Richelieu at Paris, and to the Prince of Orange at The Hague."

To go back to Darius. The sepulchre of one Darius was made of a white marble, Lapis Corallitius; whether this was the tomb of Darius Hystaspes, we do not know. By the way, what became of the little book Mark Antony wrote about the evil effect of his own drunkenness on the world? He completed the book shortly before the battle of Actium.

Expressive Toothpicks

As the World Wags.

Speaking of toothpicks and travelling—west of Chicago and en route for the Pacific coast, the only way you may know whether a fellow passenger has been "in the diner" or no, is by casually walking down the aisle of your car and spotting toothpicks. If you are a keen observer, you can judge how well the Pullman Company has provided for gastronomic pleasures on the trip. If the greater proportion of the toothpicks are held rampant between tightly gripped and well exposed teeth, you can careen toward the diner filled with pleasurable excitement. If a newspaper held spread-eagle fashion obstructs all space between the window and the chair across the aisle from the "diner," while the reader rotates the pick slowly from one corner of the face to the other, all's well with the steak, iced tea, nuts, cake, pickles, cheese and demi-tasse ahead! If, however, the silver of wood is held couchant between the teeth, a depressing sensation is instantly registered in the pit of the stomach. If held in a slanting position in either corner of the face, a question is instantly raised in your mind. If the slant be upwards, the question becomes a hopeful one; if the reverse, you fear the worse and anticipate a "holdup." A happy family returning from the diner, all finished off with rampant, buoyant, waggling toothpicks causes an instant rush toward the diner and a regular knock-about struggle toward vacant chairs. But if a robust, ruddy-faced man returns solitary from the direction of "last call for dinner," and walks slowly while viciously crunching a broken stick between his teeth, a shudder of horror slithers down the back of those who still wait. . . . Visions of warm, tired oysters, dyspeptic bread, gravel coffee, and chicken, which, like the prodigal son's calf, "was a pet in the family for years, and years, and years" before being called upon to supply a feast, haunts the mind. A toothpick cast abruptly on the floor, registers shock, if deliberately broken between the fingers and dropped forthly at various points while traversing the length of the car, then will knock distinctly and intermittently round the air. . . .

Anything but the common, or garden variety of wood n' pick marks you a first foot—kicks or—in queens."

however, are privileged to sport foot silvers tipped with silver or gold. But your face is handsome—like if utterly devoid of the visible exclamation point, which, like the benediction, followeth the service. HOME AGAIN. Cambridge.

Gov. Brough as a Paragrammatist

As the World Wags:

The Associated Press's report of the proceedings of the national Democratic convention at San Francisco said that Gov. Brough of Arkansas, in seconding the nomination of Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma for President, brought the day's first laugh when he said that "Arkansas is the only state mentioned in the Bible: . . . we read there that 'Noah opened the window of the Ark and saw.'" That was a pretty good pun if the expression "Ark and saw" is in the Bible, but I can't find it there. Is that expression in the Bible? If so, please give the chapter and verse.

TIMON OF BROOKLINE.

The Concordance of the Bible by the justly celebrated Cruden is not now within our reach. The quotation is not in the eighth chapter of the First Book of Moses, called Genesis.—Ed.

July 11 1921

Paris has seen many new plays during the last two months. Few of them were heartily praised; some of them excited the wonder of even the hard-earned critics.

Jules Romains's "Cromedeyre-le-Vieil," a tragedy in five acts and eight scenes, was produced at the Vieux-Colombier. The title of the play comes from the name of a village on the summit of one of the Cevennes. It is inhabited by descendants of an ancient race, formerly masters of the country round. They are free from any foreign influence. Each one is of a different body, is jealous for the integrity of the race. The people below are disliked. On the height there are still soothsayers and healers. But more boys are born there than girls. It may be necessary to go down to the valley; to bear away the most beautiful young women, and so treat them that they become as of the original stock. A century before, this was done, and there is still at Cromedeyre a very old woman so captured, but now imbued with the spirit of the clan, so that she is their mouthpiece. The dramatist treats the opposition of the two primary social conceptions: patriarchal collectivity and individualism. Andre Dumas had already written a one-act drama of the stone age, "Le Premier Couple," in which one clan robs another clan of women until a man and a captured woman assert the right of the couple and rebel against women being held in common. This highly poetic drama was produced at the Comedie Francaise last February.

"L'Etrange Aventure de M. Martin Pequet," a comedy in three acts, by Pierre Chaine (Theatre Sarah Bernhardt), is of a far different nature. Pequet and his wife have no children. One day an unknown comes to honest Pequet, the bookseller, and informs him, under threat of an action "en recherche de paternite," that he had before his marriage a daughter born to him, whom he has ignored. Pequet believes it, though there is no ground for the belief, and he forgets that this action concerning paternite cannot be brought when a man has a legitimate wife. The alleged daughter arrives; she happens to be a pretty little dressmaker of fine sentiments. "You are my daughter!" exclaims Pequet, without even asking her to show him her mother's cross. "Ah! You are my father!" cries the charming Henriette, and she rushes into Pequet's arms without asking a question. Pequet takes her home and passes her off as the daughter of a friend. She charms every one, especially Pequet's young nephew. When the fact that she is not the daughter is disclosed, she is so beloved that no one dares to tell her the truth. Marrying the nephew, she will at least be Pequet's niece. M. D'ouvray, reviewing the play, ends by saying that it will surely please "the new audiences." And so, in Paris, there are "new audiences," as in Boston; new faces in the theatre, new customers in jewelry shops; also at expensive tailors and hatters.

Andre Birabeau wrote "La Femme Fatale," a comedy in three acts (Theatre des Mathurins). Jean feigns to kill himself for the sake of a woman who is his mistress, although he is not in love with her. As he does not wish to compromise her—she is married—he brings into the affair Claire, a woman whom he does not know. She, a wife, is regarded by the world as the cause of his despair by reason of her inflexible virtue. Claire is a simple and retiring woman, but through newspaper articles and gossip she becomes a heroine, a "femme fatale." Her husband, naturally, grows jealous, and she begins to be emotional. Curiosity, her native kindness of heart, her proper pride—for she had not dreamed that she would be so desperately loved—and her husband's jealousy finally lead her to interest her-

self in the "poor young man." And so two beings who had no reason for loving or for acquaintance come together.

Paul Vidal's wrote the music for "Nausicaa," a legend in three acts by Mme. Themantus (Theatre des Arts). In an introduction Alceus, his queen, and Nausicaa talk about a dream in which Minerva appeared. The king sermonizes on the necessity of promulgating laws favoring the increase of population, whereas the good queen says that setting an example is more efficacious than the framing of encouraging laws. In the scenes that follow the young girls sport on the beach after they have done the washing. Ulysses appears and is favorably received by Nausicaa. Later, in the palace there is feasting, the blind Demodocus sings sonorously. In the athletic games Ulysses is the victor. At last he departs, saddened by the chaste sorrow of Nausicaa at the separation. Homer's story is somewhat modernized. Loie Fuller arranged the dances.

Andre Rivoli's "Juliette et Romeo," a version in verse of Shakespeare's tragedy, was produced at the Comedie Francaise. The translator is said to have followed as faithfully as possible the text of "the great Will." Unlike French predecessors, he has given due importance to the nurse, the clown and the apothecary. The Paris correspondent of the Stage says that Rivoli's translation is creditable, "although his verse lacks the passionate youth and beauty that we associate with the play."

The very dignity of the production at the Comedie Francaise is its chief fault, and once again the age and the experience of the actors robbed that delicate and wonderful love drama of most of its beauty. . . . What an odd idea to give Mercutio to a comic actor like M. Brunot, and what an unfortunate novelty is the awakening of Juliet before Romeo's death and their final operatic duo."

"Mademoiselle Pascal," in three acts by a young dramatist, Martial Piechaud, go to South America. Mlle. Pascal was once betrothed to her cousin. Her parents opposed the marriage. The cousin dies, leaving a son of 20 years. She takes him to the home of her parents. He falls in love with a Spanish woman, purposes to wed her and then go to South America. Mlle. Pascal opposes the marriage, and at last tells Paul that he is her son, unknown to others. Now that she has him and can pour out her affection on him, why should they separate. If he does not abandon his plan, she will go with him. She tells her story to her parents. They are horrified at the scandal that would follow her resolution; she surely would not dishonor herself. And so the mother stays at home and sees her son depart.

"Madame Lebeureau," in three acts, by Mouezy-Eon and Jean Marsale (Gymnase), is a satirical comedy. Leopold and Simone are a happy couple. Leopold wishes to obtain a position in a canal company's office, so his wife thinks it is her duty as a loving spouse to receive the attentions of Senator Bonduval, the manager of the company. She is innocent through it all, but Leopold shows his jealousy. To teach him a lesson, she accepts an invitation to sup with Bonduval. While she is away a young woman brings to Leopold the bag that Simone had left in a carriage of the Metro. Leopold, thirsting for revenge, kisses the bearer of the bag and is surprised by his wife. Grand scene! Separation and talk of divorce. Simone, thanks to Bonduval, is assistant manager in the canal office. She is betrothed to Bonduval. As happens in farcical comedies, the ex-husband and the Metro girl happen in the same office. Love affairs and business matters are hopelessly entangled. At last

Simone and her husband are reconciled. The senator will console himself with the Metro girl.

Gemier brought out at the Theatre Antoine an adaptation by Alfred Athys of Barrie's "Admirable Crichton." The Parisian critics found the play "very Anglo-Saxon in the main idea," enlivened by piquant details characteristic of English manners, and with humorous touches, "which, translated and transferred to the Parisian stage, lose in large part their savor." The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote that the delicate satire, the newness and freshness of it all delighted the audience, yet "most of Barrie's whimsical humor was lost in Alfred Athys's translation, and certain passages—such as Crichton's referring to Henley as his favorite poet—can have no meaning to an audience that is totally ignorant of Henley as the young lord so deliciously snubbed by Crichton." This correspondent doubts whether the part of the butler has ever been better played than by Gemier. The correspondent also commented on the ignorance of the French concerning the British drama. "With the exception of Pinero and Shaw, your playwrights are practically unknown even in the literary and theatrical world of Paris. I was not surprised when at the dress rehearsal of 'The Admirable Crichton,' I was besieged with questions. Every one wanted to know what were Barrie's other plays, whether they were highly thought of, and whom one could suggest as a possible comparison to Barrie! Not in the wide world, let alone France. Can one find an equivalent to the Burlesqueness that we love? I could only reply that Barrie was one of the leading British dramatists (does he object to being called

British, as Mr. Shaw would object, I wonder?), and if they considered that about 70 per cent. of his elusive charm was untranslatable they might judge for themselves by listening to the play. And during the second act and the following the faces of my friends often turned in my direction to nod their approval, or to kiss their fingers in the air in the French manner of silent appreciation."

Propos of Ernest Moret's opera, "Lorenzaccio," based on Musset's play (Opera-Comique), Paul Peltier wrote in Comedie about the play itself. As it is written, it presents difficulties for stage performance, but the drama tempted certain adapters. La Rounat, manager of the Odeon in 1864, prepared a version. It was then necessary to consult the censor. The performance was forbidden. "We do not believe that this work, arranged as it is, fits in the theatrical conditions. The debauchery and the cruelties of the young Duke of Florence, Alexander de Medici, the discussion of the right to assassinate a ruler whose iniquities and crimes cry aloud for vengeance, the murder of the prince by one of his relations, a type of brutal degradation, appeal to us a dangerous spectacle to be presented to the public." Did not politics enter into this refusal? Did Napoleon III. fear that his cousin would be thus incited to similar action? Not till 1896 was an adaptation of this play seen in public. Armand Bartois then brought it out at the Renaissance. The last time the play was seen in Paris Sarah Bernhardt revived it. She played Lorenzaccio, and Lou Tellegen, the Duke. Lorenzaccio de Medici, a young man of poetic temperament and scholarly disposition, poses as a degenerate to gain the favor of the Duke, his cousin, and rid the city of him. He represents himself as a cruel and cynical monster, so that at last he mistrusts himself, but he lures the Duke to his room and kills him. In the opera, Vanni Marcoux as Lorenzaccio "achieved a wonderful tour de force in giving the illusion of a slight and frail appearance, when in reality his gaunt physique is unsuited to the part."

Memories of Rejane, the Actress, Idol of the Paris Stage

The London Times of June 16 publishes the following article about Mme. Rejane. The article was written previously by Mr. Walkley.

When what is best in Paris gathered about Rejane last February, and the cross of the Legion of Honour was given to her, there were those among her friends who marked how the flame that lit her burned (they thought) too brilliantly. It has died down, and Paris is the darker.

For Rejane, with exquisite art upon the stage, and with a naturalness as exquisite in her daily life, was that distinct thing among women—a Parisienne. She had the provoking and mutinous charm, the quick responsiveness to emotion, the veiled tenderness and the frank, clear-eyed gaiety which Paris finds in its womenfolk, and for which Parisians adore them. She was Parisian—more than that, she was Montmartroise—and she was both with a touch of genius. From the Palais de l'Elysee to the Place du Tertre she was loved, and she knew it and gloried in it, and smiled the little heart-breaking smile that was hers.

She had given royally all her life, and it was fitting that in this way she should receive. They will be talking now in Paris—those who are, so to speak, of an advanced youth—of the unforgettable days of 30 years ago, when she was one of the glories of the old Varietes, of the triumphant charm and appeal of her playing in "Ma Cousine." Maurice Donnay will recall how much the young author of "Lysistrata" owed to the creatrix of the part. There will be a greater number to tell over again her marriage to Porel, which took her to the Odeon, and of the adorable Catherine that she was in "Madame Sans-Gene." This was the part that brought Paris to her feet, and that she played before all else to London and New York. Those who remember her as Catherine, and who saw her this year in Paris in "La Vieille Folle," if they had seen nothing else, would know her for a great actress.

She left with you, in these and all her parts, that curious sense of intimacy, of actual touch upon the person portrayed, which is the final test of great acting. Behind this power thus to convince, to draw you over the footlights spiritually to share the scene with her, was a subtle sensitiveness to emotion, a range and felicity of histrionic resource, which few in our time have had. It was her good fortune—and ours—that she was born of a race capable at once of producing and of appreciating these powers. She came to us in England with the glow of her countrymen's approval warm upon her, and it is good to remember that London echoed the paudits of Paris.

What need to tell over her parts? The list is too long, and she who quickened them, who poured herself like a wine into each and all, has gone. It was not alone as the artist, as the embodiment and the expression of a delicate and abiding charm, that she was loved. Paris saw her as she moved

about the boulevards, recognized her the more surely since she would often wear the dress in which she appeared upon the stage, and turned and smiled in tribute to the woman. She would walk abroad with the son she held in such tender affection, and susceptible Paris, looking benignly upon them, would say, "Comme c'est gentil!" A friend would salute her, or it may be that a cheeky gamin would dare a spoken greeting, and she would twinkle into laughter and wave her hand gaily. Young Strophon, of the boulevards would turn to Amyrill's with a "muck. "Tiens! tu vois? C'est Rejane!" and both would know that a happy day was happier for this chance meeting.

The chorus of praise for the woman and the artist is going up now, and certain voices have already reached us. Anatole France has said of her that she "was original, and a supreme creatrix." Tristan Bernard has praised that in her which drove her "to attempt what she believed she had never attained before." These and a host of others, with the quick and penetrating sympathy they share with their countrywoman departed, will pay honor to her who was Catherine, Suzanne, Portia, Fantasio, but who will remain for them and for us all Rejane.

The funeral will take place at the Passy cemetery on Friday, and there will be English and American mourners to join the long procession. Five years ago, when Rejane recited Sir Edward Elgar's "Carillon" here, some ladies of London made for her a bouquet of roses of England and lilies of France. These flowers might make a wreath for her.

Mr. Gaston Borch Discusses the Question of Grand Opera Here

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

Any one capable of raising the comparatively small capital necessary to launch a so-called opera company thinks himself qualified to manage it—artistically, certainly not—that is not necessary—but as cheaply as possible. Such an individual will talk about his own interest in art and the actual state of starvation for opera in Boston. He poses as a benefactor, giving Boston what he calls operatic performances at popular prices—and the wonder of it is that the public patronize the undertaking. If the public like opera, it is quite natural that they should avail themselves of the opportunity to hear such, but the public must indeed be actually starving to continue patronizing such parody on art. The only real art in the undertaking is the art in which the director of the company is a master, viz., the art of getting the public's money without breaking the law. Now, Boston seems to be an excellent city for such grand opera managers, and quite a few of them will undoubtedly ply their art in this city until the time comes when Boston has its own first class opera back again. Then, of course, there will be no chance for lesser organizations to flourish.

"Having studied the question thoroughly from all angles, I am in a position to say that a good company, performing in English, which language, after all, eventually will be preferred by the general public, if managed soundly and honestly, employing perfectly good, competent (and also charming) singers, a fine orchestra of 50, and in a first-class theatre, can be run at a cost of \$3000 per week. I do not mean to run a company on the 'star' system, spending most of the money on overrated prima donnas and tenors, but engage singers, of whom I know a great many, who will sing and act their respective parts intelligently and through the efforts of whom I shall obtain a perfect ensemble. Neither do I mean to import "Macstri," more or less justifying the title, at a fancy salary. There are quite a few really good conductors of opera right here who would be glad to work hard for a decent living.

A 10 weeks' season of first-class English opera in Boston would cost \$30,000, and that means, to cover expenses, for each of the 80 performances a box office sale of \$1125 (an average sale of \$1125). Now such an average at popular prices, from \$2 down to 50 cents, is a small average if the public of Boston really is starving for opera. Some time ago a 12 weeks' season showed an average of nearly that much at even lower prices—and the company thus patronized cost less than \$3000 per week to run.

Some of my friends, really interested not only in good opera, but frankly in the business possibilities of such, have joined me in forming a society for the maintenance of a real opera company on the principles above described. We have secured singers of real merit and excellent choral forces, also two splendid conductors with a view of giving 12 weeks of opera in Boston, followed by 24 weeks divided between Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and Buffalo. One of the requisites necessary to the success of such an undertaking financially is a long season, or in other words, sufficient inducement for

the singers and officers to accept a moderate salary. It is our aim to develop this company; in other words, to use the surplus accumulated one season to broaden the company for the following season.

The "National Opera Company" is a co-operative association, shares being held by every one of its active members, orchestra and chorus included. It is intended to open on Oct. 13 with "Aida" and give in Boston 12 operas, including one American, and a revival of "Lohengrin," "Faust" and "Carmen" and "Manon." The works will be given in their original conception and orchestration, no "cuts" being made except those universally adopted. The company will take to New York and other places practically its whole orchestra, so as to insure as good performances in other cities as will have been given in Boston. It does not cost much more to carry the orchestra on the road than to make the otherwise necessary rehearsals with a different orchestra in every city visited.

Having an option on two Boston theatres, I am not yet in a position to state which one will be chosen. I, and many with me, believe that this plan, if carried out conscientiously, will solve the problem of a practical, educational and enjoyable opera in Boston—an institution for the people at large, for the students of music and incidentally for those members of society who may be interested in opera for the sake of its art and not merely because such and such overrated singer is being paid a fabulous sum to sing. For the benefit of those who do not believe in opera in English I will say that refined English, poetical translations of the operas, render them just as singable in English as in the original tongue. With this in view we are having new translations made of some operas, now existing translations of which seem inadequate. We are also providing for the original orchestrations of the works to be given.

GASTON BORCH.

Mr. Borch, composer and violoncellist, was born at Guines, France, in 1871. He studied in Paris with Massenet and in Norway with Grieg. After he had conducted orchestras in Christiania and Bergen he came to the United States, where he has been solo violoncellist, teacher (Pennsylvania College of Music, Philadelphia) and concert and operatic conductor. He has composed two or three operas, a symphony, a piano concerto, orchestral works, piano pieces, songs and choruses.—Ed.

Sullivan at the Pops

To the Editor of The Herald:

The extremely cordial greeting given to the veteran conductor, Mr. John C. Mully, on his taking the baton at the Pops to conduct some of Sullivan's music, and the very hearty applause given at the conclusion of the overture to "The Pirates of Penzance," leads one to wonder why none of this charming composer's music (with one exception, I believe) was given previously during the entire season of the Pops.

Besides this delightful music of Sullivan, there is an apparently endless amount by composers contemporaneous with Sullivan whose music would surely charm a present Pop audience and help dissipate the present tendency to tiresome repetitions now so apparent on Pop programs of today.

Let us have more of this music during the supplementary season of the Pops in September, Mr. Jacchia. M. E. S. Roxbury.

Americans in London

One of Miss Sophie Braslau's songs on Tuesday (June 15) was that about

the classic who is the sworn foe of the latest artifices from Moussorgsky's "Musicians' Peepshow," and, though intended as a satire on backward musical intelligences, one could not help thinking it might be taken in good sense of her own singing. The old school may have had its faults, but it could sing its scale passages accurately, it could produce sound tone on any note where it was wanted, it could sing in tune, and it did not condescend to wobble on a note under the hallucination that its feelings were too passionate to be expressed otherwise; and these things she did. Miss Braslau has a mezzo-soprano of contralto quality—just a little too solid at times, but with a fine ring in the upper notes—and uses it to sing with and to give pleasure with, to those who enjoy the good gifts of nature. It sounded uncommonly well in the Queen's Hall, and the only little thing there was to find fault with was the monochrome character of the vowel sounds, which made the words difficult to follow. We admired particularly Moussorgsky's "Dnieper," Debussy's "Noel" and one called "Furlibondo"—why do American programs seldom tell us where things come from; we cannot be expected to remember offhand all the works of Handel! We could have wished for more of the songs to be in English; it is, after all, rather a good language for Anglo-Saxon singers and listeners.—London Times.

Mr. Werrenrath's second recital, at the Queen's Hall yesterday (June 17), confirmed the good impression of his first. He goes near to the singer's ideal of concealing the fact that he has taken great pains to do what appears to be a very simple thing. His diction is one of the most satisfactory of many satisfactory things. Real audible diction—as different from "good" diction as new-

egg from fresh—is confined to two or three singers in this country outside the music halls, by constant attendance at whose performances and by reading verse aloud to himself Mr. Werrenrath acquired it; and so may others if they please. The excuse offered for (or by) poor singers for not pronouncing their words is that they are intent on other things—on vocal color, or "the mood," or cantilena, or the phrasing. But Mr. Werrenrath manages to make a pretty good fist of all these, and yet to make the printing of a program quite superfluous. In addition to which he happens to possess a voice which it is a pleasure to hear. If he will allow one small criticism, it is that he hardly gets enough fling into his song; it is a little too much mapped out; he does not let us feel enough that it is a new discovery which he is intent on sharing with us. It would be a good deal improved if he could add to natural eloquence the de-hater's skill, and power to throw his whole weight suddenly on the weak point of his friend the enemy (his audience) and smite them hip and thigh.—London Times.

Death of Rosina Vokes's Husband; Other Personal Notes

Cecil Clay, the author of "A Pantomime Rehearsal," died at Westminster late in May at the age of 73. The brother of Fred Clay, who wrote "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," was the husband of Rosina Vokes. The Vokes family were the children of a costumer in London. Fred, whose eccentric dancing is well remembered here, married a daughter of "Pony" Moore. Jessie married a Capt. Wright, Victoria, who was so versatile that she played principal boys in Drury Lane pantomime and was leading woman for Samuel Phelps, died, unwedded, if we are not mistaken. "Fawdon Vokes," who was in the family when it first delighted Boston, was not a real Vokes.

One of these days somebody will write of the carefully camouflaged provincial dialects we hear on the stage. Irving never got quite free of his Somersetshire drawl. Tree had the German guttural beneath his English; Leonard Boyne was frankly Irish—especially on first nights; and some actors, whom I will not name, were evidently born with the sound of Bow Bells ringing in their childish ears. I don't mean to say that the various accents are obtrusive, but they are there unmistakably. Watching Edmund Gwenn's admirable performance of "The Skin Game" the other evening, I thought he was most generous in the matter of dialects, for he treated us to a bit of Lancashire, some Yorkshire and a dash of American—the Stage.

The Stage is reminded by the Dollie Sisters that variety bills were not complete a few years ago without a "pair of sisters" appearing; but these "sister" acts are now conspicuous in London by their absence. "One can remember the Sisters Watson, of the Richmond Gem cigarette cards, the Sisters Levey, the Sisters Jongmanns, the Sisters Bilton (one of whom, Belle, married Lord Clan-carty), and there were plenty of others; but they have all either grown old, married into the peerage, or done something equally eccentric, and their places have not been filled by a younger generation."

Mathilde Mallinger, dramatic soprano, born at Agram in 1847, is dead. She sang in opera at Munich and Berlin. She taught, beginning in 1880 at Prague; later at Berlin. In 1889 she married Baron von Schimmelpfennig.

Humperdinck has resigned his position as a teacher in Berlin on account of his age. He was born in 1851.

Gabriel Pierné has been conducting orchestral concerts at Stockholm. Now the Swedes hope that Schmevoigt, conductor at Stockholm, will be invited to show what he can do at Paris.

Ruhlmann, the excellent operatic conductor in Paris, will next season conduct at the Monnaie, also lead orchestral concerts at Brussels. His absence is regretted by Parisian critics. Philippe Gaubert will take his place at the Opera. Jacques Thibaud gave recitals in Paris last month.

The Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin, led by Nikisch, will give three concerts at Copenhagen.

Lucien Muratore returned to the Paris Opera, June 25.

The London Times says that the virtue of Lambert Murphy's singing lies in his precise knowledge of his own powers. "Miss Isabel Gray usurped a prerogative of the male pianist, or of some male pianists—the right of hitting the piano as hard as the training of his muscles will permit. A man does this so much better—or worse?—than a woman, and it is a pity to compete." Of Lester Donahue, pianist, the Times said that there is one great merit in his playing: "He gets over the ground quickly; he appears to be aware that recitals are usually much too long, and to determine that his, at any rate, shall not bore anybody."

Whitney Mockridge, who sang here many years ago, gave a recital in London on June 5.

Walter Rummel did not fare well at the hands of the reviewer for the Times. He "evidently aims at big things as a

pianist, but he cannot carry out his intentions satisfactorily with an indifferent technic. Obviously it is not the actual amount of tone you get out of an instrument, but its quality; it is no good hitting as hard as any one else if you hit the wrong notes or forget to release the sustaining pedal at the exact moment, or balance right and left hands badly, or even fail to play all the notes in a chord with equal force. These are the kinds of things that made Mr. Rummel's efforts really rather painful, not to speak of his travestied interpretations of some Bach, Schubert and Chopin."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell next fall will be seen for a fortnight at the National Theatre in Prague in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Pygmalion." She will be the guest of the government and will play in English, while the others will speak Czech.

"Plays in colors" have been shown at the Argentina, Rome, under the supervision of Archille Riccardi. The idea is to "orchestrate" sentiments with appropriate colors—"music for the eyes." Maeterlinck's "L'Intrus," Mallarmé's "Après-Midi d'un Faune" and Rabindranath Tagore's "Chitra" have thus been treated.

Marguerite Illingworth, pianist: In the louder passages we were reminded of Mr. Alfred Jingle's peculiar method of communicating his thoughts. Thus, Schumann's "Carnival" came out on Monday at the Aeolian Hall in this sort of way—"Down the street—grasped lightning—catch that horse!—Where's Lisa?—Flower of the quince—never mind the confetti—pick up the pieces—gondola ahoy!—get a bit of sleep." And one wonders whether a less insistent method would not have been more applicable to Debussy, the whole essence of whose wit is that it is not drawn attention to, not underlined, not hurled at you, but conceals itself under a demure exterior and laughs at you for not having noticed it.—London Times.

"You remember," she said, "at the bottom of the avenue of cypresses at El-Largan—Factus obediens usque ad mortem Crucis?" The speaker was Domini in the novel of "The Garden of Allah," and it will be interesting to see, at Drury Lane next Thursday evening, whether the Domini of Miss Madge Titheradge will say this to the Boris of Mr. Basil Gill. Dead languages make awkward moments for many in a theatrical audience, and much amusement may be derived from watching the countenances of parents and guardians who are accompanied by inquisitive children. On the first night of Pincro's "Lady Bountiful," wherein an old gentleman read extracts from Homer's Iliad or Odyssey, a stern male voice was heard to grunt, "Shut up! I'll tell you what it mean when we get home!"—Daily Chronicle, June 18.

George Sand's Grand-daughter

Thanks London Critics;

Other Stage News

They are still roasting Philip Moeller's "Madame Sand" in London. The Stage says: "Mrs. Fiske played George Sand in the States, but there they are fond of freakish entertainments, and historical personages always appeal to them, if only in the form of a lecture, or a magic lantern slide." Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who plays in London the part of the heroine, deprecates the fact that the play has been taken so seriously, and admits that it would have been better if it had been called "A Romantic Travesty" and judged from that standpoint. The London Times published the following letter: "The grand-daughter of George Sand, Mme. Aurore Dudevant Sand wife of the painter, Frederic Lauth, moved and touched by the attitude taken by the English critics toward the play of American origin, acted at the Duke of York's Theatre regarding George Sand, expresses her thanks for the defence of a woman who will remain one of the greatest French writers; who, for her, remains the venerated grandmother that brought her up." Mr. Walkley, in the Times, writes entertainingly and instructively of Pagello, who figures so foolishly in the play, "a tame, hopelessly bewildered donkey." He concludes: "After all, it doesn't matter, for all the people of the play are mere travesties of the originals, turned (in the published book of the play, though not at the Duke of York's) into modern American citizens. Buloz talks of 'resting' his subscriptions. Alfred says George is 'like a noisy, old clock that won't stop ticking.' Oh, dear!"

Overheard at a well known ticket agency:

American: What's good for tonight? Ticket seller: We have best seats for "East Is West," "Tiger, Tiger!" "Come Out of the Kitchen," "The Man Who Came Back," "Irene," etc., etc.

American: Gee! I've seen all these over home. Haven't you any native plays?

Ticket seller: Yes. We have "Chu Chin Chow" and —

American: Oh, hell (exit). — The Stage (London).

Miss J. M. Fontanges, a young actress, has written a play "Le Beau Reve" (Comedie des Champs Elysees), which has the old theme of a spoiled child who, having married a man older than herself, tires of him and falls seriously

with a youth of her own age. "The Yellow Room," "The Yellow Cockade," "Mary Rose" and "The Young Person in Pink," all to follow "The Black Feather," "The Purple Mask," "The Lilac Domino," "The Yellow Ticket" and "The Red Mill," and we nearly had the "Blue Lagoon," but that seems to have been "blacked out."—The Stage.

Manchester, Eng., is not tired of Shakespeare. Last month at one theatre, in two weeks, "Midsummer Night's Dream" was playing; at another, "Julius Caesar"; at a third, "Cymbeline," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Richard the Second."

The title of a new English modern romantic drama by Lionel Scudamore is "Married to a Rotter."

"Romance" was performed in Great Britain and Ireland for the 1500th time at Cork, May 21.

"The Fire-Bringers," by Molreen Fox (Abbey, Dublin), is praised as "a finely conceived and neatly constructed little poetic drama in which, so far from being juxtaposed and merely cohering at certain moments, the poetry and the drama are subtly interposed and form a complete whole." Deirdre and Naisi figure in the play.

H. F. Maltby's new play, "Such a Nice Young Man," tried out recently, seems to be the story of a wicked Pussycat, who does everything that's wrong but drink. I once saw a place at the Elephant and Castle called "The Curse of Drink." The hero was an imber of hot, rebellious liquids, but the villain was a sworn teetotaler, and after a particularly atrocious piece of villainy called ostentatiously for "a small lemon," clearly proving that he was in need of stimulant that would give his head clear for fresh villainy.—The Stage.

Over 300 dramatic works were sent in competition to the Corriere del Teatro. The series of symphony concerts led by Georges Georgesco at Bucharest ended with a Richard Strauss festival. Emil Sauer gave three concerts there, and the little violinist, Erika Morini, coming from Vienna, made a sensation. A Philharmonic Society has been founded with a capital of £2,000,000, under the patronage of the King, for all sorts of musical purposes.

The King and the Queen of Belgium will be at the concert led by Eugene Ysaey at Verviers on Aug. 26, the centenary of Vieuxtemps (born Feb. 25, 1818). The program will consist of works by Franck, Vreuls, Vieuxtemps and Theo Ysaey.

Giglielmo Branca's opera, "La Figlia del Jorio," has no similarity in plot to d'Annunzio's drama of the same name.

Silk Shirts and Wars

An ingenious student of sociology writing for the N. Y. Evening Post argues that the world war was beneficent in that it raised the standard of living among the great laboring class; that the oriflamme, the symbol of this joyous change, is the silk shirt at \$15 or more. This class is thereby distinguished, set apart. Shortly before the French Revolution the dress usually worn became so simple that there was a confusion of ranks; every distinction was abandoned by both sexes. Thomas Jefferson in the Paris of 1787, observed this change. (The great Democrat was notoriously simple in his dress, some might say he was almost slovenly, as when he received in his slippers a foreign minister presenting his credentials.) The revolutionaries of 1920, it appears, are more fussy, more exacting, more luxurious.

The influence of dress on a nation would be an interesting theme for a deep thinker. Take the Japanese, for example: are they more ambitious for national power, more commercial, less proud of their skill in handicrafts and art since they submitted themselves about thirty years ago to "foreignization" in dress? This question enters into a singularly powerful novel, "La Bataille," written by M. Claude Farrere, which appeared shortly after Japan's war with Russia. The disappearance of national costumes in many European countries, except possibly for festival occasions, has taken away the patriotic feeling for district and parish. Among so-called savage nations the donning of European dress, according to the testimony of unprejudiced observers, has largely increased immorality and in some

islands introduced it. The stovepipe hat, considered by scantily clad Africans or dwellers on South Sea islands a symbol of royalty, has imbued them with an overbearing spirit and a disinclination to work.

The world war was in the eyes of the allies a holy war. So were the Crusades, yet immediately after them nearly all Europe rushed violently into habits of luxury. One of the first signs was an extraordinary richness of dress. The severe sumptuary laws were of little avail. Early in the fourteenth century a queen of France visiting Bruges wept because she "found herself in presence of 600 ladies more queenly than herself." The wages of the working classes rose to a great height, nor were legislators able to repress prosperity by fixing the maximum of wages by law.

There are historians who argue that luxury in these cases grows into a necessity; that it represents the substitution of "new, intellectual, domestic and pacific tastes for the rude warlike habits of semi-barbarism." As Lecky puts it, luxury is "the parent of art, the pledge of peace, the creator of those refined tastes and delicate susceptibilities that have done so much to soften the friction of life."

Would Lecky argue today that the enlargement of civilization is in the hands of the extravagant "laboring class" and of others, not all of them profiteers, enriched by the war, eager to show their wealth, not knowing how to spend it to their true advantage, a splurging mass? It is said that the price of the silk shirt has been lowered; but the shirt is still an exultant, defiant symbol, and in due time no doubt, the wearer will become accustomed to the use of the collar and a comparatively modest cravat.

Ruby M. Ayres is the author of a novel, "The Woman Hater." Years ago Charles Reade wrote a novel entitled "A Woman Hater." Will there be dispute 10 years hence about the respective authorships? Is Reade's novel widely read today, or is it as unfamiliar as that grim and creepy story, "Uncle Silas," by Sheridan Le Fanu? Women should be interested in Reade's "Woman Hater" if only for the sake of Rhoda Gale, M. D., and her courage in striving for education and a degree. Musicians would enjoy the remarks of Mr. Joseph Ashmead, the impresario and agent, a character to be put by the side of George Meredith's Mr. Pericles; they would also wonder at some of Reade's opinions about operatic and church music. Week-enders would envy villainous Mr. Severne the guest chamber put at his disposal when he visited Vizard Court. When "A Woman Hater" was first published, in serial form, the authorship was for a time kept secret; there was great curiosity, there were many wild guesses. It is an entertaining novel, though there are no pages of description as those that make Reade's earlier novels memorable. Not to mention the thrilling and moving scenes in "The Cloister and the Hearth," there is the fight with the pirates in "Very Hard Cash," the Australian life in "Never Too Late to Mend," the fall of the chimney and the rushing flood in "Put Yourself in His Place," the going down of the ship in "Foul Play." Reade was never dull: his "Eighth Commandment," the book on copyright, plagiarism, etc., is lively and sparkling, as is his little treatise on ambidexterity, "The Coming Man."

"Slow and Gong"

As the World Wags:

Under the heading, "English as She Spoke" in your column "As the World Wags," your correspondent, Winsor M. Tyler of Lexington calls attention to certain signs which are serving a useful purpose upon the lines of this railway (the Fitchburg and Leominster Street Railway).

As it happens, these signs were devised by a man who has never had the advantages of a high school education, but the highbrow college graduates connected with the company are willing to back the English of the signs to the limit.

In his desire to pose as a purist your correspondent must have failed to consult the dictionary in regard to at least one of the two words. He will find in the Century Dictionary this definition of the word: "Slow, v. 1. intrans. To become slow, slacken in speed. 2. trans. 1. to make slow; delay; retard. 2. to slacken in speed, as to slow a locomotive or a steamer."

Your correspondent might not be expected to know that the word "gong" is

used as a verb in our trade jargon, meaning to ring the gong. Many instances will occur to you where a noun is so used as a verb to express an idea succinctly; as, for instance, "to caddy" in golf. Such expressions have no warrant from the Century Dictionary, but are in very respectable use. They are what Brander Matthews, quoting Dr. Bradley, refers to as "back formation." (Harper's Monthly, June, 1920, pp. 84 and 85).

In the present instance the intention is to attract the eye of the motorman of a rapidly moving car, and the words, "Sound the gong," would not be as effective for the purpose as this free use of the four-lettered word.

I submit, therefore, inasmuch as one word has the backing of the Century Dictionary and the other is a common trade expression, that this is not an example of the extreme degree of elasticity beyond which would come the breaking point.

ROBERT N. WALLIS, Treasurer.

Fitchburg.

The Verb "Difference"

As the World Wags:

Is it proper to use the verb "difference" intransitively? I think that it was formerly so used.

Boston.

In Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library is the great Oxford Dictionary. The third volume treats of words beginning with "D" and "E," and is entertaining reading.—Ed.

Digging up One's Parents

A writer in Queen's Quarterly, a Canadian magazine, asks how far an author is justified in making use of characters easily identifiable in real life. He cites the practice of Dickens, whose Mrs. Nickleby was drawn from his mother, while his father gave him the idea of two widely differing persons—Mr. Micawber and William Dorrit. The writer also refers to Leigh Hunt as the original of Harold Skimpole. He might have gone farther in the Dickens gallery. Merdle was John Sadler, who, having committed frauds on a huge scale, poisoned himself. Georgiana Hayman and Mrs. Cooper suggested Little Dorrit. Mrs. Hayman's brother was the original of Tiny Tim, and was, in part, Paul Dombey; her sister sat for Paul's foster mother. Squeers in real life was one Shaw, a Yorkshire schoolmaster. Flora Finching was not unlike a woman of whom Dickens was enamored for a time. Copperfield's child wife is said to have been the wife of Dickens. Walter Savage Landor is introduced in "Bleak House" as the blustering squire. In all probability Dickens did not merely photograph his characters; he made composite photographs with touches of his own exuberant fancy.

Other novelists and some essayists have not hesitated to draw their characters from life: Thackeray's Steyne is a famous example. Barrie has been censured by some for delineating his mother in Margaret Ogilvy. Gosse has been criticised for "Father and Son." A famous editor of New York sat for the villain in Theodore Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme." Mr. Winston Churchill did not hesitate to write a novel with a New Hampshire politician as the leading character. Mr. Frederic J. Stimson, ambassador to Argentina, wrote a powerful novel treating a tragedy in Barnstable county, with characters that were locally well known at the time of publication.

No one has dealt more wantonly, more cruelly with men of his own family than Samuel Butler in his novel "The Way of All Flesh." Not content with this assault, Butler abused cynically his father and his grandfather in the "Note Book," published after his death, but it is a question whether Butler in this respect was a worse offender than Dickens, for Butler's brutality is so extreme that one sympathizes with his forebears, while Dickens's caricatures of his parents excite laughter at their foibles. In both instances we are far from the ancestor worship among the civilized Japanese and Chinese and the rude nations throughout the world. There have been savage races who ate their parents in veneration, hoping that they would thus be imbued with the virtues of those eaten. Is

a novelist who caricatures his parents for the sake of amusing pages and the profit that may accrue less barbarous?

Foreign Languages

As the World Wags:

There is probably more truth than cynicism in Franz Cumont's remark that the study of human folly is often more instructive than that of ancient wisdom. In these days of fads and fancies everything goes, and the most fantastical creeds are sure of a following.

Americans have been accused of provincialism, and our critics have ground for the taunt when they consider the methods of some of our ardent patriots who are expounding "Americanism" to benighted aliens. The movement to abolish the study of foreign languages in our schools is a case in point.

The English language is the official language of this country and is used by the vast majority of our people in commercial and social life. It is a virile and flexible tongue, and its vocabulary has been greatly enriched by the bounty of the American people. It is true that few native-born Americans use the "English accent," but this is an unimportant detail. Besides, there is no uniformity of accent in England except among the "privileged" classes there.

I once heard one Yorkshire man greet another with "Wha beest tha, Jan?" This, I was told, meant "How are you, John?" So we need not be discouraged. But what has "Americanism" to do with language? In whatever tongue its basic principles are expressed they remain the same, unassailable as the eternal verities and incorruptible under any stress of linguistic differentiation.

Let us get rid of cant. Let us encourage our youth to unlock the treasures at present hidden in the literature of all nations.

Is that splendid American, Prof. Arthur Gordon Webster, one whit less an American because he addressed the students of the Sorbonne in French?

Orleans. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Congress in 1846

Is Congress always and inevitably contemptible? Early in the civil war Artemus Ward defined "M. C."—"Miserable cuss." Mention was recently made of John G. Sax's satire, "Progress," which, spoken before the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College in 1846, reached a second edition in the next year, and was published by John Allen in New York and by Jordan and Wiley in Boston. Sax had much to say about Congress. We quote the opening lines:

Degraded Congress, once the honored scene
Of patriot deeds, where men of solemn mien,
In virtue strong, in understanding clear,
Earnest, though courteous, and though smooth, sincere,
To gravest counsels lent the beaming brow,
And gave their country all their mighty powers.
But times are changed; a rude degenerate race
Uproar the seats and shame the sacred place.
Here plotting demagogues, with zeal defiled
The "people's rights"—to gain some private end.

And in earlier years many spoke and wrote disrespectfully about the men representing the majesty of the people.

Infectious Words

A London journalist asks for an explanation of the "periodical fashion" of certain words. Some time ago he was bored by the constant repetition of the word "camouflage." Just before the war "the word 'meticulous' fascinated writers who spun a paragraph merely to give it an outing." This sensitive person is now a noyed by the overemployment of "skin" as in "skin-game"—he probably could not be tempted to see Galsworthy's comedy thus entitled—and in "the skin-loving," against whom Russian labor leaders are warring furiously.

RICE AND FORDE

Lt. Gliz Rice, singing composer of "Dear Old Pal of Mine," and Hal Forde, who has won success on the musical comedy stage, head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

The act of Messrs. Rice and Forde is agreeably different from most acts of this kind. Both have pleasing personalities and something more than this. Mr. Forde has an exceptionally fine baritone, fluent and full, and is especially pleasing in dramatic musical speech. The greater part of the program falls to his lot, and besides song there are several stories heard for the first time on the local stage and many nice bits of burlesque. All in all, the act is an excellent outlet for the many-sided talent of Mr. Forde. Lt. Rice was heard in several of his own compositions, notably "Dear Old Pal of Mine."

One of the features of this week's bill was the act of Harry Delf, comedian and story teller. Mr. Delf has a breezy style, and there is an air of spontaneity all over his act. He indulged in

...the first of the dancing, both in name and substance, showed that there was something new in the line and execution. Other acts on the bill were Elsie La ... and her posing dogs, Lydell ... in an uproariously funny ... of the old soldier and sailor; ... assisted by Soda Roscoe and Helen Neldova, in classical ... dances of the Russian ... and Glass, favorites at ... returning in one of the ... sketches of the career; Lillian ... vocalist; Greenlee and Drayton, in a spirited dancing act; and the Billy ... Trio, in a compelling performance of the tight wire.

Soviet Reviewers

A correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung wrote from Petrograd that there are no circulating libraries in Russia; that books in private libraries have been sold to wholesale tobacco dealers, who made cigarette papers out of the leaves and used the covers as fuel; that in the large towns whole libraries, often invaluable collections, had taken the place of coal for heating purposes.

Thus may the gravest philosophical speculations have gone up in smoke; thus were chill treatises at last imbued with warmth and the novels of too passionate romancers were as oil to the flames.

Some will view this disposal of libraries with approval, and wish that all collections, especially those of a public nature, might be greatly diminished. The author of Ecclesiastes wailed at the end, "Of making books there is no end," yet he persisted in writing. Sir Thomas Browne, hearing the groans of those deploring the burning of the library at Alexandria, exclaimed that there were too many books, that Pineda in one work quoted more authors than are necessary in a whole world, yet in the same breath Sir Thomas longed for the recovery of "the perished leaves of Solomon," which, if ever found, should be put on the shelf where the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi" majestically stand, portentous—opened only once and then by Edgar Allan Poe. Carlyle in 1832 screamed against the shiploads of books appearing monthly and "swallowed into the bottomless pool"; and he wrote for forty years after this lament.

The destruction of libraries in Russia would not now be mourned if there had been discrimination. It is not easy to think of a Russian destroying a novel by Dostoevsky, who had suffered in Siberia, who had infinite compassion for the humble, the poor and the oppressed; or of the most greedy tobacco dealer wrapping the weed in leaves of Gorki; but the Bolsheviks are not conspicuous first of all for fine appreciation, or for sound literary judgment. Perhaps they argued that this is no time for reading; histories are full of lies; the map of Europe is constantly changing; scientists have been supported by tyrants; we need warmth and cigarettes.

Even in Massachusetts some may secretly admire the conduct of these Bolsheviks, and envy them their courage. It is undoubtedly true that the great majority of public libraries in small towns are choked with trash. The summer cottager, returning to the city, selects the village library as a dumping ground, and expects thanks, if not a mural tablet. City libraries might profitably be weeded. As for the individual, he eagerly collects before the age of forty or fifty; after that he would gladly rid himself of all impedimenta, books, pictures, curios, and his surviving relations; yet something traditional prevents him from watching a bonfire of literary rubbish in his backyard. Like the Chinese, he has a religious respect for the printed word.

...of Mr. Thomas Moore, who sailed with Sir Francis Drake into the South Sea—"Capten vit the sleepin there below?" and "There hence about the whole Globe of the earth, begun in the years of our Lord 1577?" Were there little Moones in England? Are there descendants of them?

Thomas was a fine fellow in his way. The Englishmen passed a great Spanish ship riding at anchor in the port of Valparaiso. There were eight Spaniards and three Negroes aboard, who thinking the Englishman to be Spaniard welcomed them with a drum and made ready a "Bottija of wine of Chile" to drink to them. "But as soone as we were entred, one of our company called Thomas Moore began to lay about him, and strooke one of the Spaniards, and sayed unto him, Abaxo Perro, that is in English, Goe downe dogge. One of these Spaniards seeing persons of that quality in those seas, all to crossed and blessed himself; but to be short, we stowed them under hatches all save one Spaniard, who suddenly and desperately leapt over board into the sea." Later at Guatualco, "one Thomas Moore one of our company, tooke a Spanish Gentleman as hee was flying out of the towne, and searching him, he found a chaine of golde about him, and other jewels, which he tooke, and so let him goe."

This Mr. Moore was indeed a person of quality. Again we ask, what became of him? Did he make a good ending? There was piety in the Pelican, for when Drake and the crew, undoubtedly including Mr. Moore, entered a chapel at S. Iago and took away a silver chalice, two cruets and one altar cloth, Drake gave them to Mr. Fletcher his clergyman. Or did Mr. Moore fall by the hand of a "Spaniard dogge," or otherwise in his boots?

"The Old Bachelor"

"C. M. C." of Boston asked in this column (July 6) for information about a song beginning, "When I was a schoolboy aged ten" that his mother used to sing. Our correspondent quoted from memory three verses and a part of a fourth.

We are indebted to Mrs. Marion A. Moore of Middleboro for a complete copy of the song, which was written by Thomas H. Bayley. Mrs. Moore writes: "I, too, heard my mother sing it long ago, and am glad to send it. Copied from an old music book of hers which must have been in use about 1845."

There are nine verses. We make room for those describing the old bachelor's amatory adventures.

3. I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme,
And I talked to myself in a shady grove,
And I thought I was quite sublime,
I was torn from my love! 'Twas a dreadful blow,
And the lady she wiped her eye;
But I didn't die of grief, oh, dear me no,
'There'll be time enough for that," said I.

4. The next was a lady of rank, a dame
With blood in her veins, you see,
With the leaves of the peacocks she fanned the
dame
That now was consuming me;
But though of her great descent she spoke
I found she was still very high;
And I thought looking up to a wife no joke;
'There'll be time enough for that," said I.

5. My next penchant was for one whose face
Was her fortune, she was so fair!
Oh, she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
But a man cannot live upon air;
And when poverty enters the door, young love
Will out of the window fly;
The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove;
'There'll be time enough for that," said I.

6. My next was a lady who loved romance
And wrote very splendid things;
And she said with a sneer, when I asked her
to dance,
'Sir, I ride upon a horse with wings,"
There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her
hand
And she whispered, "If you should die
I will write you an epitaph gloomy and grand,"
'There'll be time enough for that," said I.

7. I left her and sported my figure and face
At opera, party and ball;
I met pretty girls at every place
But I found a defect in all.
The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,
The second I cannot tell why;
And the third, bless me, I will not marry now,
'There'll be time enough for that," said I.

8. I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace
A sort of a wrinkle that I'd make up my face
So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face
And come out as good as new.
To my hair I imparted a little more jet,
And I scarce could suppress a sigh,
But I cannot be quite an old bachelor yet,
'No, there's time enough for that," said I.

9. I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
All the airs of a juvenile bean;
But somehow whenever a question I popped,
The girls with a laugh said "No."
I am sixty today, not a very young man,
And a bachelor doomed to die;
So youths be advised, and marry while you can;
'There's no time to be lost," say I.
Bayley, who died in 1839, wrote "The Soldier's Tear," "I'd Be a Butterfly," "We Met—'Twas in a Crowd," and other verses that were once amazingly popular. They were parodied and this made them only the more famous. His plays and novels are in the huge dustbin of Time.

And these were the songs that our mothers sang, with "Love Not, Ye

...the song that the Bohemian mother taught her boy, if the verses to which the set music are evidence. We remember a mother rocking her baby and singing "When I can read my title clear," but this was in our little

village, where hymns were the only folk songs.

Modern Identification

As the World Wags:

The Office Boy, describing a visitor, wound up his account with the confident information that she was a married woman.

"And how," quoth the Employer, with a superior air, "do you tell a married woman?"

Said the Boy, "Aw, how do yer tell a Ford?"

Yours forever,
MARY ELLEN RYAN

Boston

The Real Chinese

The art critic of the London Times reviewing Alexandre Tacovlaff's paintings and drawings of China wrote that the Chinese are to him, "an old crowded, anxious society, yet intensely full of life. So many people see them as curios lying among curios, or else as strange, dangerous creatures like snakes, with an aloof, deadly beauty of their own. In fact one feels that these people are themselves wonderful works of art, formed by the ages and their own strange purpose in life knowing a thousand times more than we know."

With a Squirt

How would the bright-eyed young Augustus define the word "aerographer" if he should come across it in a London newspaper? Some one who writes on the clouds? Something to do with aviation? Augustus would be sadly in error. "An aerographer is a man who squirts patterns into neckties and other things. The work is done with stencils, with great rapidity and delicacy of shading." One of these artists says that Londoners do not take kindly to aerographed fabrics, most of which go north or very far east. "Our most appreciative customers are Australians, who dispense with waistcoats, and thus exhibit the whole pattern of their ties."

"Yours Respectfully."

At the annual conference of the National Union of Corporation Workers held at Epsom (Eng.), the Lewisham branch proposed that in application to public bodies the word "respectfully" be not used. The resolution was met with cries of "Agreed," but a delegate said: "Certainly not. It is the most disrespectful resolution I have ever heard of. What are we coming to? (A voice: "Cannibalism.") We want to recognize one another as brothers." The resolution was not seconded and it fell through. (It is pleasant to note, by the way, that at this conference the salary of the secretary of the union was raised from £400 to £600 a year, and the amount paid to banner bearers at demonstrations was increased from 1s. 6d. to 5s. for each procession.)

The Lewisham branch is to be commended for its honesty. Having little or no respect for public bodies, it did not wish to be hypocritical in addressing them. Thus is set a good example to sticklers for honesty who are not attached to this or that organization. Many sign themselves "Yours sincerely" when in the letter itself they are trying to take advantage of their correspondent.

An agreeable essay might be written on changes in formulas for letter writing. Within a hundred years in New England it was not uncommon to find a son addressing his father as "Respected Sir" and ending "Your dutiful (or obedient) son." In these households the wife and mother of children addressed her spouse in private and in public as "Mr. Ferguson" when he did not happen to be "Deacon," "Judge" or "Colonel." There was the utmost formality in business correspondence. Letters would end, "I am, sir, your most obedient servant." Credit would not have been given to any one addressing a long established firm as "Gents." "Gentlemen" was used by the ultra-genteel, in spite of the fact that the members of the firm were hardly entitled to that name. A husband writing to his wife "Dearest Joan" was promptly answered by the question "Who are the other Joans of your acquaint-

ance?" The beginning "Sir," once considered honorable and to be expected, has now almost a contemptuous significance, expressive of distance or provocative of a challenge. The bow-wow "Sir" of Dr. Johnson is hardly tolerated in club or drawing room. Abraham Lincoln, in formal or informal mood, was usually content with "Yours truly." When a stranger assures the person addressed that he is "Yours very truly," suspicion at once arises in the breast of the recipient. "My dear Mrs." was formerly an expression of intimacy. Today it is more formal than "Dear Mrs." No one, not even the professional writers on etiquette, mysterious dictators, can give the reason for this change in the markings of the Social Thermometer.

The old formality, after all, was the flower of courtesy. The old stateliness went with the old-fashioned pompous dress. The paraph, or flourish after the signature, was essential in some countries to the dignity of the writer and to the worth of the one addressed. We have changed all that. An unknown writing to an unknown assures him that he is "Yours cordially." The dropping of the resolution proposed by the Lewisham branch shows the force of tradition even in these socialistic, revolutionary days.

The Latest "Immortal"

Robert de Flers has been elected unanimously a member of the French Academy. The ceremony of choosing took place in 15 minutes, it is said; the quickest election in this history of this famous body. What entitled him to the honor? Was it a tribute to his merit as a journalist, for he was formerly the editor of Figaro; or was it as a dramatist that he entered the Academy, which shut its doors to Balzac, the elder Dumas, Gautier, Flaubert and other great French writers?

It should be remembered that the election of Labiche, the writer of many delightful farces and comedies, the plain, simple, modest bourgeois that had pictured the life of his fellows, excited great surprise. He was the most surprised of all. Yet leading literary men of France applauded the election. The election of Halevy and Meilhac did not stir up a like commotion. There was no disputing their literary ability. To some they were known chiefly by their comedies written in collaboration, pictures now cynical, now sentimental, of contemporaneous Parisian life, and by the librettos that they had furnished for Offenbach, little works of art in which the mad gayety, the ironical view, the irreverence shown mythology and history, were expressed with characteristic French clarity, conciseness, wit. It was not alone by his novel "The Abbe Constantin" that Halevy will

be remembered. Versed in political affairs through his association with the Duke de Morny, he saw the emptiness of the Second Empire, and in letters to friends prophesied the bursting of the bubble at the very time that "the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" was luring kings, emperors, all manner of potentates to Paris, and Eugenie was dictator of fashions in all capitals.

No doubt Flers did patriotic service during the World War as editor; but he was only one of many. As a dramatist, in collaboration with the late Caillavet, he has given pleasure to theatre-goers of many nations by lightness of touch, delicate fancy, sparkling wit. Yet he and his associate first became famous as the librettists of an operetta, "The Labors of Hercules," in which the old legend was wildly parodied.

The Academy welcoming Flers, as it welcomed playwrights from Labiche to Sardou, Halevy to Brioux, has again shown the regard it entertains for the stage, whether the chosen have shown in comedy, farce, melodrama, tragedy, or plays dealing, like tracts, with social prob-

as those of Brieux. In spite of the house Daudet's and Maupassant's avoidance of the honor, in spite of Goncourt's founding of his academy for the rejected or the despairing, an election to the French Academy is still the greatest honor for the Frenchman of literary life. And in Paris a play of the first order is regarded as literature, nor if a play has literary flavor is it therefore sneered at by critics or neglected by the public.

The anecdotes about the ex-Empress Eugenie are innumerable. Some are purely of a legendary nature, some are indisputably slanderous. The interest of Prosper Merimee in Eugenie and her sister when they were little girls has been mentioned but we have not as yet seen the statement that Eugenie's mother told Merimee in Spain a story that inspired him to write "Carmen." Frederic Lolicie gives an elaborate and at the same time vivid account of court life under the Second Empire in the two octavo volumes that tell of the dances, actresses and courtiers. It has been said that there were no omens on the day of the Spanish woman's marriage to Napoleon the Little. One or two of them have been mentioned, but we have not seen any reference to a chapter in "Some Memories of Paris" by F. Adolphus. This chapter is entitled "20th January, 1853." Adolphus on that day was standing on the west side of the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, just where the guillotine stood during the Reign of Terror. The Imperial carriages passed by him, two yards off. "In one of them, which seemed to be all glass, I caught sight of an intensely pale, intensely anxious face. I presume there were surroundings, there may have been white satin and orange flowers, jewels, there may have been other persons; but I saw absolutely nothing—and was capable of feeling nothing except the absorbing presence of those dreamily apprehensive eyes and those pallid cheeks. That expression of vague heart-sinking blotted out every detail of attendant circumstances. . . . I have seen that face often since—in youth, in age, in pride, in shame, illumined by the glitter of a throne, worn by disaster, grief and exile—but never have I looked at it without the accompanying memory of the almost spectral apparition to me on 20th January 1853."

Reminiscences of the Empire told Adolphus the next day that Mlle. de Montijo expected to be assassinated on her way to church, but he would not accept this explanation of her expression. "At the moment, it is true, I regarded the expression of that face merely as an ordinary testimony to the vanity of a woman. I had then no motive for attaching to it any other meaning. In other days, however, it assumed to me the very different aspect of a revelation of failure. Looking back to it now as it floated past me 42 years ago on the exact spot where Marie Antoinette was executed, I discern what I believe was really in it—aware of the future augury of woe."

Let us make room for a gayer story told by that indefatigable and amiable gossip, Jules Claretie in 1904. He was writing about his visit to the National Archives, where all sorts of curious objects were shown, from the list of Marie Antoinette's dresses brought to her every morning so that she could choose her costume for the day, to the table lined by blood dripping from the broken jaw of Robespierre. One day two women visited the museum to see a marble mantelpiece for home use, as they said. In a niche was a bust of Eugenie.

"Who is she?" asked one of the men.

"It is the bust of the Empress," answered the attendant.

"Does it look like her?"

"I don't know, I never saw the Empress, and I shall never see her."

"Well, you can tell anyone that there's no resemblance," answered the woman to him heartily. It was the Empress.

"My Favorite"

Did Eugenie ever write in a mental photograph album? There were these curious things, and strong men and women did not hesitate to be foolishly funny or stupidly serious by laughing or frowning their favorite subject or that. About 30 years ago Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, wrote a page of a "Confessions Book," which is now treasured at Belvoir Castle. A London journalist, not fear-

ing the story for its majestic reputation as the list of her favorites: "My favorite Queen," she wrote, "is Dagmar; King, Richard Coeur de Lion; hero, Marlborough; poet, Shakespeare; artist, Rubens; author, Charles Dickens; virtue, charity; color, blue; flower, forget-me-not; name, Edward; occupation, playing the piano; amusement, riding; chief ambition, not to interfere with other people's business; chief dislike, slander; favorite motto, Honi soit qui mal y pense."

What has become of all these albums? Some were bound in plush. It was the period when imported photograph albums in Russia leather contained a little music box which tinkled tunes while you looked at grandfather, toothless and sporting a stock; Uncle Amos, with the wild whiskerage of the civil war, and Arabella in various stages, from a screaming baby to a simpering high school graduate.

Stevens or Jefferson

The name of the man who perished Sunday by going over Niagara Falls in a barrel was given in the newspapers as Stevens, or Stephens.

The London Daily Chronicle, last month, stated that "Jefferson, the Bristol barber," had sailed to take the plunge, etc. Why a change of name?

A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle wrote that when he was at Niagara a few years ago a saloon-keeper on the Canadian side exhibited the barrel over 12 feet long in which he made the trip, and sold thousands of picture postcards.

How many are living who saw Blondin make his first trip on a tight rope across Niagara in June, 1859? Later Abraham Lincoln was caricatured as Blondin in Vanity Fair.

On July 24, says the Daily Chronicle, it will be just 37 years since Captain Webb was drowned while attempting to swim the rapids. We had forgotten that he thus swam to death, and yet the name of the man that fired the Afghan dome is still fresh. Memory is an ironical trickster, and as Sir Thomas Browne remarked, "The infinity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy."

There is an old story of a New York tough, who, taking his "steady" to a restaurant, asked her what she would eat. She said she would have quail on toast. To which "Mose" replied: "The hell you will on 50 cents! Waiter, two steaks!"

The swain in Boston, inviting his sweetheart to supper, may tremble at the thought of her possibly ultra-fastidious taste. While he would surely not be so brutally frank as the hero of the legend, he could learn a lesson for "salooning" his girl from a letter written by Alfred de Musset to Alfred Arago 50 years ago.

"I knew a young artist whose companion was as blonde as a sheaf of wheat, white as milk, supple as a reed, stupid as a goose, a very duck for gormandizing. She had the habit, when the bill-of-fare was handed to her, of looking at the column of prices instead of the list of dishes, searching for the most expensive items. When she found a high price, she then read the name of the dish and ordered it. In this manner she would run up a bill of three or four louis for two persons. Her victim at last found a way to paralyze her exorbitance. The painter invariably ordered oysters, bread, butter, radishes, chablis, to precede a dish that would take the longest time possible in preparation. She stuffed herself with oatmeal biscuits, hors-d'oeuvre, and oysters. On top of them the soup and the first dish ordered filled her up so there was no room for the ruinous dishes. The recipe holds good today; I point it out to you as a preservative against the indiscretions of certain women whom you may invite."

Forty-odd years ago, we lived at a boarding house in Fourteenth street, New York. Luncheon was usually eaten in a beer cellar, or near the old World building, and this luncheon was not sound belly-timber: it consisted of a thick tomato soup, bread and a glass or two of beer.

"Chill Penny repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul." Returning to the boarding house for dinner, we were hungry. The landlady had a trick of putting a plate of nuts and raisins on the stand of the hat rack in the hall. We saw, and, naturally, ate, thus wounding severely, if not killing, our appetite for soup, roast, vegetables, pastry or pudding. We advise any youth, purposing to sup with his Arabella, after the play, to provide her with a box of chocolate in its most alluring form; nor need she be ashamed to munch during the waits or while there are shoutings and gyrations on the stage, for the consuming of chocolate in the playhouses of London has for some time been "the proper caper," "the correct card," "quite the Stilton."

Grapes and Raisins

Raisins are not yet wholly appreciated in the East, yet they are healthful and nutritious. Mr. Herklmer Johnson once informed us that he ate English walnuts and raisins for breakfast in the place of bacon, a chop, or an egg; for he long ago gave up meat for breakfast, except when he was making a week-end visit at a summer palace of the rich. We hope that he noted the appearance of Miss Violet Oliver at the Republican convention at Chicago.

Chosen "Queen of the Vineyard Domain of the San Joaquin Valley" in a California beauty contest, she endeavored at Chicago to pledge each delegate to eat at least one raisin a day.

Miss Oliver had much to say about the grapes of California. It may be remembered by some that Moses sent out men from the wilderness of Paran to spy out the land of Canaan; that at the brook of Eschol they found clusters of grapes so large that two bore between them on a staff one cluster. The exact weight is not given in "The Fourth Book of Moses, called Numbers." The Rabbins are more definite: it took eight men to carry the cluster, and each one sustained the weight of 360 pounds. The Talmudists give further information:

"Whoever could procure one of the grapes was obliged to carry it away in a cart; having placed it in a corner of his house, he might tap it and draw out wine for family consumption as out of a cask; the wood which the stalk furnished he might use to dress his victuals. There was not a single grape but yielded 30 hogshheads of wine."

This statement, we regret to say, was not accepted by the editor of an expository index to the Bible. He exclaimed: "What can these exaggerations mean? O commentators on Scripture, is this illustration, mysticism; or is it degrading and disgusting falsehood?"

Does the description of the grapes given in "Numbers" seem extravagant? Marco Polo saw pears in the city of Kln-sai that weighed 10 pounds each. They were white in the inside like paste, and had a fragrant smell.

Leave the grapes of Eschol out of the question. Are the raisins of California comparable with the 14 varieties in Persia, of which the violet, the red and the black are the most esteemed, so large that one of them is a good mouthful? About Sultania and in Kurdistan leaves of violets are mingled with dry raisins for the sake of the taste and to render the raisins more wholesome. Yet some will not eat raisins, except the seeded sort, fearing appendicitis. In our boyhood shocking stories were told of children that perished miserably from what the Germans used to call "student fodder."

Hat-Checking

When did hotels in this country first allow the practice of hat-checking with the necessity of a tip? Did it arise from vexing carelessness in the picking out hats after the meal or from deliberate substitution? In a journey made through the Seaboard Slave States in 1853 Frederick Law Olmsted, who gave an account of his observations in the New York Times, stopped at Montgomery, Ala. His hat was one day taken from the dining room by some one who left it in its place a battered and greasy substitute which Mr. Olmsted could not have worn if he had chosen to wear it. "I asked the landlord what I should do to effect a re-exchange: 'Be before him, tomorrow.' Following this cool advice, and, in the meantime, wearing a cap, I obtained my hat next day, but so ill-used that I should not have known it, but for Mr. Beebe's name stamped within it." Wishing to have it pressed, Olmsted could not find a working hatter in the town of 20,000 souls. Finally a hat-dealer, a German-Jew, charged him a dollar for brushing it.

The volume of these collected letters, published in 1856, is good reading today, as is Olmsted's account of his observations in Texas.

Lord of Lords

From Tertullian's "Apology," Englished by Henry Braze in 1855.

Returne then into your selves, and examine if it bee not more likely that hee distributeth Kingdomes, he to whom the World belongeth which Kings governe, and whom Kings depend upon, who command on the Earth, that it's hee that hath ordained the change of Empires in the sequell of times and course of ages, who was before all times, and who from times hath compassed the ages, that rayseth up estates, and makes them fall from their greatness, whom men have acknowledged for their Author before they had established among them any societie.

Short Stories

The volume of 24 short stories collected by William Dean Howells, which is now attracting the attention of reviewers, is like any other anthology, any collection of "the best" or "the favorite": The reader

wonders at the inclusion and the exclusion. Much was expected of Emerson's "Parnassus," but the publication satisfied chiefly as a revelation of his curious taste in poetry; Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," formerly extolled, is now reproached by some for priggishness. In all instances a reader, not finding a poem by an Elizabethan or a Victorian that has made a special appeal to him, is quick to condemn the anthology and the compiler.

It is natural that Howells, though dead, should not escape the common fate. During his life he was given, partly from his native kindness, partly from his own theories of life, behavior, and art, to strange and unreasonable enthusiasms. Like Schumann, the composer, he was never so happy as when he was "discovering talent"; the swans of the two often turned out geese. Yet in the present instance few will quarrel with Howells in his selection.

And what wealth there was at his disposal! Before the civil war, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville had written short stories that are still unsurpassed in respect to the essential qualities. Fitz James O'Brien by his "Diamond Lens," "The Lost Room" and other tales had shown remarkable ability in the field where novelists of long breath have failed, when he was killed early in that war. The stories of Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, now whimsical, as the delightful adventure of the young man of regular habits, now Hoffmannesque, should not be forgotten. Then came a long and glorious line—Aldrich, Bunner, Stockton, Hale, Miss Wilkins, Alice Brown, Bierce, Miss Jewett, all long before "O. Henry" wrote his little masterpieces.

In this art the French and the Americans have long stood first. The short stories of Dickens and Thackeray are not conspicuous; Charles Reade succeeded in his "Box Tunnel"; Mrs. Wood wrote entertainingly for a drowsy afternoon; Leonard Merrick's short stories, recently "discovered," were amusing over a dozen years ago, when they were reprinted in the Tauchnitz edition; but only Thomas Hardy has triumphed greatly as a teller of short tales, though some may prophesy abiding fame for the describer of Limehouse scenes and life.

The magazines today publish short stories innumerable. Too many of them are written in haste and with both eyes on a good-natured public. Reading a novel by the Mr. Chambers of the serial successes, a novelist who is described as given to "chambering and wantonness," one remembers regretfully the Mr. Chambers of the charming tales written when he was young, when he took pains in his description of the Latin Quarter, when his fancy led him to haunted fields of France. The short story worth reading is not jauntily tossed off in a day.

Travelers who see marvellous things, even in their own day, (the name of Bruce will occur to everyone) are seldom believed by those who, having stayed at home, have all the consequences of their virtue.

Sport on the Cape

As the World Wags:

There is good sport on Cape Cod even in July, nor do I refer to golf, fishing, tennis or running into children with an automobile. (There are no speed restrictions at Clamport, and there are many sudden turns where even the most wary can be knocked down by a skilful driver.)

First of all, there are the caterpillars. I have been told they are connected with the gypsy moths, but perhaps jesters have abused my innocence and ignorance. They are not the fat, colored caterpillars of my boyhood, looking as if they had been cut out of the carpet that was in Aunt Vash's best room; they are thin, wiry, black, loathsome creatures, that squash unpleasantly under foot. They are on everything, even on pine trees. They climb up shibboleth cottages. Suspended by an invisible thread they may be seen lowering themselves in air, apparently from

Lexington.

"A painted Jezebel" has long been a term of reproach, yet it is doubtful whether the wife of Ahab adorned herself. She drew up her eyelids, with a silver powder of antimony. The practice was common among the women, nor were men dissuaded thus to beautify themselves. Astyages, King of Media, a man mentioned by Juvenal in his second satire. Jezebel was by no means the only woman in Israel thought her eyes more attractive, as the Hebrew prophets bear witness to denunciations.

Disraeli died before Mr. Max Beer-bohm wrote his brilliant defence of cosmetics for The Yellow Book, but he would have been the first to enjoy it. In his youth he was a prodigious fop, wearing clothes that shrieked. In his fantastical novels he showed a tenderness for gorgeous dress and dandies. Did he wear corsets? Probably his figure did not require a strait-jacket. Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Disraeli, all with rouged cheeks; Palmerston the bluff, sporting incarnation of John Bull! Has any American statesman thus made himself the more impressive? After all, rouge became Disraeli; his whole career was theatrical; rouge was symbolical of his life.

STELLA MAYHEW

Stella Mayhew, musical comedy favorite, assisted by Billie Taylor, is the feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a fair-sized audience gave unmistakable evidence of pleasure.

Miss Mayhew's act is much the same as on her previous visits to this theatre. There is much banter with Mr. Taylor as the foil. A group of songs that gave much pleasure wound up with one in Negro dialect, a form of entertainment in which Miss Mayhew excels. There were many subtleties of speech and "business." Mr. Taylor, whose work for the most part kept him at the piano, was heard in a sentimental ballad, well adapted to his pleasing, soft tenor.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Sebastian and the Myra Sisters. They were seen in a number of dances, and there was a novel introduction and a picturesque setting. Mr. Sebastian is a graceful dancer, one who keeps his mind on his work rather than on the audience. The talented Myra sisters, each interpreters of different styles of dancing, are musicians besides and both charming.

Other acts were Bert and Lottie Walton, dancing; Davis and Pelle, in one of the best acrobatic acts seen in any season; Billy Arlington, assisted by a company, in an act that was the real laugh provoker of the bill; Edna Aug. in caricature; Mel Klee, monologist; A. Robins, in a burlesque musical act, and Breman and Grace, instrumentalists.

July 21 1921

In Paper Covers

The cost of books in England has led the Athenaeum to suggest that they be published in paper covers; at least one prominent publisher has welcomed the suggestion. Mr. Huebsch in this country is now bringing out books in this form. Public and circulating libraries may object, although the large public libraries have their own bindery, and can more easily clothe "shivering folios," twelve mos and octavos in the more substantial dress. For years in England many books appeared in rather flimsy bindings because collectors would promptly strip the leaves to have them bound according to their fancy.

There was years ago an unreasonable prejudice against "paper covered novels," although works of fiction by leading writers were thus published. The octavos of Harper & Brothers—that was then the firm name—were many and signed by famous names. George Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" was read long before his name was familiar. There were editions of the classics in paper—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and so through the list. Some may remember the Franklin Square Library, the Seaside Library. The novels were sold at a low price. As a rule they were clearly printed. Yet the fastidious would have none of them; not because they objected to the cheapness; but to their lofty minds the word "paper" was synonymous with "yellow" or the

"Scrofulous French novel, On gray paper with blunt type." (It is curious how "yellow," a gorgeous color, when applied to printed matter still has an obnoxious meaning. The Yellow Book thus suffered, long after yellow covered tales of highwaymen and revelations of mysteries at European courts, disappeared from the book stands.)

French books, grave treatises, novels of travel, novels of high and low degree have for years been published in paper covers, and in this

manner brought into general circulation. Even editions de luxe, richly illustrated, printed on the finest paper were issued unbound. The purchaser was allowed to choose his own binding. French books are no longer so cheap. The publishers' raise in price is considerable, and the importer makes no allowance for the depreciation of the franc.

The chief objection to paper covers is the inevitable wear and tear, the loosening of the leaves. It should be said in answer that ninety out of the one hundred novels published today may be thrown away after one, or a half, reading without regret except for the time wasted. The bound volume seldom admits hard usage; nor does it always merit by color and design an honorable place on the table or on the shelf. And here would be a danger if the book were in paper: the hysterical recommendation of the novel would keep staring at the

reader, whereas the enthusiastic wrapper of the bound volume is promptly thrown into the wastebasket.

How light in the hand, how easy to read were the volumes of the Tauchnitz edition with their uniform, simple, non-committal paper cover! If a humble lover of Mortimer Collins's "Fight with Fortune" wished for a dress worthy of that fantastical romance, the size of the volume allowed the gratification of fine taste and the display of the binder's skill. And in the binding of Tauchnitz's publication there was the opportunity for taste in selection. Of the fourteen volumes by Mr. Leonard Merrick, one would choose only "Conrad in Quest of his Youth" for sumptuous honor.

N.Y. 20.101

Jules Renard

With reference to Mme. Duclaux's survey of modern French novelists and a remark in this column that none of Jules Renard's books had apparently ever been translated, Philip Hale offers the information that sketches from four of Renard's books were translated and published in a department, "Tales of the Day," in the Boston Journal some fifteen or twenty years ago. He believes that at least a score in all were thus given American readers. It seems, however, that book form was never given them. Apart from his fiction of rural life, Renard's "Carrot Top" will, of course, be remembered by theatregoers of this city, especially as it was repeatedly presented by the French company at the Vieux Coublier.

July 22 1921

Our esteemed friend, the London Journalist describes the language of the famed play as made up of Uncle Sam and Mr. Alfred Jingle. He was especially impressed by the description of a certain Negro as having "a face that only a mother could love." He remembers gratefully the sentence: "If brains were dynamite Lizzie would never have had enough to blow her hat off." The Journalist remarks: "Lizzie is herself no mean character, after her kind. Attributed to her is the classic threat to guests who feared her cuisine: 'The first one of you guys that refuses to eat will need a crowbar for a toothpick to get the lead out of his gums.'"

Will some hardened admirer of the kinematographic theatre tell us in what drama of contemporary life, in what sparkling comedy of manners Miss Lizzie has a prominent part?

A Pious Wish

The omnibus was approaching the cemetery gates when a pompous man addressed his neighbor, a toll-worn lady in rusty black.

"I fear, madam, we are bent on the same mad errand. You are, I presume, going to pay your tribute of respect to the dear departed."

"Do you mean 'im'?"

"Ah, I feared as much. May I ask if it is a recent bereavement?"

"Matter of 20 years."

"And you pay your tribute annually?"

"First time since 'e was put away."

Then, thawing under the man's sympathy, the widow explained: "Dunno what it was, but a wish come over me last night to see the grass a-wavin' over 'im." L. H. in the London Daily Chronicle.

National Rudeness

As the World Wags

I was very much interested in the letter addressed to the editor of The Herald by Mr. Herbert W. Lucas under the

heading: "An Englishman's Experiences Here," also in the letter from Mr. T. F. Leeland, headed, "Another Englishman's Experiences Here." From these letters one comes to the conclusion that personality goes a long way in making everything agreeable or disagreeable; that the surroundings have a great deal to do with the impression one receives in going to a new country.

Is there a misunderstanding between the two English-speaking nations? I am sure there is. It is only the regular American tourist that understands the English; he has opportunities of studying their good points. The stay-at-home depend on their newspapers, which, of course, are a great factor in any country in leading the way. Mr. Leeland ends his letter by saying that in some respects he prefers his own countrymen to Americans. What satisfaction is there in listening to a man who is full of praise and flattery to one's face, yet keeps his real sentiments at the back of his head? I suppose he was referring to the manners and conduct of the general American public, in street cars, railway stations and theatres.

I had a friendly discussion with an American of 21 years over the question of the way children are brought up in this country. He finally agreed that if the parents spared the rod the child would be spoiled. The youth between 14 and 25 is no respecter of age or person. He puffs cigarette smoke almost into his neighbor's face. Grown-up men do the same in the subway where notices "No Smoking" abound. It is there a misfortune that their parents did not give them a better bringing up. A man—for that matter females are also guilty—opens a newspaper in a crowded street car and reads it, making himself obnoxious to his fellow travelers. I hear the gentle reminders these men would receive in England or Australia if they thought they had the sole right of space in a crowded car. If the average American went to Europe he would learn for himself the good points of the English. Having traveled in 14 different countries and having thus met Englishmen and Scotchmen, I can say that I did not require the orthodox introduction to enter into conversation. It is six of one to a half dozen of the other whether you choose to be sociable or not.

I have often intended to append my signature to "The Intentions to Be Committed," but when one reads the anti-British propaganda in certain Boston newspapers, notes the burning of a friendly nation's flag without the slightest protest or action by the authorities, the raising of millions of dollars for use against a friendly nation with the approval of the authorities, and the interference by the 88 congressmen in British domestic affairs, then one stops to consider and says: "Wait a little longer." While I am pro-British, I am a ways observant and conscious of the good traits of a good American and am pro-American. I am too broad-minded to judge the majority by the minority, but there is room for development in the department of the general public. It is up to the Press to handle this matter, for the parents are not capable of working this development; if it should come to pass, then I would sign myself

"A UNITED STATES CITIZEN."

Boston.

Our correspondent forgets the apology made by the government at Washington in the matter of the flag. Did not the British government also apologize recently for the behavior of the British seamen at Bermuda? There are rude men and women in every nation, even in England, and not all Englishmen on their travels are conspicuous for courtesy.—Ed.

"As She Is Wrote"

As the World Wags:

Some 40 years ago a patient was advised by his physician to include in his diet "gluten bread," and he gave him an address in France where it could be obtained. An order was sent to Paris. When the package came it was entirely spoiled by mould, caused by improper packing. The purchaser sent a letter of complaint which brought an answer, of which the following is an exact copy, omitting names: W. H. G.

Boston.

Dear Sir:

I am thinking that the mouldy was upon the biscuit has been bring by dampness during the transit. The bread cannot be to be enclosed as the flour.

I will sending at you, sir, the 17.9her a little case-wood enclosing biscuit. The case wood will come at Liverpool the 11.9her. I am promising, sir, that I will take care for that the biscuits shall be coming in good condition and conservation. I hope, sir, that you will be permitting myself to replace the biscuits impaired. I believe that the sent by little quantity will be much better for you.

Deign, sir, to accept the assurance of my sincerely sorrow of that accident.

Yours truly

Also a Collector

Miss Evelyn Plumadore, a chorus girl—the name should put her in the first row—has an accomplished press agent. It seems that when Miss Plumadore was a child she collected covers of cigar boxes. She now has about 2500, among them these brands that were once popu-

lar: Free Silver, Cremo, Lillian Russell, Sincerity, Little Tycoon, John Drew Three Twins, Pathfinder, Chancellor, Hoffman Bouquet, Little Rustler. It has been said that she should give her collection to the American Museum of Natural History. We respectfully suggest that by sending it—expressage prepaid—to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, she would aid him greatly in the completion of his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (Elephant folio; sold only by subscription).

July 23 1921

A London journal announcing the arrival of Mr. Fred B. Smith, "one of America's best known orators," described him as a man "built on big lines, with beetling brows, and a voice that would reach easily 10,000 people in the open air."

This recalls the account of Whitefield's preaching given by Benjamin Franklin, who heard him in Philadelphia. Franklin first spoke of the preacher's loud, clear voice, and his perfect articulation. "Being among the hindmost in Market street"—the preacher was on the top of the court house steps—"I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backwards down the street towards the river; and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front street, when some noise in that street obscured it. Imagining then a semi-circle, of which my distance would be the radius, and that it were fill'd with auditors, to each of whom I allow'd two square feet, I computed that he might be well heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconcil'd me to the newspaper accounts of his having preach'd to twenty five thousand people in the fields, and to the ancient histories of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted."

John Wesley heard Whitefield at Bristol (Eng.) in 1739: "I could scarce reconcile myself at first," he wrote in his journal, "to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church."

"John Whitefield"

As the World Wags:

It must be that the name and fame of the celebrated evangelist, George Whitefield, are getting dim with age. Two or three years ago one of Boston's clergymen subjected himself to considerable chaff and ridicule in consequence of having transmogrified the evangelist's surname to "Whitehead," and now comes the Associated Press agent at Exeter, N. H., and in this morning's Herald transmogrifies the evangelist's forename to "John," speaking of him as "John Whitefield." Sic transit gloria mundi! OBSERVER.

Brookline, July 13.

This is sad, indeed, when one remembers that Whitefield is buried at Newburyport; that during Lent, except on Saturdays and Sundays, his food was only coarse bread and sage-tea without sugar, when he was a servitor at Oxford University; that when his wife died—by his own account she was neither rich nor beautiful and had once been gay—it was said, for the marriage had not been a happy one—"her death set his mind much at rest."—Ed.

"Nee Miss Helen"

As the World Wags:

For the love of Mike, do try to persuade the men who write the descriptive lines under the pictures of brides in The Herald's Sunday illustrated section to quit such atrocities as "Mrs. Walter Feely, nee Miss Helen Hart." It is barely possible that once in a while a baby girl is born equipped with a front name, but I decline to believe that

eight of them were, in spite of The Herald page of two Sundays ago, East Boston. J. H. A.

A Rhyme for "Month"

As the World Wags:

In a recent issue of The Herald I noted the statement that there is no rhyme for the word "month." True, some genius—I do not at this moment recall his name—evolved an algebraical formula that might be considered as being one, but it was altogether too complex, and could be appreciated only by the mathematical mind.

I claim that true poetry should make its appeal in the most direct manner possible, not in round about and devious ways.

I am submitting a couplet the veriest tyro may comprehend. I admit that under perfectly normal conditions the thing would be impossible; but there being more abnormalities than normalities in this old world of ours, it seems

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.
Said the swain "I'll ask you a ques-
tion next month."
I told the maid: "Pleath, thir, won't
you athk it at oneth?"
B. H. H. W. MILTON HILLS.

"The Youth That Fired the Ephesian Dome"

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of this morning you may find that "the name of the man that fired the Ephesian dome is still fresh." Yes, the name of that person—Herostatus—is still fresh, but it is not so easy to get other biographic data regarding him. He is generally referred to as "the youth that fired the Ephesian dome," which dome, by the way, was the roof of a temple of the goddess Diana. Was Herostatus a youth when he set fire to that roof? Please give the date of his birth, and then any of us can approximately figure out how old he was when he set the fire, for the year of the fire is known. Where was he born and when and where did he die? What, if any, punishment did he receive for setting the fire? The sketch of him in Anthon's Classical Dictionary says that when he was put to the torture he confessed that he set the fire for the sole purpose of getting a name for himself among posterity. Was he tortured for the purpose of making him confess that he set the fire or for the purpose of making him confess why he set it? From the way Anthon puts the matter, it would seem that it was for the latter purpose that he was tortured.

INQUIRER.
Boston, July 16.
We are far from books of reference. We once read that this temple of Diana was 45 feet long and 220 feet wide; there were 127 pillars in it, contributed by as many kings; the building of the temple took 20 years. Perhaps "Inquirer" can gain more information by visiting Bates Hall in the Boston Public Library. The "Classical Dictionary" of the justly celebrated Anthon is not the only storehouse of facts concerning the departed Greeks, Romans, Asiatics, Carthaginians. Our impression is that an interesting account of Herostatus may be found in Marcel Schwob's "Imaginary Lives." When we return to the city we will consult this fascinating book. Probably Herostatus was a pyromaniac. Living today, he would be a firebug in Brookline. Meanwhile Bates Hall is a pleasant place for research, reasonably cool and conducive to an afternoon nap.—Ed.

When the news reached London that the Prince of Wales was suffering from excessive hand-shaking—as American presidents and other men of distinction have suffered at receptions—the question was raised, How did the custom originate? It was not known to the ancients. When Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" is put on the stage Brutus, Cassius and other noble Romans, raise the right arm with a sweeping gesture in salutation on meeting. But stage manners are not always trustworthy. For example, Mr. Mansfield as the Beau was censured for taking snuff with the wrong hand.

The following answer was made to the question: "In old days, when every man who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was the custom when meeting another to show that there was no intention of treachery by offering each other the weapon hand, free from the weapon. To hold back the hand was equivalent to a challenge to combat. This habit became so fixed that long after swords ceased to be worn men still offered the weapon hands to friends and declined to do so to enemies. Among savages, who never carried swords, the custom of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords them a great deal of amusement to see white men engage in the practice. This remark about the savages has been contradicted by an English traveler that has summered and wintered with them from the Kikuyu and Kavirendo to the natives of Zanzibar and the Yaos; but their manner is more elaborate; after shaking once as we do, they "slide the palms together, with the thumbs pointing upward and curled round each other; then they shake again." The longer this process of alternate handshaking, the greater is the existing affection.

Bore some Hand-Shakers

The English and the Americans have been the hand-shakers in the world. The French, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Russians have been more formal,

one might say more dignified in the matter of introductions. It is not always a pleasure to take a man's hand. There are the moist, clammy hands that tempt one after pressing them to wipe his own on his trousers. There are men that take only fingers in the grasp. There are men that will not let your hand go, but milk it, especially on a windy street corner. When Jones, whom you hardly know, introduces you to Robinson, whose face is not prepossessing, with

the remark, "Shake hands with my friend, Rob on," your impulse is to kick both Robinson and Jones.

Hand-Shaking in Divorce Cases

The woman that knows how to give a firm, honest, friendly hand-shake is not often met. When she is found her price is far above rubles, although her dress may be the plainest. There was a time in England when it was thought that a man and a woman should not salute by taking the hand. Sir John Nicholl, giving judgment in a divorce case nearly 100 years ago, remarked that "conduct highly blamable and distressing to the feelings of a husband had been proved; but although 30 witnesses had been examined, no indecent familiarities beyond kissing had been proved. The shaking of hands when they met was now a practice so frequent between persons of different sexes, however opinions might differ as to its delicacy, that no unfavorable inference could be deduced thence." This is curious reading when one remembers that continental visitors in the England of the 17th century were amazed to find that the women of a household to which they were welcomed expected the greeting of a kiss, and in the time of Charles II of England kissing, as appears in the comedies of that age, was the common salutation.

Cosmopolis

As the World Wags:

If so be it you have not seen a little volume of essays, 22 in number, by Clyde Furst (Columbia University Press, 1916), "The Observations of Professor Maturin," I feel quite sure both you and your readers would be pleased and repaid for the time spent in their perusal. Being short and pithy, they would lend themselves to frequent quotation with good results.

I will jot down at random a few of the titles: Food for Thought (gastro-nomle), Men's Faces, Mental Hygiene, The Mystery of Dr. Cross, The Fountain of Youth, The Contemporary Fiction Company, The Old Doctor, Breakfasting with Portia, Measuring the Mind, Old Town Revisited.

Not to make too long a story, I will copy a few paragraphs from "Foreign Travel at Home."

"This city (New York) is the true Cosmopolis: 80 nations are represented in its public schools; four-fifths of the parents of its citizens came from the ends of the earth; there are more than 1,000,000 Germans; more than 1,000,000 Irish; and vastly more, and more fortunate, Hebrews than in Palestine. If you are weary of the physical and mental traits of a land where all things are yet new, you may find the inscrutable calm of the immemorial East in Chinatown. The ceremonial prescribed by Moses is still carried out here in numerous synagogues. I can introduce you to more than one turbaned swami who will talk like Buddha. You may taste strange dishes and hear strange music in more foreign cafes in New York than in any city in the world. . . . You may hear the service of the Greek Catholic church celebrated by an archbishop in a cathedral on Ninety-seventh street. Bohemians, Syrians and even Egyptians have made whole sections of the city their own, so far as manners and customs are concerned. Nearly 100 newspapers and periodicals are published in New York in more than a score of foreign tongues, one of them in Arabic. You know the fundamental loyalty of the typical German citizen. The Spanish press of the city was staunchly American during our last war. The Turkish periodicals applauded our demonstrations against the Porte. The Hungarians, Servians, Syrians and Persians have each formally organized for the purpose of influencing their fatherlands to become more like the land of their adoption. The tower of the Madison Square Garden is a copy of the Giralda of Seville. Rome itself has no more Italian citizens than New York. Our rich men imitate French chateaus; the rest of us bless or revile the French invention of the apartment house; while as for French music, French art, French cookery and French amenity, we have appropriated them as thoroughly as we have the name of Lafayette."

Boston.

To Celia

(A London railway boasts in its advertisements of the pleasant smile you get from its booking clerk.)

Smile at me only as I book
And I'll not ask a seat,
But hand upon a strap the while
Men trample on my feet.
Not mine a discontented look
At crowd or crush or heat.
For oh! the memory of your smile
Shall make my joy complete.

Bow to me blandly as you clip
And I will not complain,
Although the lizzard lift descend
Too late to catch the train.
Not mine to bite an angry lip
At loss of time (and gain);
The memory of your bow shall lend
A comfort to my pain.

T. H., in the London Daily Chronicle

A Forsaken Weapon

It has been said that satire is decaying "because it is not in harmony with the modern mind." So much

the worse for the mind. "The best intellect of our time is not so much interested in invective as in argument, and not so much in argument as in psychology." Was there ever a time when satire would be a more effective weapon in politics, and in these days of profiteering and publishers' announcements? There are satirists in England, as Mr. Shaw, but he is seldom taken seriously, and a satirist must first of all be serious; furthermore, Mr. Shaw's satire is usually cast in the form of a play, and the playgoers, whose mentality has been vitiated by enjoyment of bedroom farces and musical comedies, laughs at the more obvious lines of the dramatist without mature reflection. His indignation at an evil is not aroused. Perhaps this is the fault of the dramatist; perhaps the more observant spectator doubts Mr. Shaw's sincerity. There are satirists in France, as Anatole France, who in some of his later novels exchanged his amiable pyrrhonism and lambent irony for the savage satire characteristic of Juvenal and Swift.

Without reference to other countries, it may be said that in the United States the line of satirists is apparently extinct. In the field of politics there have been noteworthy names. That of "Major Jack Downing" was not the first. It is possible that in the future Lowell will be remembered by the "Biglow Papers" rather than by the "Commemoration

Ode." Richard Grant White's "New Gospel of Peace" inveighed with righteous indignation, with a wealth of biting ridicule against Copperheads and Shoddy. "Petroleum V. Nasby" was bitter during the civil war and the presidency of Andrew Johnson. The last conspicuous writer in this field has been "Mr. Dooley."

There have been other satirists in this country, men preferring to deal with social subjects, contemporaneous opinions, manners and events, from the writers for "Salmagundi" to John G. Saxe and William A. Butler. George William Curtis in his "Potiphar Papers" and his novel, "Trumps," showed the influence of Thackeray.

Is the world better natured so that satire is less relished than in former years? Or has the newspaper political cartoon in a measure taken the place? It is impossible to think of a book like that virulent attack on public men of its day, "The Jockey Club," finding a publisher today. Samuel Butler of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh" is considered by the great majority a singularly disagreeable person; Hilaire Belloc is admired as the essayist and historian, not as the author of "Caliban's Guide to Letters," which may be classed with James L. Ford's "Literary Shop" and Marcel Schwob's ferocious chapters on French journalism. Yet "Gulliver's Travels" still delights men and boys, so great is the power of genius.

"Plays," by Susan Glaspell, is a volume published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. It contains "Bernice," a play in three acts; these plays in one act—"Trifles," "The People," "Close the Book," "The Outside," "Woman's Honor"; and two comedies written in collaboration with George Cram Cook—"Suppressed Desires" and "Tickless Time." All the plays have been performed by the Provincetown Players, in New York or at Provincetown, and Miss Glaspell has taken a prominent part in all of them except the last named.

Of these plays, "Trifles," "Woman's Honor" and "Suppressed Desires" are striking. "Trifles" is, indeed, wholly admirable as a grim study of country life, reticence, curiosity, brooding loneliness, sullen revenge. A sheriff and a county attorney are searching in a recently abandoned farmhouse for evidence to establish the guilt of a wife charged with the murder of her husband. Two neighboring women, the wives of the searchers, enter, look about, chatter, speculate, finally stumble on the plausible reason for the murder,

but through pity or from loyalty to sex conceal the "trifle" that might lead to conviction. The murdered man had been stingy and a joy-killer. He was a hard man. He worked all day and was "no company" when he came home. He did not drink; he paid his debts, but "to pass the time of day with him—like a raw wind that gets to the bone." The neighbors kept away. The story is told with the utmost naturalness by the two chattering women, concisely, with little details that lead swiftly and directly to the conclusion: to the solution of the mystery, understood by the women, but one that would not be suspected by the men. We know of few one-act plays that equal "Trifles" in construction, dialogue and the establishment of a tragic mood.

"Woman's Honor," bitterly satirical, will be a stumbling block to many women. A young man suspected of murder will not tell where he was on a certain night. His silence argued that he was shielding a woman's honor. Lo and behold, to the consternation of the lawyer and the prisoner, half a dozen women appear, in turn, willing to swear that he spent the whole of that night with them. They quarrel among themselves. Their characters are finely differentiated, the motherly one, the scornful one, the silly one, etc. The prisoner, more and more annoyed, makes a bolt for a door in the sheriff's house. The way is blocked by a large and determined woman. He staggers back to the lawyer's arms, saying: "Oh, hell, I'll plead guilty."

"Suppressed Desires," a comedy with three characters, is concerned with the sub-conscious mind, psychoanalysis, the theories of Freud, etc. In view of the perfunctory interest at present in these matters, the comedy can hardly be called extravagant, while "Tickless Time" is an extravaganza pure and simple in its portrayal of the fanatical worshipper of the sun dial who would bury all clocks. Annie, who cooks by the clock, is the sanest person in the household.

Irony and satire characterize the other little plays, although idealism enters into "The People," which is the name of a newspaper. In "Close the Book" the snobbery pertaining to belief in the virtues of "first families" is amusingly mocked. "The Outside" is a tragedy of a life-saving station on Cape Cod, symbolical, perhaps, but effective only when the audience is select and shufil.

Nor do we find "Bernice," the most elaborate play in the volume, of compelling interest. It is a painstaking study of the relationship that existed between a husband and wife. She is dead. Did her husband really understand her? In spite of his protestations, had he loved her? The father of the dead woman is, indeed, a pathetic figure, but Margaret, the close friend of Bernice, is a high vibrator and the ungallant would not hesitate to call her a bore.

Even in "Bernice," where the analysis is often too minute, too hair-splitting, there are shrewd reflections coming from a sure knowledge of human nature. Miss Glaspell is a thinker as well as a dramatist, but she seldom allows thought to take the place of dramatic force.

Two Plays Written for the Ideal People's Theatre

"Touch and Go," a play in three acts by D. H. Lawrence, and "The Fight for Freedom," a play in four acts by Douglas Goldring, are published by Thomas Seltzer of New York as plays for a People's Theatre.

Mr. Lawrence contributes a preface, written in a staccato manner, to his play. Having said that there is no such thing in existence as a People's Theatre, or even on the way to existence, he exclaims:

"A People's Theatre. Note the indefinite article. It isn't The People's Theatre, but A People's Theatre. Not the people; il popolo, le peuple, das Volk, this monster is the same the world over. Of Plebs, the proletariat, but the theatre of Plebs, the proletariat, but the theatre of A people. What people? Quel peuple donc?—A People's Theatre. Translate it into French for yourself. A People's Theatre. Since we can't produce it, let us deduce it. Major premise: the seats are cheap. Minor premise: the plays are good. Conclusion: A People's Theatre. How much will you give me for my syllogism? Not a slap in the eye, I hope."

It's a long preface, cocky, defiant, feverish. The plays for this theatre are not "popular nor popular nor plebeian nor proletarian nor folk nor parish plays." Any play is good to the man who likes to look at it, says Mr. Lawrence. "And at that rate 'Chu Chin Chow' is extra-super-good." No, the plays of a People's Theatre are People's plays, plays about people: "Not mannequins. Not lords nor proletarians nor bishops nor husbands nor co-respondents nor virgins nor adulteresses nor nudes nor noses. Not even white rabbits nor presidents. People. Men who are somebody, not men who are something. Men who happen to be bishops or co-respondents, women who happen to be chaste, just as they happen to be freckle, because it's one of their innumerable odd qualities. Even men who happen, by the way, to have long noses. But not noses on two legs, not burly pairs of gaiters, stuffed and voluble, not white meringues of chastity, not incarnations of co-respondents. Not proletarians, petitioners, presidents, no es,

There are several pages of this. Mr. Barlow vs. Capitalism is a tragic struggle. It is more than a money-grabbing affair. "The conflict is in pure, passionate antagonism, turning upon the poles of belief." There's no solution, but there is a choice between a mess and a tragedy. We should understand or feel the tragedy in this great struggle. "The essence of tragedy, which is creative crisis, is that a man should go through with his fate, and not dodge it and go bumping into an accident. And the whole business of life, at the great critical periods of mankind, is that men should accept and be one with their tragedy. Therefore we

should open our hearts. For one thing we should have a People's Theatre. Perhaps it would help us in this hour of confusion better than anything."

And so in "Touch and Go" we have Mr. Barlow—the name takes us back to "Sanford and Merton"—the kind-hearted, old fashioned mine operator, his son Gerald, hard hearted, tyrannical in his treatment of the colliers. There is Willie Houghton, always talking, now encouraging the miners to throw off the yoke of slavery, now hemming and hawing. There is Anabel Wrath, a decidedly emancipated young woman, who had had affairs with men, chief among them Mr. Gerald. Old Barlow's wife is half-demented, cursing her husband because he humbled himself before the poor, encouraging Gerald in his brutality. The colliers strike. They attack Gerald and nearly kill him. He exclaims: "They've trodden on my face." His friend Oliver answers: "No matter, Job Arthur will easily answer that you've trodden on their souls." Gerald at last tells the mob that he doesn't care about money, but he will not be bullied. "I think we ought to be able to alter the whole system—but not by bullying, not because one lot wants what the other has got." Anabel, by the way, becomes Gerald's wife, after long conversations in which they often talk apparently at cross-purposes.

The play would interest students of social economics rather than the "pep-ull." They would undoubtedly prefer "Chu-Chin-Chow." And, as Mr. Galsworthy in "Strife" comes to no conclusion, so it is with Mr. Lawrence.

Henri Barbusse has written a short preface to "The Fight for Freedom." "When the International People's Theatre is founded, one of the first plays it ought to put on, if it means to do educational as well as artistic work, is Douglas Goldring's beautiful drama, 'The Fight for Freedom.' Not that this drama is a panegyric of socialism. On the contrary, it might almost be said to be a criticism of the Socialist party. Its merit, its strength, resides in its bringing out the pathetic tragedy of the harsh truth underlying the obscure drama that divides humanity in two." The play presents the idea of revolution, "set at the very heart of man." Thence, as M. Barbusse assures us, "it tumbles like an impetuous torrent and dashes into a river."

Mr. Goldring also writes an introduction to his play, an introduction of seven pages, in which he speaks of Bolshevists, the "sorrowful western island," the Englishman as Candide, the people in England who "take up socialism" as a change from taking up jazzing or "art," and with the same essential frivolity. "It is these who, when that red dawn really breaks for which they profess to be sighing, will be the first to cry out in alarm." He also gives his conception of a people's theatre. "A theatre run on a co-operative basis, a theatre in which all the ideas which really interest the proletariat may receive the fullest and freest expression, a theatre which is youthful and alive. The people to control such a theatre must, it seems to me, be people accustomed to do jobs of work connected with the stage, and their first task must be, politely but firmly, to turn the God-dam-art crowd outside. When the last 'artistic' person has been gently removed, Art may have a chance to breathe." A somewhat violent person, this Mr. Goldring.

In "Touch and Go" Michael Henderson, returning from the war, drugs and returns to Margaret to whom he had been betrothed before he left England, because she is frank enough to tell him that she loves one Oliver, a parlor Socialist. Michael afterwards offers to marry her. The Very Rev. Samuel Slaughter and his wife are amazed because she is unwilling thus to be remarried in society. Oliver pities her: "It was horrible, a wretched piece of bad luck. But you mustn't let yourself get into a morbid condition about it." He tries to excuse Michael for his "grotesque blackguardism." She will marry a third person. The keen-witted and sensible Miss Lambert says to Oliver: "So the silly child proposes to jilt you, because you refused to flatter her egoism by regarding her as a 'fallen' woman! Well, we'll be happier with Philip than she ever would have been with you." Michael is taken to an insane asylum. Oliver remarks: "I can't help thinking this blasted war had something to do with it all! But then I'm a crank. I don't approve of war as a sporting pastime for the youngsters—never did."

The characters are drawn in a masterly manner. They are men and women of the day. The play is

Mr. Slaughter, his wife and Margaret Lambert are especially vivid. No doubt there were women like Margaret in the London of 1910, though it is to be hoped there were few Michaels, although Slaughter and his wife made all manner of excuses for the gallant captain.

Dramatic Notes

Mr. Malcolm Watson was talking in London about the theatrical situation. The "prominent manager" said to him: "What's wrong with the theatre? I'll tell you where to find that answer. Stand in front of the Ritz Hotel any morning and you'll understand. Mind you, I'm not complaining of the enthusiasm shown toward charming Mary Pickford and her husband, but if Henry Irving, Madge Robertson, John Toole and Ellen Terry, in the first bloom of their youth, could be made to appear on that balcony, d'ye think they'd receive anything like the demonstration given to that delightful young couple? It's the cinema that is at the root of all the trouble."

"The Old House," by Richard Price, based on Mrs. Dudeney's novel "Candlelight" (Court Theatre, London, June 23). Edith, the wife of Wilfred, had loved Edward too well. She is much upset when he purposes to wed Wilfred's sister, Ann. The family ghost is also disturbed, especially when Edith wishes to scream about her secret; so the ghost contrives a dream scene for Edith. In this dream Wilfred, enraged by his wife's confession, fights with Edward in the garden and falls over a cliff. Awakening, Edith finds out that she loves Wilfred and is willing that Edward should have Ann. "There is a baby, by the way, with Edward's eyes, not Wilfred's, and this seems a rather awkward matter to get over. But no doubt the ghost will see to it." The Daily Telegraph sees a doubtful future for Wilfred. "Any woman so over-engined for her beam as Edith ought to be carefully locked up and prevented from mixing with her fellow-creatures. Not that she is impossible in the literary sense; there are quite a good many women something like her; she is merely impossible to live with." Gertrude Elliott played the woman with her nerves on edge for three acts. "The better the part is played," said the Times, "the more it is bound to exasperate the audience; and, to judge from our own state of exasperation, she must have played it admirably."

Saint-Georges de Boyhelier's "Carnaval des Enfants" was performed in London by the Pioneer Players on June 12. After the performance Lady Maud Warrender announced that unless some one would guarantee an annual subscription of £1000 the society would cease to exist. The heroine of the play is dying in the inner room behind a linen draper's shop. Her two children, a girl of 15 and a child of 5, did not have the same father. There is a drunken old brother, there are two aggressively ugly sisters who have come to pay the debts, moralize, and take away the children. The aunt compels the dying woman to tell the truth about herself to these children. Helene has fallen in love with Marcel. The mother's confession has disclosed love to her in a brutal and cruel aspect. Nevertheless she is dragged off by him, "whether willingly or not is far from clear." The younger child is left. "When the curtain falls on the wailing of the little girl we foresee the tragedy of starved love and stunted life. A sordid tale, but raised by the author's power to a terrible beauty. The workmanship is extraordinarily economic, close and suggestive. And the moment when the elder girl, newly and wholly in love, first learns that her dying mother had loved more than once, and with all the hardness of youth turns on her shattered idol, is one of the most harrowing that we have seen." Thus the London Times. Miss Christopher St. John translated the play. There was a second performance in aid of Serbian children. "Cherry," a new musical comedy, book and lyrics by Edward Knoblock, music by Melville Gideon, is announced for performance in London some time this week. It deals with two "strata of modern life, the first including East-end costers and dockers, and the second, various members of the West-end higher circles." The scenes are a riverside wharf, the ballroom of a Park lane house, and Hampstead Heath on the evening of a bank holiday.

The New York correspondent of the London Times, reviewing the plays of last season, says that John Drew meandered pleasantly through "The Cat Bird," which is "Grumpy" with the "kick" left out. "As one critic complained, it is a mistake to put a gentle, doddering creature into a gentle, doddering play." The correspondent, saying that the best fun in the New York theatre was to be had from melodrama, remarked: "Our old friend the noble-hearted crook we find always with us, but his flavor has now been sharpened with spiritualism, preferably sham."

"Daddalums" (exasperating name!) may not be a masterpiece of art; but there is always a public for pictures of the simpler human affections, painted in primary colors, and this public was manifestly delighted with the play.—London Times.

New Music by Schmitt, d'Indy, John Ireland and Others

Florent Schmitt wrote the music for Andre Gide's translation of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," produced at the Opera, Paris, June 13. (Ida Rubinstein played Cleopatra, and in her palace were three pure white peacocks and a young brown bear.) "The score is quite independent in certain passages and is not merely designed as 'incidental music,' its real purpose being, in the words of the composer, 'to create a state of mind, a mood and an atmosphere, and also to summarize the action.' Hence the act is preceded by a prelude, and in this way a musical commentary is provided which gives continuity of character to the action of the drama. The sea fight is depicted musically during the change of scene; but these changes are not certainly the most inspired. M. Schmitt's orchestration is generally highly colored with a decided (though not exaggerated) oriental flavor, which is in the composer's happiest vein."

Recent publications: A set of songs, "Lieder Album," by Lord Berners, of a satirical nature. The composer points out that Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume" was really inspired by a white pig seen by the poet in the country. The poet was haunted by the thought that the pig must meet a melancholy end. The second song, "Koenig Wiswamitra," tells of the ruler who lost the true perspective of life by wishing to possess Vasishta's cow. The third is a Christmas carol in the traditional "three wise men from the east manner." Stravinsky's "Rag-time," originally for an odd assortment of instruments, is published as a piano solo. Joseph Holbrooke's "Barrage" for the piano, is "a thing of sweeping arpeggios and brilliant staccato octaves." Malipiero's "Maschere che l'assano," a piano piece in five short movements (1918), is a thoughtful and mature composition characterized by simplicity of form and acute dissonances. The London Times did not "care much" for John Powell's "Rhapsodie Nègre" played at the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert in London. "It takes too long getting to business, and, to say the truth, we are not very sure at the end what the business exactly was. If it was the Nègre tunes, one would have thought they could have been introduced without quite so much ceremony, it was all too much like that moment on the stage when the chorus goes on expecting and pointing at the heroine to give her time for one last look in the glass. But we cared very much for his piano playing, which is delicately rhythmical and very musical."

John Ireland's new piano sonata, played by Mr. Lamond in London June 12, is laid out on the highest lines and demands a pianist of first-rate attainments. Its structure is severely classical. "One cannot fail to be impressed by the composer's absorption in his subject, his unswerving adherence to his own standpoint, and his fertility of invention. But the impression is apt to pass into either depression or oppression, or both successively, in the course of three movements in which, while the material varies, the standpoint remains substantially the same."

The London Times was disappointed, hearing Cyril Scott's new piano quintet, because it showed little advance. "It is disappointing that he still does not appear to realize the limitations of his method and seek to widen it."

The Menestrel (Paris) regrets that Louis Aubert shows in his new songs, "Three Melodies," that he yields to the taste of the period, following rather slavishly in Debussy's footsteps, also giving himself up to superficial orientalism.

Manuel de Falla's "Seven Spanish Folk Songs" were praised in Paris, especially "Seguidilla Murciana" and "Polo."

The libretto of Giovanni Pennachio's one-act opera, "Redenzione," was intended for Leoncavallo. Pennachio has completed, according to the wish of Leoncavallo, the latter's opera, "King Oedipus."

Vaughan Williams' motet "O clap your hands, all ye people," for voices, trumpets, trombones, tuba, kettledrums, cymbals and organ (1920) was performed in Westminster Abbey June 5, as was Stanford's "Te Deum" written for the restoration of peace, in which the tune "St. Ann" is used considerably. "A part of the call of 'The Last Post' is introduced to precede the words 'The noble army of martyrs praise thee.'"

Vincent d'Indy's opera in three acts and eight scenes, "The Legend of St. Christopher," was produced at the Paris Opera June 9. "The treatment of this story, which lends itself admirably to scenic and musical adaptation, is somewhat austere, but of nobility of conception and intention throughout. Relying almost entirely on the orchestra to give emotional significance to the poem, M.

d'Indy allots to the voices a secondary role, and, indeed, one regrets the almost total absence of the lyrical element, which is sacrificed to recitative or declamation. A curious feature in the opera is the apparition before each scene of the historian, who, supported by a white-robed choir, narrates the principal events in the life of Christopher.

while the voices of the various personages in the story are heard from behind the curtain."

The Menestrel was not favorably impressed by Darius Milhaud's "Solres de Saint-Petersbourg." The work contained six medallions representing old Russia and six representing Russia under the revolution. The singer, Mme. Romanitza, was unintelligible. "Singular phenomenon: The medallions of the old rule, as 'La Martiale,' based on a cheap air, gave me the impression of the revolution, and the revolutionary medallions awoke in me ideas of order and melancholy. Perhaps this was the intention of the composer."

Manuel de Falla's "Night in Spanish Gardens," originally for piano and orchestra, played in Paris by the composer and a little prodigy, one of his pupils, Rosa Garcia Ascott, gave great pleasure.

Honegger's orchestral Prelude to Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Selysette," produced in Paris, was condemned for its vague chords that from time to time led to sour cries and were punctuated by pretentious and empty solo passages. An international committee of music has been organized at Amsterdam. The promoters are Alfred Casella, Italy; Florent Schmitt, France; Arnold Schoenberg, Austria; Carl Nielsen, Denmark; Johan Halvorsen, Norway; Paul Gilson, Belgium; Olga Samaroff, the United States; Oscar Bie, Germany; Samuel Laryford, England.

At the Querino, Rome, Mme. Leonidoff and her Russian ballet company performed "La Fantasia Indiana," music by Glinka and Rimsky-Korsakoff, orchestrated by Respighi, who also orchestrated Borodin's and Rimsky-Korsakoff's music taken for the ballet "Chansons Arabes" and Chopin's music taken for "La Pirrica," statues and frescoes of ancient Greece.

Mr. Arnold Bax, skilful and experienced as he is, has hardly formed his style sufficiently to make a recital program of his music alone entirely successful. His writing varies so much, the idiom is not fixed, and the evidences of outside influences, folk-music, Debussy, a little Wagner, and some ultra-modern "dissonance," create an impression of groping and uncertainty. Yet one is conscious all the time of sincerity of purpose, and that being so, it is a matter of further assimilation and technical adjustment until the creative impulse is really free. The very apparent enthusiasm and zest and genuine skill which Miss Harriet Cohen brought to bear upon her performances of some of his piano music at the Wigmore Hall on Tuesday night (June 15) aroused great appreciation, but we felt more interested than convinced. The most ambitious work in the program was a sonata in one movement, of which the predominant feature was a certain mastery of executive effect, particularly in the piling up of big climaxes of tone. Against this has to be set the lack of charm of both phrase and harmony, which sadly limited the expressive appeal. In some short pieces Mr. Bax was more genial, especially the "Lullaby," although here, as in "What the Minstrel Told Us," or "The Slave Girl," the unsatisfactory heterogeneity of the style—at one moment extremely "modern," at another mildly diatonic—was very noticeable. Two groups of songs were skilfully sung by Mr. John Coates to the composer's accompaniment, and here again a similar impression was conveyed of effectiveness and boldness of treatment, but no feeling of emotional inevitability.—London Times.

There is no doubt about it, the American "Invasion" has begun, and from now on till probably somewhere in July we shall be hearing the same old Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin that have been ours since time was at their hands, even as we have heard it at the hands of every home-grown and itinerant musician for years and years. Now, this does not benefit any one greatly, does it? We have got beyond it in these days. I would like to see a kind of musical protective tariff introduced, so that all foreign instrumentalists, at any rate, must perform at least one English work in every program. But, just to show that I am not an overwholly keen protectionist, I would insist that our own instrumentalists should come under some such rule also. The feeling that not enough is being done by instrumentalists of any nationality for our own instrumental music is not a mere chauvinistic cry; it is based upon the knowledge that there exists music for most instruments at least as musical, at least as beautiful, at least as ancient or modern, according to taste, as any produced elsewhere in the world, and it is meet, right, and the bounden duty of instrumentalists to bring it more and more into the light. The alien pianist or violinist, be he American or other, who takes this to heart and profits by the suggestion will, I am sure, have no reason whatever to regret his step. At any rate, I would assure him that we have long ago wearied of the everlasting succession of the three B's with a make-weight of Chopin. Only a Lamond or a Busoni can interest us longer in them, and Lamonds and Busonis are as rare now as they ever were and always will be.—London Daily Telegraph.

"To turn from breezy, homely stuff of this kind ('Four Old English Dances,' by

favorite of the public cannot enunciate distinctly; her pronunciation is incorrect; her gestures are without significance; she hardly knows how to walk on the stage; she has no idea of characterization; but Miss Gwendoline Montessor has "personality."

So her manager and her press agent trumpet forth and the public is quick to recognize it.

How is the new show girl to convince the spectator that she possesses this inestimable quality? First of all, says Mr. Ziegfeld, she must have served as a model in a dressmaking establishment. She must be intelligent. "I insist upon intelligence." She is then "woven into the business of the piece"; she must sing, and dance, and act. "The scenes are never static; they are fluid"; even in these days of prohibition.

Think of the inducements now offered to graduates of colleges for women. Armed with a diploma, and with a letter of recommendation from a leading dressmaker, Miss Tossie Coffdrop will soon be conspicuous in Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainments. Her future is secure, for as he says: "The majority of the girls who work in my productions eventually marry men of wealth and influence." But a graduate must not put her trust solely in surpassing beauty of face and figure, even if she is "a perfect thirty-six." She must have "personality"; and as yet there is no course at Smith or Wellesley, Vassar or Radcliffe for the development of personality. Perhaps Mr. Ziegfeld will endow a chair.

CREATORE'S BAND

Creatore's band concert program at Symphony Hall tonight follows:

March, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Overture, "Zampa".....Herold
Intermezzo, "A Dream".....Creatore
Solo from "Le Perle du Brésil".....Davis
Lina Palmieri.
Selection, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Messrs. DeMittri, Cracovia, Rossi and
Liberati.
Waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
Quartet, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Messrs. DeMittri, Cracovia, Rossi and
Liberati.
Intermezzo, "Traueneria".....Schumann
"Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber
of Seville".....Rossini
Lina Palmieri.
Overture, "1812".....Tschalkowsky

Comfort and Furniture

Americans in England are especially invited—a euphemism for "urged" or "begged"—to attend an auction sale of a portion of the Gop-sall collection in which the great furniture craftsmen of the 17th and 18th centuries are richly represented. Advertisements in London journals of other auction sales show that old mansions are being stripped to furnish their owners with ready money. Tudor tables and beds, Jacobean and Carolean tables and chairs, old oak chairs with "leg grips"—the purpose of the "grips" is not apparent—furniture of the Louis XV. and XVI. periods, 18th century English lacquer clocks, curios, pewter, Sheffield and other plate, all make their way to London auction rooms. The names of Adam, Sheraton, Chippendale grace many catalogues, but in one advertisement is this significant sentence: "as well as a complete modern equipment of useful furniture." To "useful" one might wish to see "and comfortable" added. Of what use is a "Georgian four-poster," if there are not modern springs or a well-stuffed mattress?

In this country, Mr. Groesus, having consulted his household decorator and given carte blanche to the professional furnisher, points proudly in the course of "the walk of the proprietor" through his new and sumptuous "residence" to the chaste Adam room. He calls it "Adams" room, and no doubt thinks the English furniture maker was a New Englander; that his shop was probably in Quincy. He points out masterpieces by Chippendale and "Sherington." He himself does not venture to sit on one of the historic chairs or sofas. The tables and other articles are as in a museum. His wife, good woman, would exchange the whole lot for the old-

fashioned rocking chair, with a high back and a cushion, in which she sprawled at ease.

It is the fashion to sneer at everything Victorian, novels, poetry, essays, histories, paintings, fashions in dress, furniture. Mr. George Bernard Shaw not long ago denounced the "horrors of Victorian ideas of furnishing." Yet it was not until the middle of Victoria's reign that a comfortable arm chair was known in England. The "saddle-bag" variety was a Victorian invention; as was the adjustable deck chair. Even in this country the Morris chair is by some considered vulgar, and the reason for its name does not interest them. There are many men who do not sit down in their own drawing room, library or at table. They are perched. Throwing themselves back in the huge leather chair at a club, they rest themselves against the enforced ordeal at home, if their museum can be called by that name.

The parlor of the New Englander was often hideous. Horsehair furniture was a nightmare. This is easily granted. Nevertheless there were easy old chairs and a comfortable if ugly lounge in less formal rooms. Were the rooms of the pseudo-Queen Anne period in New England, with fans on the walls stuffed with incongruous, clashing articles, with the affectation and the pretence ridiculed in "Patience" an improvement? The antimacassar at least was honest; it saved the back of the chair in the days when gentlemen followed the fashion of greasing their hair.

A BOSTON SYMPHONY MEMBER

Charles de Mally, Flute Player, Was Native of Paris—Had Been a Member of the Local Organization Since 1915

Charles de Mally, flute player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was buried from Waterman's Chapel in Roxbury, Thursday afternoon. The body was taken to Forest Hills for interment.

Mr. de Mally died of paralysis. He was filling a summer engagement at Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. de Mally was a native of Paris, France, where he was born twenty-six years ago. His parents were Charles and Suzanne (Brettin) de Mally, both natives of the French capital. He studied under some of the best teachers in his native land, and, on coming to America, joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1915. He had distinguished himself as a member of the wood-wind choir, and was often heard both during the winter symphony season and during the "Pops" as a soloist. His home was at 3 Durham street.

Modern Manners

A Frenchman, M. R. D. de Maratray, writing from London, remarks on the decay of manners on the European continent for the last twenty years. Up to 1914, "the splendid isolation" of Great Britain kept her from the contagion. "Now, London is no longer recognizable. The rudeness of colonials, the 'freshness' of Americans, the rusticity of officers that came up from the ranks have left indelible marks in the metropolis. There is no longer in the world the blue blood that refines the body and the behavior but is a poor nourisher of brains and hearts."

This observer does not spare his own country. He complains of rudeness in restaurants, for which a waiter fifty years ago would have felt the blow of a gold-headed cane. "Our ancestors had sufficient leisure to make themselves respected and to cultivate the art of politeness." Dignity and elegance of manners have been lost in the crash, rush, bustle of daily life. There may be traces of superannuated elegance in the French provinces. In the large cities there are too many of the recently rich. Even a high official treats a visitor with scant courtesy. In France, while there is a passion for equality, equality is not well understood. In England the democratic spirit is shown in liberty; the "upper classes" have a certain regard for the dignity of those below them, and they have in this way preserved their prestige. In France there is hardly any other aristocracy at present than that of

money; it alone has the respect of servile persons, who are insolent and arrogant toward all others. The economic calamities brought on by the war have enlarged the demands of shopkeepers, messenger boys, porters, janitors, cabmen.

No doubt, M. de Maratray, for the sake of making the article, has written with the blackest of ink. Bluff Englishmen traveling in France years ago were convinced that politeness, as understood by the French, was too often a theatrical flourish, superficial, a varnish that scarcely covered hard indifference or selfishness. These Englishmen traveled with the insular eyes; they could not appreciate the value of courtesy, which, not of vital importance, nevertheless oils daily life and prevents friction. But those who have really lived in France know that there is substantial, helpful courtesy, as well as the smiling bow, the complimentary gesture, the flattering word.

What M. de Maratray says of the change in France may be applied in part to the social life of this country. He makes no comment on the present attitude of women, young and old; whether the "emancipation" of the sex, the participation in athletic sports, and the admission into trades and professions largely due to the war, have made the women of his country regardless of qualities that formerly attracted, charmed, were considered peculiarly womanly,

and gave the French world-wide distinction.

The change in this country, at least in the eastern states, is noticeable, if only in the behavior of young girls toward their elders, in their lack of respect toward the aged, in their reckless deportment in public. At the same time it should not be forgotten that in all ages there have been men like M. de Maratray; foolish women, young and old; the rude of both sexes. It is not probable that all the daughters of Zion were like those that vexed Isaiah; that all the Roman men and women sat as subjects for Juvenal's savage denunciation. The suddenly rich, extravagant, arrogant, have been known for centuries. There was need of sumptuary laws years ago in staid New England. There were discourteous aristocrats before the Reign of Terror.

Those who think that there is any opportunity for Scotland to go dry this year, have not read the Temperance Act of 1913. If the ballot carries out the extreme course provided by the act, there is still consolation for the thirsty. Hotels and clubs will be allowed to sell liquor to guests or any one taking a meal on the premises. Restaurants may provide strong waters, wines or beer with meals. The private consumer will not be molested. If he takes the precaution to buy not less than two gallons at a time. Liquor may be purchased at an apothecary's shop if an order from a physician is presented. The scenery in Scotland will continue to be romantic, and Americans should not fail to see it.

Against Embalming

On Feb. 12, 1842, M. Cornillier showed at Nantes mutton that was two months old, yet, thanks to the Gannal process, it had the appearance of fresh meat. The exhibition was in the presence of naval and military officers, custom house officers, members of the chamber of commerce and a physician.

In his satirical "Les Guepes" of the following month, Alphonse Karr, having commented adversely on the embalment of dead men and women, paid attention to the exhibition at Nantes. "I declare that from this day I lose all confidence in meat. In what outlets can I henceforth put my trust? A man of 30 years cannot be sure that he is not eating a beefsteak older than he is; or he will receive as a heritage an octogenarian and patrimonial pot-au-feu handed down in the family from father to son; legs of mutton will be mummified, and we shall have in the place of breaded outlets, outlets stuffed with straw. Horace said to Maecenas: 'We'll drink wine put in a jar on the day when the people thrice saluted Maecenas, a knight, on his entrance into the theatre.' Twenty years from now a poet will write, not to M. Maecenas, but to a mere friend, 'Come and eat chops from a sheep killed the day on which M. Pasquier was elected to the French Academy.' I protest against the embalment of butcher's meat. The cattle of Poissy ought not to be treated

like the bull Apis, for Apis was not eaten. And then by reason of embalming and stuffing everybody, the Pharaohs, deans, citizens, sheep, the National Guard, there will be distressing confusion in the butcher shop. I am unwilling to run the risk of eating one day at the Cafe de Paris M. Gannal with anchovy sauce."

Alphonse Karr died in 1890 at the age of 82. What would he say today about lamb imported from New Zealand, about cold storage foods in general? A singular man, a passionate lover of flowers and dogs, in his earlier years noted for eccentricity in dress and his manner of living, the author of the delightful "Journey in My Garden" and the Byronic novel, "Under the Lindens," he argued that the angler was more ferocious than the hunter, who killed only the game, a dog, or a companion, while the angler killed the worm that served for bait and the fish that was his prey. Jules Lecomte wrote a malicious sketch of Karr, which is quoted in Villemessant's "Memoires of a Journalist" (Vol. V.).

The Linotype's Quotation

Last Monday we quoted from the New York Evening Post a sentence beginning, "Lydia Thompson and her 'Black Crook' were an offence." The Linotype printed "her 'Black Crook' V." It also inserted a V after "Black Crook" in our statement that the excellent Lydia was not associated with "The Black Crook." The linotype is often a humorist, but this instance we fail to see the joke. We apologize in behalf of the linotype to Harriet Holt Dey for the seeming misquotation.

"I Am Holier than Thou"

As the World Wags:

Alas, sir, somehow "A United States Citizen," if only in posse, recalls a remark made to me by Joseph Devlin when he was in Boston. I asked him to account for the high minimum capacity of the Irish in Ireland.

"It's like this, Lucius," he confided: "When they reach a certain age at home, say about the sixth second stage, we cull them and send the omadnauns to America." L. X. CATALONIA.

Fit for Strategems, etc.

As the World Wags:

Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his forthcoming colossal work a chapter on Gramophones, cross-indexed to include all vivisection music, music substitutes, etc.? If so, he probably suggests an antidote. In the mean time, while we await such relief, a possible help for the million, more or less, sufferers, might be found in a law restricting the exploitation of these instruments of torture to certain hours during which the neighbors who "do not like music" may run to cover with the glad assurance that there will be, as there are not now, some hours in which "silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound." INPELIX DIDO.

Sculpin Point.

Lucus a non Lucendo

As the World Wags:

Having occasion to journey by train down the South Shore, I was reminded of Shakespeare's line, "What's in a name?"

As we were approaching a small station, the trainman shouted, "Sea View!" My vision raised to the nth power failed to reveal the slightest indication of water—ocean, bay, lake, river, not even a brook. I thought of my old friend, the departed Pennywhistle, who would have immortalized the incident in one of his masterly poetical effusions. As the train rattled along a certain rhythm persistently repeated itself, until an accompanying verse was born, literally by travel. Surely Pennywhistle's spirit imbued me:

Should you stop at this station called Sea-View,
In a good deal of doubt it might lead view.
Of the sea, there's no sign.
So it is, you opine,
A deliberate scheme to do Sea View.
Bog Hollow. FRANKLIN HEATER.

"From the Old World"

As the World Wags:

Ithyme for "month?" Simplest ever. Here goes:

In other days at Mr. Keith's
There played sometimes a month
Those jolly dogs "from the old world";
One's name was Rudd, the other's Bimth.

No liping, no creating of queer and unknown words for that. Who does not remember that immortal breaking of eggs into a plug hat? "Why not I make a cake? Egad, I will." And "the fellow's a marvel." Great comedians. Where are they now? W. D. Cambridge.

His Name and Fame Evanescent

As the World Wags:

It would appear that the poet, Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Oaken Bucket," should be added to the evangelist, George Whitefield, and others whose name and fame have become dim with age, for a special dispatch from Nor-

W. M. ... the ... Herald, the ... name is given as "Samuel Wadsworth." It seems strange that Woodworth's name and name should thus so soon have become dim in a town which was originally a part of the very town in which he was born.

SUBURBANITE.

A translation of Romain Rolland's "Liluli," a farce, is published by Boni and Liverlight of New York. There is a fantastically illustrated paper wrapper, in which the eulogy of the publishers is inserted, and 32 wood cuts of a strange nature by Frans Masereel. The name of the translator is not given. As the original version is not at hand we are unable to say whether the translation is literal or free. We miss "the lyric note and the sheer beauty" that evidently impressed the publishers, but perhaps this is the fault of Rolland, or the publishers are peculiarly impressionable.

It will be remembered that Rolland's attitude during the World War, his aloofness, his reflections as if he were only a visitor from some other planet, aroused bitter resentment in France. He was accused of all sorts of things, treachery among them. "Liluli" is a savage satire in which he apparently takes his revenge. Liluli, the fairy-witch, typifies illusion. Altair and Antares are heroic youths "sacrificing their lives in the blind quest of the ideal." Polichinelle, the scepticism of France ready to compromise. Truth, a gypsy in harlequin costume, is veiled and gagged; Opinion is a dumb part; the typical peasants of France and Baden are Janot and Hansot. Polonius belongs to all the academies and palaces of Peace and wears all the decorations. There are bands of profiteers, workmen, poor men, intellectuals, diplomats. Master-God is introduced as a tribal and shifting deity. Liberty cracks her whip. Fraternity is represented as a half-naked Negro in a top-hat and a napkin under his chin, arm-in-arm with a clergyman. The mockery is now witty, now laborious. There are times when it is simply vulgar, as in Liluli's wooing of Polichinelle. According to Rolland the world is fast going to "eternal smash." Ideals are shams, there is no comfort in religion, the peoples are a prey to militarists, diplomatists, profiteers. "Thy hand, Great Anarch, let the curtain fall." At the end even Polichinelle is buried in the universal ruin, while Liluli sits on top of the mound, saying, with her finger to her nose:

A wise man has said:
"Wait, ere you laugh and mock, my friend,
At fate until—The end."

We miss the Rolland that wrote shrewdly and lovingly about music and musicians, the excellent lives of Handel and Michael Angelo, the 10 volumes of "Jean Christophe" and the cheery, wholesome romance "Colas Breugnot," which, completed early in 1914, was not published until late in 1918. The iron has entered his soul. "Liluli" shows him to be a satirist of the Swiftian school. His own brave, joyous, simple Colas Breugnot, should have given him faith, hope and charity.

Brentano of New York publishes the second series of "Harvard Plays: The 47 Workshop." The thin volume contains these one-act plays: "Torches," by Kenneth Raisbeck; "Cooks and Cardinals," by Norman C. Lindau; "A Flitch of Bacon," by Eleanor Holmes Hinkley; and "The Playroom," by Doris F. Halman. Of these four plays "Cooks and Cardinals" is the most original in idea and expression. Light and amusing as it is, there is genuine characterization. "Torches" is a romantic tragedy of the Italian Renaissance, in which the middle-aged husband, the young wife and the lover who has been befriended by the husband make the accustomed speeches and work out their traditional fate. "A Flitch of Bacon" is a farcical piece in which a confirmed bachelor squire tests the truthfulness of a couple demanding the flitch for having lived without a quarrel. We find "Death," "Hark ye," "My Coney," "Ere," and "perchance" in the dialogue, as was to be expected. "The Playroom" is of a mystical nature; unfortunately the reader is not able to grasp fully the playwright's intention, and doubts whether she herself is fully acquainted with Lisbeth and Roger. Professor Baker contributes a short preface, stating that the publication of this volume marks the merging of the two series, of the 47 Workshop and the Harvard Dramatic Club plays.

A Tragedy of Golf, with Notes

About Various Theatrical Matters

"The Lonely Wife," a tragedy of golf, was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, on May 5. Miss Nina Faydon

is the heroine. The husband is a passionate golfer. Even his wife's alluring ways and bewitching nightgown do not turn his mind to his senses. She advertises for an eligible young man to share her loneliness in a platonic way, and leaves her blotting pad for her husband to read, with the aid of a mirror. In the second act the husband played a low-down trick. He persuades a friend to answer the advertisement, to visit the wife in a private sitting room at the Savoy, and to behave in an objectionable manner. She rushes to the telephone and calls up her husband at his chambers in the Temple. The husband takes her home, minus a necklace. The friend follows to make amends. "The necklace is returned, and the friend goes out into the night a silent sufferer with his love untold. Perhaps on the whole it is wise that the husband decides not to reveal the secret of the Savoy meeting. Instead, he sees the error of his ways. Sunday golf is cancelled; a fox-trot record is put on the gramophone; the husband tries to learn the newest dance steps and there is talk of a month's holiday in Switzerland."

"Thersytes," an old English play, author unknown, has been performed in Hyde Park, London. The Homeric snarler and bully is shown in combat with a snail, but he finally hides behind his mother's skirts when a real warrior comes. There are amusing anachronisms in the play, as when Thersytes talks about "gunstones" and challenges the Knights of the Round Table.

Seven plays ended their runs in West End theatres of London on July 10. The London Daily Mail said that this was without precedence. "The slump" is generally held to blame; and in more detail the following were among explanations advanced by those behind the scenes:

Summer time, which takes people out of doors in the evening;

The economy wave;

The very high rents of theatres and the increased cost of production and staff necessitating an almost full house at every performance in order to make a profit;

End of the war-time satisfaction of the public with "any sort" of play.

"Brown Sugar," a comedy by Lady (Arthur) Lever reached London (the Duke of York's theatre) on July 7. Young Lady Sloane was a chorus-girl whose slang, and manners shocked the parental Knightsbridges. "Would you be surprised to learn that the ex-chorus-girl has a heart of gold, and that the £1000 which she paid to the book-maker was not, as Lady Knightsbridge supposed, hush-money, but to redeem the liabilities of a foolish youngster of the Knightsbridge family? But the Knightsbridges never guessed it, and the poor, misunderstood girl had actually to run away and re-engage herself at the Palladium (as a star this time, not in the chorus) before it was made plain how generous the sweet, unrefined thing really was, and then the Sloanes and the Knightsbridges embraced all round. But not until there had been a contest of generosity between the Knightsbridges and the Palladium manager about the young lady's contract—the K's (with the heartfelt cry of 'noblesse oblige') declaring that she must fulfil it, and the manager with a 'beau geste' tearing it up. . . . Mr. Martyn Roland, as the bookmaker, wore a lounge suit by an old Bond-street tailor carefully named in the program, and lived up to it. Other gentlemen, mere wearers of anonymous suits, nevertheless, acted cleverly."

The grimmest scene from Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Oliver Twist"—"wherein Bill Sikes batters poor Nancy to death (in the wings) to the accompaniment of the most heartrending cries that even Miss Constance Collier can give utterance to" was on the bill of an entertainment in London for the benefit of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Times remarked: "We are not quite sure, by the way, that it was the most appropriate feature of an entertainment at which there were many children present. But let us hope for the sake of their slumbers last night that most of them were fulfilling their function as chocolate-sellers at the time, for one can imagine few things more likely to lead to nightmare than the rock-like performance of Mr. Lyn Harding as Sikes, and the panther-like rendering of Nancy by Miss Collier, both back in their old parts after a lapse of 15 years."

E. Temple Thurston's play, "The Wandering Jew," to be produced in London next month, has nothing to do with Sue's romance. The action starts in Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion. The next scene is near Antioch toward the close of the 11th century. Other scenes are in the Italy of the middle ages and in Spain during the reign of Philip II. There were three plays based on the legend brought out in London in 1873.

The Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre will bring out next season L. P. Brown's "The Potter's Shop," a new play of mediæval Persian life, Vanbrugh's "The Confederacy," Echegaray's "The Cleansing Stain," the first part of "Henry IV." and a new play by John Drinkwater. Since February, 1913, Barry V. Jackson has staged at this thea-

tre 148 plays, including 13 of Shakespeare, 10 of other Elizabethan and 18th century authors, three mediæval plays, four Greek plays, three plays by Molière, 15 translations of modern European plays, and 34 by modern British dramatists, many of which, including John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" were produced there for the first time on any stage. The classics, in Mr. Barry Jackson's opinion, are the mainstay of the Repertory Theatre, there being enough of them to keep the movement going indefinitely. "We never allow a play, old or new," he says, "however successful, to run longer than a fortnight, and even that period is exceptional. A week is the usual period with subsequent revivals."

The Bram Stoker collection of books, prints and other relics connected with Henry Irving, bought at a recent sale, has been presented to Stratford-on-Avon, for exhibition in the Memorial Theatre.

Norman Mcowan and Charlton Mann have adapted H. de Vere Stackpole's novel, "The Blue Lagoon," for the stage. It will be produced in London toward the end of this month.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, seeing "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane, noted that the sand storm scene half-choked many people in the stalls. "Was the sand brought from the Sahara by Mr. Collins? It may have been, for the program assures us that the camels were . . . Obviously Mr. Hichens need not have placed his story of the monk and the lady in the Garden of Allah. It might have happened in Hatton-Garden."

"Why Change Your Wife?" emphasizes all the faults of a class of film which has obtained an extraordinary vogue. The fashion started with certain comedies, none of which was complete without the inclusion of a bevy of so-called "bathing beauties." We have a bathing scene in this film, and rather a startling one, too. But this appeal to the lower side of human nature, instead of being merely incidental to the film, as it used to be in the comedies, is here made its leitmotif. The film is founded on the idea that married life is a constant state of physical attraction. We are shown a husband and wife. The wife is an intellectual and the husband is suspected of seeking his pleasures abroad. The lady of his choice is a mannequin. Her physical charms seem to be undeniable, and she is shown in a state of negligence which will probably astonish even the most hardened. The wife divorces the husband, and he marries the mannequin. Then the wife, in desperation, decides to pay more attention to the physical than the intellectual side of her nature. She appears in a bathing costume, and her former husband is eventually so captivated by her physical charms that he decides that he is in love with her again. The whole idea is extremely unpleasant, and, to advance such a theme as a subject for light comedy, shows a lamentable lack of taste.—London Times.

Pierre d'Ouvray, reviewing "Kitty" as performed in Paris, ends his article by saying: "I hardly dare notice one detail from fear of injuring the success of the piece: there is no naked woman on the stage."

Arthur Roberts, the comedian, now 67 years old—he has been on the stage since 1870—stated in the London bankruptcy court that his liabilities are £1963 and there is a deficiency in assets of £1071. Since 1900 he had produced musical comedies and sketches. In 1911 he was worth £10,000, but since 1912 four revues had brought a loss of £5000. He had thus been obliged to sacrifice some of his securities. Though he has lived modestly, his expenses now outrun his profits, but he is negotiating for an engagement at £1000 a year.

In view of the fact that "Daddalums" has been described as the worst title in London, Calvert and Melville are offering a prize of £50 for what George R. Sims decides to be the best suggestion.

"The Liberators," a harrowing play by Srgan Tucid, translated by Mrs. Fannie Copeland, produced at the Surrey, London, by the People's Theatre Society, deals with the horrors of war, the madness of fratricidal strife and the scheming of ambitious soldiers and politicians. (The play was published a couple of years ago by A. H. Bullen.) The scene is in Sofia in 1913 during the second Balkan war. The old man goes mad after the death of three sons, killed in action, whom he takes to be birds kept by him in cages. The aged grandmother's father had been impaled by the Turks and her grandson's feet had been shot away. Another Bulgarian soldier, having had both arms blown to pieces, pleads for peace, and a Serb lieutenant lost his arms at the same siege, that of Adrianople.

New Plays in Paris

"Maitre de son Cœur" in three acts by Paul Raynal at the Odéon, Paris. Simon wishes to be sure that Alice loves him, so he wishes his friend Henri to convince him. Henri is a 'cold person,' "master of his heart" and his senses. Alice, vexed to find a man so cold, tries to awaken him. At last she falls in love with him and proclaims her love. Simon kills himself. The play was severely criticised.

"Deux Lits," in one act by Robert Dieudonne, Praxy Theatre, Paris. A married journalist is not successful, and

the marriage is unhappy. Their chamber has twin beds. The hussler, who comes to take possession finds two beds are a luxury, and he leaves only one, for the law forbids the seizure. The marriage henceforth is a happier one. "A gay little piece, well thought out, and of an amiably philosophic nature."

"Phocas le Jardinier" in two acts by Francis Vele-Griffin, Le Vieux Colombier Theatre, Paris. Illogographers have extolled Phocas who would not abjure his faith even in the face of death. The dramatist gives another reason for his dying. Born a Christian, Phocas is pagan in his tastes; fond of money, in love with a pretty pagan whom he purposes to wed. He dies simply because he thinks it ignoble for a man to fear death and to deny the ancestral faith. At the same theatre, "La Folle Journée," in one act by Emile Mazand. An old man, poor, brave, miserable but pitying misery passes a day in the country with an old friend, good for nothing, but whose fortune—he has five francs a day for his meals—swells him with vanity. Fine observation and a dialogue—all in the manner of Maupassant characterize the piece.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times was not pleased by Andre Rivoltre's version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" at the Comedie Francaise or by the performance. Mme. Pierat made of Juliet "a dear little thing. Albert-Cambert's Romeo was too ripe." Until tragedy was violently evoked by the drastic means of poison and sword the whole story became lowered to the level of a vulgar flirtation between a "flapper" and some gentleman casually met or picked up at the White City one evening.

This correspondent found "Antony and Cleopatra" so great a spectacle that it was hardly a play. "It is almost sure that if Shakespeare had wanted to put a bear and some peacocks on the stage he would have given them a scene to themselves, when every one was talking about them and the audience was expected to look at them. When engaged with his principal characters, however, he would not have allowed people to lead on unexpected animals, thereby inevitably distracting attention from the progress of the piece. . . . Mme. Rubinstein was as sinuous and beguiling as the serpent of Old Nile should be. The last French Cleopatra I saw was prevented by reasons over which even her corsetiere had no control from being sinuous at all. Mme. Rubinstein can be as serpentine as she chooses, but one can hardly tell if her Cleopatra was otherwise the conception of a great actress."

The French idea of an English butler in Gemier's production of "The Amirable Crichton" amused the correspondent, who says that Bartle, not being English enough, did not get the English butler quite right. "I cannot help thinking that if the French really think that the first act shows an English family truthfully, it is no wonder they find it difficult to like us. Gemier's performance saves the piece. What is more interesting even than his acting is the fact that he should have cared to play this part."

"Le Cri du Cœur," comedy in three

acts by Pierre Veber and Henri de Gorsse, Nouvel-Ambigu, Paris. Prof. Vernon is adored by many women whose husbands fear this adoration. The Comte de Roquefeuille forbids his wife Suzanne to attend the lectures; but she disobeys; she also visits Vernon to avow and prove her love. The Count's honor would receive a rude shock if he did not have a charming sister, Regine, innocent, but knowing life. She visits Vernon, taking the place of Suzanne, and is found there by the jealous husband. Suzanne is saved and Regine marries her cousin. "An agreeable and witty play."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage describes a farce at the Palais Royal, "Et moi j'te dis qu'elle t'a fait de l'oeil!" (And I say she made eyes at you), by MM. Hennequin and Veber, a typical example of bedroom farce which is constantly being adapted for London and New York. "Aurelie, the wife of Lambrusque, is jealous, not only of her husband, but of her lover, Andre Courvalin. The latter decides to break off their liaison. So he sends his best friend, Yves, to their rendezvous to break the news of his desertion. But Aurelie, in order to divorce and marry Andre, has written her husband to come and surprise her with her lover, and the thought that she will be found alone wounds her feminine vanity. By a ruse, she secures Yves's clothes, which she throws from the window, and when the husband and the commissary arrive the unhappy young man is found in a most compromising position. Yves is led away to the police station. When he is at last set free he finds that Lambrusque, who is a man of the world, has brought his wife to Yves's flat, where she has installed herself, and he is faced with the obligation of marrying her, while his indignant fiancée breaks off their engagement. The scenes are certainly extremely funny, and even the risqué second act is so preposterous that it is not offensive. But this is due to the dexterity of a dialogue that is free from any coarseness, and by the admirable skill of the French actors, who have a genius for skating over very thin ice in a manner which would be impossible to British or American actors."

Notes About Music—Concerts, Singers, Pianists, New Works

The music critic of the London Daily Telegraph wonders if Rebecca Clarke is a composer's real name. "The name is unfamiliar in connection with creative music, and like that of Peter Warlock, it may be a pseudonym. Be that as it may, one at least of the two songs published by this firm—'Shy One' and 'The Cloths of Heaven'—is distinguished work. Only the latter is before us, a setting of a beautiful poem by William Butler Yeats—an early poem with that never-to-be-forgotten cadence:

I would spread the cloths under your feet,
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

The composer has approached this poem first of all respecting the poet's work and the poet's attitude, its quality as verse, its rhythm, its vowel values. These she has preserved with the utmost fidelity, and in doing so has given us music—dedicated to Gervase Elwes—as fragile and beautiful as the poem. She has demonstrated—that we are always hammering at—in this column—that it is not necessary to repeat words and sentences over and over again in order to make a song. If the composer cannot content himself with the rhythm of the verse as the poet conceived it he should write his own words—and he cannot then offend the poet—or confine himself to abstract music." Yes, Rebecca Clarke, unlike Mrs. Harris, is a real person.

The national opera of Vienna has suspended the tenor Schmedes because he sang in a music hall.

Demetrius Mitropoulos has written an opera "Beatrice" based on Maeterlinck's play. It has been produced at Athens.

At Athens Saint-Saëns was made much of in June. He joined in performances of his chamber music, and gave a recital. There was an orchestral concert of his works. When he came from the chamber concert the crowd detached the horses of his carriage and drew him to his lodgings; he appeared on the balcony and threw flowers to the enthusiastic admirers.

A commemorative tablet has been put on the house No. 34 rue Pigalle in Paris, where Benjamin Godard lived.

The Menestrel rhapsodized recently over Edouard Rislé, pianist. "As soon as his fingers have made the strings resound, a miracle takes place; the hearers who look at him see him no longer; he has disappeared, as a genie in a fairy tale. And from the quivering Erard a meteor rises bathing with light the work to which, in a religious silence, its creator gives new life." We were under the impression that a meteor falls, and does not rise.

E. Robert Schmitz, the excellent pianist heard in Boston last season, brought out Carpenter's concerto for piano and orchestra in Paris. It seemed there as here to lack cohesion, and a leading critic said that it amused rather than interested.

Mr. Muratore said in Paris towards the end of June that he should revisit the United States next season, to exert his personal influence on the American public in the interest of French music. He also said that he should appear in "Manon." Let us hope that he will not bawl to the gallery Des Grieux's dream, as he did in Boston. Before he sets sail, he should be coached by M. Clement in this opera.

La Mara has come to the conclusion that Beethoven's "Well-beloved" was not Theresa of Brunswick, but her sister Josephine, later Countess Deym and finally the Baroness Stackelberg.

Felix Weingartner has had two operas brought out in Vienna: "The Village School." In one act; "Master Andre," in two acts.

R. Giani has written a libretto for an opera based on Maeterlinck's "The Intruder."

François Villon gives his name to an opera in three acts, libretto and music by Albert Noelte. The opera has been produced at Karlsruhe.

The proposal before the war to erect a statue to Vincent Wallace at Waterford, his birth place, has been revived.

Miss Lonie Masche was suffering at the Aeolian Hall from a treacherous memory: in Bach's first G major from "the 48" there were two occasions on which the music might be said to be "repeated while you wait." This raised a doubt in our minds as to whether a suite in 10 sections—"At the Pool," by H. v. Kän—was really as dull as it seemed to be, for we did not quite know whether we had the actual text before us. With this difficulty in memorizing every one has the greatest sympathy—indeed, most of us wonder not why any one breaks down, but how he ever manages not to.—London Times.

Mme. Calve

Mme. Calve has been singing again in London. The Times said of her (June 23): "Mme. Calve has several ways of reminding us of what the great singers were and that she was one of them. In these times, when it is only the minority that sing, and only the small minority that can be relied upon to sing, in tune, an afternoon of song with only one accidental false note, and without even a suspicion of 'tremble,' is a red-

letter day. The art of bel canto, too—the art of giving the audience nothing but the very kernel of the note, no breathiness, no 'noises,' no creaking

mechanism—is so rare that we have nearly forgotten what it would sound like; yet here it is in phrase after phrase, so lifelike and 'so easy,' that it is incredible that few should think it worth the trouble of acquiring now. There may be only an octave of notes and few really resonant ones among them, but the point is there are no bad notes, and a use therefore can be found for every note in its proper place. The only quarrel we have with Mme. Calve is for her choice of songs. The invertebrate ditties signed Guy d'Hardelot, and the trash, words and music, under the name of Ralph Burnham, could not increase her reputation, nor could she hope to make theirs. The most that any one could do for them would be to secure that they should be unwept by leaving them unsung. There were three good ones—Lullu's 'Amour que veux-tu de moi,' an old French 'Pierre at sa mie' and a capital Spanish 'Clavelitos'; and then, of course, there was Carmen—the Carmen Seculare—for which every one had waited, as in some countries they wait for the monsoon to break." And the Times said of her pianist: "Mr.

Harold Samuel, who assisted, has adopted a new style. He has found out that the slanders are all wrong and that it is all done by kindness. That is a great thing to have found out, because he is likely to have the field to himself for a long time; the man-at-arms is not likely to change his method and give up his only asset. He played the Chromatic Fantasia with amazing insight (and only less so the Fugue), and he made Debussy's 'Passepied' sound as no one else has yet been able to. He is also the one English player who adds to his skill a sense of humor—i. e., a power of being able to laugh with his audience at himself."

Among the works to be performed by the London Symphony Orchestra next season are Prokofiev's Scythian Suite, Holst's "Planets," Poldowski's nocturne, Strauss's "Alpine" symphony, Holbrooke's "Gwynn ap Nudd."

Mme. Albani has been granted a pension of £100 a year by the British government.

The late Dr. Louis Lissner left a valuable musical library of 600 volumes to the San Francisco Public Library.

Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" was performed in Hyde Park, London by the League of Arts on July 3. "There was manifest surprise at the majesty and grandeur this music attains in depicting the tragic parts of the story of the unhappy Queen of Carthage, as well as at the extraordinary freshness of the choruses in a lighter vein."

The London Daily Telegraph suggests that "Pagliacci" has permanently survived its pristine stable-companion "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Weber's Piano Sonata in A flat: "He (Busoni) extracted from its pages the authentic expression of one of the greatest figures in 19th century music: grandiloquent, romantic, theatrical, sentimental; a man whose very life was a gesture, often noble and as often tawdry—listen again to the Rondo of this sonata with its chromatic affectations! and whose death was such a painful tragedy. There will never be another Weber—but Wagner and Schumann and Liszt, and even Brahms, owed him much."

In her student days Clara Butt attracted attention by singing in Gluck's "Orpheus"; but her first appearance on

the stage as a professional was in the same opera at Drury Lane on July 1. I said that she "met all reasonable expectations." Which may be interpreted in various ways. She is now in her 42th year.

Miss Norah Scott Turner sings in tune. This should be proclaimed from the housetops whenever it happens, since it is so rare nowadays; and it is pleasant to praise people for doing what, after all, is their bare duty than to blame them for sins which they seldom believe they commit. To sing in tune and without a tremble is vital, and therefore Miss Turner has the root of the matter in her.—London Times.

The ballet "Pulcinella." "If only Stravinsky had been content to do with Pergolesi what Tommasini did with Scarlatti, 'Pulcinella' would have been wholly delightful. Unfortunately, Stravinsky seems to have feared that Pergolesi would not be interesting enough unless brightened up with his own cleverness; he has lost a good deal of what is fresh and charming in the music, and his effects, especially the trombone trick, are not always very clever."

Reading in Bed

It is the season when certain subjects, hardy annuals, return for newspaper discussion, with the punctuality of a well-established and well-regulated comet. They are sometimes introduced by a correspondent, rejoicing to see his name

in print; sometimes by a paragrapher in search of "copy" and hoping that disputatious contributors will be of long continued assistance. It is a little early for the appearance of the sea-serpent; the agitation for whale-steak as the salvation of the workman in humble circumstances has died away; but the question, "Why are handkerchiefs square?" has again been raised, also "Where is the largest flag in the world?" A write in the Cornhill has the courage to recommend books for reading in bed. He should next answer the question, "What one book should be taken for a long sojourn on a desert island?"

The habit of reading in bed, strongly discouraged by honest oculists, has of course been encouraged by the electric light overhead or on a stand by the bedstead. There is no longer the danger of the candle or the kerosene lamp. If the reader falls asleep, the house is still safe, nor is the cost of long illumination deplorable. There will be reading in bed as long as there are books, magazines and light. The warning, "You will ruin your eyes," is of no avail.

The Cornhill article is not at hand, yet it is easy to guess the contents. No one should read Einstein's theories or begin Gibbon's voluminous work. Young's "Night Thoughts," "The City of Dreadful Night" and "Call to the Unconverted" are hardly to be recommended. Novels by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu and others that are creepy; short stories like Bulwer's "Haunted and the Haunters" should not even be on a shelf in the bedroom, nor should they be remembered. Any story that is exciting, that baffles curiosity until the last chapter is disallowed. If a novel is to be read, it should have been read before, and so one goes back to Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Reade, but not Wilkie Collins, whose "Woman in White" and Miss Gwilt are not women to wish one pleasant dreams. Jane Austen is a soothing companion, so is Sir Walter, whose introductory chapters should close the eyes of the most confirmed insomniac.

Thackeray wrote in one of his "Roundabout Papers," itself an admirable bedside book, that his favorites at night were Howell's Letters and Montaigne's Essays. Essays of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Lamb might be added, also the Early Diary of Frances Burney and a volume of Horace Walpole's Correspondence. The book should not be heavy; the edition should not be luxurious; the print should be clear.

Reading in bed is only for those that are not forced to wear spectacles. The exertion of removing them after the first disposition to sleep may dispel sleep. It may also be said that reading in bed is for only those who have no regard for their eyesight during the day. Thus one comes to Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry.

Aug 3 (1926)

Bludgeon v. Rapier

Not long ago Sir Herbert Stephen contributed an interesting article to an English magazine. Entitled, "The Late Lamented Bludgeon," this article was a lamentation over misdirected geniality in the reviewing of books, theatrical performances, pictures, concerts and opera. He sighed for the days of plain, severe speaking. No doubt he would have welcomed the resurrection of Mr. Bludgeon, the trenchant reviewer in "Penny-dennis," who, having convicted an author of every literary crime, danced a war dance on his body, sold the volume and at once converted the money into brandy. Sir Herbert put the end of "fearless" reviewing and the beginning of peace and goodwill in the year 1890. This may be true of England, yet there have been slashing reviews in English periodicals since that date.

Undoubtedly there is too much honey-daubing in the reviews published in London and in the chief

American cities, too much log-rolling for the benefit of publishers, managers and dealers. The reviewer is sometimes a poorly disguised press agent, or in close association with the zealous counting room of the newspaper or magazine. To say that this is universally true would be a grievous error. In the leading newspapers of the large cities the reviewer has a free hand, if he wishes his hand to be free. If he is not so violent, not so brutally abusive in the expression of his unfavorable opinion, as were his predecessors in England and even in this country, it is because there has been a general change in the spirit of expression. The public today would look with amazement on editorial articles of the abusively personal nature published in prominent journals of New York before the civil war. No editor today would begin a leader against the policy of another editor, "You lie, you little villain, you know you lie." A diatribe like this would excite suspicion of the writer's sanity.

There are lazy and timid reviewers, now as there always have been. The former accept and reprint with slight changes the publisher's eulogistic wrapper, the "blurb," as it is called. The latter, often lazy, skim the pages and write a few amiably meaningless words, aroused to censure only by the thought that some earnest and unflinching treatment of a political, social, sexual problem may shake the principles or sap the morality of some unwarned reader. Then the reviewer drops his penny-whistle and attempts to blow a trumpet blast, unconsciously advertising a book that possibly should be read and reread.

The bludgeon, wielded by the old-time reviewers of Blackwood, the Quarterly, Fraser's, the Saturday Review, the Pall Mall Gazette, is now seldom used. The rapier, irony, a far more effective weapon, is not drawn enough. A London reviewer in the old days began "In a really civilized society the author of this book would be whipped at the cart's tail." Thus was sympathy excited at once for the author. The famous review of Disraeli's "Lothair" in Blackwood and Poe's handling of the Rev. J. T. Headley were merciless, yet the reader in both instances ap-

plauded. And there is this to be remembered, a long-established reviewer grows tolerant with the years. Or is tolerance, after all, a pleasing euphemism for laziness? Of making many books there is no end; and much reviewing is a weariness of the flesh.

MARY YOUNG SEEN IN BARRIE'S "ROSALIND"

Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett, in a travesty, "The Eighteenth Amendment," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

This act is one of the funniest that Mr. Van has given since his irrepressible days as Patsy Bolivar. The dialogue is not only funny but is particularly suited to the style of the comedian, and the treatment of the 18th amendment, while the merest skeleton of the structure, is uproariously funny. This gives the comedian full play as the "souse," and with the addition of a misfit suit of clothes and his "intimate" colloquialisms the audience is kept in a continual uproar. Mr. Corbett, debonair, and a model of sartorial elegance, was interesting as a foil. A decidedly minor feature of the act, he took up the work with sincerity and contributed to the success of the performance.

Much interest was manifested in the appearance of Mary Young in J. M. Barrie's one-act play, "Rosalind." The piece was performed originally in this country with Marie Tempest in the part of Mrs. Page. Yesterday's performance was the second in this country. The piece represents the disillusionment of an ardent Romeo, and again his reawakened ardor. The character of Mrs. Page calls for differentiation. There is the actress, in slippers and evening robe, carefree on a holiday, complete relaxation after her outer, and again the enthusiast

to London at the behest of her manager and eager for the footlights and the public.

Miss Young was equal to the occasion, and it is not too much to say that after the disillusionment and her appearance in the doorway, a romping girl off to the metropolis, the audience was astonished at the complete transformation. Mr. Gribble dropped from enthusiasm to remorse, and returned to the role of the fervid lover with intelligence of line and method, and Miss Blanchard was interesting and convincing as Mrs. Quickly. The piece resolves itself into much that is delightfully conversational, but there is little action.

Other acts on the bill were El Rey sisters, skaters; Maleta Boconl, violinist, Coley and Jaxon, comedians; Harry Cooper, in monologue; Horace Goldin, illusionist, Murphy and White, vocalists, Wilfred Du Bois, juggler.

Women in the Box

In accordance with an act of Parliament, women in England are now subject to jury duty, on conditions similar to those that govern men. Husband and wife will not be permitted to serve on the same occasion.

Nearly 100 years ago Brougham remarked—say rather, shouted: "That man was guilty of no error, he was a party to no exaggeration, he was led by his fancy into no extravagance, who had said that all they saw about them, Lords and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, was designed to bring twelve men into the jury-box, to decide on questions connected with liberty and property." This sentence has often been quoted and applauded. Robert Southey entering it in his common-place book headed it "Brougham's Rant About Juries." What would the violent Brougham or what would the amiable Southey say today about a jury composed wholly or partly of women?

What has been the result in communities where women have sat in the jury box? Is there any exhaustive report on this subject? There was a Senate of women in the time of the madly extravagant Heliogabalus; it acted, according to ancient historians, partly as legislators, partly as judges and jurors, especially in the matter of sumptuary laws. There are cases in which a jury of women would seem necessary to justice: as when a dress-maker sues for an unpaid bill and the defendant alleges shabby work or protests against extortion; as when a domestic servant appears against her mistress. But how is it in cases of breach of promise, seduction, or murder through jealousy or the wild desire to free oneself from an intolerable yoke?

Would a New England woman as a juror accept the long established, if immoral, theory that the woman is a more grievous offender than the man? Or would she champion her sex even against the evidence? Would she be more tolerant, more sympathetic in the box than she is in passing judgment over her tea table or at her club?

The intuitions of women are keener than those of man, but is their opinion after deliberation sounder? Paragraphers may jest about a female jury favoring an Apollo as a plaintiff or a defendant; the answer is that in life a brilliant, handsome woman often chooses for her mate an unattractive and dull man, according to Schopenhauer's law of contrast in matrimonial selection. It would not be safe to argue that woman, tender-hearted, would necessarily sympathize with the underdog. The vestal Virgins applauded the victorious gladiator and the

Spanish woman today is all for the matador, not for the bull or the horse. If the intuitions of women are keen, their judgment of men is not always sane: witness the mistakes they often make in marriage. Their prejudices are surely no more violent than those of men, nor are they unreasonable. As many attending murder trials, do have no compunction in

acting as jurors in cases of life or death, yet the average man, accused of murder, would probably prefer a male jury, if only from the thought that a condemnatory verdict would then be a more dignified proceeding.

Murder and the Newspapers

The newspapers, great and little, are filled with accounts of murders and trials for murder. When an automatic revolver is not fired daily, poison or a knife does the work. Our larger cities remind one of San Diego, Cal., in the Fifties as described by John Phoenix:

All night in this sweet little village is heard the soft note of the pistol. And the pleasant scream of the victim. Who's been shot prehaps in his gizzard.

There are some that object to the publicity given by the press to these tragedies and trials. To them the most conservative journals in other respects are in this one sensational. "Sensational" is a word loosely used. "Oedipus Rex," "Macbeth," "Othello" might thus be defined, as other great works in literature. Yet thousands of sober and respectable men and women read eagerly the newspaper accounts, as the most mild-mannered of readers would be disappointed at not finding a full report of a prize-fight waiting for him at breakfast or after the evening meal.

No better defence could be made for the publication of facts and conjectures, if a defence is needed, than that made by Thomas de Quincey for filling the columns of a country newspaper, the Westmoreland Gazette, with assize reports and murder trials, while he was the editor in 1818-19. De Quincey believed it was right to allow them precedence of all other news, whether domestic or foreign, for these reasons: "(1) Because to all ranks alike they possess a powerful and commanding interest. (2) Because to the more uneducated classes they yield a singular benefit, by teaching them their social duties in the most impressive shape; that is to say, not in a state of abstraction from all that may explain, illustrate, and enforce them (as in the naked terms of the Statute), but exemplified (and as the logicians say, concreted) in the actual circumstances of an interesting case, and in connection with the penalties that accompany their neglect or their violation. (3) Because they present the best indications of the moral condition of society."

It may be said that the curiosity excited in the case of a plain or mysterious murder is morbid. Yet for centuries grave commentators on the Bible inquired into the motive of Cain and quarrelled over the weapon that slew Abel. Murders have inspired noteworthy pages in literature, from Aeschylus to Shakespeare, from John Webster to Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe. The Elwell case led to the publication in the New York Evening Post of a graphic and brilliant page in which the life of a man-about-town and his reckless associates was inexorably portrayed. As one of Hazlitt's finest essays is "The Fight," so the ironical humor and fancy of De Quincey found full play in his "Mur-

der as One of the Fine Arts," while his power of description was exercised in full when he told the story of the singularly brutal murders committed by Mr. John Williams. The unknown writers of the first edition of the Newgate Calendar in simplicity and force of narration rivalled Swift and Defoe.

"Sensational?" The life of the humblest is sensational, for it includes birth and death. Not without reason did Sir Thomas Browne declare his quiet, contemplative life in Norwich a miracle. The taking away of any life, whatever the cause, excites wonder, whether the murder be against the law or in accordance with the "unwritten law." It calls for publicity; and this newspaper publicity has more than once

brought the unknown murderer to justice after policemen and detectives had failed.

Born Dowisers

Belief in the ability of the divining-rod, or, as the English call it, the dowsing-rod, to find out a water supply or veins of minerals, is to the majority of serious-minded, highly respectable persons a gross and foolish superstition, yet here comes Sir W. F. Barrett's approving explanation: the movements of the rod, whether it be of hazel or of some more orthodox wood, is not due to the hidden and elusive water or vein, but to the involuntary muscular action of the dowser, who has "a supernatural perceptive faculty, which enables him to detect the hidden object of his search." But where is this perceptive faculty at home? Is it latent in those that have never exercised it? Is the owner with the rod in his hand conscious of some mysterious fluid, some electrical message? If the virtue is in the holder and not in the rod, the latter need not be cut at any particular, traditional time; it need not be forked at any particular angle, though in all solemn functions it is meet and proper to follow time-honored directions.

Unfortunately, scientific gentlemen are never so happy as when they are in disagreement. Sir Ray Lankester sits in the seat of the scornful when the discussion is about dowsing. He thinks that when the rod points and water is found the holder has some knowledge of geology and skill in determining the significance of certain indications above ground. He once tested a dowser of great reputation. The rod located 11 places where there was water in the grounds of a mansion. The dowser was taken indoors; blindfolded, taken out by another door, he found 11 places, no one of which corresponded with any of the first 11, although he was taken over the places, where with open eyes he had previously found water. At last he was placed over a pipe of running water; the rod—it was of hazel—never moved.

On the other hand, Miss C. Nina Boyle, who is celebrated in England for speaking volubly on questions concerning women, tells a story about a property in Johannesburg, sold twice because the owners in spite of every reputable scientific search could not find water. A third person was, nevertheless, persuaded by his wife to purchase the estate. She soon found water in six places, "and there is now a swimming bath 16 feet deep." Thus another triumph of woman over mere man is recorded.

In neither case is it safe to argue for or against magic power. Sir Ray's dowser may not have been born supernatural; he may be, not necessarily an imposter, but a man following a trade for which he is unsuited by nature, as there are poor cobblers, weak lawyers, prosaic musicians, dull and unspiritual men in the pulpit. Nor is it to be argued that because one woman in Johannesburg put to rout expert men, all women, or, say, all wives, are super-

normal and can find water or a mineral vein by calmly looking through the ground with a rod, a secondary, obedient instrument, in their hands.

The dowser is born, not made. That there are men who have the singular gift is beyond doubt and peradventure. Sworn affidavits to this statement can be obtained in any agricultural county of New England. It is pleasant to know this. Daily life is less drab, more picturesque for the presence of the diviner with his rod, especially when the rod is of hazel. Unfortunately, the great problem in these days of the last amendment to the Constitution is not to find water; and one has yet to hear of a hazel rod that points unerringly to cached barrels, kegs or quart bottles.

"Stephen Collins Foster: a Biography of America's Folk Song Composer," by Harold Vincent Milligan, is published by G. Schirmer of New York and Boston (in Boston, the Boston Music Company, West street). There are 10 illustrations.

The life of Foster had already been written, but Mr. Milligan tells an interesting story in an interesting manner, gives information about Foster's parents, boyhood and maturer years that is in certain details new to the public, and, as a musician, speaks critically and instructively about Foster's musical nature and the character of his songs. As he says at the beginning, Foster occupies a unique position in the history of music. "No other single individual produced so many of those songs which are called 'folk songs,' by which is meant songs that so perfectly express the mood and spirit of the people that they become a part of the life of all the 'folk' and speak as the voice, not of an individual, but of all. So completely do the 'folk' absorb these songs and adapt them to their own uses, that the individuality and frequently even the name of the originator is completely lost, thus giving rise to the erroneous idea that a 'folk-song' is a song created not by an individual but by a community."

Foster's family was Scotch-Irish. His father was a prosperous merchant in the frontier trade, who met with adventures on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, having once been captured by pirates off the coast of Cuba and rescued by the sudden appearance of a Spanish man-of-war. He was public-spirited, aiding the government in the war of 1812, helping largely in the development of the region near Pittsburgh. Stephen's mother was also Scotch-Irish by descent.

Stephen, born on July 4, 1826, studied at the best schools, but he showed his musical nature at an early age. There is a family tradition that he would pick out harmonies on his sister's guitar when he was two years old. A mulatto girl, "a member of a church of shouting colored people," sometimes took the boy to church with her, and the singing impressed him. "To these experiences he doubtless owes much of his spontaneity and fidelity to type of his Negro melodies, many of which are so thoroughly and essentially characteristic as to give rise to the erroneous idea that they are not original, but actual folk-melodies of the colored people." At the age of 9 he was the "star" of a boy's dramatic society and he sang Negro songs that had just come into vogue. At the old Pittsburgh Theatre he saw J. B. Booth, Forrest and other actors. At the Athens Academy he was studious, generous, delicate in health, fond of "speaking pieces," devoted to music. He had learned to play the flute, and his first composition was a "Tioga Waltz" (1839) for four "or possibly three" flutes. His first song was "Sadly to My Heart Appealing," a crude song with gloomy words. In 1841 he entered Jefferson College. He was not happy there and his stay was short. His love of music prevented him from following any other course, but music was then associated by many with idleness and dissipation and "regarded at best only as an amiable weakness." Stephen began to drift; he drifted until the end. "By the time he had found his real vocation and had begun his career as a song-writer, the unfortunate weaknesses of his character had crystallized and developed beyond his control and he was never again able to direct or guide his destiny." At one time he thought of entering the navy.

His first published song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," composed when he was 16, was published two years later. Other songs followed. Fame came with "O Susanna," "Uncle Ned." Mr. Milligan sketches the rise of the Negro minstrel song beginning with Rice's "Jim Crow." Foster apparently then had no idea of the commercial value of his work, as is seen in a letter he wrote from Cincinnati in 1849, in which he speaks of his "Nelly Was a Lady" as a "miserable song." "If they (Pirth & Pond, music publishers) will give him \$10, \$5 or even \$1 for it, let him make a donation of the amount to the Orphan Asylum." Foster was then living in Cincinnati as a bookkeeper for a brother. There he met the opera singer, Mme. Biscaccianti, once well known in Boston as Miss Ostinelli.

At the age of 23 Foster, having returned to Pittsburgh, was a successful song writer. "He voiced instinctively and spontaneously the heart of the people and the spirit of the times." In 1850 he published 14 songs and a piano piece. Among the songs was "Camp-town Races" with its insistent rhythm. Most of the songs were sentimental, lachrymose. "The lyricists of the '40's and '50's concerned themselves chiefly with fair maidens who met untimely deaths, voices from by-gone days, and flowers that faded all too soon." Foster married in 1850 the daughter of a prominent physician in Pittsburgh; the marriage was apparently an unhappy one. At the time his habits were not temperate. "It may be that his wife had little sympathy with the impractical dreamer. . . . It is quite possible that the unhappiness of the marriage has been exaggerated. Foster's whole life

is clouded by a mass of gossip, reliable reminiscences, and his de- as well as his virtues have been exploited to make good 'copy.' "

It was in 1851 that Foster published 14 songs, one of which was "The Old Folks at Home." Mr. Milligan is not guilty of exaggeration when he says: "Aside from one or two national airs, born of great historical crises, such as the 'Marseillaise,' this is probably the most widely known and loved song ever written. It has been translated into every European language and into many Asian and African tongues."

The magic of this wonderful melody defies analysis. In some subtle and instinctive way it expresses the homesick yearning over the past and the far-away which is the common emotional heritage of the whole human race. If art is an attempt of the human spirit to express itself in its relation to life, and if simplicity of means, as well as lucidity, are to be accounted artistic virtues, then "The Old Folks at Home" must remain for all time one of the greatest achievements of musical art."

The later songs are described according to their deserts, and there is an account of Foster's relations with E. P. Christy. After 1852 the records of Foster's life are scanty. Living in New York, he apparently did not gain new ideas from hearing orchestral and choral music, he did not seek acquaintance with musicians of fine training. "He had sung his song." He was content to repeat himself. He did not seek a deeper, more subtle expression or a larger musical vocabulary. Whatever the experiences of his later life, they are not in any way mirrored in his music, which remains at the end as simple and ingenuous as it was in the beginning."

After a year he returned to Pittsburgh. Mr. Milligan gives an entertaining description of musical life in that city during the '50's. His mother's death in 1855 was a terrible blow to the affectionate, sensitive man. Sensitive, he was physically courageous.

"Old Black Joe" was published in 1850 and is to be ranked with Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home" and "The Old Folks at Home" as a song of the people. Foster died in New York. He had fallen upon evil fortune; but little is definitely known about his last years. Myths and legends are many; there are fictitious "reminiscences." His downfall was probably "the result of a gradual disintegration that had been

going on through the years. . . . To many minds the name of Stephen Foster, like that of Edgar Allan Poe, is a synonym of drunkenness. The world has always demanded dramatic contrasts in its stories. It more than half expects its geniuses to live in garrets and hovels, or if need be, in a bowery saloon. . . . 'Drunken' he may have been in these last sad days; 'dissolute' he never was. The least sympathetic of his memorialists give him credit for the purity of his soul and the manner of his life. . . . Sensitive, introspective, given to brooding rather than to action, Stephen paid the penalty of his temperament; the world is richer for his weakness."

George Cooper found Foster in a Bowery lodging house, No. 15, where he paid 25 cents a night, lying on the floor in the hall, with blood oozing from a cut in his throat and with a bad bruise on his forehead. He never wore night-clothes, and he was lying naked. There was a burn on his thigh, caused by the overturn of a spirit lamp. (It has been said that, waking in the night, feverish, he had fallen over a broken water picher.) A doctor summoned by Cooper sewed the cut with black thread, finding no other. Foster was taken to Bellevue Hospital, put in a charity ward, and entered on the register as "laborer," for he was poorly dressed and unidentified as belonging to any particular occupation. He died on Jan. 13, 1864, two days after he was taken to the hospital. His body was sent to the morgue. Cooper went to look for it. "There was an old man sitting there, smoking a pipe. I told him what I wanted, and he said 'Go look for him.' I went around peering into the coffins until I found Steve's body." A brother and Stephen's widow came on. "When Mrs. Foster entered the room where Steve's body was lying she fell on her knees before it and remained for a long time."

A singular tribute was paid the dead man when his body was sent to Pittsburgh. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Adams Express Company refused any remuneration for their services.

There was a large attendance at the funeral in the church. At the burying ground the Citizens' Brass band played "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" and "The Old Folks at Home." The New York Evening Post, in an obituary notice, compared Foster to Donizetti as "a finder of many melodies."

In the final chapter Mr. Milligan speaks of the musicians, a paradox, for

the wonder is that anyone who could write so well, could at the same time write so poorly. He had practically no constructive ability; when he died he was just about where he had been at the beginning. He could not develop a melody, he could not vary his harmony, but his limitations became virtues "resulting in a simplicity and directness of utterance which no amount of erudition and sophistication could

have equalled in sincerity and potency. He put the best of himself into the composition of these songs, and it is because they are the honest expression of real emotion that they found their way directly and at once to the world's heart." His environment was against him; the amount of musical culture in Pittsburgh during his formative years was negligible. In a primitive country "a log cabin may produce an Abraham Lincoln, but it can never produce a Mozart or a Beethoven. . . . A great composer may yet 'come out of the West,' but the degree of his greatness will depend very largely upon just how early in his life he 'comes out.' . . . Who can say what would have been the sum of Franz Schubert's achievements had he been born in Pittsburgh in 1826?"

"Stephen Foster touched but one chord in the gamut of human emotions, but he sounded on that strain supremely well. . . . Among all the poets who have harped the sorrows of Time and Change, no song rings truer than that of Stephen Foster."

Mr. Milligan has performed his task admirably.

New Plays in London by A. E. W. Mason, "Rita" and Chevalier

A. E. W. Mason's new play "At the Villa Rose" (Strand Theatre) introduces some wicked and some silly characters; but Mr. Walkley says they are all ingenious. Helene planned that her mistress, an old woman who delighted in spiritualistic seances, should be murdered at once by a strange and strangling hand. The mistress had had an iron safe made in the wall, but she hid her jewels elsewhere. "Imagine the vexation of the murdering party!" The First Murderer invites the nearest detective to take the case. "Unfortunately, the clever detective knew that murderers sometimes acted in that ingenious way. Moreover, the First Murderer, after his initial bit of ingenuity, becomes so agitated, started so violently at every question, blurted out so many self-compromising remarks, that we think a child, let alone a clever detective, would have spotted him. The moral is that to make a really satisfactory murderer you want not so much ingenuity as imperturbability. But this one's colleagues in murder also had their little imprudences. Adele left a long hair on the lamp, for the detective to make much of. And Helene, our supremely ingenious Helene, dropped a pair of diamond earrings into the ink-pot, for the detective to knock his pen against. No murder is 'perfect'—or, at any rate, the perfect ones don't get into the detective stories. . . . Miss Kyrle Bellew is a kind of minor victim, who is always being chloroformed, or drugged with morphia or threatened with vitriol. At one time they are very near popping her into a sack and dropping her into the Lake of Geneva, but she survives, to be mated, we think, with the genial detective."

"My Old Dutch," by Arthur Shirley and Albert Chevalier, has been produced at the Lyceum Theatre. It is built on the famous song of the same title, and is a series of incidents in the life of Joe Brown, a greengrocer, and his wife. "The audience sees them at various times during the 40 years of their married life, with a son and heir (The Nipper), who wears the most wonderful 'pearly' suit imaginable, goes away to become a gentleman, is robbed of his money, and eventually finds a fortune in Klondike. The generous youth, by the way, nobly offered in 1894 to sell his motor car to relieve his parents' wants, and, though we were hardly surprised at his self-sacrifice, he might have explained whether the red flag which had to be carried in front of it was also included in the sale. But it is the struggles of his father and mother against the slings and arrows of fortune in which the audience is interested." Mr. Chevalier as Joe sang the good old song in the third act.

"The Romantic Young Lady," a bright comedy with scenes in Spain, translated from the Spanish of G. Martinec Sierra, will be produced in London next month with Dennis Eadie in the leading part. Speaking of the restlessness and "unsettled atmosphere" of London music halls when Chevalier by his coster-monger songs at once compelled attention, Mr. Godfrey-Turner says that the rowdy auditorium "did not very much matter to the performing dogs or to 'Prince Mignon,' the dwarf, or to the Selbini Troup of Bicyclists; it did not even matter to the amazing Lottie Collins, for she had a voice like a trumpet, and there was a general turbulence about her that overcame all other riot—particularly the turbulence of 'Ta-ra-boom-de-ay!' That could not have been upset or turned aside by an earthquake."

Opening Playhouses

The playhouses are opening and announcements for the season are making. Already there is the promise of many musical comedies and farces in which the public finds delight, but little or nothing is said about the production of more important plays.

Dramas and comedies that excited the approbation of the critical in New York last season were not seen in Boston, and there is no rumor of their coming here. Indeed, it has been said that managers are not willing to run the risk of bringing them to this city, for they are discouraged by the reception of excellent plays in the past. Take last season for example. Boston was indifferent to "John Ferguson," a noteworthy drama, admirably performed; was neglectful of several comedies of character and manners that drew large audiences elsewhere. Even at the Copley Theatre, where it was supposed the audience expected plays of a high order, Mr. Jewett was obliged to include in the repertory old-fashioned farces after modern and brilliant plays, some performed for the first time in this country, had not filled the house.

Much is said in an academic way about raising the standard of the theatre. The "uplift of the drama." Managers in Boston are not to be blamed for refusing to produce plays that have been applauded and have met with pecuniary success in New York. It is the standard of the Boston theatre public that should be raised. There has been a marked change in this public during the past thirty years.

Mr. Max Beerbohm says that at one time he abandoned the habit of going to first nights in London, because he was tired of seeing exactly the same people every time he went to the theatre. Thirty, even twenty years ago, a first night at a leading theatre in Boston was a "social function." There was deep interest in the play itself; there was interchange of critical remarks during the waits; there was lively anticipation of the play to follow. All this is no more; nor is it easy to assign a reason for the change. If one carelessly says: "There are few plays now worth seeing," the answer is: "When one comes, you do not take the trouble to see it." And this neglect of the powerful drama or sparkling comedy will be found three or four times applauding wildly during the long run of a bedroom farce.

To say that the Boston public demands only the frivolous or vulgar show because the times are out of joint and there is need of distraction is nonsense; there was the same attitude towards the theatre before the World War. One might as well say that it is the fault of the present administration. We have a Drama League and a 47 Workshop; there are amateur clubs interested in the theatre; perhaps what is most needed is a day-school for theatre-goers, with courses in appreciation, discrimination and behavior.

"Mother Goose"

At a recent N. E. A. convention many protested against the use of the old Mother Goose rhymes in the school room. This is a period of protest; protest against the high cost of clothes and food, jazz bands and cheek-to-cheek dancing, short skirts, pneumatic bodices, one-piece bathing suits, higher rates of travel, the motor car as the western juggernaut, novels that deal frankly with problems of sex, vers libre. Wherever there is a head there is a protestor to hit it. Hebrews would put "The Merchant of Venice" under the ban; Scots cry out against "Macbeth"; Negroes object to "Uncle Ned," because "Negro" is spelled therein with two "g's"; Irishmen would drive the plays of Synge out of the theatre. It was not to be expected that "Mother Goose" would escape.

The Deseret News, commenting on the speeches of those objecting to the nursery rhymes, finds important lessons in the jingles. The kindergarten child learns the value of money from the inability of Simple Simon to purchase a pie because he had no pennv. "Dickory, Dickory,

Dock" calls the child's attention to the clock, the telling of time and the value of time. The writer might say the adventure of the person that met the old woman dressed in leather on a misty, moist morning and their mutual courtesy inculcates politeness, no matter how discouraging the occasion and the surroundings.

Nearly a hundred years ago an ingenious Englishman, John Bellen-den Ker, wrote a thin volume entitled "An Essay on the Archaiology (sic) of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes." A second and enlarged edition was published a few years later in two small volumes. Ker maintained that these proverbial phrases and these rhymes in their original form conveyed an import often polemical and satirical; that the present form of spelling is a disguise, and the acceptance of the present meaning leads to nonsense. Believing that the Anglo-Saxon and the Low-Saxon ("still surviving in the main, in what we now call the Dutch") were the same language,

he argued that the English "must at one period have been as these once were, also the same language." To him the nursery rhymes were pasquinades, "illicit by the soreness felt by the population at the intrusion of a foreign and onerous church sway, bringing with it a ministry to which a goaded people imputed fraud and exaction."

And so "Dickory, Dickory, Dock" in the Dutch,

"Dick-oore, dick-oore, dock;
De maegh's ran op de klokke.
De klokke strack won,
De maegh's ran toe hun,
Dick-oore, dick-oore, dock,"

was written to reproach the peasant with his gullibility and the churchman with his greed: "Thickheaded dolt, bring out what you have for our use. The churchman is in want of provision." "Maegh's," pronounced "maa's," meaning "stomach," the same word as our "maw," easily became "mouse."

Mr. Ker's book is forgotten except by those passionate for the curious in literature. The nursery rhymes still interest young and old by their sense as well as by their nonsense. That some would consign them to the fire is not strange; there are "educators" who would substitute "Sandford and Merton" for the adventures of Alice in Wonderland and would have children's handkerchiefs stamped with copy-book texts.

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SCHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Kissing Time," a musical comedy in two acts and five scenes, booked by George V. Hobart, music by Ivan Caryll lyrics by Phil-ard Johnson, founded on the story "Mimi," by Adolph philipp and Edward Paulton. Cast:

Emilio Grossard.....Harry Coleman
Tashi.....Primrose Caryll
Mimi.....Dorothy Maynard
Robert Perronet.....Paul Praxley
Clarice.....Edith Taliaferro
Polydore Clinquart.....William Norris
Armand Moulanger.....Frank Deane
Paul Pommiery.....Ian Wolfe
Anatole Absinthe.....Donald Sawyer
Gabrielle Moulanger.....Marcel Harris

The uncertainty of just when kissing time is due for the chief persons in the play and complications interfering with its arrival brighten the interest in this unusual and charming production, but there is no uncertainty about the fact that "Kissing Time" will stay at the Schubert as long as the managers let it. If the verdict of the audience that filled the theatre last night is any criterion.

For "Kissing Time," unusual in many respects, is particularly so in that it tells an engaging story, is accompanied by real music and contains copious quantities of actual comedy.

Of course, it portrays two youthful lovers, Robert and Clarice. Besides, there is an unselfish and lovable soul, Mimi, who admires Robert, but aids in smoothing out the troubles in the path of the sweethearts, and there are two comical old duffers who are smitten with the real and the counterfeit Mimi. A joyful company of aiders and abettors of the general frolic and enough of the general frolic and enough of the hardship and pathos to give the romance. The tale is told

with the songs of the opening number, "Hill and Co.", which runs through the whole of the fabric, is one that is likely to stay in the memory and attain to a popular life. "So Long, as the World Goes Round," a low-barrelled topical song of a mark-a-be merit, was the chief success of the piece last night.

The actor, but his parts like well-fitting gloves. Edith Talarferro is winning as the country girl betrothed to Robert from childhood without having seen him. Paul Frawley as Robert, who takes her on sight and suffers a lot before he discovers that the make-believe Miss is really Charlie of Ligon, is a likable swain and a good singer.

Dorothy Maynard is unapproachable in grace and charm as the golden-hearted Miss, who rejoices in helping everyone else to be happy.

William Norris and Frank Doane furnish copious supplies of fun as the two old pursuers of the two Misses and their farcical duel with two drinks of whiskey, one of which is supposed to contain prussic acid, is worth a long journey to see.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"My Lady Friends," a new comedy in three acts, adapted by Emil Nyitray and Frank Mandel from a novel by May Edgintown presented by H. H. Frazee for the first time in Boston, following a successful run in New York last season. The cast:

Patricia Smith.....Lily Weston
John Jones.....Marguerite McNulty
Edith Talarferro.....Rae Bowdin
Paul Frawley.....Jessie Nagle
William Norris.....Everett Butterfield
James Smith.....Jack Norworth
Tom Frawley.....Gerald Brinkman
Peggy.....Clara Zadera
Gwendolyn.....Frances Richards
Julia.....Janet Horton

The piece is an amusing farce comedy with a serious moment or two for shading. The plot is built around the idea that the way to keep a husband is to keep him broke. Starting with the decidedly novel proposition that a big boom in Bibles has suddenly enriched a plodding publisher, the story develops the unforeseen complications which result from his benevolent plan of putting money in circulation in each of the several cities where he has a branch office by establishing a happy home for a protégé who is engaged in the study of art, music and drama.

By the happy coincidence which invariably occurs on the stage, each beneficiary of the scheme is young, fair and feminine. How the publisher's kindly attempt to scatter a little sunshine in these young lives by spending a portion of the wealth that his saving wife is storing up strikes a snag, in fact, a succession of snags, provides a couple of hours' diversion. Of course, the little wife learns how to change her dove colored plumage for that of the peacock and to keep friend husband top busy cashing checks to find secure in any other occupation.

Jack Norworth, former vaudeville star and musical variety singer, gave an amusing representation of the tangled James Smith, who prints Bibles but does not write them, and whose worldly wisdom would have been much greater had he laid to heart the pithy admonitions as to the ways of strange women to be found in the Book of Proverbs.

The rest of the company gave him competent support. Special mention must be made of Miss Bowdin who made, in her brief appearances as Hilda, the cook, moments of joy. Hilda is never discharged, she "quits," and for reasons which the audience seemed to recognize.

The unhappy Smith's query of his too economical wife, "Why don't you hire a cocks and keep one?" had no answer, on stage or off. His plaintive cry when his frugal spouse proposed to substitute for an evening at the Polies a modest trip to the movies, "I've seen that guy Hart ride more than twelve million miles on horseback!" set a responsive chord vibrating in every heart in a well filled house.

MARY YOUNG SEEN

Mary Young yesterday began the second week of her engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre in Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "Juliet Comes First," a romance in one act and five scenes. The performance was the first on any stage. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

The screen is used to enlighten the audience and to round out the theme. The curtain rises on the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet." At the conclusion of this scene, the principals are seen in Juliet's dressing room. There is a "shop talk," the airing of petty jealousies, and there are bickering and recriminations. There is a double romance at the conclusion, when the star's dresser, who in her time was the great "Panell," is reunited to her former Romeo.

The piece is chiefly interesting by its oddity, and the lines are clever enough to hold the attention of the audience. Miss Young was always interesting and

girlish as Juliet.

Mr. Gribble, the author, who essayed Romeo, played with a light touch in the dressing room scene, conscious at all times that he was playing farce. Frank M. Readick was an excellent reader, interesting in speech and poise, and suggested, by his clever interpretation, the "hams" of other days.

Other acts were Charles (Chic) Sale, returned again in his ever uproarious sketch, "The Rural Sunday School Benefit," Dean Duval and Company, in "Gems of Art," Ralph Herz, in his latest monologue, "Woman and Light," Josephine and Henning, in a neat dancing act that often took on the quality of elegance; Ray Courtney, singing comedienne; Harry Holmes and Florrie La Vere, introducing a novelty that showed Miss La Vere to advantage in a many-sided talent; Russell and Devitt, comedians and dancers; and Johnson, in a confectionist act.

CROWD AT FENWAY PARK TO HEAR SOUSA'S BAND

4000 Persons Hear Three of Bandmaster's Latest Compositions

Lt.-Commander John Philip Sousa, with his band, gave a concert at Fenway Park yesterday afternoon, and offered several of his latest compositions for the first time before a Boston audience. The attendance, despite the threatening weather, was nearly 4000, and the famous bandmaster and his musicians received an enthusiastic greeting.

The program of nine numbers, which was lengthened by frequent encores, included Lt.-Commander Sousa's new march, "Comrades of the Legion," which he has dedicated to the American Legion. He is an honorary member of five different posts of the organization. "Who's Who in Navy Blue," which he composed for the 1920-21 class at the U. S. Naval Academy, was another rhapsody, as was "The American Indian" rhapsody.

From Boston the band will go to Portland, Me., where it is scheduled to give a concert today.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Lazy Lubin,"

a comedy in three acts by Koble Howard. First time in America.

The cast:
Mrs. McDaw.....Viola Roach
Mary McDaw.....May Ediss
Rev. Cecil Loveland.....Noel Leslie
Lubin Manifold.....H. Conway Winsfield
Bill Manifold.....Nicholas Joy
Bill Manifold.....Blanche LeRoy
Josie.....E. E. Clive
Jim Peckover.....Elma Royton
Audrey Maddox.....Rosahnd Ivan
Mrs. Manifold.....Fred W. Elles
Inspector.....

The house was a typical Copley first-night gathering, every seat being filled for the welcome back of these popular players. Although the night was hardly one to choose to go to see a play, the appeal of the company and the play was enough. It is assured a liberal attendance during its run.

At the end of the second act there were numerous curtain calls, and the hearty applause which greeted each neat bit of work testified that, while the play and the author were unknown save to a few, the members of the company were regarded as old friends, indeed.

The play is called a fantastic comedy, and, indeed, it is fantastic and romantic in the extreme; but with all its impossible or, more gently speaking, improbable situations, it has convincing force, for one does not stop to analyze one's feelings if the vehicle to entertainment is successful.

The "Lazy Lubin" of the title is a man of middle age, who, some 20 years before the action of the play starts, has been deserted by the only woman he fancied he could ever love. Fortunately

for him, soon after he became the possessor of a fortune, which made it easy for him to pass those 20 years in ease, comfort and dreams of what might have been.

Into this kind of a selfish life creeps a little French maid, who makes her way from France with a photograph of the Lubin of long ago, given her by her adopted mother, who tells her the picture is of the best man in the world and that should she ever need a friend to hunt him out. Death removes this mother and, working for a year in order to get the money to make the journey to England, the girl takes the trip and walks or, rather, slips, into this drab life.

H. Conway Winsfield in the title role was all that could be desired. He caught the inspiration of the author to a charm and possessing a rare personality, with artistry unquestioned, his Lazy Lubin was full of color and forceful in every particular. The possession of a huge beard somewhat similar to one worn by those who in the old days played "Taffy" in "Triby" was in a way more or less of a handicap for the feminine portion of the audience accustomed to smooth clams. Once it was removed the love declared by Josie was not so impossible after all.

Miss Blanche Le Roy, a new comer to the Players won her way to the hearts of her audience and gave a sparkling

performance in which her part was delicious. She sang acceptably as well.

Viola Roach as the prim, precise, prudish and preaching landlady, fussing over Lazy Lubin's pajamas, hot water bottle and other comforts, was true to the Scotch. Miss May Ediss as Mary furnished many a pleasing moment in her scenes with the clever E. E. Clive as Jim the "wounded soldier" ready to be her lesser half even with Mrs. Daw as mother-in-law.

The bill will be continued during next week.

Aug 15 1920

"Music an Art and a Language" by Prof. Walter Raymond Spalding of Harvard University is published by the Arthur P. Schmidt Company of Boston. The volume of 342 large octavo pages contains many musical illustrations in notation, a full index, and a list of compositions to which reference is made.

Mr. Spalding believes that if a concert-goer has a knowledge of musical grammar and structure he "gets more out of music." In this book he does not attempt to interpret music in terms of the other arts. "Music is itself. . . . When we thoroughly know a composition so that its themes sing in our memory and we feel at home in the structure, the music will speak to us directly, and all books and analytical comments will be of secondary importance—those of the present writer not excepted. . . . The difficulty in establishing points of approach makes it far more baffling to speak or write about music than about the other arts. Music is sufficient unto itself. Endowed with the insight of a Ruskin or a Pater, one may say something worth while about painting. But in music the line between mere statistical analysis and sentimental rhapsody must be drawn with exceeding care."

This book, based on lectures delivered by Mr. Spalding at Harvard, is, first of all, readable. The writer, though an instructor, is here not pedantic. At times writing enthusiastically, he is at other times unbuttoned, as when in a footnote, he suggests an improvement in the concert manners of the public. "How often, at the beginning of a concert, do we see people removing their wraps, looking at their neighbors, reading the program book, etc., instead of concentrating on the music itself; with the result that the composition is often well on its way before such people have found their bearings." And in the chapter on Chopin and the pianoforte style we find this footnote. Apropos of the statement that the resonance and carrying power of sound waves are intensified by raising the lid: "And in this connection, even at the risk of seeming to preach, let the advice be given that nothing should ever be put on top of a grand pianoforte, neither flowers, afternoon tea-sets, bird cages, books, not even an aquarium! For the lid is not merely a cover, but an additional sounding board, and must always be in readiness to be so used. The pianoforte as a coloristic instrument, in short, is completely itself only when played with the lid raised."

In the chapter of preliminary considerations. The author says that familiarity should be the first and last article in the music-lover's creed, for when a work is thoroughly familiar, the music will reveal itself. He treats of the germ of a composition, "the simplest unit of imaginative life in terms of rhythm and sound." There must be unity of general effect with variety of detail. The necessity of systematic repetition is pointed out, also restatement after contrast. Showing the growth of musical structure and expression, he begins with the folk-song, and finds the Irish the finest in respect of emotional depth. After instructive chapters on polyphonic music, the musical sentence, the two-part and three-part forms, the older rando form, the variation form, the sonata form, in which chapters there are constant references to modern as well as to ancient composers, Mr. Spalding begins the discussion of certain masters with Mozart, in whose music is found the perfection of classic structure and style. It is a pleasure to read in a footnote: "If there be any single race to which the world owes the art of music it is the Italians, for they invented most of the instruments and hinted at all the vocal and instrumental forms. We may be grateful to the Germans for their persevering appropriation of what others had begun; only let them not claim all the credit."

The composers to whom separate chapters are devoted are Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Weber as romanticists; Schumann and Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt as exponents of program music; Brahms, Cesar Franck, d'Indy and Debussy. The two last chapters discuss the Russian, Bohemian and Scandinavian schools, and the varied tendencies of modern music.

In these chapters the personal equation necessarily enters. No two persons, however fully equipped they may be, aesthetically and technically, hear

a composition in exactly the same manner, as far as the emotional appeal is concerned. Mr. Spalding, writing about the composers of various schools, shows that he has the gift of warm appreciation and catholicity of taste. He does not stand for any particular clique; he is not a worshipper in one and only one chapel. His biographical notes are sufficient; his technical analysis and comments are not dry—they are intelligible to the youngest student and not cryptic to the layman; he points out the characteristic beauties of the various works in warm but not extravagant language. The references to other writers show wide reading and aptness in quotation, nor do these pages remind one of an annotated catalogue, or an anthology. He does not stand in awe of another's opinion, however authoritative it may seem; thus he differs with M. d'Indy when the latter maintains that there is no appearance of dance-rhythm in the first movement of Beethoven's 7th Symphony, yet he concludes by saying with reference to

M. d'Indy and Sir Charles Stanford: "Thus do the wise ones disagree! Meanwhile, we others have the music itself." The extent of Mr. Spalding's reading is wide. In the chapters about Schubert, he quotes besides many writers about music, Lowell, Masters ("Spoon River Anthology"), Keats, Wadsworth, Tennyson. It is strange that in the chapter on Schumann he neglects to mention the influence of E. T. A. Hoffmann.

Reference to Schumann's wish that there should be no pauses between the movements and his D minor Symphony. Mr. Spalding says: "One of the most pernicious ideas of the public is that as soon as the music ceases, handclapping should begin."

We can hardly agree with Mr. Spalding's opinion that when Chopin attempted works of large scope, where varied material had to be held together, he was "lamentably deficient," nor are we inclined to join with those who are emphasizing Chopin's "intensity and bold dramatic power." It is a pleasure to find Mr. Spalding granting Berlioz his commanding throne among the immortals. His study of Liszt is equally sympathetic. Some will wonder why Mr. Spalding chose from Liszt's symphonic poems "Orpheus" for extended comment, and few will join him in the statement that "Berlioz's most sustained and perfect work, both in content and treatment," although he writes that this is "universally acknowledged." To enjoy the music of Brahms, "one has to work." It may here be said that the Brahmsites, little and great, will applaud Mr. Spalding's characterization of their god. The treatment of Cesar Franck is wholly satisfactory, though his exuberance in thematic development sometimes wears the attention.

Coming to the modern French school, Mr. Spalding takes d'Indy as the most representative of Franck's pupils. The chief feature of their style is "a modernization of classic practice." Debussy represents the other group, "whose works manifest more extreme individualistic tendencies." The great talent of d'Indy is recognized, while Mr. Spalding misses emotional warmth. To him Debussy embodies a saying of Pater that "Romanticism is the addition of strangeness to beauty." We Americans may have a distinct feeling of pride in the knowledge that the music of Debussy, the strongest note of which is personal freedom—the inherent right of the artist to express in his own way the promptings of his imagination—was widely studied and appreciated in this land of the free before it had begun to have anything like a universal acceptance among the French themselves. "Land of the free" in these days of prohibition has a distressingly ironical sound. After an examination of the influences at work on Debussy and of his harmonic and melodic characteristics, Mr. Spalding sums up in one sentence: "He has widened incalculably the vocabulary of music and has expressed in poetic and con-

vincing fashion moods which never before had been attempted." There are only passing notes about Chabrier, Gabriel Faure, Duparc, Chausson, Ravel. By the way, Max Friedlander, the German musical scholar and editor, who visited this country in 1910, admitted to Mr. Spalding that he had never heard of Chabrier. And this in spite of Felix Mottl's propaganda for Chabrier in Germany.

One does not easily agree to this statement: "Prior to Debussy, Faure was the only Frenchman worthy to compare in mastery of pianoforte style with Chopin, Schumann and Liszt." What about Saint-Saens?

When Mr. Spalding comes to the Russian school, he gives undue prominence to Tschaiowsky, as far as space is concerned, perhaps because his music is more familiar than that of other Russians to the great majority.

Grieg was the "first popular impressionist." Mr. Spalding thinks that Elgar is "a genius of the first rank." In his final chapter Mr. Spalding, finding truth in the saying, "Music is the youngest as well as the oldest of the arts," frankly declares that "we can no longer listen with whole-hearted enthusiasm to many of the older symphonies, songs and pianoforte pieces, because Brahms, Franck, Debussy and d'Indy have given us better ones."

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The Pink of Courtesy

W. L. C. in his "Chatter of the bells" describes the principal villain of the Villa Rose as looking like a combination of Rasputin, Tarzan of the Apes, with a touch of Tlripitz. Let us note from the amusing article: Confirmed Theatre-goer to his Companion—Ever heard of a man called awkward? His Companion—Don't seem to remember the name. Theatre-goer—Well, he was a detective, and just when affairs were growing critical he tears the wig off his head. "You, who are you?" asks his enhanced victim, "I am Hawkshaw, detective!" (Curtain) His Companion—I see. That is how he floors his enemies and rescues his innocent heroine. Did you spot him when he exchanges clothes with the villain and tries to talk with the villain's voice? Theatre-goer—Not I. I am an unsophisticated spectator, and always accept the illusions of the stage. If you don't yield yourself up to the playwright I will never enjoy myself. Admiring Audience—Hush, hush! Renowned Old Lady—Oh, yes, my dear, I have seen a good many detectives on the stage, and they all behave the same way. They find incriminating objects just where every one else has passed them by without seeing them; and they always insist on turning the carpets. I saw Herbert Tree in "Red Lamp." He was a Russian police agent, continually poking his stick into odd corners and frightening people by his sudden and unexpected movements. And, conveniently for the detective, the criminals leave, as a rule, many tell-tale signs of their handiwork. Her Niece—Criminals must be very clever people, I think. Renowned Old Lady—On the stage, dear, yes; but in life, no. They are always obliging and communicative—witness Henry Wethermill. You see he invariably starts when the detective is getting "warm," and so assists him in his search. Her Niece—What was it that Helene Valguier said when she was just coming to after the chloroform? I didn't quite catch the nurse's words. Renowned Old Lady—Never mind, dear, it wasn't very pretty, though doubtless very characteristic. You ought to know as a V. A. D. Her Niece—Yes, but we never tell.

"Daughters of Eve," a new comedy by "Rosa" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys), was produced at the St. James's Theatre. The hero is the Chevalier O'Shaughnessy, who had fought for France. He took the waters at Bath in 1872. "If he fought as well as he talked, he certainly thoroughly earned the ribbon of the Legion of Honor which he wore, for every time that the Chevalier appeared the audience was deluged with oratory." He won his bride, "a charming girl who was lucky in being rescued from the deadly monotony of Bath society, if it was really like this in the seventies." The intervals when the Chevalier was not talking there was another plot being developed, concerning three sisters who managed a boarding house. "A 'sundry' army officer loved the youngest, became engaged to the second and eloped with the youngest. He died in Australia. She returned as a widow, the forerunner of the film 'vampire.'" When the curtain fell, "there was every prospect that the second sister would receive the trousseau which had been displayed on the stage in all its glory, to the delight of the ladies in the audience and to the embarrassment of the rest of the cast."

Malliero's "Sept Chansons" in Paris; Other Notes About Music

Malliero's "Sette Canzone" ("Sept chansons") was performed at the opera in Paris on July 10. "The work, which is cast in a novel form, consists of a series of seven short dramatic episodes of a contrasted character, strung together on an uninterrupted musical thread. The titles of these short scenes are as follows: The Vagabond, Vespers, Return, the Drunkard, the Serenade, Bellingr and Ash Wednesday. There is scarcely any action in all these episodes, which might be compared to a series of animated pictures with a beautiful accompaniment, and although several of them contain a faintly dramatic germ, the 'seven scenes' do not really call for an elaborate stage setting. There are such 'vocal effects as, for example, the council of monks heard 'off' in 'Vespers,' and the music throughout is lacking in variety of orchestral effects, the harmonic peculiarity of which might pass for original were they not obviously inspired by Stravinsky. The applause with which the work was greeted at the close was tempered by a slightly hostile manifestation on the part of a small section of the audience. Ariel Grovlez conducted."

At the first of a series of performances of songs and dances organized in Paris by Maria Kousnetsoff and Georges Posenkowsky, a "milk-and-honey dance fantasy 'Primevera' was given, quite unworthy of 'L'Après-midi d'un Faun,' by which it was accompanied." The dancing of a new Polish girl, Felicia Doubrow-

ska showed "charm and assurance, as well as great technical accomplishment."

Mr. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra did not escape unscathed in London. Mr. R. O. Morris of the Nation remarked: "We must want to hear the Americans under some one who is a conductor and not merely a super-bandmaster; it might be that they would respond to a more elastic leadership without losing any of that wonderful cohesion which we are so justly called on to admire (and for which it would be ungracious to refuse credit to Mr. Damrosch, although we cannot honestly rank him high as an interpreter)."

And Mr. Ernest Newman has this to say: "The New York Symphony orchestra is excellent as regards its material, but all its playing that I have heard has given me the impression that Mr. Damrosch's rigid discipline has turned it into a machine. As a conductor he is unimaginative; he never throws much light on the music, and sometimes manages to obscure the light that would radiate naturally from it if only it were left alone. His performance of Elgar's First Symphony on Saturday was unspeakably, irredeemably bad—coarse, clumsy, tasteless, soulless. I am told Mr. Damrosch is a great admirer and lover of the work. I do not doubt it, but I am irresistibly reminded of the boy who became a butcher because he was so fond of animals."

Edgar L. Bainton has set music for chorus of mixed voices and orchestra to Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy."

Some one writing to the Daily Chronicle of London has discovered, after hearing the Colored Orchestra that "the characteristics of this Southern Negro music are not, as America has interpreted them for us, vulgarity and blarney. They are an honest native sense of rhythm and a spontaneous response to the vis comica in music."

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WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Irene," a musical comedy in two acts, by James Montgomery; music by Harry Tierney; lyrics by Joe McCarthy. Cast: Donald Marshall.....John B. Little Robert Harrison.....Hobart Cavanaugh J. P. Bowden.....Henry Coote Lawrence Hindley.....George P. Collins Clarkson.....Charles Mitchell Irene O'Dare.....Helen Shipman Helen Cheston.....Sydney Reynolds Jane Gilmour.....Erica Mackay Mrs. Marshall.....Dorothy La Mar Eleanor Worth.....Bernice McCabe Mrs. O'Dare.....Flo Irwin Mrs. Cheston.....Lillian Cameron Madame Lucy.....Jere Delaney "We're getting away with it," sang "Mme." Lucy, modiste; Donald Marshall of Fifth avenue and Helen Cheston and Jane Gilmour of Ninth avenue, in one of the jolliest songs of "Irene"—and they did. The same is perfectly true of author, composer, lyric writer, Helen Shipman any every other actor in this liveliest and best musical comedy that has hit Boston for many a long day—they got away with it, but not as the man-milliner, the wealthy social leader and the two shop girls were doing by helping Ninth avenue "put something over" on Fifth avenue. The individual and collective makers of "Irene" got away with it by delivering "real goods," and they were rewarded with storms of laughing and applauding approval.

"Irene" is more than musical comedy; it is light opera and of a high order, too. There is not one bit of buffoonery in it. There is not a slap of a single stick in it. It is all clean, sprightly, human, rollicking satire and healthy fun, produced by mixing some of the excellent qualities and human sincerities of the tenement house avenue with the foibles and follies and shams of the mansion avenue.

Helen Shipman, as Irene O'Dare, shop girl, modiste's model and brilliant lady of fashion—as soon as she had on the right clothes—was the captivating, fun-brimming soul of the piece. Her portrayal of the shy, awkward, slangy, talkative, honest-hearted tenement girl, made by artistic gowns and native wit into a social princess, was unique in its vivid truth and charm. Besides, she sang well and danced with alluring grace.

No wonder Mr. Little as Donald Marshall, a young gentleman of wealth and refinement, loved her in spite of her shop-girl life and with laughing tolerance for the \$500 O'Dare genealogy his mother bought for Irene. Mr. Little with pleasing art made the romance natural and interesting.

Jere Delaney, the man-milliner, took the house by storm with his imitation "society" tone and mannerisms, and the delicious hints of effeminacy with which he carried off Mme. Lucy.

Sydney Reynolds and Erica Mackay were close seconds to Helen Shipman in their blossoming from Ninth avenue to Fifth.

Flo Irwin was literally a "scream" as the watchful and suspicious Mrs. O'Dare, and her appearance at the Fifth avenue ball at its height wearing the wonderful "creation" by Mme. Lucy which she had hardly been able to "get into" produced a near riot of laughter.

Henry Coote's portrayal of J. P. Bowden, a subtly crass social climber, was a work of art.

The scenery was beautiful and artistic. Seldom has cleverer stage work been done than the quick scene-shifting from Ninth-avenue back fire escape to Bowden's Fifth-avenue mansion.

The chorus was youthful and fair to look upon and was by no means over-dressed, which must have been a comfort in the heat and humidity of last night.

AT ARLINGTON

John Golden presented last night at the Arlington Theatre "Turn to the Right," that American comedy success by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard which had such a run in New York and which is so pleasantly remembered from its long stay in this city in 1917.

It was chosen as the opening attraction of the winter season of the playhouse, and while the excessive heat and the rain had much to do with keeping people at home, a large and appreciative audience greeted the players and enjoyed to the fullest this comedy of tears and laughter.

The two light-fingered gentlemen with whom Joe Bascom became acquainted "up the river doing his bit" for a robbery of which he was innocent were splendidly portrayed by Joseph Bernard as Muggs and John O'Connor as Gilly, while Bascom was in the capable hands of Joseph Striker.

The scene in the pawnshop which forms the prologue of the play was like a bit from O. Henry and the quiet forceful manner of these clever actors was charming, whetting the appetite for the unfolding of the story of the success of that famous peach jam and the fortune it brought to those who fell into the scheme to outwit the village Scrooge.

The story is along broad comedy lines, but the dialogue is clean-cut and convincing, the character drawing true to life as one knows that seamy side where the "dip," "the stick up" man and the burglar work, not for the screen, but that they may dodge the kind of labor that only brings the happiness worth while.

There is nothing preachy in the story, but in the telling it carries its moral while the interest and the triple love stories are being worked out to the only logical conclusion.

It is easy to believe that this play had the long runs accredited it and it is safe to say that during its stay at the Arlington the houses will be large and the enjoyment keen.

Jane Ellison as Mrs. Bascom was delightfully motherly and simple in the homey sense. Beatrice Hughes, Lucille Poth and Maude Huntly are the three young ladies of the story. Maude Odell, Jr. as Kate had little to do but did that little well which is all that could be looked for.

"Turn to the Right" is booked for the attraction at the Arlington until Sept. 6 when "Mrs. Jimmie Thompson" will be given.

3 HEADLINE ACTS LEAD KEITH'S BILL

Three acts share the headline honors at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week—the McConnell Sisters, in a new song production; Jimmy Lucas, the song writer. In a new act of "nut comedy," and Clark and Bergman, in their newest offering, "Tunes of the Hour."

The act of the McConnell Sisters is characterized by both elegance and opulence, for there is at once a pair of singers far removed from the commonplace and an investiture and wardrobe that is startling in both scheme and brilliance. Their program includes operatic arias, old time ditties, the popular song and comedy numbers. Besides being gifted as singers there is the added advantage of being able to interpret each song and bring out the text with significance.

The big laughing feature of the bill was Jimmy Lucas, assisted by Francene. Mr. Lucas is uproariously funny, in method, material and poise. He works industriously, the act never lags and the audience was loth to have him go. Not the least interesting feature of this act was the "wild woman" vampire of Miss Francene. She is endowed with a wonderful figure and still more wonderful curves and she kicks with Gallic daring and to alarming heights. All in all, it is a finished travesty on the vampire.

A pleasing act was that of Clark and Bergman, assisted by the Crisp Sisters. Mr. Bergman, a high-spirited youth, sings with ease and charm, and Miss Clark, playful and good to look upon, measures up to her partner. A neat feature of this act was the dancing numbers of the Crisp Sisters, who excelled in the unity and rhythm of their steps and the alluring swing of their performance.

Other acts on the bill were Monroe and Grant, comedy acrobats; Al Raymond, in a monologue; Snow and Velmor, in chatter and song; Mollie Fuller and company, in a comedy sketch; Billy Rodgers, in songs and imitations, and Watson's comedy dogs.

It is the custom for a stranger to whom the hospitality of a club has been extended to leave a card on his departure, a card "p. p. c." with a few lines expressing his gratitude. A few days ago a prisoner for a short time in a Salem jail, being released, showed his innate breeding by his card of thanks, say rather, his eulogistic letter. He wished the people of Essex county to know "what a fine lot of gentlemen they have at that institution; I cannot speak too highly of them." Before the introduction of the electric chair it was the custom of the condemned one to partake of the hearty and traditional breakfast, chops, eggs, coffee and rolls, and also to thank the jailer and his wife for their sympathetic treatment. This paragraph was, as stereotyped, in the newspaper account of every hanging; but such letters as the one written in Salem are rare in the annals of prisons.

There have been prisoners that in after years have expressed their gratitude for the enforced confinement, prisoners in the days when a debtor might spend some time in jail, prisoners in more recent years who had embezzled, or had taken bribes in legislatures, or were doing the state some slight service for a minor offence. They found relief from the madding world; this one learned a foreign language; another translated foreign books into English for publication.

The editor of a newspaper in Albany, N. Y.,—he died years ago—openly said he was thankful for his term in prison; he at last had time to extend his knowledge of history and general literature. As Count Mirabel says to Captain Armine in one of Disraeli's novels: "How fortunate you are to be arrested! You will have leisure to read Paul de Kock." And in like manner Alfred de Musset, arrested for debt and finding confinement slow, asked in verse why he was bored: "I am in a secure place; no one is arrested here."

What a library there is of books written in prison! It is not necessary to go back to John Bunyon or to Sir Walter Raleigh; nor are Silvio Pellico, Baron Trench, the adventurer Casanova alone in fascinating narration of their experiences in jail. Paul Verlaine did not hesitate to tell his shabby adventures in "Mes Prisons." Villemessant, the editor of Figaro, entitled the sixth volume of his memoirs "Mes Voyages et Mes Prisons." (When asked at Mazas his profession, he answered: "I am the hope of my family.") He read there with pleasure a cook-book for the bourgeoisie and Victor Hugo's dramas. Did any one of these men leave a note of thanks? They might have said with the gallant poet, "Stone walls do not a prison make," but they did not eulogize a jailer that he might be applauded by his fellow townsmen. And if today some prisoner escaping, desperate, yet with a sense of humor, leaves a message, it is couched in terms of exasperating irony. The pleasing episode in the prison life at Salem should be noted by all advanced penologists, who, demanding unflagging courtesy on the part of sheriff, wardens, all attendants towards the involuntary inmates, have not yet required or expected so gratifying appreciation in return.

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The concluding volumes of Mr. Buckle's life of Disraeli allow one to know that theatrical personage as a playgoer. Theatre and opera people figure in some of his novels. There are the French players managed by Villebecque, summoned to please Lord Monmouth and his guests in "Coningsby." Villebecque is described in Disraeli's most flowery manner. "He had established his despotism at Paris, his dynas-

Disraeli saw Mrs. Kendal in "Peril" at the Haymarket in 1876. In the afternoon he had received the news of Russia's ultimatum to Turkey. He wrote to Lady Bradford: The play is "an adaptation from the French 'Nos Intimes'—not over-moral, but fairly transmogrified from the original, and cleverly acted in the chief part—a woman whom, I doubt not you, an habituée of the drama, know very well, but quite new to me. Now she is married, but she was a sister of Robertson, the playwright. She had evidently studied in the French school. The whole was good and the theatre was ventilated; so I did not feel exhausted, and was rather amused, and should rather have enjoyed myself, had not the bad news thrown its dark shadow over one's haunted consciousness."

He had little or nothing to say about Mme. Bernhardt. In a letter he spoke of her as "the heroine of the hour." In 1879 he saw Henry Irving. "I liked the 'Corsican Brothers' as a melodrama, and never saw anything put cleverer on the stage. Irving, whom I saw for the first time, is third-rate, and never will improve, but good enough for the part he played, tho' he continually reminded me of Lord Dudley."

Here is an astonishing judgment: "Except at Wycombe Fair, in my youth, I have never seen anything so bad as 'The Affaire'." It was not even a burlesque, a sort of provincial 'Black-Eyed Susan.' Princess Mary's fan spoke volumes of disgust and disappointment, but who'd have told her to go there? Did Gilbert's satire offend Disraeli and the Princess? Disraeli went to the Aquarium to see an ape, also a woman that was shot out of a cannon. "Chaffed" (if the word is not improper) about this by the Queen at the royal dinner table, Disraeli said, "There were three sights, madam: Zazel, Pongo, and myself."

Mr. Walkley of the London Times, reviewing as a dramatic critic, the final volume of the biography, says there are few records of Disraeli's play-going in his old age. "Gladstone, we know, was to the last a frequent playgoer. I believe, an enthusiastic admirer of Irving. Disraeli, I take it, had become was to the last a frequent playgoer and, the humblest of us may share that taste with the great man, and even take refuge in his illustrious example for the habit, denounced by the austere of reading over solitary meals. Mr. Buckle tells us that over his solitary and supper-dinner he would read one of his favorite authors, mostly classics of either Latin, Italian, or French literature, pausing for 10 min-

utes. That passage will explain Disraeli to many of us simple people, unacquainted with Courts and Parliament, who feel, perhaps, a little awe of the world of the 'drums and trappings' and the gorgeous triumphs of his public career."

Toscanini on Trial: A Psychological Analysis of His Behavior

The Herald is indebted to Mr. Ugo Ara, formerly the viola player of the Florenz Quartet, who has recently returned from Italy, for the following interesting article:

So many erroneous reports appeared in the newspapers of the world with regard to the Toscanini trial of some two years ago that in view of the coming tour of Toscanini in the United States it is worth while to give a true account of what happened.

The account in question is by the distinguished Italian author and philosopher, Prof. Annibale Pastore, who was present by chance at the rehearsal in Turin when the incident occurred, on the strength of which Toscanini was sued for damages.

"As an unusual favor, which I owed to the courtesy of Leonardo Bistolfi, the celebrated sculptor, I heard almost the whole of the rehearsal of the ninth symphony, conducted by Toscanini, for I wished to take advantage of the rare occasion to collect some data for the work on 'Ethism,' which I am in process of writing. On the evening the incident occurred I was taking notes without losing a single one of the master's gestures or words. I still have the notebook recording them, as well as an analytical description of what took place. The occurrence I have described has two sides, an inner and an external one. It would be an unpardonable mistake not

to take this complexity into account. Later on I shall offer some comments."

1.—The External Facts of the Case.

"In the finale, when the chorus should rise to its maximum degree of power, and Toscanini is all aflame with exultation and passion, three curt blows of the baton bring the orchestra to a sudden stop. I see the master turn to a second violinist, seated in the second row, and shriek at him:

'What are you scratching with? Two inches of bow?'

And he throws the crumpled handkerchief with which he is fanning his face at him.

"The violinist replies: 'I am playing, not scratching. And why do you throw your handkerchief at me?'

"Toscanini, still trembling violently, answers: 'I throw everything and you throw nothing. You do not even throw your bow on the strings properly!' And so saying, in the very fullness of the orgasm of musical vibration which leads him to wave his arms about in the air like a semaphore, he automatically descends from the conductor's stand and approaches the second file of the second violinists.

"The second violinist insists: 'I have always done my best, and you are rude.' Toscanini: 'Ah, your best? and what with?'

"And with a nervous movement of his white baton, he gives the violin bow a lateral blow, which splits it, while its fragments fall in the violinist's face. The violinist makes a movement in his direction. Then musicians and soloists surround him and divert his attention. They interfere with my view. A few voices are raised indistinctly. I hear voices in the chorus and from the body of the house calling: 'Make way! make way!' The violinist is led off by a companion. On the stage, after the curtain has fallen, they shout and cry at Toscanini: 'You are no Master, you are a ruffian!'

"The rehearsal is interrupted. The stage is darkened, and the house as well. All is gloom. I am allowed to keep my place. After half an hour the rehearsal is resumed with the purified orchestra. The master conducts with a husky, very wan and seductive voice.

"The following day (Friday, in the afternoon) Toscanini comes on the stage as though in a dream, without giving any one a glance. He mounts his platform and gives the order to attack the first tempo of the second part, at the letter P (molto appassionato). Then, when a single all-embracing glance at the orchestra has revealed the presence of the second violinist, he descends from his stand, and in the most concerned manner goes and shakes his hand.

The Inner Facts

2—"The Inner Facts of the Case (more important than the first) are as follows:

"The master was not in a normal state of mind. He had evidently been seized by the 'sacred fury' which invades musical spirits and exalts them to such a degree that a complete and actual absence of the usual personality is established. The tremendous proportions assumed by musical pathos in Toscanini are evident to all, even to those who are not psychologists. It is enough to witness one of his rehearsals to understand

at once that when he is conducting he is actually outside himself. Hyperesthesia gives him a surprising vivacity of word and gesture. The setting free of the Dionysiac man which is the slave qua non of true musical vitality—in fact resolves itself into a genuine organic transformation in which other powers are inhibited and suppressed, while the force of impulse is exaggerated to paroxysm. The most characteristic fact about it is the irresistible automatism

induced by a complete dynamically genetic picture, which is surely the involuntary prolongation of the musical rhythms which make the legs grow stiff and causes the muscles of the arms to vibrate in a troublesome manner.

"Normal human beings find it hard to understand the actions of the artist who has been seized by the tyranny of a tragic impersonal will power, and caught in the tremendous throes of shattering every obstacle and enfranchising himself like Dionysius. The faculty of knowing and doing good and evil is succeeded by that of vibrating in harmony to the beautiful and the beastly, acting and reacting with extreme violence. His acts are no longer prompted by his own deliberate intention: the involuntary quality of his gesture is clearly apparent.

"Esthetic monodism overwhelms Toscanini with such violence that, all who wish to pass judgments on acts committed in the moment of esthetic orgasm, should make it an axiom to suppress all considerations of responsibility. His responsibility has all become esthetic.

"Toscanini is as innocent as a babe new-born. His ill-advised gesture was not intentionally wrong; it was purely involuntary and amoral.

"As for the rest—in reality quite external—the blow with the baton was not given to the man, but to his bow, and only as it rebounded—something unforeseen by an one—was it able, in turn, to strike the violinist. Any one who speaks of a deliberate intention to inflict damage on the person of the violinist is not telling the truth.

"It is easy to say that the artist should remain calm and well balanced, when, in fact, he must rouse himself to sublimest exaltation. It is easy to say that the artist should at once re-establish his equilibrium, when, in fact, the thing is impossible, because his orgasm lasts the whole night long, making him grind his teeth and stiffen his muscles.

"Toscanini, in the indescribable passion of the orchestral rehearsal, is a typical case of the innocence of a genius, who has broken completely with all the exterior customs of normal life.

"To condemn him would be just as monstrous as condemning the spirit of music.

"So do not let us condemn him, we who have tasted the fruit of his sublime art, obtained at the price of so much anguish.

"The advocate of the defendant, P. A. Omedel, in his memorial, makes use of these psychological deductions, and the presiding judge found the philosopher's testimony and arguments conclusive in absolving Toscanini, whose action could not be regarded as a voluntary one."

Time and the Film: "Speeding Up"; Elephant as Antelopes

To the Editor of The Herald:

I wonder if some kind citizen will contribute a little help to correct a wrong; a fault in putting pictures on the screen: too much speed. Characters, women, men and children are made to move with such velocity that the eye is unable to follow, and confusion ensues.

Especially is this the fault in all cases of athletics. A man is made to run 100 yards in four or five seconds; a swimmer is shown doing 100 yards in one-half the time it is possible to do it; a boxing bout is so speeded up that it becomes a snarl of something it is hard to name, and a three-minute round becomes one of 30 seconds.

And so on through the program. Can these faults be remedied? "If so, it would add much to the pleasure.

Boston. DR. W. E. CROCKETT. Yet others enjoy this "speeding up." Mr. A. B. Walkley, the fastidious dramatic critic of the London Times, finds that the greatest achievement of the film is its triumph over time. Some

weeks ago he wrote agreeably on this subject. We now reprint the article.

Theatrical Clock Tricks

There was a gentleman in Moliere, frequently mentioned since and now for my need to be unblushingly mentioned again, who said to another gentleman, about never mind what, that "le temps ne fait rien a l'affaire." But Moliere belonged to that effete art, the "spoken drama," which we learn, from America, has sunk to be used mainly as an advertisement of the play which is subsequently to be filmed out of it. He wrote in the dark or pre-film ages, and could not know what an all-important part "le temps" was to play in "l'affaire" of the film. Among its innumerable and magnificent activities the film is an instructor of youth, and

it saves from a letter which Dr. Lyttelton wrote the other day to the Times, it instructs at a pace which is a little too quick for the soaring human boy. "Elephants," the reverend doctor pathetically complains, "are shown scuttling about like antelopes," and so the poor boy mixes up antelopes and elephants and gets his zoology all wrong. I should myself have innocently supposed that this magical acceleration of pace is one of the great charms of the film for the boy. It not only provides him with half a dozen pictures in the time it would have taken him to read one of them in print (to say nothing of his being saved the trouble of reading, learning the alphabet, and other pedagogic nuisances altogether), but it offers him something much more exciting and romantic than his ordinary experience. He knows that at the zoo elephants move slowly, but here on the film they are taught, in the American phrase, to "step lively," and are shown scuttling about like antelopes. A world wherein the ponderous and

slow elephant is suddenly endowed by the magician's wand with the lightness and rapidity of the antelope—what enchantment for boys, aye and for grown-ups too!

Indeed, it seems to me that the greatest achievement of the film is its triumph over time. Some amateurs may find its chief charm in the perfect "Cupid's bow" of its heroine's mouths; others in the remarkable English prose of its explanatory accompaniments; others, again, in its exquisite humor of protagonists smothered in flour or soap-lather or flattened under runaway motor-cars. I admit the irresistible fascination of these delights and can quite understand how they come to be preferred to the high-class opera company which has been introduced at the Capitol, New York, to entertain "between pictures." But I still think the prime merit of the film—the real reason for which last year more than enough picture films to encircle the earth at the equator left the United States of America for foreign countries—lies in its ability to play as it will with time. The mere acceleration of pace (which is the ordinary game it plays)—the fierce galloping of horses across prairies, the miraculous speed of motor-cars, elephants scuttling about like antelopes—gives a sharp sense of exhilaration, of victory over sluggish nature. And even here there is an educational result that ought to console Dr. Lyttelton. The rate of plant growth is multiplied thousands of times so that we are enabled actually to see the plants growing, expanding from bud to flower under our eyes. But there is also the retardation of pace, which is even more wonderful. A diver is shown plunging into the water and swimming at a rate which allows the minutest movement of the smallest muscle to be clearly seen. This is an entirely beautiful thing; but I should suppose that the film, by its power of exhibiting movements naturally too quick for the eye at whatever slower

rate is desired, must have extraordinary use for scientific investigations. This, at any rate, is a better use for the film than that sometimes claimed for it in the field of morality. I look with suspicion on those films, as I do on those "spoken" plays, that propose to do us good by exhibiting the details of this or that "social evil." Some philanthropic societies, I believe, have introduced such pictures in all good faith. But many of their producers are, like the others, merely out to make money, and in every case I imagine their patrons to be drawn to them not by any moral impulse, but by a prurient curiosity—the desire to have a peep into the forbidden. If there were a proper censorship of the films—and there should be—I think these so-called propagandist films would call for the very closest scrutiny.

But to return to the question of time. It has its importance, too, in the "spoken drama," but it ceases to be a question of visible pace. You cannot make real men and women scuttle about like antelopes. You can only play tricks with the clock. The act-drop is invaluable for getting your imaginary time outstripping your real time:

jumping over times, turning the accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass.

In a moment it bridges over for you the gap between youth and age, as in "Sweethearts." But there is another way of playing tricks with the clock, by making it stand still for some of your personages, while it ticks regularly for the rest. A. E. W. Mason, in one of his stories, gave an extra quarter of an hour now and then to one of the characters—that is to say, the clock stopped for them during that period, but not for him—and while outside time, so to speak, he could do all sorts of things (if I remember rightly he committed a murder) without risk of detection. But the great magician of this kind is Barrie. The heroine of his "Truth About the Russian Dancers" had a sudden desire for an infant, and within a half-hour was delivered of one; a remarkably rapid case of parthenogenesis. The infant was carried out and returned the next moment a child of 10. "He grows apace," said somebody. These were cases of the clock galloping. With the heroine of "Mary Rose" on the island it stands still, so that she returns 25 years later to her family precisely the same girl as she

them. We all know what pathetic Barrie gets out of this trick with the clock. But he has, of course, to assume supernatural intervention to warrant them. And there you have the contrast with the film. In the "spoken drama," poor, decrepit old thing, they appeal to that silly faculty, the human imagination; whereas the film has only to turn some wheels quicker or slower and it is all done for you, under your nose, without any imagination at all. Elephants are scuttling about like antelopes and divers plunging into the water at a snail's pace. No wonder that, according to our New York advice, "film magnates have made so much money that they have been able to buy chains of theatres throughout the country," and that "everybody talks films in the United States."

Busoni in London

Sig. Busoni played on Saturday at the Wigmore Hall Beethoven's C minor (Op. 111), Chopin's 24 Preludes, and three pieces arranged by Liszt. He plays again next Saturday, and in the meantime there is an orchestral concert of his works at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday.

About his playing there are two opinions, and we propose to give both. The counsel for the plaintiff declares that this is the arch-humbler of the pianoforte. He has acquired an enormous technique and amassed an enormous reputation, and on the strength of these has acquired a power which he uses to pervert the truth and to crush opposition. He leaves neither Beethoven nor Chopin in possession of their own works; when he has done with them their authors would not recognize them. The terrible Ajax had not a heavier fist; the am Antiochus had not lighter fingers. He steals more time in a bar than he in hope to repay in a page, and uses the pedal to cover up his traces.

The pleadings for the defendant are as follows: It is true that my client possesses technique and reputation, and has acquired these by hard work and attention to business, but it is not true that he uses them to pervert the truth. What is the truth about a piece of music? No two men see a hard mayor's show with the same eyes or describe it in the same words. These alleged perversions come from the critic's own limited view. He does not see that to a large mind details may so arrange themselves that they seem distorted to a small one. The charge of an inordinate range of extension is one that must be admitted; on the other hand, this range is kept under control than the smaller estates of other men. As Beethoven and Chopin have left us only their wills, we must interpret these according to what we conceive to have been their intentions, and that is a matter for the jury. As to the charge of petty larceny and camouflage, they are outrageous; it is absurd to suppose that a man who is spending thousands for the benefit of his fellow-men would be tempted to appropriate a few stagio stamps.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict.—London Times, June 21.

Busoni as Composer

The concert which Sig. Busoni gave with the help of the London Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday at Queen's Hall consisted of a suite from his opera, "The Quest," his Indian (North American) fantasy, in which he was at the piano and Mr. Julius Harrison conducted, and Liszt's Faust Symphony.

The audience had a difficult time in the Suite, because its five movements, which were advertised as four, were advertised as three, so that while we thought we were at the "lyrical" section we were deep in the "mystical," and we were puzzling out the mystical were really listening to Jewish tunes familiar to those who know them. They are, however, to the occasion and they ped everything as heartily as if they understood it. It is this genial trait of the public that makes England such a happy hunting ground for foreign artists.

Putting aside the potted plot—the best that can be done in a couple of pages of program, but which means nothing if you have not seen the opera and not know if you have—and the titles (for the most part we have given), we may discuss his music. The program summed up very neatly: it printed on the outside in nice, clear type: "Busoni, June 22, 1920." The little more there is to add may be put shortly. It is planned in the vulgar sense that it is artistically (terrible word!) written for the orchestra—the orchestral treatment is quite genuine—but that the orchestral effects are valued for themselves, as representing the ornament of the plain sense of his author. It came out even more clearly in the Suite, in which the Cherokee (or whatever they are) tunes were there as a little bit of news by wireless on a newspaper paragraph is built. There is a good deal more than ordinary of artifice and apostrophe, of

and so on (let it, of paradox (for fear the reader should go to sleep), and of the story with a second point (in case you should have missed the first). (It would be much clearer to discuss all this in terms of diminished sevenths and tritones, but that can wait for a more favorable opportunity.)

The audience applauded the Fantasy the more rapturously of the two, possibly in memory of last Saturday, and from gratitude for favors to come. They had them. The Fantasy was played again.—London Times, June 24.

How the Film Play "Beware"

Struck an English Spectator

"Beware!" the film based on Mr. Gerard's warning to the American people, is in nine reels, and it was doubtless unconscious irony that it should be preceded at last week's exhibition by a new style of film which rattled off jokes about Ford cars and profiteers in quick succession. At any rate, they served as a welcome antidote to some of the incidents in the film itself, in which the Kaiser is placed upon his trial. Where the trial is supposed to take place we were unable to discover, though the procedure certainly suggested that the United States had obtained the distinction. But if the trial would really be like this perhaps it is best that the Kaiser should remain in Holland. We are led to believe that it takes place in a building about twice the size of the Crystal Palace. There are three judges, the President bearing a striking resemblance to Mr. Birrell. (Lord Rosebery, by the way, appeared to be one of the jurors.) But the most important person in court—even admitting that Mr. Gerard is present and wipes away the tears at times—is the prosecuting attorney, a wonderful character who stalks up and down the vast hall, bullies the Kaiser in the witness chair, and whenever he wants to obtain a laugh or an approving sigh turns to the public galleries, where there seemed to be gathered representatives of all the allies and of the women and children who suffered during the occupation of France and Belgium.

But we cannot agree for an instant to the idea that in order to assist in the conviction of the Kaiser one of the tortured women should expose her mutilated body to the gaze of the court. It is offensive, and ought not to have been allowed on the screen for an instant. In fairness to the producers, it should be admitted that though most of the happenings seem to be concerned with the St. Mihiel sector, the other allies do obtain some share of recognition, and a British prisoner of war is allowed to express his opinion freely as to the delay of the United States in coming into the war. We waited with a good deal of interest to see what happened to the prisoner at the end of the film. Apparently he turned religious maniac, with a few blasphemous exclamations which ought also to be eliminated, but the closing tableau of three figures swinging on gibbets suggested that the producers would like to have gone further. "Beware!" is an ambitious production on which a great amount of care and energy have been bestowed, but we do not think it will cause any great sensation in this country. "Beware!" is explosive propaganda of that violent and direct nature which tells a story of the trial of the Kaiser in order that the German nation shall be branded with the mark of Cain for evermore. Mr. Gerard would probably be the first to admit that the film is not an entertainment, and therefore the exhibitor may quite properly say that its place is not in the ordinary picture theatre. It is always American, and it is at times painfully frank in the way it recalls the horrors of some of the incidents of the war. To that extent it may be claimed that it achieves its object; but though at times it hits between the eyes, there are others when it creates laughter where laughter is not intended.—London Times.

High Grows and Cranks

During the war our theatres have had too many farces, revues and melodramas. Now, with peace, there is a danger of going to the other extreme. The highbrowed, the futile, and the pretentious seem coming in upon a reactionary wave. The crank—who for the past four years has been in many instances a "conchle"—has recently returned from the safe seclusion of Princeton, where he was able to keep well out of the danger zone, and is now intent on running "Intellectual Theatres" in Garden cities, where unwelcome plays can be performed to long-haired audiences with impunity. If without profit. What we want nowadays is the really funny wholesome farce, the clear, lively, that actually revues something with satirical force and effect, the comedy of character and observation, the drama of the modern people's life, written by authors who have studied their subject before attempting to write, and know the value of construction. We want all we want healthy, breezy productions of intelligence, sympathy and realism, men who have been through the mill and who know how to make a good production look—when well acted—good enough for any of the best.

The first of poster who take "Art" and "Color" and writes articles on "The art of lighting the theatre" without any practical knowledge of the subject, is a person we can do without. The theatre is the place where the "superior person"—really a donkey dressed up in the horsecloth of a Derby winner—somehow flourishes with the help of gaping admirers of both sexes, whom he hypnotizes. There are "mugs" whom he gets to support him financially, and there is a snail applauding section of the press, usually made up of writers who have impossible plays up their sleeves.—The Stage.

Scriabin's "Prometheus"

One would like to have taken to the Scriabin some little child—that girl of three, for instance, who whispered on Sunday at the Joan of Arc procession, "Oh, munimy, look what a lot of ladies going to be married!" One felt there must be some such very simple explanation of such an unusual amount of pagantry. Scriabin's harmony is made up of most of the notes of the scale placed at different distances and played simultaneously; the fine points of his rhythm are smudged because he is always trying to say the next thing but one; and for his tune it did not venture on this occasion much beyond those notes. . . . As to what the explanation is, heaven knows. We tried to think it might be the Four Great Beasts out of Durer's "Revelation," but did not manage to picture more than St. Anthony sitting in the middle of his flying imps and goblins. However, why try? So we "just listened" and were rather bored.—London Times.

Mme. Gabriele Gilles sang Gluck and Liszt with what we have regretfully to call, at this period of the world's history, the "usual" wobble in the voice.—London Times.

"The texture both in Ture Rangstrom's Suite and for Tor Aulin's concert for violin is slight and the argument diffuse. They remind one of the sauntering life of the country, not the crowded day of town life."

"Tosca" Nowadays every singer is sure of a regulation number of recalls at the end of each act, and the opera must be stopped after "Vissi d'arte" in order that half the gallery may express their rapture and the other half their disgust at the interruption.—London Times.

We have all seen pictures of Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Venizelos making their way cheerfully to the Sheldonian in Oxford, there to receive in turn an honorary degree, but we have not seen in any American journal the speech with which the public orator, Dr. A. D. Godley, presented him. Of course it was in Latin, and, mirabile dictu! in Latin that even we can read. This makes us think that it is not purely and elegantly Cleronian. The senior professor of Latin at our little college once told the class that if we did not after graduation read a page or a half page a day, we would not be able to translate Latin at all after a year, no matter how great our proficiency as students. We were taught miserably, except at Exeter. In the public high school and at college a Latin author, Horace, Juvenal, Tacitus, Cicero (de Officiis), or, Pliny the younger, was presented to us as a stern grammarian. No attention, or little, was paid to the book as literature as a witness to the time in which the author lived. Latin prose composition was a stupid task. What did we care whether "Both you and Balbus lifted up your hands"? But at Exeter in the early seventies Latin was treated as a living language. We were told to put every day colloquial English sentences into Latin.

There are men in Boston today, and not professional teachers, who use Latin as a familiar language. One writes letters to his son, and what is more remarkable, his son answers him in the language of Catullus. Another writes Latin verses with the ease of Walter Savage Landor. Still another quotes Horace apropos of any little event in the routine of life and nature. But to go back to Mr. Paderewski, who would have been conspicuous in any walk of life. We quote from the address of welcome as reported in the London Times. May the linotype, reprinting, be merciful!

"In introducing M. Paderewski for the degree of D.C.L., the public orator said that his name, more than any other, 'pacatum vitam et purissimas diem anteactum volupitates in animos nostros reducit.' Yet, though always worthy of Oxford's highest honors, he was now commended to the university on other grounds than music: 'Namque hunc quoque musis amicum in bellum reserens unda fretis tulit aestuosus.' Some might wonder that one who excelled in the arts of peace should plunge into administration at so difficult a time. 'sed nos Orpheam cantu tactuquo feras domuisse, Amphionem eisdem artibus urbes struxisse animos. Praesentis virum harmonia sua discordias, nostras sedationes.'"

Then the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Blakiston, president of Trinity, had his little say, in which he spoke of Mr. Paderewski as the greatest musician of Poland, and said he was Amphion as well as Orpheus.

Copeland in London

Mr. George Copeland, pianist, formerly of Boston, gave a recital in London on July 9. The Daily Mail spoke of him as follows through its critic, "R. C.": "A pianist who is new to London played yesterday at Aeolian Hall, W. His name, Mr. George Copeland; he is American, and the hardy convert-goe who persists in hopelessly attending the 'first recitals,' nine-tenths of which are hopeless, here had his reward.

"In a hall three-parts empty, with portents of the end of the season in the dull air, this newcomer awoke and charmed the attention by the gifts of a true and delightful artist. By luck or else by exquisite judgment the pianist chose to hurt nothing weightily at his audience. It was a dainty program—an end-of-the-season program—with half a dozen pieces of Debussy in the place of honor and Spanish and Franco-Spanish dance pieces at the end.

"And it appears this pianist's choice never to blunder. But he can flash sheet-lightning and above all he can murmur exquisitely. He seems to have all the qualities for the newer piano music. He is well enough equipped to play without a quiver the 'Reveries' of Gabriel Granville, a piece containing an ideal elegance which cannot be approached by anyone at all afraid of the bristling hedge of difficulties. The ledge this time parted us in a fairy tale, there was no showiness whatever about the victor's graceful entrance of the guarded domain. Of Mr. Copeland's sort of piano playing it is not easy to have too much."

Aug 24 1920

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Little Whopper," a musical comedy in two acts, by Otto A. Harbach; music by Rudolf Primi; lyrics by Bide Dudley and Otto A. Harbach. The cast:

Jayce MacGregor, Helen Gunther, Miss Granville, Nellie Graham-Dent, Kitty Wentworth, Vivienne Segal, George Emmett, George Rasey, John Harding, Harry C. Browne, Richard Long, Ray Maxson, Edward Short, Charles Brown, Harry Hayward, Nat Canfield, James Martin, Edward Pooley, Robert Penfield, Art Kavanagh, Alfred Dodge, Albert Fontaine, Oliver Butts, W. J. Ferguson, Judge MacGregor, Malcolm Dunn, Mrs. MacGregor, Esther Lyon, Frances, Inez Courtney, Tenby, Simone Cochet.

"The Little Whopper," which is the opening attraction of the fall season at the Majestic, had a long run at the New York Casino. The original production, with a strong cast of well-known and popular players, is seen here. The story is a peering one, with love, humor, bright dialogue and good music liberally distributed throughout the two acts.

Vivienne Segal plays the part of Kitty Wentworth, a boarding school girl, with charm and vivacity. Kitty is thoroughly up to date, and seems to have no fear regarding the prophecy about truth-tellers—and their opposites. She apparently is ready to make a little heaven of her own while she has the opportunity, and a few mis-statements, more or less, seem to be of trivial importance compared with the object which she has in view. This object appears to be a most convincing one, as represented by an eager young man who bears an important document and a ring.

At the Arlington Academy, where Kitty is a student, rules are strict, and no letters may be received by the young ladies except from relatives. In order that Kitty may keep an important engagement in the city, connected with the important document and the ring, she declares that a letter which she receives is from her "Grandpa," and that it is quite necessary for her to meet him at the hotel. Permission finally is given for Kitty to go. One of her schoolmates, Janet MacGregor, is detailed to go with her, and at the last moment Miss Granville, the preceptress, decides to accompany them to the hotel. Kitty's first little whopper leads to others in rapid succession. She declares that her "grandpa" is in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and Miss Granville waits in the hall until the girls have entered the room.

This proves to be the private room of

a young bachelor, who up to this time has been an avowed woman-hater.

Now the fun begins, and it waxes fast and furious. The situations which follow are most amusing, and the many predicaments into which Kitty falls before matters are satisfactorily adjusted and the ring is placed upon her finger are the natural sequence of her first little whopper.

Miss Helen Gunther, as Janet MacGregor, not only stands by Kitty in all of her efforts, but proves to the woman-hater that his ideas are all wrong and ably assists him in his reformation. Miss Gunther made a most delightful reformer.

Harry C. Browne as John Harding, the bachelor, made good in his efforts, in

COLLEY THEATRE—"Smith," a comedy in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham, the cast;

The seed offering of the season at the Copley Theatre which Henry Jewett directed for his well-known company of players last night, was "Smith," that comedy remembered for its admirable production in this city with John Drew as the star. In it W. Somerset Maugham has given his audience many a moment in which the food for thought was uppermost, but withal the action, dialogue and characters, are leading to uprightness of enjoyment.

In less capable hands this comedy would suffer, so in the main the east was most satisfactory even though at times there was prompting. This is a thing a hard working stock company cannot well avoid at an opening and it is not near the performance. "Smith" undoubtedly will draw full houses for it has an appeal and the east contains the full strength of the company.

The scene when the brother places the vase of flowers on the floor with the posies scattered about and then rings the bell for "Smith" which gives him the final opportunity to discover the maid's true feeling, was neatly played. "Smith's" admiration for the man who could pull the cork from a bottle when the houseman had failed after many attempts was not concealed, so one is led to believe that happiness may at times depend upon the most trivial of happenings. That stubborn cork solved the eternal question for Thomas and "Smith" whose grand old name was May.

E. E. Clive as Fletcher the houseman repeated his success in a somewhat similar character as in *Lubin*. This actor is a big favorite with the followers of the company, and deservedly so. It seemed a pity that he had so little to do.

H. Conway Wingfield was the Herbert Baker, Elma Barton the Mrs. Baker, Blanche LeRoy the Emily Chapman and May Edliss the Mrs. Otto Rosenberg. Lyonel Watts as Algy certainly furnished all that could be asked for in the presentation of that type of human which high society furnishes in the form of a plaything for an idle

The Mastersingers, in their 10th annual engagement, and Mason and Keeler, in their sketch of several seasons, divide headline honors at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

The act of the Mastersingers is new, both in setting and in the material offered. The program, a varied one, follows closely the style set by the organization. All the old, favorites—Franklin G. Field, Harold Tripp, Arthur Cole and A. Cameron Steele—were heard in solos and repeated their former successes. The ensemble charmed again in delicate tricks of harmony, and there was the same pitch and precision that has made this Boston organization a

One of the funniest acts on the bill was the sketch of Lane and Moran, in "Listen, Mickov." Mr. Lane affects the "nut" style of comedy. There have been many acts of this type on the stage at this theatre lately, all more or less similar. The best praise that can be laid to the credit of Mr. Lane is to say that he offers a new and individual style.

Other acts were Martin and Moore, in aerial acrobatics; Fallon and Shirley, comedians and dancers; Arthur and Morton Havel, in a clever sketch of patter and dance; Francis Renault, vocalist; Mason and Cole, in chatter and dance, and MacRae and Clegg, in one of the best cyclists acts of the season.

Aug 2, 1920
The playing of Minc Bence Chener.

Mr. Rosing is the conspicuous instance of a man's few merits completely outweighing his many defects. We love his Russian songs, where he is in earnest, without understanding a word of them. Other languages of which he pronounces neither vowels nor consonants leave us cold, not because we do not, as a fact, catch the words, but because they are not really part of him. He aims at the gallery with his breathless high notes, his falsetto, his panting, his postures, his drama; but will make up for it all by some little phrase so perfectly rounded that it seems sacrilege to applaud it. —London Times

I hear without the least surprise that the repetition of the Hyde Park productions of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," under the aegis of the League of Artists has had to be abandoned, on the score of expense. How such delightful things can be expected to pay passes my comprehension. The handiing round of the plate will always afford the skinkifint the opportunity to get all he can for the eleemosynary button he may be able to slide on to it unobserved, and the said skinkifint, who is in the majority on such occasions, is no more likely to dispose of more than a pearl button or its equivalent in pence than would he his confrere who was watching the removal of a derelict motor bus or a broken-down horse—from both of which latter he can obtain his enjoyment on occasion free-grat and for nothing!—London Daily Telegraph.

A London journalist, commenting on the death of Elena Varesi, the daughter of Varesi, the baritone, famous as Rigolletto, remembered her as living at Florence when Enrico Oswald, a Brazilian, "most delightful of Chopin players, played Chopin in the apartment in which I was then living in the coldest weather I ever experienced (though I have been through a Canadian winter) and had been through a Canadian winter."

On July 17 Greta Thornely and Mary Short danced at Cambridge (Eng.) to the music of Debussy's string quartet.

"The Fall of Jerusalem," a descriptive overture by Maca, a Balkan soldier, killed in the war, performed at Athens last winter, was played for the first time in England by the Royal Artillery orchestra, London, on July 11. "The work opens with a bold and striking theme full of martial spirit, and characteristic of the restless and tireless energy of the soldier. Gradually it quietsens down to a contemplative and reminiscent mood, that moment when the soldier remembers what has been and wonders what will be. This mood is broken by the strident voice of a soldier singing a ribald soldier's song in which they all join. A huzle sounds, and all is quiet."

again, when across the hills there come the sound of a shepherd's pipe and the strains of a pastoral love song. They are ashamed of the bell which this soft

with one common impulse they join in a mad and merry dance. On the extraordinary rhythm of 7/10. "They tire of the dance, and it cleaves away. The bugle sounds again and they march into line of battle. They fight, and when the battle has been won they march victoriously into the city to the strains of a triumphal march."

Why is Mr. de Harrack, an "American" pianist, who gave a recital last month in London? The Times said that his playing was characterized by "a superficial fluency, a thin tone, and a complete lack of grip and substance." Not content with this, the reviewer went on: "The superficiality was not confined to the playing, for the program was full of it, few indeed of the pieces chosen being worth hearing, and in these he was by no means at his best. He played some Chopin poorly, and made nothing of the Gluck-Sgambati melody from 'Orfeo,' while in an extraordinary piece (such as one had thought to be no longer in existence), entitled 'Variations (Storm at Sea),' the basis of which was 'Home, Sweet Home,' with feeble 'storm' effects as decoration, he did really rather well. Mr. de Harrack cannot hope to go far with so shallow a musical outlook and general method and style of performance."

Hendel's organ, now installed in St. Lawrence, Edgware, is in danger through the roof and ceiling of the church threatening to fall in upon it. As to the present status of the rectory, the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, little public interest has been shown in the fate of this interesting relic, the removal of which reminds us how amazingly the cost of organ building and repair has risen recently. An instrument of only 20 years ago for £200 has been estimated to require an outlay of £200 to bring it up to modern requirements.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

A septet by Arthur Bliss for voice, flute, clarinet, bassoon, viola, double bass and harp, performed in London June 27, a "Witchery Song," a combination of ballad and scherzo, was warmly praised.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the present time is one of artistic effervescence. Painters, musicians and writers are engaged in experimental work. In music there are Parius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric and Louis Durey. "Their methods are sometimes described as 'Cubist,' but the propriety of this term as applied to music may be questioned. It is, however, a fact that efforts are now being made to blend together the latest movements in painting, literature and music, and in pursuance of this aim a concert was recently given in the Galerie de la Boetie, where the group of artists known as the 'Section d'Or' are now holding an exhibition. There, in a room hung with the more or less Cubist canvases of such artists as Gleizes, Goncharova, Marcoussis, Braque, Archipenko, Brancusi (the sculptor), &c., some of the latest compositions of the above-mentioned group of composers

"Some works of a young girl composer, Mlle. Cernaise Tailleferre, who is evidently extremely gifted, were also played on this occasion—a Pastorale for small orchestra and some songs. The title of one of these songs is significant—'Homage a Satie'—for this group of young composers look upon Erik Satie (so frequently derided by the academic school) as their leader and 'prophete.' The later works of Satie, it is interesting to note, are free from those eccentricities (chiefly verbal, it is true) which prevented many people from even attempting to take his compositions seriously; and the three recently published 'Nocturnes' for piano

are almost severely classical in style. "In a class by itself must be put his really remarkable 'Socrate,' which was recently given its first performance at one of the concerts of the Societe Nationale. This work is for two female voices with piano accompaniment, and is a musical setting of the French translation by Victor Cousin of the latter part of the 'Phaedo.' The role of the singers is simply to narrate, not to personify the chief actors in the story, and the treatment of the voices is on entirely new lines. The work was, however, received with hostility by a certain section of the public.

"Another notable composition, recently performed at one of the concerts organized by the Society Pour la Musique, is Darius Milhaud's setting, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, of fragments of M. Paul Claudel's translation of 'Les Choéphores' of Aeschylus. A considerable sensation was caused at the first hearing by the composer's bold employment of novel 'dynamic' effects, or, in other words, of noises pure and simple—such as hammering and creaking of whips in the orchestra, and whistling, hissing and groaning in the chorus—as an accompaniment to the singer's spoken declamation of one of the most terrible Aeschylean choruses. At the second performance, however, this section, which is certainly powerfully conceived and skillfully carried out, had to be repeated.

"These, then, are some of the more striking individual examples of the new movement in music, of which the latest and most complete manifestation was the 'concert-spectacle,' organized by M. Jean Cortéou, at which was produced the 'Bonheur sur le Toit,' or 'The Nothingness that exists on the roof-top.'"

to 100,000 kg. of wet wood was used, and dwarfed, and the mass is only based on Brazil.

"The movement 'Dada' would seem to be a thing a art, and, although wrapped in considerable obscurity, is generally considered to be either (a) a gigantic 'blague' or (b) a serious and reasoned campaign (though wittily presented under a non-critical mask) to abolish and arrest completely all artistic production of any kind for a considerable period of time, in order that art may be purified by a forced repose and a fresh start made at some future date, when prejudices and traditions will have had time to die. Much expectation has been aroused by the news that an article on 'Dada' is to appear next month in *La Nouvelle Revue* from the pen of M. Andre Glide, so we may expect shortly to be enlightened as to the true nature of the mysterious cult of 'Dadaisme.'

Mme. d'Alvarez: If it can be admitted at all that there is an art, of acting on the concert platform, then the way in which Mme. d'Alvarez acts must be called perfect of its kind, and more worth talking about than the singing, which, apart from the intonation, was imperfect both in the attack and the maintenance of the note. Mme. d'Alvarez, in fact, places her hands and her whole body far more accurately than her voice, and it was this accuracy, no doubt, that drew the applause of her many admirers. One has not had the good fortune to see either her Delliah or her Herodiade, but one can easily understand the praise that has been given to them. Even if her words had been more inaudible than they in fact were, the acting would have still made the song intelligible; in Debussy's "De fleurs," for instance, in which we were sometimes at a loss to know what actual notes were intended, one was carried away by the final passionate outburst. There is no gesture in the whole gamut of indignation, or entreaty, or penitence which she has not at command.—London Times.

Two new chamber works by Joseph Splaight have been played in London by the London string quartet: One, "Poem," illustrates Viola's lines: "She never told her love"; the other, "Fantasy," portrays Bottom, Quince, Flute and Snout. The Times said that the first is a lubrication on a theme taken from the "Der Tag" motive in the second act of "Tristan": "It is too long for an introduction" and too short for a movement.

and the interest is spread thin." Nor did the Times find that "Fantasy" was helped by quotations from Shakespeare on the program: "All this program quite beside the point. People go to hear music, and if they do not find it, as they did in the Schubert and the Schoenberg

At the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace the complaint was made that the solos in "The Messiah" were sung too slowly that they dragged. "Handel's music should sound clear and precise," it is true, but it is even more important that it should not become sentimental.

"Busoni's skill as a composer is in the clothing of ideas rather than in the creation of them. . . . He is determined to be revenged upon the sentimentalists and so he seizes Chopin by the throat and threatens to throttle the life out of him. . . . If we were conducted blindfold into a room to hear the 'Waldstein' played by six eminent pianists, we should easily pick him out from the others; but somehow we can never prophesy what he will do."

In 'The Career of Catherine Bush' which is being shown at certain London picture theatres, there are some extraordinary portraits of the British aristocracy. The average film producer seems to have only two ideas with regard to the aristocracy of the community: the more

bers of which are still occasionally described as "the upper classes." Whatever they are like in real life, when they appear in the unreal world that is described on the screen they must be either thoroughly wicked or entirely

In "The Career of Catherine Bush" the majority of the aristocrats are very desperate people. In another film which was shown privately recently, "The Hundredth Chance," we get the same kind of thing. The villain in the latter is a real "lord," and throughout he behaves in a most unpleasant way. These are examples of the aristocrat as villain. Instances of the aristocrat as fool can be found by a visit to any average comic film. In isolated cases the hard explorer may come across at the picture theatre a British nobleman who is both intelligent and virtuous, but these are certainly exceptions to the general rule, and those whose ideas of the nobility are obtained entirely from the film must have formed a very strange picture of our hereditary aristocracy.

This caricature of the upper classes by no means a new phenomenon. English fiction, for example, it has fled from the very beginning. The elegant aristocrat in Richardson's "Pamela" is made to behave in a most undesirable fashion until he suddenly repents, and the moral of the book is that even the worst aristocrat can be reformed by a virtuous person of low degree. Smollett's noblemen were

and the tradition has carried on through the novelties until today. In *The Woman in White* it is Sir Percival Glyde who is the arch villain, and Miss Ethel M. Dell has carried on the good work. It was too much to hope that the film would break away from tradition that was condoned by its relations, the novel and the drama, and it seized on the idea with such avidity, and it must be confessed—with such vulgarity, that it reduced the whole business to absurdity. It is an inverted form of snobbery, which is really worse than snobbery itself.

Although this depreciation of the upper classes is such an old institution, it is peculiarly opposite at the present time, when each man thinks he is as good as his neighbor, and then, by a process of logic, that all his neighbors are worse than himself. When this feeling came to a head in France over 200 years ago it resulted in a class revolution. Now words are preferred to deeds. We do not ask for the aristocrats to be led forth a la lanterne. Instead we drag them into the film. We do not quite want to take off their heads, and so we take away their characters. It is a practice, too, which may have its harmful side. Everybody goes to the picture theatre, and many of those who go there twice a week have no other intellectual relaxation. The result is that, very naturally, they assume that the film idea of the British aristocrat is perfectly correct. If it were, there would be every excuse for yet another revolution.

Film producers forget one thing. They do not reflect that it is quite impossible to put good and evil, or folly and wisdom, into water-tight compartments. They are always on the lookout for "types." They manufacture what they consider to be a type, and label it "good" or "bad." At present the aristocrat is labelled "bad," and the poor honest laborer is invariably "good." Not all aristocrats are either foolish or wicked, and it is just possible that not all workmen are models of virtue, but all the characters must be true to their pre-arranged types, and the result is the extraordinary number of intolerable films that are at present flooding the British market.—London Times.

Holbrooke in the West Indies

Mr. Josef Holbrooke returned to London last month after a trip of three months to the West Indies, having given about 15 concerts with Mr. Vasco Ake-royd, at Kingston, Mandevilla, Port Antonio, Port Maria, St. Anne's Bay, Montego Bay. He did not make his fortune, but he enjoyed himself and took back a lot of native "digging" songs, which he hopes to use in some way or another. He told a London reporter that the "colored" audience were more pleased by some of Debussy's Preludes than they were by music of Schumann and Chopin. As there was no concert hall in the islands, he was obliged to be satisfied with court houses, small mission halls, except at Kingston, with its Ward Theatre. "The people were always very willing. They never would charge anything for the hall; but by the time you had paid for the kerosene oil for the candles, for the old woman who brought in the chairs, and for other 'sundries,' you found yourself with two or three pounds left over. Still it was good fun."

He said there was no music, except the ragtime, to be heard anywhere except in Jamaica, where the West Indian regiment had a good military band that played "popular" music in a barred wire enclosure a few miles from Kingston. There are no music schools; the pianos are nearly all German, and miserable ones at that, and nothing by a British composer is known to the leaders of a more advanced nature than Elgar's "Salut d'amour."

Mr. Holbrooke went in his car some 40 miles to play to the soldiers at Newmarket camp in the mountains. He said that the islands are overrun by Americans bent on business, and that "as a consequence, living there is frightfully expensive."

These happy, if unmusical, islands are a source of critics. This led the reporter to add maliciously, "which explains, perhaps, why Mr. Holbrooke has failed to return there next year."

Film Censorship in Germany

Soon after the outbreak of the German revolution the censorship of films and plays was abolished. The people were to decide for themselves the relative moral and artistic merits of a film or play. If they thought a show immoral, they would stay away. As time went on certain film manufacturers produced plays that were more than a little obscene, and they approached obscenity, though they were advertised as "artistic." Then came the "Aufklärungs-krieg," that is, films to enlighten the audience about the consequences of prostitution. The decent elements, and even newspapers that published advertisements of these films, began to protest. At last the government decided on the re-institution of censorship. We learn from a letter written by the Berlin correspondent of the London Times:

Under the new law, any film to be shown at public performances or sold for such a purpose has to be submitted for examination by a board of censors. It is interesting to note that this board is only to films for export. So-called "artistic" performances will also

come under the heading of public performances. The censorship does not cover films of a purely scientific or artistic character provided they are shown at a public educational institution or at any other place recognized as such. No films must be prohibited solely on the ground of their treating on political, social, religious, ethical or philosophical subjects, nor will a film be rejected for reasons which do not arise from its nature. Permission will, however, be refused if the film contains items liable to endanger public safety or order, offend religious sentiments or tend to produce a demoralizing effect. Any film considered likely to lower the prestige of the German nation or to upset the harmonious relations between Germany and any other nation will also be prohibited. In case of a film proving objectionable in part only, permission will be given provided the offensive parts are eliminated and sufficient securities furnished that the latter are not otherwise circulated. Provision has been made, however, that all films of a scientific or artistic value and not fit to be demonstrated at public performances to a promiscuously composed audience may be shown to specially selected parties. All films to be shown at performances to which juveniles under 15 years of age are admitted are subject to an especially severe examination, and no permission will be granted whenever such films are held to be likely to have a harmful effect on the moral, intellectual or physical development of juveniles, or if they tend to cause excessive sensibility. Local authorities, children's protection societies, juvenile welfare committees and school boards may apply to the district municipal authorities to render the existing law even more severe should circumstances warrant such a step. Finally, it should be mentioned that children under 6 years of age are excluded under 6 years of ages.

Summer Plays in Berlin: the Reign of Farces

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times writes entertainingly about the theatres in Berlin.

With the coming of June "the Tragie Muse beats an ignominious retreat into the wings, to make room for the favorite light comedian, who plunges into the limelight smiling and immaculate; or for the popular buffoon, who bursts in upon the stage with a funny make-up and a stentorian hullo! here we are again. Everything sombre or serious is sacrificed for the sake of productions which speculate upon making the public laugh and forget life's little worries. Heigh ho!"

At Reinhardt's "Theatre-of-the-Five Thousand" a version of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" was performed. The time has returned when your Berliner, discreetly forgetting that he ever uttered a Gott strafe England, washes again with English soap, cultivates an English vocabulary, and laughs again over "Arms and the Man," "Charley's Aunt" and the "Importance of Being Earnest." German critics never tire of ribbing at the type of stage wit they consider specifically English—the humor still mainly connected with the Briton who boxes, chews an enormous pipe, mouths his words, drinks whiskey-soda, and makes wagers about everything. But critics are inhuman beings the world over; and the Briton arriving in the German capital today may derive a degree of consolation from finding English comedies attracting big and appreciative audiences in half a dozen different play-houses nightly. "When Knights Were Bold" ("Die Goldene Ritterzeit") amused Berlin mightily with Max Lallenberg, the Austrian, as Sir Gny.

"Everything funny in Germany today seems to centre in Pallenberg. His name is a household word, his imitations and parodies in suburban vaudeville and provincial cabarets are legion. Funniest of funny men in summer, but a gifted character actor in winter, with the comedian's proverbial ambition to become a great tragedian, and with far more likelihood of realizing his ambition, than the majority of comedians so disposed, he is inclined to apologize for his reputation for drollery, and is just now, they say, undecided whether his next part should be Shylock in a Reinhardt representation of 'The Merchant of Venice' or that other Jewish acquaintance of ours, the Junior partner in 'Potash and Perlmutter.'

"The farcical play in German is perhaps at its happiest when built on the attractive foundation of Austrian folk-tale and tradition. All things Viennese are extraordinarily popular in Berlin, and passages of words in the Austrian brogue, interspersed with mannerisms and witticisms peculiar to the south, are always as sure of a vogue as, say, Barrieisms or the Irish Players in London. This preferential treatment of the Austrian capital and its customs unquestionable accounts for the stage successes of many actors and actresses whose names head the play bills in Berlin and the provinces.

Of course, it may be said of practically all the productions which go to the making of the summer season that the plot is the last thing that counts. "Familie Schmek," a chapter in the life of respectable Vienna, and "Auch ich war ein Jungling" ('I was a young man once') a

chapter in the life of naughty Berlin, now running at the Deutsches Theatre, are typical examples. The latter piece is trivial, but the piece doesn't matter a bit. Its patrons, holding their sides with laughter for two hours of nearly unadulterated Pallenberg—as a gay old reprobate sleeping ecstatically under the sofa in a chapeau claque and greatcoat, Pallenberg on familiar terms with the guests at a boarding house where he is escaping from a shrewish wife, Pallenberg doubly disguised as the Count of Montecristallo, reciting tongue-twisters at incredible speed, indulging in side-splitting telephonic monologues, and imitating professional colleagues in their best-known parts—have ceased to follow the plot long before the curtain falls on the evening's fun.

"The Damoclean sword of heavy taxation hangs ominously over the theatrical life of Germany, but the many signs of dismay one encounters behind the scenes have thus far had no remarkable effect on the playhouses. As ordinary playgoers see them, and it would be difficult to believe that any former summer season had found the Berlin public more eager to be entertained or the managers more energetic in entertaining than during the present month."

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The appearance of the Beresfords, father and son, at Herley this year led a London journalist to inquire whether there is any record of a crew composed wholly of members of one family. A correspondent answered that in the early seventies there was a crew, a Mersey "four," composed of the Bigland family; three of them are now alive, one a member for Birkenhead; one, Percy, a portrait painter. All the brothers were over six feet in height except one, who acted as coxswain.

"In the seventies they swept the Mersey and the Dee, and we believe they issued a challenge to the world to race any crew similarly constituted."

Did the Ward brothers, long famous on the Hudson, hear about the Mersey "four"? Josh, Ellis, Hank—who was the fourth?

In cricket there were English teams composed of one family—as the Lytteltons, consisting of eight sons, the father and two uncles. There were also in Surrey eleven of Henthys, Miles, Muggelidges, Mitchells. The last-named, having beaten the other three, challenged a team of Lucases.

The Tree Book

Mr. Max Beerbohm's life of his half-brother, Sir Herbert Tree is ready for publication. Will he include his criticisms of plays produced by Sir Herbert? When Max was the dramatic critic of the Saturday Review, he began an article about a play in which Sir Herbert took the leading part as follows:

"I have a brother who once was an actor." In this life the biographer has been assisted by Lady Tree, Viola, Iris, Sir Gilbert Parker, Haddon Chambers, L. N. Parker, Edmund Gosse, Desmond McCarthy and Bernard Shaw. Let us hope that Lady Tree in her sketch of Sir Herbert's private life will include excellent jokes she cracked at his expense, not forgetting the reason she gave for his presence at a skating rink. Lovers of rich bindings should put this book into tree-calf.

For Statisticians

Maj.-Gen. H. H. the Maharajah of Bikanir, who shot his 100th tiger last April, bagged the record tigress in the Nepal jungles. "The length of the body was 6ft. 5in., and of the tail 3ft. 2in., making a total of 9ft. 7in. The girth was 3ft. 6in., the head 2ft. 3in., and the forearm 1ft. 5in., while the height of the tigress was 3ft. 1in."

The flag flown at the Democratic convention at San Francisco measured 46ft. by 3ft., and had a superficial area of 1638 square feet. It floated from the top of a staff of Oregon fir 22ft. above the ground. But the Union Jack on the Victoria Tower, London, which is 340 feet high, measures 18 yards by 12 yards, and has a superficial area of 1944 square feet.

Our Naturalist

As the World Wags:

Mr. Johnson's remarks about this year's robins leads me to ask if he has noticed the extraordinary number of song-birds this season. I do not recall ever hearing so many different varieties here in Mattapan before, though we have been growing more metropolitan year by year, and it will be only a matter of time before asphalt will obliterate the last of our Indian trails. I had supposed that there was already too much asphalt for song sparrows, yet today, as I lingered over my luncheon coffee—forbidden, alas, for the other six days of the week—one of them alighted on a beanpole near the

window and sang me a belated matinata. Having done, he then faced about and addressed a similar song to the regions of the upper air, shaking so with his own trilling that I expected any moment to see him tumble off. The apple trees, near the beans, are the favorite singing perches of a pair of orioles, but the finches prefer the clotheslines. If I am not mistaken, the early morning or evening was once the only time when you could be sure of hearing them, but now there is hardly an hour of the day that is not full of music.

If sparrows drive away song birds, mine are an exception, for I have never seen them fight except among themselves, although sometimes their domestic disputes reach such an acute stage that it is not uncommon to discover small speckled eggs on the grass beneath the eaves. But I do not think they are really any worse than the jays.

Mine, or rather, the ones who live under my roof, which is the same thing sometimes, are astonishingly human. About this time of year you can always see three or four of them hopping along the ground, one a slender, worried-looking little thing surrounded by fat fledglings as big again as she. She is followed with great interest until she finds a worm and then immediately importuned by a cheeping, teasing, wing-flapping crew, each perfectly able to find food for himself, but each bound that she shall put the food into his mouth. I have often wondered what would happen if she were to put it on the ground and let them fight for it, but she never does. And if she ever gets a mouthful for herself it must be when they are asleep. They are so much like spoiled children that it is no wonder that they do not sing. For singing, I imagine, is a question of disposition as well as of intelligence and habit. And yet sometimes when I see a little grey nite chirping away on a rooftop, tunelessly, of course, and forever lacking the golden gift of voice, I wonder if, after all, he isn't singing as well as he knows how, and if the raucous sounds that we call chirps do not echo as ripples and ripples in his own ears.

Mattapan. E. W. GOULD.

Where They Had Been

Two trippers met at Seaton Bay, As noon began to chime; "My breakfast," one was heard to say, "Was bacon fried in Lyme."

His friend replied, "I got you Steve; But mine was stranger cheer, For, walking west, I supped last eve On lobster boiled in Beer." A. W.—In London Daily Chronicle.

An Infallible Cure

The Rev. W. B. Money, who has had rich experience in English parochial work for 30 years, gives this sure cure for the hiccups (not hiccoughs, which attacks only the genteel): "Take a tumbler and fill it about half full of water. Put your lips to the opposite side of the rim to what you ordinarily would in drinking, tilt the glass away from you instead of towards you, and so sip the water. That is all, but you will want nothing more; you will be healed, a quiet, a restful man." We hope that this remedy will meet with the approval of good old Doc Evans.

Aug 31 1920

'SHAVINGS' AT THE TREMONT

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Shavings," a Cape Cod comedy from Joseph C. Lincoln's novel of the same name, dramatized by Pauline Phelps and Marlon Short. Produced by Henry W. Savage.

J. Edward Winslow, "Shavings" Harry Beresford Capt. Sam Hunniwell.....James Bradbury Phineas Babbitt.....Charles Dow Clark Leander Babbitt.....Robert Craig Maj. Leonard Grover.....Mitchell Harris Charles Phillips.....Bishop Dickinson Gabriel Bearse.....George Neville Roscoe Holway.....Dudley Clements Ruth Armstrong.....Clara Moores Maude Hunniwell.....Vivian Tobin Barbara Armstrong.....Ethel Downie

The story of the play is simple and in many ways familiar; the humor is equally simple, and the give and take of the dialogue is obvious. We have all seen the characters: the lovable, plain man that constantly sacrifices himself; the village folk; the village male gossip with a malicious twist; the sister that loves an erring brother; the repentant youth, endeavoring to outlive a prison record, at last and unjustly suspected of theft on account of his past; the choleric old gentleman who keeps the youth in a position of trust because he hates the accuser. Again we see the voluble drummer; again a little child whines and babbles.

On the other hand "Shavings" holds the attention after the first act, which is unpromising by the general excellence of the performance, by the picturesque nature of the production—the shop of Winslow with its toy windmills, Happy Jacks, fishes, birds, Noah and Isaiah, and especially by the remarkable impersonation of Winslow by Mr. Beresford.

It is not necessary to inquire curiously whether a Cape Cod maker of these toys is always as guileless a character as Winslow is portrayed, whether any Cape Codder could be so careless concerning money. What Charles Reade said of a Hebrew might be said of the average merchant on the Cape: "Once there was an Israelite without guile; but you and I, dear reader, never saw him."

As for the other characters they might live in any village of Vermont or New Hampshire. The atmosphere of Cape Cod is only in Winslow's shop.

Mr. Beresford has an expressive face, an eloquent voice, he has natural gifts and enviable acquirements. We have not read Mr. Lincoln's book, but it is easy to imagine that Mr. Beresford has vitalized the character of Winslow and made him even more human than the novelist drew him. For Mr. Beresford has imagination, and it is in his power to be quietly emotional as well as gently humorous and naturally shrewd.

He is well supported, especially by Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Clark, the two sworn foes, the banker who was once a skipper, and the hardware merchant. There is one truly dramatic scene in the whole play: the one in which Babbitt threatens to denounce the ex-convict and Winslow threatens in turn to read a letter of pro-German and violently unpatriotic sentiments written by Babbitt. The acting in this scene is of the highest order. Excellent, too, is the performance of the scene in which Babbitt learns of the Phillips case from the drummer. There are a few scenes of sentiment which are compelling, as when Winslow tells Ruth of the portraits that haunted him in the cottage where his mother died.

An audience that filled the theatre gave constant evidence of appreciation and approval.

COMEDY OPENS HOLLIS SEASON

HOLLIS STREET—"Three Wise Fools," a comedy by Austin Strong. The cast:

Leodore Findley.....	Claude Gillingwater
Dr. Richard Gaunt.....	Harry Davenport
James Turnbull.....	Howard Gould
Miss Fairchild.....	Hazel Sexton
Mrs. Saunders.....	Alfonia Remaley
Gordon Schuyler.....	Donald Foster
Benjamin Suratt.....	Wallace Fortune
John Crawshaw.....	Harry Leighton
Boyle.....	Millard Vincent
Gray.....	Harry Forsman
Maney.....	James Wright
Douglas.....	Herbert Saunders
Policeman.....	George Spelvin

The Hollis Street Theatre opened its doors last night for the season with the return of the popular comedy success, "Three Wise Fools," which enjoyed such wide popularity last year. John Golden, the producer, offers practically the same cast as upon its initial performance, only one or two minor changes being necessary which insured a smooth production of a play that ranks with the best in point of public favor. The theatre has been practically made over in its interior, everything for the comfort and convenience of patrons being at hand, while in decoration or redecoration it takes its place among the sumptuous playhouses of the country. A large audience greeted the players, thoroughly enjoying the performance, as was made evident by the repeated curtain calls.

The story of the comedy is very well known from its previous long run here. In the same capable hands it is revived and accentuated. The theatre-going public rarely finds a comedy so full of vital life and touches still with its thrill as in this adventure of the three wise old men who sought to remove themselves from the "rut and roll among the buttercups." Claude Gillingwater as the crusty and sentimental old financier is a striking figure on the stage today. To the casual attendant at the play the thought comes "Where has he kept himself all these years?" This is in itself a tribute to the art of the actor in his impersonation of the somewhat profane Theodore Findley.

Harry Davenport as the doctor with a pet theory, that of the living dead, almost convinced until the real test came and the three wise men were very close to being what the nephew of the financier said they were—it had nothing to do with wisdom. His performance is finished and appealing. Howard Gould as the judge, added dignity to the role of a somewhat more character, yet like his two companions in the triangle of Dumas a bit soft sentimentally.

Hazel Sexton as Miss Fairchild was delightful and Donald Foster as Gordon never allowed his audience to lose the thought that while he had a mind of his own and was overburdened with money as well as a fussy uncle, he was first of all a manly soul.

As a deal of the play is in the past, the parts were in capable hands and the performance ran with that easy, which comes from constant repetition. The management is limited for two weeks, which is to be regretted for "Three Wise Fools" is certainly one of the most enjoyable entertainments of many a season's record.

'NIGHTIE NIGHT'

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Nightie Night," a farce in a prologue and three acts. The cast:

Porter.....	George W. Pierpont
Trixie Lorraine.....	Susanne Willa
Billy Moffat.....	Francis Byrne
Walter.....	Oscar Knapp
Dr. Bentley.....	Cyril Raymond
Kerstine Dare.....	Ruby Craven
Mollie Moffat.....	Theodora Warfield
Philip Burton.....	Grant Mille
North.....	Augusta Durango
Jimmie Blythe.....	Malcolm Duncan

Pure fun pervades this performance from the first to the last line. Its title is appropriate, for "nighties" are the most evident articles of feminine attire. The constantly shifting situations are ludicrous and the lines are bright and witty. When produced in New York it was a success from the opening night, and its reception at the Park Square Theatre assures a week of crowded houses.

There is a jealous wife in the story with a suspicion about her husband's past, and the incidents that occur to lend color to her suspicions and to involve others furnish the material for a whirlwind of fun.

Billy Moffat knew an actress named Trixie Lorraine before his marriage and his wife suspects that their acquaintance amounted to something more than friendship. In a chance meeting on the train Billy promises to help the actress.

Jimmie Blythe, an old sweetheart, has come back from South America and married Trixie in a hurry without learning of her former marriage. He becomes so angry on learning of it that Trixie runs away. Billy promises to help him find her.

Then Trixie turns up in the Moffat apartments, through no fault of Billy's, and Jimmie Blythe also appears there. The effort to keep Trixie concealed until matters have been explained to Jimmie, and to pacify the jealous Mrs. Billy, brings about situations that threaten to ruin the happiness of four people.

Francis Byrne as Billy Moffat plays the heavy principal part pleasingly and Malcolm Duncan as Jimmie is a close second, while Theodora Warfield as Mollie and Susanne Willa as Trixie divide the honors in the female parts.

EMMA CARUS BACK

Emma Carus, singer and comedienne, assisted by J. Walter Leopold, singer and pianist, features the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Miss Carus's program is much the same as on her last two visits to this theatre. The monologue varies slightly in that it is revised to meet contemporary topics.

One of the best acts was the program of songs by Irving and Jack Kaufman, the phonograph singers.

Others are Joe Laurie, Jr., comedian, assisted by "his father and mother"; the Chandon Trio, aerial performers; Bradley and Ardine, in a clever dancing act; the first motion picture showing of slow process photography, introducing Babe Ruth and individual players of the Yanks and Indians; Rose Clare, in monologue; Harr Conley, assisted by Naomi Ray, in a portrayal of a "rube," and introducing a novel stage picture in perspective; Ed E. Ford, comedian, and Jack and Kitty Demaco, trapeze performers.

Sept 1, 1920 'JOAN DANVERS'

By PHILIP HALE

COPLY THEATRE—"The Joan Danvers," a play in three acts by Frank Stayton.

Annie.....	Blanche Le Roy
Madys.....	May Ediss
Mrs. Danvers.....	Viola Roach
Joan Danvers.....	Elma Royton
James Danvers.....	E. E. Clive
Captain Ross.....	Noel Leslie
James Danvers, Jr.....	Lyonel Watts
Hartley Warren.....	Nicholas Joy

It is said that the performance last Monday night was the first in America. The play shows the rebellion of sons and daughters against a despotic father. We are far from Frank Stockton's amusing essay in which he says there is no more terrible sight than that of a parent at bay. The theme of Mr. Stayton's drama is an old one; it has been treated in many lands by playwrights and novelists. In "Magda" there is the rebellion; there is Kennion the stern dictator in Stanley Houghton's "The Younger Generation," in "Milestones" one sees the inevitable clash between the older generation and the succeeding one.

Mr. Stayton has adroitly worked the old material. Danvers is a petty tyrant, sanctimonious, demanding that wife and children be his slaves. "Under my roof" is constantly the formula for

working out his theory of domestic government. As a ship owner, he is mercenary and unscrupulous. He sends out the Joan Danvers against the advice of her captain, Ross, who has secretly married Joan, and knowing that she is unworthy. Danvers deceives the inspector and over-insures the vessel. He strikes a bargain with Warren, the insurance agent, promising him Joan for wife if he will wink at the fraud.

Learning too late that his Joan is the wife of Ross and that his only son Jimmy is a stowaway on the vessel, consumed with rage at Joan, fearing the loss of the insurance, he has a stroke when he hears of the son's departure. Here the dramatist may have remembered a leading incident in Bacon's "Pillars of Society." But the Joan Danvers is not lost; husband and son return in safety.

Danvers still weak in mind and sluggish in speech, realizes that if there is justice in the divine scheme, there is also mercy. But it will be long before Joan, who hates the sentimentalism that, as she says, is the curse of the English nation, will in her heart forgive the man that would have intentionally been the murdered of captain and men.

The characters are well defined; the harsh, inexorable, church-going man of knavish business; the much-enduring gentle wife timidly suggesting that her children should have greater liberty, fearing the worst, having lived 25 years with a slave-driver, the two girls, Joan asserting her liberty and demanding her right to choose a husband, Gladys, flippant, pert, not bold as her sister, to use her own words, a moral coward, brought to concealment and falsehood through the parental despot.

Only in the beginning of the third act does the attention of the spectator flag. An otherwise dreary stretch is relieved by the mother's confession of her long servitude, made in an irresistibly pathetic manner by Miss Roach, whose performance throughout was artistically restrained and therefore the more effective.

Mr. Clive's uncommon versatility in characterization has long been recognized in this city. He is never Mr. Clive in this or that costume and situation. Whether the role be farcical or one of high comedy, whether it be melodramatic or grimly intense, the character is fully revealed; facial expression, personal mannerisms, gestures, manner of speech, give pronounced individuality. His Danvers must be ranked among his most brilliant impersonations.

Miss Royton gave an interesting portrayal; not merely one of a young woman in rebellion or of a girl loving in the face of objection. She voiced the feelings, emotions, mentality of a younger generation, without losing her womanhood. Her sister was chiefly conspicuous for her freshness.

Incredible as it may seem, the large audience evidently regarded for two acts the persons in this domestic drama as distinctly comic. In situations that were pathetic, intense, tragic, there was snickering, giggling, tittering, and even loud laughter. The wonder was that the actors were not seriously disturbed. It might be well for Mr. Jewett to put up signs for the remaining performances: "This is not a farce"; "The audience is respectfully requested not to laugh during the emotional scenes, which will be announced by the stage chimes."

MANY of us remember how Dr. Karl Muck in his intimate correspondence freed his mind about loathed Boston and its uncultured, highly objectionable, barbarous inhabitants.

An American, arriving at St. Moritz in Switzerland about two months ago, as she was about to register at an inn, saw on the book this entry:

Dr. Karl Muck and Mrs. Muck, Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

Pie That Is Pie

As the World Wags:

A few evenings ago, having perused the commentary in the Transcript and the American on the status quo of blueberry pie in the current high cost of living, I turned to the July Harper's in search of yet higher things. By odd chance the first thing I turned to was an inquiry into the same matter, and as it appeared in the form of a direct question, it seemed as if it should be answered, as from one truly rural poet to another.

"Why prize these bits of fragmentary blue, These secret segments of a single pie, Replete with berries dripping of their dye, Done brown, just as our mothers used to do?"

Such is the question of one who should know, the poet of the pie belt, Robert Frost.

The answer? As we prize so do things cost.

Those fragments cost us twenty cents a throw. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

Lincoln in Christiania

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of July 31 Mr. Arno Kildal of Portland, Me., wrote that a statue of Lincoln had been erected in Christiania in July, 1914. As I am very anxious to know more about the statue I hope that Mr. Kildal will see this and be good enough to write to Truman H. Bartlett, 17 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass., and tell him more about it. T. H. G.

Morgan and St. Germain

As the World Wags:

But what became of old Harry Morgan, the buccaneer? And what became of that Count de St. Germain, who made diamonds under the eye of Louis XVI and about whom Mr. Howard Pyle wrote a little story, "A Modern Aladdin," and illustrated it some 25 years ago? ANONYMUNCULUS.

You should not speak so flippantly of Sir Henry Morgan, although he did many horrid deeds at Panama and elsewhere. Charles II knighted him. Morgan died in the island of Jamaica in 1688, lieutenant-governor, commander-in-chief; for a time he was acting governor of the island. The Count de St. Germain died in 1780 at Schleswig, according to some; at Cassel, if others are to be believed. He flourished under the reign of Louis XV and was famous for his elixir of life, which he said had enabled him to live through generations. There are curious revelations of his character and activities in the memoirs of Casanova, that wonderful description of fast life from which Thackeray did not hesitate to borrow for his "Barry Lyndon." Carlyle in his essay on Count Bagliostro, recounting his labor in consulting books and magazines about that extraordinary quack, wrote that he had not "grudged to dive even into the infectious 'Memoires de Casanova' for a hint or two—could he have found that work, which, however, most librarians make a point of denying that they possess." This reminds one of an anecdote in C. G. Leland's memoirs. At a dinner or supper in Boston the name of Casanova was mentioned; all the literary men at the table professed ignorance of him and his adventures, except one—was it Dr. Holmes?—who had the courage to say he was not wholly ignorant in the matter. Havelock Ellis in an article in the Savoy was the first Englishman bold enough to appraise Casanova at his true value. Recent French writers about the Italian adventurer have much to say about St. Germain.—Ed.

Sept 2, 1920 "Aida" at Braves Field Is

By PHILIP HALE

Verdi's "Aida" was performed last night on Braves Field. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. The cast was as follows: Radames, Orville Harold; Amonasro, Clarence Whitehill; Ramephis, Pietro di Biasi; king of Egypt, Natalie Ceroy; messenger, Anthony Guarino; Aida, Marie Rappold; Amneris, Cyrena Van Gordon; priestess, Marionne Godbout. There was a large orchestra, a brass band, a very large chorus, a host of supernumeraries, and a ballet. There was an Egyptian background, with pyramids and temple designed by Mr. Roland Butler, simple and sufficiently effective. It was stated some time ago that an elephant and at least one camel would be in the grand procession of the second act. We did not see them, and we missed a hippopotamus in the Nile scene.

This performance was described as "a Pilgrim performance in honor of tercentennial of New England." If anyone wondered what the Egyptian tragedy had to do with the landing of the Pilgrims, the answer was: "The triumph scene may well be construed to symbolize the triumph of the structure founded by the Pilgrim fathers," an answer that should satisfy the most captious.

There have been out-of-door performances of "Aida" in cities of Europe and this country. The most noteworthy was the one near the Pyramids in 1912. In the performance at Sheepshead Bay in August of last year, Mmes. Rappold and Van Gordon took part. Perhaps they will pass down in history as hardy annual out-door singers.

In performances of this nature, the opera is necessarily first of all a spectacle. The sight of a great crowd on the stage-ground and of a very large audience under a sky of stars and rising moon is indeed impressive. No one suspects a performance with fine nuances, the musical effects must be broad and massive. Delicacy and subtlety in song and action are here impossible. To many in the audience last night the performance on the stage must have been only a pleasing picture.

Those nearer the stage heard first of all the orchestra; the voices of the warrior, the king and the high priest were resonant, while Mmes. Rappold and Van Gordon were more fortunate in the carrying power of upper than of lower tones. As far as dramatic action was concerned, Mr. Whitehill as Amonasro, one of the most superb figures in opera, easily outshone his comrades. The performers were of course in costume. Aida, the slave girl, was as sumptuously clad as the Princess of Egypt, and for an Abyssinian was singularly white; indeed, a stainless maiden.

As often happens when a chorus is abnormally large, the body of tone was disappointing. The tenor section was weak.

Mr. Mollenhauer, without undue effort, held his forces in firm control, no

task. His long experience and pronounced authority served him well.

More than once the sold singers were disturbed by the shunting and passing of the trains on the Memphis-Thebes-Pyramids railway.

An interesting spectacle on the whole and Mr. McIsaac should be pleased with the result of his undertaking.

Such spectacles, however, are of little musical worth, even when they are arranged to do honor to the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Finck is not the only one of objects justly to "Jumboism" in music. The place for an opera is the opera house.

Wife—Lord, how fine the fields that sweet living 'tis in the country. W. Wife—Ay, poor souls, God help 'em live as contentedly as one of 'em. W. My husband's cousin would have gone into the country last year. Went ever there?

W. Wife—Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em.

W. And what kind of creatures are they for love of God?

W. Wife—Very good people, God help 'em.

From the Cape

As the World Wags:

I have observed with pain that the most gorgeously colored bird in my neighborhood, does not bathe. I will drive away the robins and smaller birds, who enjoy the aqueous hospitality that I have provided for them at considerable expense to myself. A day, having frightened lesser birds, will stand on the rim of the bath and look contemptuously at the water. Having thus expressed his insolent disdain, he will fly away with a discordant cry. Unwashed, he outvies in beauty the birds that respect cleanliness. And have been told by daring adventurers that the Eskimos of the Arctic circle, who never wash their bodies, are the whitest of men.

I was greatly interested in The Herald's review of "Shavings." I hope the day will be coming when I return to Boston. My neighbor, Eldridge Nickerson, has seen it. He says that no true wood-chopper would ever sell a wooden washbasin, priced 2 for 11 cents, or even for 12 cents; but he is a realist, wholly devoid of imagination.

CLAMPOT. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

The Suburbanite

As the World Wags:

In your note upon Herostratus, this interesting passage: "Being looked upon as a dangerous fellow, he was banished to a suburb." May it not be that the true and original punishment should be that of madness, which the Ephesian youth to his praise received? May it not be that the orbed moon with red fire laden upon its face, all day setting the houses of the suburb aflame is a long-time resident of that bailiwick and has suddenly come to the realization of what it means to be a suburb? For it is certain that, in a holocaust, many a massacre, remained unexecuted simply because the habitual suburbanite never takes time, never, indeed, has time, to sit down and calmly by himself and think the matter out, reflect soberly and rationally upon what living in a suburb has done for him. And it has done a plenty. No one can deny that there is something wonderful about the atmosphere or the soil of a suburb. It is a kind of *élan* that is the vital current of the soul and the life of a man a first cousin to the life of a nation, a mere automaton, whose whole existence, physical, mental and moral, gyrates wildly round the foot of cerebration, namely, catch the 7-11 in the morning and watching the 4-11 in the evening. A man who has lived in the free air of small towns half his life and is then, by some malignant fate, transported for his remaining years to residence in a suburb, sees with terrible horror an insidious alteration creeping over him hour by hour. He has to be at a certain spot twice a day for 100 days in the year, for 20 or 30 years on end, regardless of wind or rain or snow or a visit of God—is it not enough to drive one mad? Can one wonder that the mad being comes out of a suburb, or that the sane does so come out in 2000 years? The question one another about the suburb? The high moralists of the suburb world are forever inquiring about the hircine who keeps the suburb clean. How in the name of the suburb is it that the suburb are the suburb who make up our suburb? Can one wonder that the suburb are the suburb who make up our suburb? Can one wonder that the suburb are the suburb who make up our suburb?

Boston. W. E. K.

Sept 3 1920

"Mr. Marshall of Indiana summed up the situation in just 19 words. 'What is a country needs,' observed Thomas, 'is a good five-cent cigar.'"

But this profoundly philosophic observation was made 40 or 50 years ago by either the Danbury News man, or the Harmerist of the Burlington Hawkeye.

A Vacation Note

As the World Wags:

I went blueberrying last Saturday and am loafing as much as I can, but I have no technique for idleness and make but a poor hand at a holiday. How I used to despise those who had permitted themselves to drift into this condition! I find that all the contempt that we so generously send out in early life to those whose ideas do not agree with our own comes back in later days to visit our own folly. It does not make life pleasanter or easier to bear.

JEREMIAH TOMBES.

Boston.

Winslow and Dallin

As the World Wags:

I wonder if the writer of the interesting letter signed "The Old Un," in your column, regarding the Red Men's memorial to Massasoit, including Edward Winslow, the chief's friend among the Pilgrims, is aware of the fact that Mr. Dallin's fine Massasoit for this purpose is already completed.

The figure of Winslow, seven feet, is now being completed by the writer and will be placed temporarily in the renovated Winslow House at Marshfield.

CLARA LATHROP STRONG.

Marshfield Hills.

"Slow and Gong"

As the World Wags:

"Slow and gong" is loth to die, in spite of its persecutors. Though not a "high-brow college graduate," I hasten to its succor: I stand to defend it to the last drop of ink.

Our ponderous English language is too long-winded, too formal, anyway. In comparison with the French, for example, we are at a loss. Where we say "What is it?" they get along with "Qu'est-ce que c'est que c'est?" or "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a qui approche," we are behind hand, obsolescent; our language must be expanded by fair means or foul. It is incumbent on every man-jack of us, irrespective of our cranial attitude or educational advantages, to seize hold of our mother tongue, kneal it and twist it to suit our fancy, chew it into a pillable mass, and eject it for the betterment of mankind.

Take verbs, for example. We haven't nearly enough verbs; not over a few thousand, at the most. The transformation of "gong" from its primitive noun state is indeed a move in the right direction; yet a still more striking example met my eye the other day.

Have you ever entered a unibrachial restaurant where one's requests are howled through the marble hall and flouted to the very roof-tides? Then perhaps you have heard the echoed order, "Ham and eggs."

Let us welcome the newcomer into our family of verbs and give him a room beside "slow and gong."

He is no illegitimate intruder; has had two legs to stand on, of a contour not dissimilar to "slow and gong's" underpinning. For the right leg, see Century Dictionary, "egg, v. t. to incite, urge." For the left-leg, consider the tone of the statement. Without a doubt, the mood of the request is imperative, and a word in the imperative mood must surely be a verb.

I submit, therefore, inasmuch as one leg is nothing less mighty than the Century Dictionary, and the other not a whit more despicable than popular usage, that we welcome with open arms this new-born among verbs this very backbone of back formation.

Newton Centre. SATYROS. It has been remarked that the richness of the dictionary is often the index of the poverty of a language. Charles Nodder assures us that the angels have only three words to express 3,000,000 ideas, while earthly languages will soon have 3,000,000 words that cannot express three ideas. He said this over 60 years ago, and think how the languages have been enriched as far as the number of words is concerned during these 60 years. ED.

Two Flags

As the World Wags:

In reference to my letter published by you on the 22d ult., under your headlines "National Rudeness," which I assure you I did not mean my letter to imply, because I could not conscientiously compare the 13 other states and cities with Boston or Massachusetts.

In reference to your footnote, I am quite aware that the American government and the British government apologized to each other for the insults to their respective flags. But the British government went a step further. She seized the guilty soldiers and punished them. Whereas, the American government or authorities did nothing in that respect. Demonstrations in front of the American embassy would not be tolerated in London, the London "Bobby" would soon be on the scene moving the guilty demonstrators, who were annoying the representatives of friendly nations. Again, a man like De Valera collecting funds in England with a view of working against American interests would not be long before finding himself behind lock and key. Gladly would I sign my name to this but it would only lead to useless arguments among my acquaintances. I am open to "discuss" any problem, but do not believe in argument and personalities, so sign again a would-be

"UNITED STATES CITIZEN."

Boston.

The Sugar Scarcity

A South London grocer who many years ago came from beyond the Tweed is noted for his carefulness.

Last week he inserted an advertisement in a local paper for a bright youth as errand-boy and to assist in the shop during rush hours.

A lad who knew the old grocer and his careful ways applied for the situation, and while he was being told how careful he must be and not waste anything a fly settled on the sugar.

The fly was immediately "swatted" by the old gentleman, carried to the door and thrown out, so that it might not get mixed with the currants.

"If you want me to be very careful you are setting me a very bad example," said the lad.

"Why?" asked the grocer.

"Because," said the boy, you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."—P. R. S. in the London Daily Chronicle.

Fire and Brimstone

As the World Wags:

Have you noticed the fire escape on the Park street side of the Park Street Church? This would have been very fitting in Cotton Mather's day, but why now?

U. S. K.

Boston.

Sept 1920

Will the question of "Pi Alley" or "Pie Alley" ever be answered to the satisfaction of all Bostonians? The Philadelphia Inquirer in an editorial article written by an ex-Bostonian decides in favor of "Pi." "As a matter of fact, the newsboys eat more doughnuts than pies. The association with printers is amply sufficient to account for the name Pi Alley. . . . Was Pie Alley changed to Pi Alley because more printers than pies were found there?"

The writer heads his editorial article "Historic Doubts as to Pi Alley." He regrets that neither Dr. Green nor Edward M. Bacon is alive; he calls upon Mr. Herkimer Johnson. But Mr. Johnson did not make Boston his home until 1889, and he could not discuss the question authoritatively.

In "A Record of the Streets, Alleys, Places, etc., in the City of Boston," published by the city in 1910, we read that Williams court, 1788, formerly from Cornhill (now Washington street), west was called Savage's court in 1732 and named Williams court in 1788 or 1789. "Colloquially called Pie Alley by reason of the number of restaurants formerly in the court."

"Thomas" writes to us, in doubt as to the spelling and the reason for the name. A "positive citizen" says it is "Pi" because of the fact that some of the "comps" in the composing room, which was about midway in the alley, found it handier to shy their "pi" out the windows than to distribute it in the cases. But be it "Pie" or "Pi" what memories are recalled to those of us who can hark back 40 and more years. How many "comps" are there on this side of the Styx who can recall "E. B. H." whose editorial copy it was a pleasure to set, and "Templeton" and "Walsingham," not forgetting Bockus, whose "copy" was plain only to those who could decipher anything that came from the editorial room. And then the "Bell" where some of us would tarry long enough to partake of a hot mutton pie, to the accompaniment of a mug of "Philadelphia." Those, indeed, were the happy days.

To Herkimer Johnson

Honored Sir: I am glad to hear from you at your sojourn at Clamport. How do you get there, and is it near Quohaughurst? We miss you at the Porphyry, and at Blossom Court they were very non-communicative. You have doubtless heard of the National Research Council, and of its great achievements in co-operative research. The same thing has been contemplated for poetry, music and the graphic arts, and it has occurred to me that you might be much interested in the success which has "emerged," in the language of the day, in the domain of poetry. As chairman of the committee on co-operative wooing of the muses, I am glad to announce the following first fruits of our efforts. At first I suggested "Thoughts on Reading the Republican Platform," but I soon saw there was nothing in that—in fact that was what attracted me to it. We got Shakespeare on the ouija board, and he wanted to contribute a sonnet, beginning

"Bunk is not bunk that alters when it alteration finds."

But I turned this down. The ouija board was cracked in the process. Generally the people that use it are—but never mind. I shall supply one or two footnotes. I submit two samples: note the note of contemporaneity.

WARBLE

Free verse, mostly by Amyroux Slowell. Air, "Free Air."

It is the month of June. Oh, June. June is the month it is.

This is a fact.

Above's the crescent moon. Oh, Moon!

Soon, oh, soon, the moon will be full.

So shall not I.

All the round orb of earth is clothed in green sheen!

I repeat it is sheeny. And so are lots of people on it.

As a matter of fact it is not round.*

But spheroidal.

Or rather ellipsoidal.

The ellipsoidity is variously determined.

But I sing not of determination nor determinants.

No, nor yet of determinants.

I have cut myself while shaving.

I am sorry, yes, by Gorry! Err-r!

Shaving with a safety razor.

This line is not so free.

Lines a non haecula.

*This line gives decided signs of co-operation.

So-called because it is not safe.

The green sheen

And the red gore

There is a lot of supplementary colors.

See page 75 for more details.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester-on-the-Blackstone.

Mr. Webster's other poem of "contemporary human interest," as *Austrian Daily* used to say, will be published in a day or two. It shows his intimate acquaintance with a dictionary of rhymes.—Ed.

Vox Populi, Vox Dollar

As the World Wags:

Reading every now and again that a golfer in quest of the coin has wept tears of rage at the dissonant ululations of the gallery recalls the story of a real world series in Australia, where England and Australia were playing for the ashes of English cricket.

The Australians are an exuberant lot, and in one of the matches the spectators were coddling the Englishmen so much that their captain complained to the Australian captain, G. H. S. Trotter.

"Yes," said Trotter, "it's too bad, and I'm damned sorry, old chap, but this is all a money-making scheme, and we can't get along without the crowd."

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

Sept 5 1916

"A Man of the People: a Drama of Abraham Lincoln," by Thomas Dixon, is published by D. Appleton & Co. Evidently the laurels of Mr. John Drinkwater would not let Mr. Dixon sleep. Here is his play about Lincoln, and it has been announced that he, too, is at work on a play with Robert E. Lee as the hero.

Mr. Dixon's drama begins with a prologue in which Nancy, Tom Lincoln's wife, is dying in the forest wilderness of southern Indiana 160 years ago. Tom, young Abe and his sister Sarah and the doctor are the characters. Nancy, talking with Abe, foresees his greatness. She was proud of him when he cut down his first tree. "Anything my boy starts to do—he does. Your father taught you to see the ex and—your father's a good man, my son—kind-hearted and true and everybody likes him. They made him road supervisor of his township in Kentucky once. If he could read and write he would have gone to the Legislature." Abe reads to her "The Lord Is My Shepherd." She tells him of a dream in which she saw the people hanging on the words of Abe, now a man. As she dies she exclaims: "And remember that you can be a great man in this free country if you only say, I will." The boy's face is "illumined by the light of a great purpose." "Yes, Ma, I will."

Act I. Aug. 1864, the President's room in the White House. Secretary Nicolay opens letters asking Grant's dismissal, others demanding that the war should be stopped at any price. Mrs. Lincoln tells Betty Winter that she owes A. T. Stewart & Co. \$50,000 for dresses. Lincoln enters and reads a telegram stating that a brigadier-general and 50 mules have been captured. "Too bad—rush a regiment after the mules, they're worth \$20 apiece; Jeff Davis can have my brigadier-general." Sherman telegraphs about the conditions near Atlanta. The report about the Copperhead Societies is handed to Lincoln. Stanton enters and storms about Lincoln's abuse of the pardoning power. A little girl obtains the pardon of her young brother who had deserted, having read a Copperhead pamphlet "Why Should Brothers Fight?" Lincoln refuses to pardon a "solid citizen of Massachusetts," a slave trader whose ship has been confiscated and is in jail because he cannot pay a fine. Others asking favors are kindly treated. Negroes discuss with the President the colonization of Liberia. Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the *New York Times*, and other members of the national committee ask the President to withdraw as a candidate for a second term, in view of his unpopularity and his conduct of the war. Thaddeus Stevens is especially bitter and names Fremont as a better candidate. Lincoln defines his policy, defends the nobility of his purpose and sends for McClellan to put him to a test on the Copperhead issue.

Act II. The same room. Lincoln and his wife discuss the situation. McClellan in a long conversation refuses to denounce the Copperheads. "Your party is in a hopeless panic, and my election is conceded." Young Vaughan, a captain, because his father has been imprisoned for writing the pamphlet "Why Should Brothers Fight?" draws a revolver on Lincoln, who by his reasoning and lofty virtues, brings the would-be assassin to repentance. As he had joined

the Knights of the Golden Circle, and knows the signs and passwords, Vaughan is just the man to visit Richmond and work the word from Jefferson.

Davis that there can be no peace save in civil war.

At all Davis's room in the Capitol at Richmond, Vaughan gives the sign of the Knights to Judah P. Benjamin. John R. Gilmore of the New York Tribune and Col. Jacques, clergyman, are already in Richmond. Vaughan assures Benjamin that there will be a revolt against Lincoln's government. Gilmore and Jacques talk with Davis. "Cannot the war be stopped? Davis insists on the independence of the South. Benjamin insists that the two should be shot as Lincoln's spies. Gen. Lee is sure that he can hold Grant's army unless Atlanta falls, and as he needs more men he wishes 50,000 Negroes armed and drilled. "Slavery is doomed, sir. It can never survive this tragedy." The three Northerners receive passes through the lines.

Scene II. Lincoln's room. He and Betty await news from Atlanta and her sweetheart Vaughan. Stevens again insists on another candidate, and is enraged because Lincoln tells him a little story about a farmer in Illinois. The news comes that Atlanta is fairly won, whereupon Lincoln recites two verses of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Stanton and others sing "We Are Coming, Father Abraham."

"Lincoln—Come on, Stevens, 'smile! Take a chance. It may kill you, but my Lord, man, take a chance!"

"Stevens—You're not elected yet, sir, and such levity ill becomes a nation's chief in these tragic hours."

"Lincoln (laughs)—If I couldn't laugh I'd have died long ago at this job!" The epilogue shows Lincoln reading his inaugural.

This play has been performed successfully in Chicago. How effective it will be on the eastern stage remains to be seen. It certainly will interest all those that remember the feverish later years of the civil war, the months of alternate hope and despair, the abuse heaped on Lincoln, even by those who had formerly supported him. The dramatist lays special stress on Lincoln's humane nature.

Lincoln's gentleness is shown by his treatment of Mrs. Lincoln's extravagance. "Don't worry, Mother! Who cares for a few old dresses more or less in these times! But if I'd known they cost that much, I'd taken a second look at them, and tried to get my money's worth. . . . If we don't stay, the old sign swings on the door in Springfield; Billy Henderson's waiting for me and the law business will be better than ever. Go back, now, and don't worry. It's my business to do all the worrying."

The dramatist dedicated his play to William Harris, Jr., "whose courage and high ideals as a producer gave to the American stage the epoch-making play 'Abraham Lincoln.'" The reference is probably to Mr. Drinkwater's drama, not to Mr. Dixon's.

Stanton and His Plays

To F. E. C.—Frank Stanton, whose drama, "The Joan Danvers," was produced at the Copley Theatre last Monday, was born on the Isle of Wight on Christmas, 1874. He studied for the bar, but he became an actor, playing in Australia and in England until 1901. His first play, "One or Two Girls," was produced in Australia in 1893. Besides "The Joan Danvers" he has written at least 17 plays. The latest one, according to our information, is "Enter, Thompson" (Portsmouth, Eng., 1919).

"The Joan Danvers" was first played at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., on Nov. 8, 1915. James Danvers, Herbert Lomas; Joan, Evelyn Hope. The first performance in London was by the Manchester company at the Duke of York's Theatre, Feb. 7, 1916.

Mr. Ryan Remembers Old

Streets and Old Characters

To the Editor of The Herald:

The clock that strikes the half hour may be a convenience now and then, but there are times when it is an annoyance. For instance, the other night after I had retired somewhat early, being half awake and half asleep I heard the clock strike 1 and I wondered if it announced the small hour aye or the twal, to borrow an expression from Bobbie Burns of convivial memory. But presently, as I thought, it rang out the first unit again, and then it seemed to my drowsy humanity in a few minutes it turned up again. Like Banquo's ghost it would not down; and suddenly there came a ticking to my now fully awake senses which kept saying, "Quincy Tufts," "Quincy Tufts," "Quincy Tufts." Why that name, which had slumbered in my memory for 60 years or thereabouts, should revive I could not tell, but possibly it came from the allusions to Pi alley, to which my attention has been directed so frequently of late, for Quincy Tufts was a retail dry goods merchant who kept at the northerly corner of Williams court—he never knew it as Pi alley. Long after the other merchants in his class had gone southward, Quincy stuck to his old stand and to his old goods, for he did not follow slavishly the new fashions as did his compeers. If you wanted anything out-of-date, Quincy had it in his stock. Solid and substantial were his wares and his charges were fair, though the one priced system was not largely in vogue. He knew not the Bell-in-Hand as a neighbor, but possibly

stood his as at that hostelry when it was on Congress square, or at some of its localities when Wilston, the town crier, presided over its destinies.

Rufus Choate, on his way to the old court house through Williams court, was credited with saying it was "convenient but ignominious," an unjust reflection on a place where at least one family resided in my boyhood. The father and mother were Irish Protestants from the south of Ireland, not Scotch-Irish, mind you, but very good friends with their Catholic neighbors at home and abroad. I knew them well when I was young. There was, too, a family that made their home over the arch that led into Williams court before it became Pi alley, the paradise of hungry newsboys. This family were people of substance, not tenement dwellers.

I know nothing of the early business experience of Quincy Tufts, but presume he came into business sometime after the early days of Amos Lawrence, the first of the Lawrences to come to Boston from Groton. He was in business in a small store on Washington street near Cornhill in 1807. In his diary and correspondence published in 1855 I find the following:

"In the autumn of 1809 I boarded at Granger's Coffee House, opposite Brattle street church, and in the same house Mr. Charles White took up his quarters, to prepare his then new play, 'The Clergyman's Daughter.' He spent some months in preparing it to secure a run for the winter and used to have Penett Canfield. Robert Treat Paine and a host of others to dine with him very often. I not infrequently left the party at the dinner table and found

them there when I returned to tea. Among the boarders was a fair proportion of respectable young men of different pursuits, and having got somewhat interested in White we all agreed to go and help bring out his 'Clergyman's Daughter.' Mrs. Darley was the lady to impersonate her, and a more beautiful creature could not be found. She and her husband (who sang his songs better than any man I had ever heard then) had all the spirit of parties in interest. We filled the boxes and encored, and all promised a great run. After three nights we found few besides his friends, and it was laid aside as a failure. In looking back, the picture comes fresh before me; and among all, I do not remember one who was the better, and most were ruined. The theatre is no better now."

I wonder what Mr. Lawrence, if he were living, would say about the playhouse of today. Mr. White, whose full name, by the way, was William Charles, left a counting room to become an actor. He seemed to have been a failure, both as a dramatist and actor, although he played leading parts for four months at the old Boston Theatre at the corner of Federal and Franklin streets. He left the stage to study law. Still the mimic scene seemed to have a charm for him: he went back to it for a short time in New York, but he did not prove to be attractive and he returned to Blackstone and wrote a law book. Robert Treat Paine, who wrote the epilogue for "The Clergyman's Daughter," went to the dogs, as the saying goes, but he might have done that even if he had never haunted the playhouse, for he was of a naturally irresolute character, though his father, who gave him no countenance, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The son was accounted a good poet of his day, of a conventional character, but who reads him now? The stage did not ruin the Kembles or Charles James Maeready, who were actors and sons of actors. Shakespeare, after he had outlived the heats of youth, was not ruined by the "Wooden O," and died a respectable and well-to-do citizen of Stratford-on-Avon: quite as decent as Quincy Tufts, whose name came out so unaccountably in the ticking of that persistent midnight time-piece.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Mr. Ryan asks, Who now reads Robert Treat Paine? Paine—he was christened Thomas, and this name was changed to Robert Treat by an act of the Legislature in 1891—is now remembered by his political song, "Adams and Liberty," written in 1798 at the request of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. His poems and prose writings were published in a volume of 465 pages in 1812. The volume contains a biographical sketch of Paine written in an elaborate and stately manner and in an amazingly frank spirit by Charles Prentiss. Mr. Selfridge wrote additional biographical pages. The volume now at hand, picked up by a Bostonian in Charleston, S. C., a few years ago, was discussed at that time in an issue of *The Sunday Herald*. Due attention was then paid to Paine's review of "Adrian and Orilla," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," "Henry IV," "Venice Preserved," "George Barnwell," "John Bull," "Othello," "Pizarro." These articles were originally published in a weekly miscellany of Boston called the *Times*. Paine wrote a prize prologue for the opening of the Federal Street Theatre in January, 1794; a dedicatory address for the opening of the new Federal Theatre in October, 1798; an address delivered "on the occasion of Master John H. Payne's first appearance on the Boston stage in the char-

acter of Young Norval," an epilogue to "The Soldier's Daughter," a dedicatory address for Miss Fox, about 5 years old, at her benefit in May, 1807, and an epilogue to "The Poor Lodger," besides the epilogue to "The Clergyman's Daughter," in which he satirized a fop of the time, a would-be wit, a male gossip, Peter Paracraph, Esq., and a "full length critick."

Paine's own critical faculty was highly developed. His comments on the actors and actresses of his day are even now instructive. He was unsparring in his denunciation of faulty readings, erroneous, misleading emphasis.

If his biographers exposed fully his failings, they were extravagant in praise of his literary ability, his charming social qualities and his wit. Mr. Prentiss went so far as to say of Paine's poem, "The Ruling Passion," for the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard University (1797): "We know of no satire of Horace or Juvenal, Buleau or Pope, that surpasses it." The sale of this poem brought Paine \$1200 profit.—Ed.

A Note on "Wang"

To the Editor of The Herald:

The news of the day continues to revive old opocretta names. Thus a recent headline: "Wang Takes Steps to Protect Pckin."

When "Wang" was in the full tide of its popularity at the Broadway Theatre, with De Wolf Hopper in the title role, I happened to be in New York and met Woolson Morse, the composer of the music. Woolson was a Boston man, and had been up against it hard, but was now drawing good royalties. He spoke very bitterly of Rudolph Aronson, then directing the Casino, to whom, he told me, he had submitted "Wang," and after being put off several times with long delays, had it returned with a remark to the effect that, after the examination, the score had not been found available. Then, as Morse told it, he opened the manuscript, many of the pages of which he had lightly pasted together, in anticipation of such a possibility. None of them had been separated, and he gave Aronson the devil

for his duplicity. EMIL SCHWAB.
Arlington.

Mr. Cochrane of London Discusses Dramatic Conditions in That City

Charles B. Cochrane, the London manager, thinks that the prices of admission are too cheap. He is in favor of 15 shilling stalls, and no seat should be procurable for less than 2s 6d. He has this to say about German plays in London: "I am sorry to notice a tendency among present-day managers to produce German and Austrian plays. Some months ago a German impresario called upon me with a bagful of Berlin and Viennese successes. I showed him the door. I hear, however, of several Austrian and German productions in active preparation," so I imagine my friend found a market for his wares. He was good enough to say that the German and Hungarian authors and composers were quite willing that their names should not be publicly announced, and he even offered to substitute the names of American authors and composers with whom he had made arrangements for this specific purpose. I am not blind to the fact that for economic purposes commerce must be re-established with Germany, but surely the time has not arrived when it is necessary to pay the Germans to make us laugh and to supply us with the music to which we may dance. There is no more powerful channel for international propaganda than the theatre. Every German, Austrian or Hungarian play produced is propaganda for the country of the play's origin. The point I am chiefly desirous of emphasizing at the moment is that the theatre should be made to serve the splendid purpose of creating good feeling between the allied countries."

Concerning the "American Invasion" Mr. Cochrane says: "American market clamors for good English plays, and the traffic is not at all one-sided. I alone shall have an interest in no less than eight plays in America during the forthcoming season. We do not want bad American plays any more than we want bad English plays, but let us have all the good American plays and all the good American artists that the United States care to send. Good English plays and good English actors are always assured a hearty welcome on the other side. Managers, here and over there, are doing useful work by the exchange of their dramatic wares. Of course an American play that fails in England, or an English play which fails in America is not necessarily a bad play. Its non-success may, as often as not, be properly attributed to its unsuitability to transplantation. The fact that our stage can render the greatest possible service in maintaining cordial relations between the allied countries should in itself be sufficient reason to keep German, Austrian and Hungarian wares out of our theatres."

Now, does Mr. Cochrane believe that the failure of many plays in London is due to the times? "The British theatre at the moment lacks virility. This applies to dramatists and players alike. Some time ago I described the English

...a ... an ...
... 1 ...
... the English playwright and the English
... consider ...
... again, both manager and play-
... are too apt to underrate the in-
... of an audience. Many a good
... or American play has been
... down by English managers be-
... cause certain local conditions, which do
... not exist in England, were made lead-
... ing factors of the story. Believe me, no

well constructed piece will ever fail from
such a cause. Atmosphere and environ-
ment are of secondary importance. A
good human story can be told in any
language and clothed in any surround-
ings. It is the basic idea and its devel-
opment which count. Any theme deal-
ing with human emotions, is universal,
and whether the playwright deals with
the heart of a Chinaman or an English-
man is a matter that cannot possibly
influence the ultimate fortunes of a play.
As a manager, my aim is to procure the
best plays and players in England,
France and America, and to transplant
them, when possible, so that the three
countries may be bound more closely to-
gether by a full understanding, through
the art of the theatre, of their respec-
tive aims, feelings, prejudices and ambi-
tions."

The "Slump" in London
The "good old days" of the war, when
managers were tumbling over one an-
other to obtain possession of a play-
house, have gone, and, incidentally, this
should be to the advantage of the play-
going public, in that it is bound before
very long to lead to a reduction in the-
atre rents. . . . A good deal has been
written concerning the "slump" which
is alleged to exist in the world of the
theatre at the present time. It is inter-
esting to note, however, that the the-
atrical managers themselves deny that
such a slump exists, and certainly the
returns from some of the West End
playhouses have been remarkably good
for this time of the year. The fact that
seven productions were withdrawn at
the end of last week is quoted as a sign
of the prevalent uncertainty, but, as a
matter of fact, few of the productions
which then disappeared, except those
which had enjoyed a prosperous career,
deserved a better fate. The theatrical
managers now recognize that the ab-
normal conditions of the last year of the
war and the first year of the peace are
at an end, and that they have got to
realize that the status quo of the times
before the war has been re-established.
If comparisons are to be made, they
should be made with the summer of
'14, and if this is done, it will be found
that at the present time there are 24
theatres and music halls open in the
West End, as against 24 on the day that
war was declared. At least 12 of
these places of entertainment the busi-
ness is remarkably good, and at houses
where serious work by British authors
is being presented, like the Haymarket,
the Ambassadors and the St. Martin's,
"capacity" business is the order of the
moment.

The real difficulty of the present sit-
uation, as Lady Wyndham pointed out
to a representative of the Times yester-
day, is that the cost of everything con-
nected with the theatre has gone up so
enormously that there is little chance
of nursing a production if it does not ap-
peal to the public at the outset. There
are two classical incidents of productions
which struggled against great odds at
the outset of their careers, but eventu-
ally achieved triumphant successes.
They were "The Private Secretary" and
"Romance," which both ran for more
than a thousand performances after
very shaky beginnings. But in these
days, when it is necessary to play to a
house which is at least two-thirds full,
the manager can ill afford to wait and
see. If a play is not a success at the
outset, it has very little chance of sur-
viving the perils of infancy.—London
Times.

Sept 5 (Sun Day) 1920
Today
With apologies to Arthur Brisbane
Air, Clementine
Mister Einstein, Mister Einstein,
You've upset this brain of mine,
I'll have heard from Zwi and Dreistein,
To your genius I incline.
Isaac Newton, Isaac Newton,
Peerless mind and face benign,
They would put your gravitation,
On the bum, by Bert Einstein."
Henry Cabot, Henry Cabot,
N'er a vote you'll get of mine,
Hymn of hate you've roared the keynote,
What a discord, how malign!
Henry Adams, Henry Adams,
Of the famous Adams line,
If you messaged your education,
To explain it I decline.

"The modern science of efficiency has
indicated the most efficient procedure
for obtaining rhymes. Choose your
termination and then follow it through
the alphabet, e. g., blue (combint) dline,
dine, gline, jline, kine, etc. Apropos, I
have just received through the mail a
model of a mechanical brain, which I
am asked to describe to the world. It
is great, especially for dog-days.
A. G. W.

"Change of accent by poetic liberty
without license. Shakespeare says he
often had to do it. A. G. W.
Horace Flaccus, Horace Flaccus,
Poet graceful praising wine,
If you knew of our amendment,
You would not come here to dine.

Willie Bryan, Willie Bryan,
Candidate of nine times nine,
On my word you are a dry un,
Burky Cockran wants to jine.
Willy Shakespeare, Willy Shakespeare,
Bard immortal, fame divine,
We have got a lot of fakes here,
But of genius not a sign.
Jimmy Storrow, Jimmy Storrow,
Please your office don't resign,
With King Coal you ease our sorrow,
If you need votes here is mine.
ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester on the Blackstone.

Copley Theatre Gigglers
As the World Wags:
Wouldn't it be a good idea for the
Frances Jewett Repertory Club to turn
its attention to the education of the
Copley Theatre's clientele? The plays
put on by Mr. Jewett are delightful and
novel, and the company remarkably
good (notably Mr. Clive and Miss
Roach), but the better class of theatre-
goers who patronized the theatre large-
ly in the beginning, are kept away now
by the giggling and tittering at all
pathetic or dramatic moments.
F. W. S.
Boston.

Sophisticated Blue Jays
As the World Wags:
Alas, that I should ever live to call
into disrepute the honored name of Her-
kimer Johnson.
As to blue-jays, "they are country-
folk, but very good people, God help
'em," and they indefatigably bathe in
our bird bath, both big and the little
ones we have seen brought into the
world this summer. They alone, of all
the birds, do not frequent the dry wash
in the garden bedstead by which care-
fully raked one day, the next bears the
appearance of having suffered a volca-
nic eruption.

I think I know the ways of the
despised "suburban" ("W. E. K.") blue
jay. For 50 years I have heard their
harsh cry and seen 20 at a time sitting
on a low house roof; have seen an Arcti-
c auk picking its way in a brook in
the garden; gray owls migrating, blink
at us all day from spruce trees, and
cedar birds in flocks of a couple of
hundred stop at our gateway to feed on
the blossoms of a huge poplar in the
early morn, sunset not seeing them or
a blossom on the tree.
We are suburban, but on our three-
quarter acre lot we riot in fruits, vege-
tables and flowers, and get to the great
city in 20 minutes. G. T. J.
Dorchester.

We sent your letter to Mr. Johnson.
He has returned it with this note.
"These Dorchester blue-jays are evi-
dently sophisticated. G. T. J. probably
supplies scented soap, a sponge and a
towel. Blue-jays at Clamport have
never washed themselves in my bird
bath; standing on the rim, they drive
other birds away."—Ed.

Cartoon Spellers
As the World Wags:
Why don't cartoonists learn to spell?
The average newspaper artist who puts
in by hand sentences issuing from the
mouths of his figures, like captive
balloons, has difficulty in spelling com-
mon, everyday words. Separate, athet-
ic—I could mention more; these are
fair examples. I find them in almost
every paper I pick up, if I take the
trouble to look for them. The fault is
one which is conspicuous in cartoonists,
however, only because of the publicity
given their errors. We are all guilty
at times. Perhaps the blame belongs to
our system of education. Not long
ago I saw a set of plans from the
office of a Boston architect. The title
was lettered
Nurse's Domatory
Blankville Maternity Hospital
It was the work, not of the office boy,
but of a draftsman of recognized skill
and experience.
Maiden. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Sept 5 (Sun Day) 1920
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Mister Einstein, Mister Einstein,
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I'll have heard from Zwi and Dreistein,
To your genius I incline.
Isaac Newton, Isaac Newton,
Peerless mind and face benign,
They would put your gravitation,
On the bum, by Bert Einstein."
Henry Cabot, Henry Cabot,
N'er a vote you'll get of mine,
Hymn of hate you've roared the keynote,
What a discord, how malign!
Henry Adams, Henry Adams,
Of the famous Adams line,
If you messaged your education,
To explain it I decline.

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As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.
Many in this city remember gratefully
Dr. John Morgan, the oculist, who died
last week. He was not only singularly
skilful in his profession; he was a benev-
olent man who thought more of a pa-
tient's eyes than of his pocketbook. It
was not easy to obtain from him a bill
for the service rendered, whether it was
an operation for cataract or merely a
prescription for spectacles; and when
a bill was finally extracted from him, it
was always modest, sometimes ridicu-

lously so. It was his habit to inquire,
and not merely from curiosity, into the
profession, trade, business of a patient;
if he thought the patient was in humble
circumstances, the charge, if any was
made, was trifling. Brusque in manner,
he was the personification of kindness.
In the report of his death it was stated
that "one of his whims was to pick out
newsboys and street urchins who had
eye ailments and give them free treat-
ment." This was not a passing "whim."
During his years in Boston, he gave
many professional men, who were con-
stantly using their eyes, sometimes
abusing them, free treatment, in spite of
their protest.

When we first visited him, before he
began his examination, he asked us if
we were sure that the earth was not
flat. We quoted the good old descrip-
tion given years ago in the school
geographies. He then went on to show
why the earth was flat; he talked amus-
ingly, eloquently. Learning that we
were in a newspaper office, he thun-
dered against inaccuracy in statement
and in phraseology. "You fellows write
about a 'madhouse.' Now, a house can-
not be mad. You should say a house
for madmen." At the end of 20 min-
utes or half an hour, he began his ex-
amination. Meanwhile his waiting-
room was crowded with impatient pa-
tients.

He was so independent, so radical in
his views that he disconcerted the great
majority of his fellow-oculists. They
regarded his moderate charges, his un-
bounded philanthropy as unprofessional.
Harsh and unjust things were said
about him by some, who, admitting his
skill, thought he was a dangerous per-
son. One of these men, however, dis-
trusting his own ability, brought one
of his relatives suffering from cataract
to Dr. Morgan, and asked for secrecy.
This amused Dr. Morgan hugely. When
he left Boston for New York, many
mourned the departure of the oculist,
the skilful practitioner, the rugged, bril-
liant man, the staunch friend.

Bernadotte Perrin
Bernadotte Perrin, professor emeritus
of Greek literature and history at Yale,
died at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. on
Aug. 31. The Yale men of the '70's and
'80's remember him as a teacher who
acquainted them with the beauty and
the glory of Greek literature. When
they read the "Oedipus Rex" of
Sophocles with him, they recognized the
marvelous "ingenuity shown in the
construction of the plot, the art dis-
played in the representation of char-
acter. The sublime tragedy was no
longer a task in grammar. The other
chief teacher of Greek at Yale in those
years was Lewis R. Packard, whose
treatment of Greek author and of
treble student was wholly the re-
verse. With him a lesson in the "Ody-
ssey" was a rigorous lesson in parsing.
Never a word from him about the man-
ners and customs of the Greeks, never
an allusion to a poetic beauty, a felici-
tous phrase. In Packard's eyes a stu-
dent was an object of suspicion, to be
caught and punished if possible. Perrin,
liberal and sympathetic, made the stu-
dent his friend. The stupidest felt en-
couraged; the laziest was stimulated.
And to this day "Oedipus Rex" is as
familiar and vivid to many as "Hamlet"
or "Othello"

I met her in the dusty street,
The little beggar maid,
Across her forehead were and thin
Two August crickets played.
To touch her was to close in death
Those eyes of heavenly blue,
Relentless are the blows of fate,
And swift its doom to you!
Dorchester. KATE LOUISE BROWN.

'EAST IS WEST'
By PHILIP HALE
SHUBERT THEATRE—First perfor-
mance in Boston of "East is West," a
comedy in a prologue and three acts,
by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hy-
mer. Produced at Baltimore, Dec. 9,
1918, by William Harris, Jr., New York;
Astor Theatre, Dec. 25, 1918.

Attendant on love-boat... Harry Belmont
Proprietor of love-boat... Albert Berg
Billy Benson... Fred Howard
Lo Sang Kee... James Arthur Young
Customer... William J. Kline
Hop Toy... William Tennyson
Ming Toy... Fay Ballard
Chang Lee... Harry Maitland
Servant... Arthur Ginson
James Potter... Robert Ober
Charles Yang... George Nash
Mildred Benson... Ethel Intropidl
Mrs. Benson... Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Thomas... Harry Maitland
Andrew Benson... Clarence Handyside
Miss Fountain... Elizabeth Wells
Mrs. Davis... Mildred MacDonough
Mrs. Davis... Gordon Stadler
Guest... Harold Vallin
The success of this play has been and
will be due to Miss Bainter, whose
pliancy, daintiness, and sense of
humor delight audiences. The spectator
does not stop to consider the many ab-
surdities, the pseudo-Chinese realism; he
is not daunted by the drive in the sec-
ond and third acts, the foolish chatter
of James and Mildred; he accepts the
extraordinary abduction scene at the
end when the supposed father of Ming
Toy is because he suddenly remem-
bered not her father; that she

is the daughter of an American man
and a Spanish woman. And so as Ming
Toy is white she can wed her Billy Ben-
son, and his family will not be snubbed
by their neighbors because Billy married
a Chinese girl.

The prologue, with its scene on the
love-boat and the sale of sing-song girls,
and the first act showing Lo Sang Kee's
home in the Chinese quarter of San
Francisco are by far the most interest-
ing and the more dramatic. We have
the good Chinaman, Lo Sang Kee, and
there is the bad Chinaman, Charlie
Yang, who wishes to number Ming Toy
among his young women. Charlie Yang,
a dashing Don Juan, is at the head of
a powerful society, so powerful that he
threatens an American ambassador in
his own home if he does not hand over
Ming Toy, who, engaged as a lady's
maid in the honorable Benson family,
behaves in a singularly forward, not to
say fresh manner, in her endeavor to
be a good American woman. She had
learned in a previous act to shimmy, to
wink, to flirt, to use slang, to swear;
to these accomplishments she adds at
the Bensons the art of mixing cock-
tails. An engaging, fascinating minx,
nevertheless, who never, no, never,
would leave her darling Billy.

Of course the Chinese in the play sub-
stitute "l" for "r," which convinces the
spectator, when he is not thinking about
Miss Bainter, that the play's the real
thing. And in the prologue there is
actual Chinese spoken; or if the words
are only gibberish, they may easily be
taken for Chinese, whether it be the
language of Merchants, Mandarins, or
the Cantonese.

Mr. Young portrayed Lo Sang Kee
consistently, giving plausibility to the
character, playing in the genuine dig-
nity and sentiment. Mr. Nash gave an
unusual, an extraordinary impersona-
tion of the foppish and cruel villain,
dressed in rakish American costume
and with his queue coiled neatly be-
neath his glossy "silkies."

But the burden of the play rested on
Miss Bainter, and the audience would
not have had it otherwise, though the
laughter throughout was of the hair-
trigger order, and the most rapid lines
of the dialogue given to James, Mildred
and others—they were many—excited
laughter, as if they were cute sayings
of Ming Toy.

Miss Bainter, Miss Intropidl, and Mr.
Nash were in the original cast. In New
York Lo Sang Kee was first played by
Lester Lornegan; Billy Benson by For-
rest Winant.

Mr. Platt's stage settings were ef-
fective. The overture and the Chinese
songs were by Robert Hood Bowers.
There was a very large audience. The
play will undoubtedly have a long and
prosperous run.

By PHILIP HALE
PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First per-
formance in Boston of "Mrs. Jimmie
Thompson," a farce comedy in three
acts and four scenes by Norman S.
Rose and Edith Ellis. Produced in New
York at the Princess Theatre on March
29, 1920.

Dorothy Delmar... Muna Phillips
Julia... Sara Enright
Louise Clark... Peggy Boland
Edgar Blodgett... Warren W. Kreeh
Richard Ford... Daniel Jarrett
Eleanor Warren... Gladys Huribut
Philip Bennett... George L. Spaulding
Remington Gilman... Mark J. Elliston
Katherine Gilman... Anita Rothe
Mrs. Atwater... Gertrude Perry
James Thompson... Thomas A. Rolfe
Rev. William Woolley... John Clements

It is said that this play was written
by Mr. Rose about two years ago; that
it then went the rounds of the managers,
who were not inclined to put it on the
stage. Thereupon Miss Ellis, play-
wright, actress and producer, answered
the Macedonian cry of Mr. Rose. The
two should now engage a competent
person to rewrite the greater part of
the dialogue, especially that of the first
act which is dull, indeed, save for the
vivacity and slang of Miss Boland, who
is Louise, the manicurist, by her wordy
wisdom persuades Eleanor that a mar-
ried woman receives more attention
from men than a maiden. Louise is re-
trothed to the head of the pickle de-
partment in a grocery. Eleanor, work-
ing in an office, neglected in her board-
ing house, for the men are professed
women haters, absents herself, returns
as Mrs. Jimmie Thompson, and says
that he, a mining engineer has been
called to Peru. She at once finds favor
in the eyes of the male boarders, and
Bennett, with whom she has long been
in love, at last declares his passion.

But a Miss Sumner in this boarding
house kept by Mme. Delmar, has really
been married to a Jimmie Thompson, a
manufacturer of churns out West. As he
disappeared soon after the wedding hav-
ing borrowed \$100 from his wife, he is
suspected of being a confidence man of
the same name. Hence complications
that are easily anticipated by the
spectator, for this Jimmie turns up
at the time Louise is married to her
pickle man.

The opportunity for introducing amus-
ing types and crisp dialogue in the first
act has been slighted. The men in the
company have little material. The
dramatists should have developed, or at
least portrayed more definitely, the

of Miss. The first act is in-
terestingly slow and dull. Beginning with the second act, with its poker game, incidents are more frequent and there are a few genuinely amusing moments. The pace throughout, however, is too slow.

The performance of yesterday afternoon does not call for extended criticism. Miss Holand gave life to the piece as far as the dramatists allowed her. Miss Huribut was an engaging Eleanor, and Miss Phillips made the best of a colorless part. Mr. Rolfe, as Mr. Thompson, was conspicuous among the men, though Mr. Spaulding was at times as amusing as Bennett, a solemn stuffed shirt. On the whole, the performance had an amateurish flavor. There was a small audience.

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terestingly slow and dull. Beginning with the second act, with its poker game, incidents are more frequent and there are a few genuinely amusing moments. The pace throughout, however, is too slow.

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COLONIAL THEATRE—First production of Raymond Hitchcock's "Hitchy-Koo, 1920," book by Glen MacDonough; lyrics by Mr. MacDonough and Anne Caldwell; music by Jerome Kern; acts and scenes too numerous and variegated to be listed here. Part of the cast:

Raymond Hitchcock (Tyler Brooke)
Julia Sanderson (Madeline Van)
G. P. Huntley (Florence O'Donnishawn)
Charles W. Hays (Douglas Stevenson)
Charles Mosconi (Grace Moore)
Louis Mosconi (Verna Mosconi)

and a bewildering array of others, all appearing in a convincing, astonishing and interesting variety of characters, acts and situations, and wearing costumes too stunning for description because of their beauty and extent of their minuteness.

It is probable that no theatre in Boston was ever jammed so full of expectant spectators for a first night or any other night as was the Colonial and "Hitchy" certainly made good, to judge from the running fire of laughter and applause that kept pace with the rushing changes of the show.

In many respects it is the same old "Hitchy-Koo," yet it is different in manifold ways and there seems to be more of it. Mr. Hitchcock is the same inimitable funmaker, up-to-the-minute as ever, and he sings just as well as he did last year, which, as usual, is one of the best jokes of the piece.

Miss Sanderson has gained rather than lost in captivating vivacity and seductive charm and sings and dances as alluringly as of yore.

Mr. Huntley's travesty of alleged British stupidity and his native accent and wondrous English mannerisms were never more side-splitting. His "thrillometer," worn as big wrist watch and jingling his thrills like an alarm clock, is one of the hits of the piece.

Mr. Withers as manager, orchestra, scene shifter, stage director and the "works" generally of "For Pity's Sake," a heart-rending melodrama in a rural "oppy-house," has never been outdone on any stage.

It would be impossible to give in the limits of this newspaper any adequate description of the shifting scenes and happenings in this 1920 conglomeration that ranges from Canajoharie to Maine and from Broadway to the scented and sensuous Orient, from the dances of the cave men to the shimmering shimmy of today.

Without doubt the outstanding feature of this production is a combination of the sumptuousness, beauty, novelty and startling richness of the costumes that adorn the chorus, when any worth mentioning are worn, and the abundant revelations of comely and youthful femininity provided by artistically arranged lapses in the clothes. A large portion of it provides an extensive and varied study in backs, but side and front views are by no means neglected.

The music—but why discuss that; it is wholly adequate for the varying occasions, yet after all is a minor part of the bewildering, anatomical agglomeration that makes "Hitchy-Koo, 1920" what it is.

GLOBE THEATRE—W. B. Friedlander presents "Pitter Patter," a musical comedy in three acts. Book by Will M. Hough, lyrics and music by W. B. Friedlander; based on "Caught in the Rain," a farce by W. Collier and Grant Stewart. Dances and ensembles staged by David Bennett. Harry Archer conducted. Cast:

Bob Livingston (John Price Jones)
Ray E. Porter (Jack Squires)
Violet Mason (Mildred Keats)
George Meriden (Helen Bolton)
James Maxwell (Frederick Hall)
Muriel Mason (Jane Richards)
Dick Crawford (William Kent)
George Thompson (Albert Warner)
Howard Mason (Hugh Chivers)

The occasion was a bit of the theatrical history of this city, for it marked the return of the Globe Theatre to the list of so-called first-class houses, and the resumption of managerial duties by "Al" Sneathan, long and favorably known for his association with the late John B. Schofield. Incidentally this theatre will have all the looking facilities of the largest and finest theatre in the city.

conjunction with the Colonial Theatre and Tremont theatres.

It matters not whether the original piece had any merit over the musical version of last evening. It might be said in all truth that the former suffered in comparison, for much of the padding has been eliminated, there have been many changes in the text, the plot has been preserved and the musical embellishment is worthy of the best traditions of musical comedy. In a word, the piece is a delightful dancing and musical entertainment.

The music is often arresting, and here and there the orchestration is musically significant. Thus the alluring rhythm of "Pitter Patter" motivates throughout the entire performance, bobbing up, always welcome, and pertinent.

The staging is pleasing to the eye; there is an electric car that has its part in the story and there is an ingenious rain storm that sends its vapor through the auditorium. The outstanding feature of the performance is the high spirits of principals and ensemble, the dancing numbers and manoeuvres are a treat alike in their novelty and development, and the whole ensemble of pretty girls in action is best described as "Cohanite."

The story is simple. Dick Crawford, whose father was a power in the mining world, is shy of women. Working as a waiter in a candy store for the purpose of picking up information on a certain mine, he meets the owner's daughter against his wishes through a rainstorm. Maxwell, a sinister chap and oily of speech, has designs on both the daughter and the mine. He is about to bring his plans to a successful conclusion when he is frustrated by Dick, who saves the mine for her father and marries the girl.

William Kent assumed the role originally played by William Collier. The part of the timid, bashful youth is a hard one, easy to overplay and not easily made convincing. Mr. Kent was not only convincing but gave one of the best characterizations seen on a local stage, and he kept clear of the temptation to burlesque.

One of the features of the performance was the Muriel Mason of Jane Richardson. Not only was her performance interesting musically; she played with fine dramatic finish. Messrs. Jones and Squires as the irrepressible lovers, played neatly exaggerated roles to further emphasize the bashfulness of Dick, and Mildred Keats, as Violet Mason, danced with elfin charm.

Besides "Pitter Patter," other songs that were heard all over the auditorium as the big audience filed out were "Send for Me," "I Saved a Waltz for You," and "Bagdad on the Subway." Mr. Archer conducted a new orchestra with fine musical taste.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Look Who's Here," a farce. The cast:

Jacques Sandella (Walter Armin May)
Florence Clarke (Marilyn Elliott)
Florence Clarke (Katherine Clarke)
Florence Clarke (Florence Clarke)
Caroline Holmes (Julia Gifford)
Carlos Del Monte (Mario Villani)
Robert W. Holmes (Cecil Lean)
Rosamond Purcell (Cleo Mayfield)
Horace Broom (Stanley Warner)
Dorothy Chase (Sylvia De Frankie)
Daniel V. Chase (Edwin Rogers)
Grace (Mabel Lynest)

This comedy had a successful run at the Colonial Theatre last year, but its stay was short. Returning to the Arlington, with a strong cast and an attractive chorus, it should prove one of the popular plays of the season.

The story centres around a brilliant writer of fervent love stories, who exercises all his imagination on the characters in his book and has no time to devote to his wife. She, displeased, becomes attracted by another man and plans to elope with him. They inform the husband, who has suggested just such a procedure in one of his novels. But he calls in a matrimonial expert, a trouble fixer, a "matrimonial plumber," as he calls her. Then a friend who has eloped and married a girl, using the novelist's name, appears on the scene. His wife follows him, and the deceit friend has practised by the change of names leads to complications that are ludicrous but never become serious.

Cecil Lean has the leading part and his reception last night evidenced his popularity with Boston theatregoers. He is not only a brilliant comedian, but he wrote the words for some of the songs. His principal support is Cleo Mayfield, who became a favorite here last year. Her gurgling drawl helps to make her part pleasing.

The supporting cast are of relatively slight importance, but Mario Villani and Julia Gifford make the most of their lines and songs. Mabel Lynest gave two charming dances.

The costumes are brilliant, the dialogue witty and the music pleasing, while the singing and dancing of the chorus and some of the lighting effects add to the attractiveness of the performance.

LEAD AT KEITH'S

Ten of America's foremost song writers introduce their latest tunes to Boston in "A Trip to Hitland," featuring this week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre. After playing their past successes and recent hits, the music masters co-operate in turning out a new composite bit of jazz each contributing

a few of the words or a strain of the music.

Their syncopated melody on five planes and informal fun in composing the latest sentimental heart-string gripper furnish a double measure of comedy and music. Making up the "10" are: Nat Vincent, Billy Baskette, Billy Frisch, Sam Ehrlich, Bobby Jones, Bernie Grossman, Will Donaldson, Leon Flatow, Al Siegel and Ted Shapiro. Among them are the writers of "Bubbles," "La Veeda," "Minnie Shimmie for Me," "Oh Frenchy," and "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France."

George Choos, in presenting "The Little Cottage," offered a musical comedy sketch with a pretty chorus and lots of fun, furnished chiefly by Frank Sinclair, who went to the "cottage" on a vacation with an outfit of "wild women" and an engaged friend, whose fiancée of course arrives in time to save the engagement. Cliff Dixon, the friend and Goldie Collins, his fiancée carry off the singing honors.

Ethel Clifton & Co. appear in a playlet, "Diamond Cut Diamond," written by Miss Clifton, which is filled with surprises, burglars, and rays of searchlights on a dark stage. Assisting Miss Clifton are Joan Storm, who carries off well the role of master woman crook, and Edward Bernard, a detective.

Other acts on the bill include: The Kitamuras Brothers, tumblers; A. C. Astor, ventriloquist; George Yeoman, "Editor of the Assassinated Press," a complete news and joke bureau in himself; Ben Bernie, violinist, who plays with his violin now and then between jokes; Bender and Err, trapeze gymnasts.

"While New York Sleeps" Opens at Boston Opera House

"While New York Sleeps," described as the 1920 cinemelodrama of life in the great metropolis was presented for the first time in this city last night at the Boston Opera House before a large audience and made a distinct impression. William Fox the producer, has had the picture at two New York houses which have been turning people away, and the engagement here is likely to be marked with the same success for it is a film that appeals.

The light is turned on New York with an eye toward the old saying "He who dances must pay the fiddler." Three stars of the moving picture world figure in the three episodes. Estel

Taylor, Marc MacDermott and Harry Sothern. Miss Taylor is a striking figure on the screen. As the wife in "Out of the Night" the first act, she was clever in the lie told to cover a past, while at her feet was the former husband, shot by a burglar. In the "Gay White Way," Miss Taylor was strikingly effective as the "Vamp" while Mr. MacDermott did a neat bit as the man who was, as he explains, "not a gentleman, just a detective."

The act "A Tragedy of the East Side" is a severe test for any actor. Mr. MacDermott is seen in the role of a paralytic whose only means of telling people his wishes or conveying information is through the use of his eyes. The plot centers in the love of an east side girl for a gangster and river pirate and their murder of the paralytic's son before his eyes, he being powerless to even make an outcry. The end is a thrill all itself and Boston will undoubtedly flock to see this much heralded picture.

MAUGHAM PLAY AT THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Caroline," a light comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced at the New Theatre, London, Feb. 8, 1916, when Irene Vanbrugh took the part of Caroline. The first performance in New York was at the Empire Theatre, Sept. 20, 1916, with Margaret Anglin as Caroline.

Couper (Blanche LeRoy)
Isabella French (May Ediss)
Rex Cunningham (Lyonel Watts)
Caroline Ashley (Elma Royton)
Maude Fulton (Viola Roach)
Robert Oldham (Conway Wingfield)
Dr. Cornish (E. E. Clive)

Caroline has been separated from her husband for 10 years. It is rumored that he is dead, but this rumor is denied. For 10 years she has been fond platonically of Robert Oldham, a young barrister. They have looked forward to marriage. The news comes at last that the husband is dead. Caroline's friends, Maude Fulton, a maiden lady of independent views, and Isabella French, a sentimental grass widow, urge her to hasten the wedding, but Caroline is in no hurry. She may not marry at all. Her friends summon Oldham to the rescue. He needs whiskey and soda to keep him up to the proposing pitch, and is greatly relieved when she insists on remaining a widow. The friends bring them together. They quarrel and swear they will not meet again, but, remembering that their marriage is demanded by their friends, they come to the conclusion that they must be man and

wife. A family physician comes to the rescue. He insists that Caroline's husband is not dead, that he has recently been seen. Caroline elaborates the lie, and then Oldham, honestly distressed, finds her never so adorable, for now she is unobtainable.

Perhaps Mr. Maugham would be offended if he were told that this comedy points a moral: that which cannot be obtained is the most desirable. For Mr. Maugham does not put himself forward as a stern moralist; in many of his plays he apparently prides himself on his attitude as a cynical looker-on, and this cynicism is seldom deep-rooted, sincere; it is superficial, assumed for the sake of an epigram, in a word, flippant.

This comedy is of the literary order, and is thus entertaining. Beginning and maintained for some time as comedy, in the end it approaches farce. In a sense, the play is over at the end of the first act when Caroline and Robert, sure of being friends as before, in spite of the removal of the husband, laugh wildly over each other's strange dismay on hearing the news.

But now comes a second theme. Caroline is restless. She seeks romance. There is young Rex, who is happiest when he is miserable at the thought that she will not be his.

Rex, as played last night is a purely farcical character. The doctor, summoned, tells her she is suffering from that incurable disease known as middle age. This scene with his description of the symptoms is one of the best in the play, and it was admirably acted by Mr. Clive and Miss Royton.

Brilliant as much of the dialogue is, the comedy though a short one, is slow in coming to an end. Isabella and Maude, entering and leaving, amusing at first, become a trifle bothersome before their final exit. Their persistence included what Falstaff defined as "damnable iteration," the two women are not so adroitly portrayed by the dramatist as are Caroline and Oldham, the former capricious, easily perplexed, vain, coquettish, delightfully illogical; the latter loath to give up his freedom, slow-minded, obtuse, with more than a grain of selfishness in his nature. Well might he shrink from wedlock while there was the opportunity.

The comedy was pleasantly played. Miss Royton, who certainly belied the reproach of middle age, gave a plausible impersonation of a part demanding a brilliant actress. Mr. Wingfield was sufficiently slow witted and tactless. The part of Isabella called for a more mature and sensuously gushing woman. Miss Roach wisely emphasized the malicious streak in Maude's nature.

An audience of good size was genuinely amused. Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" is now in rehearsal.

Dr. W. E. Crockett again asks, "What is 'tacking to leeward'? I noticed in an article on relative ability in handling yachts the following: 'The men tailed on to the main sheet and the sail was soon up in place.' A new one to me, when they hoist the main sail by the main sheet. And the bob stay is said to be the big support to the mast. As if it was one of the head stays. And keelhauling! One reporter said in regard to members of a crew not doing the proper thing, such a one ought to be keelhauled. Many would like to know what keelhauling it. It was in my time of going to sea an extreme punishment."

Keelhauling

Keelhauling was mentioned as early as 1560 in English literature as a punishment inflicted by the Dutch on sailors. The word itself came into the English language in 1629. A rope was put about a sailor's neck; and, fastened by a tackle, he was hauled with a jerk under the keel; in small vessels, from bow to stern. In 1625 this punishment was classed with that of ducking at the yard's arm. In 1666 there is mention of one Blake, who, loaded with chains, was three times "keelhauled, as they (the Dutch) say." The word comes from the Dutch "kielhalen." The punishment was abolished in Holland in 1833. There are allusions to keelhauling in Smollett's novels, and in Shadwell's comedy, "The Fair Quaker of Deal." Herman Melville describes keelhauling in his "White-Jacket." "Years ago," "White Jacket" was published in 1850—"there was a punishment inflicted in the English, and I believe in the American, navy called keelhauling—a phrase still employed by man-of-war's-men when they would express some signal vengeance upon a personal foe. The practice still remains in the French national marine, though it is by no means resorted to so frequently as in times past. It consists of attaching tackles to the two extremities of the main yard and passing the rope under the ship's bottom. To one end of this rope the culprit is secured; his own shipmates are then made to run him up and down, first on this side, then on that—now

...the ships full of water...
...stained and treacherous...
...into the air." There is still a fuller de-
scription in Marryat's "Snarleyow."

Tacking to Leeward

As the World Wags:
Tacking to leeward was practised years ago in the days of the square riggers. When a vessel's course lay directly down wind, it was found that greater speed could be made over the ground by running off the course a point or two on either side so as to present a larger sail area to the direct force of the wind. In other words, this was done to overcome the blanketing effect of the sails on one mast by those of the mast directly abaft. To equalize her course over the ground the vessel would from time to time be brought on the other "tack" by swinging her back to her charted course and then running off on the opposite side of the course. Let us say that her course was south and with a south wind. Instead of holding her south by the compass she was run south-southeast for four hours and then with the changing of the watch she was brought over to south-southwest for the next four hours. This applied especially to square rigged vessels. With fore-and-aft rigged vessels, the common practice has been to run directly before the wind, wing-and-wing and with spinners. In racing it has been found advantageous to revert to the old cus-tom of tacking to leeward because with the sails at a slight angle to the per-pendicular of the wind's force a better draft is secured; in other words, the pyramid of dead air which piles up in a sail that is set directly before the wind is swept out and a greater pulling force is obtained. Also, by setting the spin-ners (with its tack slackened off a bit) and the "fore-and-aft" sail so as to form an obtuse angle with each other, a funnel effect is made by which the wind is spilled between the sails and is made to fill a balloon jib which would otherwise be blanketed.

And now, if I have answered this question satisfactorily, will some one explain the origin of the name Jimmie for the master-at-arms in This Man's Navy? I have asked many a "regular" and it seems to be the only thing he doesn't know. F. A. FENGER, Rum Gagger Farm, R. F. D., Cohasset

Maryland's Motto

As the World Wags:
"Fatti Maschij, Parole Feminine." Is there not a subtlety in the Italian thought which we let escape us unless we remind ourselves that in a literal sense, in a language which attributes sex to nouns, "Fatti" is masculine, "Parole" feminine, so that this motto expresses an idea at the very heart of their language. Not so the French. Cambridge. A. H.

For all that, the position of women does not seem to have been bad in the Ireland of those days. Married women appear to have been economically in-dependent, and if the couple separated the woman took away with her all she had brought on the marriage day, while the man took away what he had contributed. Supposing the joint prop-erty had gone on increasing during the wedded years, then at the separation the couple divided the whole in propor-tion to the original contributions. Boston. H. G. L.

For Hardyites

The preface of Thomas Hardy to a guide book to Dorchester "Caster-bidge") is probably unknown to the great majority of his admirers. The book has the recommendation of containing a map of the town and its suburbs—a feature lacking, so far as I am aware, in all previous guides of the kind. Natives of the ancient bor-ough may smile at the idea of any sane person losing his way in a town of 10,000 inhabitants; yet I have been credibly informed that such is frequently the case, even among teetotalers; and I have myself met with one gentleman—a most ingenious and intelligent person—who suffered from the same misad-venture, and complained bitterly of there being no readily accessible map for his guidance. The need is now supplied.

SYMPHONY OPENS FALL POP CONCERT SEASON

Large Audience Applauds Director Jacchia and Program
The fall season of Pop concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra held for the first time opened last night at Symphony Hall. The opening night out a large audience. Each num-ber of the unusually attractive program

was enthusiastically applauded, neces-sitating several encores. Agide Jacchia, in his return as leader of the orchestra, was given an ap-preciative welcome.

The program:
March, "Father of Victory".....Ganne
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Waltz, "Espana".....Waldteufel
Intermezzo, "Sylvia".....Debussy
Halle Song from "Sadko".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Andante Cantabile.....Tschai-kowsky
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Serenade, "Les Millions d'Arlequin".....Drigo
Polka, "Kalinka".....Arranged by Agide
Jacchia.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Valse Bluette.....Drigo
Kammerlied Ostrow ("Reve Angelique").....Rubinstein

Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fuehl
The program for tonight's concert:
Prelude to "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Win-dsor".....Nicolai
Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
Fantasia, "La Boheme".....Puccini
Ballad Suite, "Sylvia".....Debussy
Andante Cantabile.....Tschai-kowsky
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
Serenade, "Les Millions d'Arlequin".....Drigo
Lohn Du Bel.....Gillet
Entrance of the Bards.....Halvorsen
Thursday night will be Russian night, the music taken largely from aca-demic-kovsky. An operatic program to be an-nounced later, will be given Monday, Sept. 13. The fall season will continue through the month.

Sept 5 1920

Mr. Emory H. Talbot of Boston writes: "Will you please ask Mr. Her-kiner Johnson what difference there is, if any, between 'ill' and 'sick'? The newspapers, notably the Associated Press, invariably use the former word."

There was originally no difference be-tween "sick" and "ill." "Sick," mean-ing "unwell," is much the older word, dating back to about 833. It was used later by Gower, Caxton, Wyclif, the King James translators of the Bible, Latimer, Shakespeare, Steele, Gold-smith, Swift, Thackeray. One of Mat-theus Arnold's poems is "The Sick King in Bokara." The Sultan of Turkey was known in England as "The Sick Man." There is "sick leave," a "sick bed," a "sick room." These phrases are com-mon in England; not "ill leave," "ill room," "ill bed." As Richard Grant White said: "For the use of 'ill'—an adverb—as an adjective, thus, an ill man, there is no defence and no ex-cuse except the contamination of bad example." Yet many would have "sick" refer only to sickness of the stomach. The would-be genteel prefer "ill" to "sick."

As for the newspapers, do not some of them use "proven" for "proved"? They would throw "proved" overboard. Why not "loven" for "loved"? And ac-cording to some newspapers a "preten-tious show" is not pretentious, but elaborate or sumptuous.

Monetary Slang

At the World Wags:
"According to the latest English Blue Book, a sovereign is a quid; a shilling is a bob; a sixpence is a tanner; £5 is a pony and £10 is a monkey. And yet John Bull frequently accuses Bro. Jon-athan of overindulgence in slang and other corruptions of speech! Where are the sporty aliases for our current coins in our own vernacular?"
Is this gentleman serious? Let's see; do we not use some of the following "sporty aliases"?
1 cent—copper.
5 cents—jitney, nickel.
10 cents—dime.
25 cents—two bits, quarter.
50 cents—half.
\$1—smoleen, bone, berry, buck, case note, iron man; there are a dozen other terms.
\$20—sawbuck.
LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.
You surely would not call dime, quar-ter and half slang terms, "sporty aliases," Mr. Robinson. When we were young and 10 cents in the eyes of youth was as a dollar to boys in 1920, dime was the usual word in shop and in street. In school we were taught "10 mills make one cent, 10 cents make one dime."—Ed.

Wife-Picking in the Past

As the World Wags:
Your bachelor readers may be inter-ested in the following extract from the "Book of Leinster," one of those vol-umes of ancient wisdom so many of which were written or compiled in Ire-land between the 6th and 12th centuries of our era. Doubtless such books are only transcripts of still more ancient manuscripts.
"On what shall I find my husbandry?" said his son to Pithal.
"On an anvil," said Pithal.
"What is the anvil of husbandry?"
"A good wife."
"How shall I recognize a good wife?"
"From her shape and behavior. Do not wed the slender, short girl, with curling hair; nor the stumpy, stout girl; nor the weakly, tall one; nor the black-haired, ungovernable girl; nor the dun one with the very yellow hair; nor the black, haired, swabby girl; nor the fair, bold, terous one; nor the slender, prolific, lively girl; nor the ill-spoken one."

evil counsel.
"What girl am I to wed?"
"If you can find them, the fair-haired, broad-shaped ones, the pale-hued, black-headed ones."
This critical attitude toward women is common in the old books. When Cor-mac, grandson of Conn, is asked by Car-bery: "How do you distinguish women?" Cormac replies: "Not hard to tell. I dis-tinguish them, but I make no difference among them." And he concludes a long tirade against them with these sayings:
"Better to beware of them than to trust them. Better to trample upon them than to fondle them.
Better to crush them than to cherish them. They are waves that drown you. They are fire that burns you. They are two-edged weapons that cut you. They are moths for tenebly. They are serpents for cunning. They are darkness in light. They are bad among the good. They are worse among the bad."

Sept 10 1920

Mr. Sherwin L. Cook writes to the Herald: "All the giggling audiences are not found at the Copley Theatre. I have seen every performance there during the last season and this and I have never been so disturbed as I was at the Hollis Street Theatre dur-ing the powerful and literary play 'John Ferguson' of Mr. Ervine. It was the most pitiful exhibition of crowd silliness I have encountered in nearly 30 years of theatre-going, a portion of which has been systematic and pro-fessional. Although there are times when I almost believe one should be obliged to take a civil service exami-nation before one is allowed to attend serious dramatic performances, I re-member at last that, while, out of the highest class audience, not more than a third get the really fine points, it is the other two thirds and their money that make the enjoyment of the one third possible. I'd rather they didn't giggle, but better an audience that giggles at 'The Joan Danvers' than no 'Joan Danvers' at all."

Mr. Clive and Giggers.

Mr. E. E. Clive played the leading male part in "The Joan Danvers." In the minds of many who frequent the Copley Theatre he is associated with comedy and farce. He is known to them as a funny man. They forget that he is an unusually versatile actor; that he has uncommon skill in charac-terization. They also have forgotten or did not fully appreciate his re-markable performance in "The Thund-erbolt," his impressive impersonation of the young man's father in "Hindle Wakes." As an amusing comedian he has made them laugh, therefore, they agree, he is always funny, and it is his duty to make them laugh when-ever he is on the stage. When they see his name on the bill they expect merry scenes and mirth inciting dia-logue. And therefore they laughed through the performance of "The Joan Danvers," not able to see that the part was serious, that the home life of his family was tragic.

It was rumored last season that if Mr. J. wet should put "Hamlet" on the stage Mr. Clive might be called on to play the Prince of Denmark. If he should appear as Hamlet, no doubt there will be giggling and titter-ing at the Copley. His soliloquies will be accompanied by guffaws, and during his great scene with Ophelia the laughter will be uncontrollable. Hom-eric. It is difficult for an actor once he has shown as a comedian to prove himself versatile. He is so easily mis-understood by those who go to the theatre only to aid digestion.

Baths for Birds and Berliners

As the World Wags:
Please say to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the sage of Clamport, that without doubt the reason why his "gorgeously colored" bluejay seems unwilling to bathe, is the fact that the water in the "expensive bath" is not sufficiently clean. In Brookline during the recent bad weather, I have often filled the bird's bath four or five times during the day. If by chance the robins and grackles have taken baths in the water, the more fastidious bluejay will sit on the edge of the bath and yell. I know at once he desires clean water. After I have rinsed the bath thoroughly and filled it with fresh cool water, he, the much maligned bluejay, will fly into it, hardly waiting for me to go into the house. He then has a marvelous time, splashing about until he looks like the proverbial "drowned rat." Flying to a nearby bush, calling "Thank you! I thank you!" he dries himself and then plunges into the water and takes an- other bath. It feels so good he calls to five or six other bluejays that are awaiting their turn; "Come on in, the water's fine."
M. M. K.
Mr. Johnson was in the office yester-day. We showed him your letter, "M. M. K." He smiled, and said gently: "I, too, change the water in my bird-bath frequently. I not only change the water, not tank water, but fresh, cool, pure water drawn directly from the bowels of the earth by the wind-mill, and as the soil is sandy, the water is well filtered, but I scrub the bath tub with cleansing substances that I

find warmly recommended in advertise-ments. No, the bluejay in spite of his beauty is not a bird to be commended. The poets have justly called him saucy, a termagant; he is a brigand, plunderer, tyrant. As for his voice! Let me quote you, from memory:
"Thou hast a crested poll and 'scutcheoned wing
Fit for a herald of the eagle king.
But such a voice, I would that thou couldst sing."
To which the jay replied:
"My bill has rougher work—to scream with fright,
And then, when screaming will not do, to fight."

"This changing of water," remarked Mr. Johnson, "reminds me of student days in Berlin 30 or 35 years ago. Wish-ing to be clean we visited the public baths, not merely for the sake of the ac-companying Weissbier and Kuemmel. There was a sign over one room, 'Bad Nobel.' An attendant explained: 'A noble bath is one in which the water has not been used by other gentlemen. It costs a mark more, but I assure you, it's worth it.'"

Sept 10 1920

In the year 1530, one John Scott, being over-thrown in a Law Suit, and knowing himself unable to pay what was adjudged him, took Sanctuary in the Abbey of Holyrood House, where out of discontent he abstain'd from all Meat and Drink for 30 or 40 Days together. The Report of this coming to the King's Ear, he caused the Man to be closely confined in a Room in the Castle of Edinburgh, to which, no body was allow'd Access; and having set a little Bread and Water by him, at the End of two and thirty Days it was found undiminish'd. Upon this he was dismissed, and soon after went to Rome, where he gave the like Proof of his fasting to Pope Clement the Seventh; from whence he went to Venice, carrying with him a Testimony of his long Abstinence under the Pope's Seal, and there repeated the Experiment.

The Case of Dr. Tanner

As the World Wags:
The Irreverent One, who is given to quoting, looked up from the morning newspaper and said: "The lord mayor seems to be an unconscionable long time a-dying." The Doctor replied from the other side of the breakfast table:
"Have you forgotten Tanner's 40 days' fast? He came out of that test in pretty good shape. The newspapers were full of it at the time. I talked with him some years afterwards. He said that he experienced no real suffering and very little inconvenience from the lack of food. At first he tried to go without water also and kept it up for 10 days, but he found that wouldn't do. He then began to drink whenever he felt the need of it. He craved food keenly; the thought of 'eat-ing was mighty pleasant, but he felt no tormenting hunger pangs. You remem-ber that his test was made in a public hall where multitudes visited him; where he was under special surveillance night and day. The place where he slept was a little room set up in the hall with a bright light shining over his head. He found the coming and going of specta-tors with its attendant noise and con-fusion and the glaring light at night the hardest part of his trial. He was taken out of the hall by his guards occasion-ally for a walk in the fresh air; if he could have had quiet days and darkness in which to sleep he said he would have had a comfortable time through it all. The fast ended at noon of the 40th day. A woman came into the hall at 10 o'clock that morning with a little girl who brought him a large, luscious peach. He held it in his hand until noon, when it was the first thing he ate. After that he ate his fill of a huge watermelon that had been sent to him from Georgia. He followed this during the day with such food as he craved, using ordinary good sense in his choice, experienced no discomfort from his indulgence. So you see the lord mayor isn't at the end of his tether by many days. If the report of his diseased lungs is true, that less-ens his endurance. Dr. Tanner was a sound man." R. B. S.
Roslindale.

Other Famous Fasters

Far more extraordinary was the case of young Gilbert Jackson of Carse-Grange in Scotland. Suffering from a fever, with relapses, he did not eat or drink from June 10, 1716, till June 7, 1719, only washing his mouth some-times with water. (See Philosophical Transactions No. 364).
In 1539 a 10-year-old girl "born near Spire in Germany" abstained from all manner of sustenance for three year during which time she used to walk abroad, talk, laugh and divert herself with such sports as are usual amongst children of her age. She was narrowly observed by the pastor of her parish and afterwards by the physician and a gentleman of King Maximilian's bed-chamber. (See Schenklus, Horstius in Donatum, and Hakewell.)
Catharine Buder, born in the Pala-tinate, was put in 1585 under the in-spection of a divine and two physicians. She lived without eating or drinking for

the first of the series of plays by the same author.

In this play, a woman who had lived for thirty years without food or drink was seen to "die." She was found in a state of utter exhaustion, and her body was so emaciated that it seemed to break to her backbone, but she had no difficulty of speech or breathing." (See *Fastidious*.)

For instance, a German woman, took an oath of abstinence from her 22d to her 40th year. Her history, translated from the Dutch, was published in London in 1611. The ministers of her city bore witness to the fasting.

But let us say she saw a girl who had been nothing but air to the 10th year of her age, and that she was afterwards married and had children.

Petrus, a Swiss, died in 1470. After he had had five children by his wife, he began himself to a solitary life far from any town, where he lived full 17 years, or '10, according to Zaccarias, without any manner of sustenance. The school of Constance and several princes of France and Germany, visiting him, confirmed the report. "It is said that he fasted several things which came to pass, and his fasting was looked upon as miraculous, but the man himself spoke modestly of it, ascribing it rather to his natural constitution. He was very much emaciated, and of a frightful aspect." (See Fulgencius, Zaccarias, and Johnston.)

And what is to be said, if Hermolaus Barbarus is to be credited, of a priest at Rome who lived on air alone for 40 years, and continued all that time in perfect health?

And what of the young French girl, Christina Michlot (1751-1755); of Ann Walsh of Harrowgate (1762); of Katherine McLeod, Pennant's fasting woman (1765); of Monica Matchett, the Swabian (1774); of the monomaniac that was 61 days without food, attended in 1761 by Dr. Willan, an eminent physician whose labors have been noticed by Dr. Marshall Hall? Ann Moore, the "fasting woman of Tutbury," confessed in or about 1800 that she was an impostor. We should not forget Cecilia Ridgeway, who, in 1835, having been imprisoned for the murder of her husband, remained mute and without food or drink for 40 days. Edward III. pardoned her, for the miracle shown her.

Truly this is a little world of great wonders.

Viewing these well-authenticated instances, the conclusion of a deep-thinker in 1750 is to be respected: "A great part of these gross meats we feed upon is not necessary for the support of animal life."

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W. Somerset Maugham's "The Unknown," brought out at the Aldwych Theatre, London, last month, is practically a treatise showing how barren and futile religious controversy may be. Maj. Wharton comes back from the war with his faith gone; Sylvia Bullock gives up her betrothed, a young disillusioned soldier, when he admits that he is an unbeliever. "More fatuous still are the village parson, the Rev. Norman Poole, and his parrot-like wife, who, outraged by Mrs. Littlewood's seeming indifference to the loss of her sons, force her to the very blunt declaration, 'Who is to forgive God?'—an outburst the vehemence and passion of Miss Haidee Wright's utterance of which gained for that fine actress the heartiest applause by far when the curtain fell finally upon a chilled and shocked audience." Ellen O'Malley as Sylvia, a role that went right against the audience, "in her desire to save her lover's soul, tricks and deceives John into going to Communion (though he feels he is acting 'a dirty lie') on the pretext that this return to the fold would please and 'support' his dying father."

An invitation matinee performance to ministers of religion was given. Before the performance began, the bishop of Birmingham made a short address, having first read the following letter from Mr. Maugham:

"I should first like to thank you for coming to see my play this afternoon. Then I would ask you to believe that I wrote it with no desire to outrage the religious susceptibilities of any religious persons; I hope you will think that it is a honest attempt to place on the stage some of the thoughts and emotions which have occurred to many people during the last few years. I have put every point of view that was concerned as fairly as I could. I would ask you to remember that the persons of a play should express themselves according to their character, and it would be unreasonable to be disappointed because simple people do not exhibit the subtleties of doctors of divinity. The world is mostly inhabited by simple people, and it is the emotions and thoughts of simple people that you are asked to occupy yourself with this afternoon."

The bishop then said that he had read the play before it was produced; he had also attended some of the rehearsals.

He was first of all a man.

"In this play as in many others, the clergy were the sufferers, because the clergyman put before the audience was not, in his judgment, a flesh-and-blood parson at all. After all, the clergy were very like other people, and that was too often forgotten. But he wanted the clergy to judge the play without considering too closely the particular representative of their profession as he was put before them. Incidentally, he hoped that the young clergy who were still waiting for the happy day when they would have wives would not have one like the wife of the play, because they did not want all the preaching done for them by their wives.

"They were always being told that there was nothing in present-day plays; that they were so wretched and miserable. 'The Unknown' gave food for thought arising out of the very central feelings of most of them during the last five or six years. They had been stirred to the very centre of their whole being, and many of their thoughts and feelings were expressed in that play. In these days, when the war was over and they were naturally inclined to get back to something frivolous, it was surely good that their thoughts should be kept still to the high level of that play. It was a very good thing, for it showed that public opinion was really healthy. If they gave the people the best, they would come to the best. It was not fair, as was sometimes done, to put before the public nothing that was intellectual or emotional or of any real value and then say that that was what the public wanted. Give them the best and they would appreciate it. People complained that the play did not solve mysteries. They would not solve them on this side of the grave, but they would get nearer to them by bending to the consideration of those great things. Faith in that God who was the God of Love and of interest in his people would not be lessened, but rather strengthened, by 'The Unknown.'

"At the close of the performance Miss Viola Tree briefly thanked the visitors for their presence."

Templeton Strong

Mr. Templeton Strong's orchestral suite, "The Night," was performed for the first time in England at a promenade concert in London on Aug. 17. The Times said of it: "A few years ago the music might perhaps have held one's attention by reason of the instrumentation and the often clever attempts at pictorial illustration. But the pace has quickened in this particular school of composition, and one can very soon become old-fashioned unless there is some really strong underlying idea—idea, that is, in a purely musical, thematic, melodic sense. Mr. Strong's ideas, shorn of their instrumental dress, are too insignificant to stand out, and in an age when other folk are doing still more effective things of the kind his treatment cannot make amends and restore the balance. The best movement was the last, 'The Awakening of the Forest Spirits,' in which there was a good deal of spirited and semi-jocose writing for the wood-wind which was quite entertaining, even if the atmosphere created did not get near to what, according to the programme, it was intended to be. The orchestra played the suite in a very crisp style, and the performance was received with a fair measure of approval."

The Daily Telegraph: "It has fallen this season to an American composer to be responsible for the first novelty heard at the promenade concerts. But Mr. Templeton Strong, who for many years has been living in Switzerland, would probably rank himself among cosmopolitans. A good many years, by the way, have flown since he was a student at Leipzig, and one is tempted to imagine that his orchestral suite, 'The Night,' although its performance on Tuesday evening was said to be the first given in this country, may not be so recent an example of his powers as that fact might imply. At any rate, it is not written in what would pass for a modern idiom, having regard to latter-day musical developments. But it is not necessary, of course, for a composer to speak in the language of—shall we say 1920?—in order to claim serious attention. The trouble, however, with Mr. Strong, if we are to judge him by the work to which Sir Henry Wood introduced us the other night, is that in the comparatively simple and straightforward language in which he chooses to express himself he has nothing of any particular consequence to say. There are some good moments in his suite—a suggestion, for instance, here and there of atmosphere, more especially in a movement called 'In an Old Forest,' which strikes deftly enough a brooding and rather eerie note—and in the final section, where he sets out to depict the gambols of woodland spirits, he brings off his elfin effects with no lack of cleverness, but destroys the pleasant illusion midway with a 'great outburst'—to quote the program notes—that seems wholly out of harmony with the rest. And what, precisely, is the significance of the 'Peasant's Battle March,' as it is described, which forms the motive of the second movement? As a whole, then, the work proved a little disappointing, because of its inequalities and the incongruities pointed out, to those of us who had heard much of its composer's gifts. It was played with no lack of spirit and received politely, if hardly enthusiastically."

Paris Theatres in Nobody's Season; New Plays and Some Revivals

The London Times had this to say of the theatres in Paris last month:

Paris is "empty," and "everybody" is away. A football scrum is still rather lonelier than the Underground at 6 in the evening, but officially (or, rather, socially) the town is empty. The theatres are full, even those which provide crude melodrama or bread-and-margarine romance. One thing is always noticeable at these times. As soon as that superior and tiresome creature, Everybody, has gone away, it becomes obvious that the plain, ordinary Nobody is very tender-hearted and very moral, and will by no means pay for his seat, let alone the taxes appertaining thereto, unless he is going to see virtue rewarded and vice punished. He is in no mood for the hair-splitting of Bernstein and Bataille; Lavedan's brilliance seems to him artificial; and as for De Curel's disconcerting tirades all about heaven knows what, why, if he only knew the word, Nobody would say they were far too high-brow for him. As this is Nobody's season, we have "The Lyons Mail" and "The Ironmaster" and "Monique." "Monique," a dramatic version of a story by Paul Bourget. The book has been quite skilfully adapted by Gaillard de Champris. It is all about a poor founding who is wrongfully accused of theft, owing to the machinations of a jealous girl. I am sorry to tell you that M. Bourget and his adapter have alike failed to be thorough. The heroine's lover never for one instant believes in her guilt. This is not in accordance with the best traditions of heroism. Nor is it snowing when she rushes forth into the world. These weaknesses pardoned, the three acts are very satisfactory, and move the audience to a profound handkerchief drill.

At the other Darzens Theatre, where brows are so high that they remind one of the Disraeli hero whose forehead "might have lighted a cathedral," M. de Curel's inquiry into the nature, probably animal, of love, has been succeeded by a quite pleasant comedy of the rejuvenation of a middle-aged man. "Les Quatre Coins" is not M. de Noziere's best play, but even everybody may without loss of dignity find it amusing and comfortable. It is pleasing to see a gentleman losing his years because his daughter's friend is so fascinating, and it is delightful to find that the friend found him equally attractive. Why Mme. Sauvai should have bothered for two minutes with such a little ninny as the daughter it is impossible to imagine. This is, I think, a case of the actor's personality outweighing the part. Mlle. Sarah Rafale cannot help it if she has tiny, impertinent features, a mass of hair between copper and crimson, and a curiously attractive, half-metallic voice. She doubtless would not help it if she could, but these items, plus considerable intelligence, are unfair weights in the balance in which her colleagues must be weighed. Her name is one to be watched for during the next few years.

Nobody's season is also the season for understudies. In France they grow this self-sacrificing plant much better than we do at home. One can go to the theatre in mid-August and find understudies playing with perfect finish. "La Belle Aventure" is a case in point. Mme. Daynes-Grassot is temporarily out of the cast, but if all Paris had not been trooping to see a lady of 88 bearing two acts of a play upon her gay and capable shoulders, Mme. Marie-Laure, who is playing the part now, would have been the recipient of many laurels.

M. Gernay and M. d'Uees have written a comedy which will be produced in Paris early in October, and they intend to follow it by another piece introducing the same personages and carrying the action further. Both plays will like the plan is a question open to doubt. When Arnold Bennett or Compton Mackenzie insists on devoting several volumes to the lives of his heroes and heroines, one can at least refer from one to the other; but a play is an intangible combination of sights and sounds which science has not yet brought to the fireside or stored on reference shelves. The Chinese method of having plays that last every night for a week is hardly suitable for the scrappy and hurried lives we live.

Parisian Stage Gossip

The final text of the new law concerning theatre taxes has just been published, and the managers are far from satisfied, since the law fails to make any mention of exonerating critics and other persons who are obliged to witness a performance in a professional capacity. Only this week I was obliged to pay a 4s. tax to see the Casino revue. Besides the critics, as Hubert Genin pointed out, there are the actors who have to witness several performances of a play in order to understudy a part. Moreover, of late many theatres are forming a deplorable habit of giving public dress rehearsals, so that the members of the press and the invited guests are obliged to pay the tax. M. Franck, in the name of the Managers' Association asked that all those who witnessed a performance for professional purposes should, on the strength of the

invitation, be exonerated from theatre taxes, but the new act does not mention the case. In fact, it deals almost exclusively with the manner in which the tax is to be collected.—The Stage.

There is a good old-fashioned melodrama, "La Loupette," at the Eldorado. Sauterelle, a circus rider, is driven to the streets by her faithless lover. Her father, an old wrestler, adopts another child and is instrumental in thwarting the plot of the lover to murder his uncle. Scenes in the circus, the den of thieves, etc.

"The Lyons Mail" has been revived at the Porte St. Martin with Jean Coquelin as Choppard. "It is curious to note how Choppard has always been the big acting part of the play, in France. The tremendous possibilities of the dual role of Lesurques-Dubosc, which Sir Henry Irving made so magnificently his, have never been grasped by French actors, and none of the great artists of the day have essayed the part. Jean Daragon is an excellent and sincere actor, but he fails to invest the role with the glamor and subtlety that it should possess. The final tableau is unaccountably omitted.

The revival of "Itaflies" at the Femina was "distressing." "Michel Strogoff" has been revived at the Chatelot.

It appears that classic plays have had less popular success in Paris since the armistice than modern ones.

A young "sociétaire" of the Comedie-Francaise receives 8000 francs a year, while a stage machinist receives 10,200. Mlle. Bartet, after 40 years at this theatre, takes away 357,000 francs.

Moliere's "Sganarelle" was revived at the Comedie-Francaise on Aug. 8. It had not been played there since 1891.

The French Academy has awarded the Emile Augier prize to Miguel Zamacois for his comedy, "Monsieur Escartin."

"Labor is laying a very heavy hand on theatres here, and is making an effort to dictate even the sentiments of plays produced."

Robert de Flers, the President of the Dramatists' Association, has started a campaign in favor of uniting the Comedie-Francaise and the Odeon under one management, with one company. The idea has excited considerable comment. Were it carried out, it would, I believe, have deplorable results. In the first place, although both are State theatres, they are run on entirely different plans. The Odeon has a fixed company of actors engaged by the year. Whereas, while the Comedie-Francaise has also a fixed company of "pensionnaires" engaged by the year, from these are elected each year one or two "sociétaires," who practically rule the theatre, choose the plays, and share the profits at the end of the year. The organization of this system is sufficiently complex without being spread over two theatres, and although it might permit a slight reduction of the company itself it is very much to be feared that the classical repertory would, in a short time, be completely confined to the Odeon, and that the Comedie-Francaise would become merely another Boulevard theatre, the prey of a few successful modern authors and their favorite societaires. Heaven knows there are enough abuses at the Comedie-Francaise. Quite recently a young actor, M. Alcover, who has met with ill will because he was of Spanish origin, resigned his engagement of pensionnaire after a stormy performance of Racine's "Athalie," in which he had taken liberties with Racine's text. It transpired, however, that the young man was receiving a monthly salary of 350 francs and had, until quite recently, received only 275 francs a month—which is altogether inadequate to keep body and soul together nowadays. If the societaires would consent to play small parts as they used to do, the material welfare of the Francaise would be very much improved, and it would be to their own advantage since they share the profits. But just at present the position of societaire, although assured, is far less brilliant from a pecuniary point of view than that of any well-known actor, on the boulevards, and Mme. Simone, who is entering the Comedie-Francaise, is certainly making financial sacrifices that are not possible to all. As for the pensionnaires, their position is often desperate, as was that of M. Alcover, who has now been engaged by Henry Bernstein for the Gymnase.—The Stage.

Maeterlinck has completed a four-act play, "The Power of Death," which may be produced in Paris this year.

Andre del Lorde's last thriller at the Grand Guignol, "La Derniere Torture," deals with incidents of the Boxer rebellion.

Pierre Wolff has resigned from the management of the Vaudeville Theatre. This resignation illustrates another side of the financial complications that are strangling the theatre in this country. Commercialism and speculation have taken such proportions that, between the rival claims and interests of the shareholders, a conscientious and artistic manager, like M. Wolff is powerless, even, as was the case, when an especially successful season had just been paid. M. Wolff had many attractive projects, one of which was to produce a play by a new author each year, with a cast chosen by the author and staged by Antoine. A play by Henry Marx had been accepted for next autumn, and M. Wolff's successor,

...the promised to produce Henry Bernstein has also promised to produce the work of a new author in a year, at the Gymnasé, during his management of that theatre."

The French stage has lost four of its greatest actresses during the past season. Refane's death was a heavy blow to the French drama, Mme. Bartet has retired from the Comédie-Française, and Jane Hading and Marthe Brandes have definitely abandoned the stage.

Playhouse Gossip

Bannister Howard celebrated last month at Exeter, Eng., the 21st year of his tour with "The Belle of New York."

E. Temple Thurston's "Wandering Jew," produced at Manchester, Eng., on Aug. 23, covers a period of 1500 years. Phase 1. Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion. Phase 2. In the time of the first crusade. Phase 3. Sicily in the 13th century. Phase 4. Spain in the middle ages: a room in Seville, the tribunal chamber of the inquisition. The drama has nothing to do with Eugene Sue's romance.

C. B. Cochran of London, who is zealous in his campaign against the production of German plays, or plays of German origin, says that "Mie-Mie," which Grossmith and Laurillard had announced as French in origin and authorship, is an adaptation of "Gri-Gri," a German play, and if he fails to prove it he will have a week's receipts from any of his theatres to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

An Australian play, "On Our Selection," typical of life in the back blocks of Australia, written by Steele Rudd, was produced at Ramsgate, for the first time in England, on Aug. 16. It is booked at the Lyric in London. "A Selection" is the ground on which a squatter settles in the back settlements of the Australian continent. . . . The play has been written on the lines of the old dramas of 20 years ago. . . . Why should the author have made the junior members of the Rudd family, with the exception of Kate, such a lot of 'soffies'? War experiences have shown the young native Australian to be gifted with plenty of common sense and full of grit. Such characters can only have been introduced for the purposes of comedy."

On Aug. 31 "Chu Chin Chow" entered on its fifth year at His Majesty's Theatre, London. It has been remounted and redressed beyond all recognition.

Little plays of Rabindranath Tagore brought out on July 23 in London by the East and West and the Indian Art and Dramatic Society were five in number, five "dramatic lyrics." In "The Farewell Curse" it is shown that love is of greater account than knowledge. "The Deserted Mother" tells of a boy by the sea—god and a queen. The mother had the boy brought up by a humble character. He becomes leader of forces commanded by five other mortal brothers, prefers death with loyalty to victory with shame, and refuses to go back with his formerly unnatural mother. "Suttee" is written against man-made laws and the warring of sects; "The Sinner," against the tenets of blood-sacrifice. The theme of "Mother's Favor" is the blaming by a mother of her son, who, gambling, had won a kingdom from his cousins. The dramatists, in black cap and robe, chanted a little poem with a refrain sounding like "Jala, jala, hae." The whole affair must have been very precious.

One somehow comes across little bits of theatrical ignorance at every corner, but the most glaring instance I have met of late in the following, by a very provincial scribe, I quote the exact words: "A better performance has hardly been seen at the New Lyceum. The new, not the old, whereas, you may remember, an actor named Irving was wont to set the benches in a roar." Surely the writer was confusing matters. Imagine Irving, England's representative Hamlet, Mathews, Becket and Charles L., the most serious, sardonic, even sinister actor of his time, accused of being a hutton-bursting comic? In Irving's days it was called "St. Lyceum," on account of the hushed cathedral-like atmosphere created in the auditorium. Now somebody writes nonsense of this description from the banks of the beautiful Irwell, and we still send missionaries abroad!—The Stage.

"Abraham Lincoln" will be—or has been—produced in Czech at Prague during the Czech national festival in the coming autumn. The foreign office has invited the author, John Drinkwater, to be present on that occasion. Authorized translations of Lincoln are being made into all the chief European languages (except French), as well as Japanese."

Promenade Programs in London; Random Music Notes

The London Times, commenting on the programs of the Promenade Concerts which began on Aug. 14, regretted that Scriabin was to be represented only by an early and uncharacteristic piano concerto, that the name of Stravinsky was not on the list.

"There is still a certain amount of the timely second-rate music in these programs which it should be the aim of all our enterprising young composers to replace. Does any one, for example, really want to listen to the overtures of Goldmark, which come at the end of several programs? Only those who can sur-

vive the first 15 minutes of the second part are expected to, but since those ballads are inevitable, it is worth while to clear up the atmosphere afterward with five minutes of good music. Surely, too, the overtures to 'Zampa,' 'Raymond,' 'Poet and Peasant' and such like might now be left to the military bands in the parks. Then there are just one or two musical atrocities like Gounod's 'Ave Maria' on Bach's prelude, and futilities like Raff's 'Cavatina,' which are allowed to degrade the first parts of Saturday nights. The public like them, it is said. Yes, but they like better things just as well. Not a single florin would be lost if they quietly disappeared.

"These things are worth pointing out, because the promenade programs have improved so much in their 25 years of life that as far as the public is concerned there is no reason why they should not improve further. Those terrible operatic fantasies of the old days disappeared without a sigh of regret from the audiences. Oddments of Gounod, Raff, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein can easily be swept away as soon as it is quite clear that there is something to replace them. Alas, that the same cannot be said of the ballads which are never mentioned in the sketch programs, but are always there on the night. Nothing can replace them, for they are a matter of business, a condition of the bargain which offers to musical people 10 weeks of the finest orchestral music, ranging from Purcell and Bach to Wagner, Debussy, and Elgar, with the possibility of a surprise here and there in the shape of a good new work. It is not such a bad bargain, and it is one which musical people accept the more cheerfully, since they can get their music and go away before the ballads begin."

Operas to be brought out at the Opera Comique, Paris: "Le Roi Canaule," by Bruneau; "Dans l'ombre de la Cathédrale," Hue; "Conchita," Zandonai; "Forfaiture," C. Erlanger. (posthumous); "Caprice de Roi," Puget; "Les Uns et les Autres" (Verlaine), Mac d'Ollone; "Camille," Delmas; "Messaouda," Ratez; "Fra Angelico," Hillemacher; "La Griffe," Fourdrain; and a ballet, "Dame Libellule," by the American, Blinn Fairchild.

Ninon de Lenclos is the heroine of an opera by L. Malgou-neau, performed at Aix-les-Bains late in July.

Templeton Strong's "Life of an Artist" for violin solo and orchestra was brought out at the Zurich festival with Szegell, violinist. The work is on the list of the Promenade Concerts in London. Mr. Strong, who was an intimate friend of MacDowell, once sojourned in Boston.

Mitka Nikisch, son of Arthur Nikisch, played piano concertos by Liszt and Tschakowsky at two concerts at Scheveningen, conducted by his father.

Battistini, the baritone, has been singing in Switzerland in opera and in concert.

The London critics agreed in saying that the late opera season at Covent Garden was disappointing.

Gatty Sellars, organist, returning to London after he had toured for several years in Canada, the United States and South America, "where he has given 200 recitals," says he has played on more organs than any other living man. In South America he gave recitals during the war in aid of British patriotic funds.

The London Daily Telegraph said apropos of Paul Dukas's piano sonata. "There appears to be in M. Dukas a fear of the commonplace which amounts almost to an obsession. He would much rather be artificial than express a plain thought in a plain way. The restlessness and inequality which mar otherwise interesting parts of the work are, of course, inevitable results of this determination to be original at all costs. There is no greater here than the man who resolves to be witty."

With regard to his collection of "Hunting Jingles," contained in the well-illustrated little book of that title, published at 5s. by the Press Printers, Ltd., Richard Northcott points out that the majority of those stirring or pathetic hunting songs were originally composed for stage purposes. Jennie Lee, for example, made popular Whyte Melville's setting of his "Drink, Pappy, Drink," and the same was done with respect to "A-Hunting We Will Go" (originally given in Henry Fielding's comedy, "Don Quixote in England"), by Mrs. Kennedy, on a revival of "The Beggar's Opera." Other popular artists and entertainers who gave vogue to hunting ditties, now, seemingly, in "the seer and yellow leaf," were J. W. Rowley, Joseph Vernon, Charles D'Abin and Charles Incedon. John Rich, with memory kept alive in the "Gay Rich and Rich Gay" play upon words, composed the music for "Hark, the Huntsman," introduced into "Apollo and Daphne," or the Burgomaster Tricked," an entertainment produced at the theatre then open in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1724. The words of this were by that prolific dramatist and editor, Lewis Theobald. A piece of similar title, brought out at Drury Lane in the year following, contained the song, "Away, We've Crowned the Day," with music by Henry Carey. If Mr. Northcott had brought his engrossing survey further down to date he might have included in it a reference

to the effective use made by John Galsworthy of the refrain "Tonight a Stag Must Die" in his poignant drama, "The Fugitive."—The Stage.

The Theatre in Berlin, as Described by the London Times

Berlin seems to have reached that stage when common sense is beginning to gain the upper hand over the hysterical extravagance that is one of the results of the war. The consequence is that the stage is faced with a crisis. Some of the theatres, indeed, can scarcely be expected to survive as theatres at all, and I am told that the Berlin cinema firm "Ufa" is seriously considering the possibility of buying up almost all the Berlin theatres. The price would be enormous, since even now every good Berliner adores the stage and would do what he could to save it; but it becomes daily more difficult for the actor-managers to pay the actors as they should be paid, with the result that actor after actor is going over to the enemy camp. It was not for nothing that several Berlin theatres closed for the summer several weeks before their usual time.

The musical comedy theatres, which used to enjoy a popularity hardly equalled anywhere else in the world, are the chief sufferers. As their success depended far more on the number of the chorus girls and on the prettiness and extravagance of their dresses and of the scenery that surrounded them than on the actual music, their failure was inevitable. Besides, no really good light composer has appeared here recently to compensate for the poorness of the scenery by the intoxication of waltz tunes such as Lahar used to produce for the joy of the world. . . .

Plays and comedies have, of course, one great advantage over their musical sisters—they do not necessarily cost a fortune to produce; and Berlin has one or two extraordinarily good plays at the moment. "The Raschoffs" and "The Higher Life" are drawing well, as plays by Sudermann generally do; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (under the deceiving title of Bunbury) is worth going miles to see. The Lessing Theatre has been very successful with Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" and with "Peer Gynt" (which before the war was certainly one of the best productions that had ever been staged in Berlin. When shall we have a really good "Peer Gynt" in England? And there are half a dozen more plays that deserve a far greater success than they are having. The real theatregoers, however, have realized that they cannot afford to spend very much on amusements, and the people who now have the money art people who prefer the numerous cabarets near the Friedrichstrasse and the Kurfurstendamm, with their alluring advertisements of almost naked dancers and their expensive dinners and sweet champagne.

If it be really true that a people gets the government it deserves, one imagines that it also gets the theatre it deserves, and the wave of immorality and of everything erotic has, of course, had its effect on the theatre as on every other phase of Berlin life. Otherwise, one feels, Wedekind would not be one of the most popular playwrights, and Pierre Louys's "The Woman and the Puppet" would not be chosen for the Berlin stage at all; and efforts are being made to render Wagner's music attractive to the now rich by inserting what is called a "Natural Ballet" into the Venusberg act of "Tannhauser." It may be more in keeping with the original legend of the Venusberg, but certainly it is not only the love of accuracy that has led to the innovation.

Far apart from the struggle between the managers who are determined to capture audiences by fair means or foul and the audiences who show no desire to be caught stands Reinhardt. And yet not quite so far apart as one would have expected, for one of the two places now running at his Grosses Schauspielhaus also shows the traces of this wave of sex obsession. "Lysistrata" is very amusing, even if Aristophanes might have some difficulty in recognizing his own play in German version, but it is too thin for the Grosses Schauspielhaus. It would have been quite as amusing in any other theatre in Berlin, and it is not the sort of play one would imagine Reinhardt would select on his own initiative. But the idea of the women putting an end to the war by refusing to yield to their husbands and the sex desire that is at the bottom of the whole comedy is well suited to the demands of Berlin at the moment. "Julius Caesar" is out and away above anything else that has been staged by Reinhardt. The conception of the murder scene, when Caesar stumbles all the way down the gigantic staircase, only to receive the final stab from Brutus when he is almost in the midst of the audience, deserves the use of that much-misused word "magnificent."

The New York Evening Post said on Sept. 1.

"Apparently the real reason why Max Reinhardt has given up his Berlin theatres is not ill-health after all. His brother, Edmund Reinhardt, who looked after the business end, has made a statement in an open letter to the Lokalanzeiger, which is at least frank. He says: 'My brother is anything but tired of Berlin or his three theatres there. The cruel facts are these: The total box-office receipts

from the three theatres from March 1 to May 31 were 1,761,469 marks, including luxury tax. The cost for the same period for the salaries of actors, actresses, chorus and orchestra alone was 1,888,000 marks. The government tax for the period was 573,104 marks. Should any one feel skeptical as to the accuracy of these figures I refer him to an auditor who has been instructed to place the books at the disposal of any one who may be interested.' So it was only a sickness of the pocketbook. A loss of 750,000 marks in three months looks pretty big, but under the present rate of exchange it is only about \$14,000—plenty big enough, however, to be discouraging."

POPS FLOURISH AGAIN

MONDAY, SEPT. 13

Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin".....Tschakowsky
Overture to "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini
Meditation from "Thais".....Puccini
Fantasia, "Tosca".....Verdi
Grand selection from "Aida".....Verdi
"Depuis le Jour" from "Louise".....Chapientier
Kürzete from "Mignon".....Thomas
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Prelude and Sicilliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
Intermezzo from "Il Pagliaccio".....Pavullo
Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens

TUESDAY, SEPT. 14

Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltz, "Roses from the South".....Strauss
Enfantillage (Children at Play) Van Wert
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 2.....Bizet
a. Pastorale; b. Minuet; c. Farandole.
Violin solo, Gypsy Melodies.....Sarasate
Pavullo, Jacques Hoffmann
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Rhapsody, "Espina".....Chapientier
Fantasia, "Il Pagliaccio".....Leoncavallo
Largo (with organ).....Handel
March of the Little Lead Soldiers.....Pierne
Marche Militaire Française.....Saint-Saens

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15

March, "Bonacello".....Suppe
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Mephistofele".....Sibelius
Finlandia.....Sibelius
Pavullo, Jacques Hoffmann
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Fantasia, "Louise".....Chapientier
Teverle, "The Voice of Climes".....Liszt
Waltz, "Dornroschen".....Tschakowsky
America Triumphante.....Pisuli

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16

Wedding March from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Overture to "Poet and Peasant".....Strauss
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Leoncavallo
Fantasia, "Ricoletto".....Verdi
Suite, "Nateacker".....Wagner
a. Overture Miniature; b. Danse de la Fée Dragee; c. Trepak.
Minuet.....Boizot
American Idyl, "Indian Summer".....Wagner
Overture to "Rienzi".....Mendelssohn
Pete Boheme from "Scenes Pittoresques".....Massenet

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17

Wagner Program
Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn
Song Without Words.....Tschakowsky
Fantasia, "L'Oracolo".....Verdi
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Romanza, "Alban Leaf".....Wagner
Violin Solo, J. Hoffmann
Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Egyptian Ballet.....Liszt
Vocal solo.....Mendelssohn
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18

Coronation March.....Svendsen
Overture to "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Waltz, "Artists' Life".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
Overture, "Maximilian Robespierre".....Liszt
(The Last Day of the Terror)
Seberzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelm
Solo violin, harp, organ and strings.....Tschakowsky
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin".....Flores
Fantasia, "Marta".....Saint-Saens
"The Swan".....Saint-Saens
Violoncello solo, Mr. Keller.
Waltz, "Girls of Baden".....Komzse
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar

SEPT. 13, 1917

Speaking of a tailor's "goose," is the plural "geese" or "gooses"? A tailor in England solved the question in this manner. Ordering two of these pressing irons, he wrote: "Dear Sirs: Please send me one tailor's goose. Yours faithfully, J. J."

"P. S. On second thoughts, please make it two."

"Mongeeese"

The publication of this letter brought to mind an academic discussion in London some years ago. The Athenaeum Club was vexed by rats. There was an importation to put an end to the pest. The officers of the club found it necessary to post this notice: "Members are requested not to feed or otherwise make pets of the mongeeese." A highly respected member, a bishop of years and dignity, insisted that the word should be "monggooses."

Fortunate hippopotamus! He is allowed two plural forms. And so is the gladiolus, which may also be pronounced in two ways.

Add "Notes on Slang"

A firm controlling 10 or 11 dining rooms in London was brought before the magistrate and fined 40 shillings with 21 shillings costs for selling butter

of the salary and the quality of the food and the service. He was served the best of bread and butter. It was served the best of tea and two slices of bread. The delinquent's lawyer said that this was a working man's restaurant and one should expect bread with butter at that price. It was commercially impossible to watch the magistrate redden nobly. "Whether the customer is a working man or not he is entitled to have what he asks for."

It came out in the course of the trial that the customers seldom asked for bread and butter. They ordered "a cup of tea and two slices," or if they wished corn they asked for "a cup of corn and two doorsteps."

Mr. Douglas Newton has recorded the terms of endearment with which the Prince of Wales was greeted in America. He was to the "flapper" in Newfoundland "a Jandy boy, a plush." In New Brunswick: "Jell do. He's just a Canadian." In Ottawa he was a "cute little fellow" with "no kingstuff" about him, or as one admirer put it, "There isn't a sheet of ice between us and him."

Almost Prohibitive

Has anyone commented on the way in which the price of cigars has recently been jacked up? A once popular cigar at 10 cents straight is now 20 cents straight. Will this raise in prices win smokers to the pipe? It is said that retail tobacconists in London had difficulty in disposing of their big stocks even before the super-tax was proposed, for the new poor could no longer afford to smoke cigars at 25 a hundred, while the new rich patronize the most expensive brands.

Since prohibition was enforced the sale of cigars in several clubs in Boston has fallen off, according to report, and the higher priced are no longer recklessly taken from the tray. We have heard, however, of one man, who when a fellow-member orders the tray for the company, chooses a cigar at 60 cents, which disconcerts the orderer, if he is not well acquainted with this luxurious person, and makes him reticent and gloomy for the rest of the evening. To preface this choice by the careless remark, "Well, I don't care if I do," would be to add insult to injury. The 60-cent smoker justifies his choice by saying that he smokes only one cigar a day; he wishes it to be a good one. Surely, this is the time when a man in a club should order tobacco for himself alone, to suit his own taste and his own purse, without thought of others.

"Inexorable"

The performance of Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" announced in New York has been postponed until after

the presidential election, though the play was announced for Oct. 1. Mr. Shaw wrote to the Theatre Guild that the comedy might be too caustic for an American audience during that feverish month. Mr. St. John Ervine replied by letter that since the play is aimed at British social and political life, it would not be affected by politics in this country, but Mr. Shaw cabled: "Inexorable." And so young Mr. Smallwood was "adamant" in the matter of gravity. During the war Mr. Shaw did not ingratiate himself with Americans by his published articles except with the hyphenated, the pacifists and the parlor Bolsheviks that favored Germany. As for the play itself, there is no pressing need of its production; in fact, many should be able to die happy without having seen it on the stage.

Sept 16 1919

The descriptive advertisements of film stars and film plays in Los Angeles have affected the restaurants of that city. One has for a "top-liner" on the bill of far "Sensational Chops." On another there are "Star Stews"; at a third restaurant the bill of fare calls attention to "feature foods a la Francaise," "attractive steaks," another "meaty masterpiece." An English visitor failed to find "humorous sandwiches," "pictorial potatoes" or "comic cheese," but he was pleased by reading the guarantee of excellence in one restaurant: "All cooking is done by mothers."

Our Young Stage Lovers

The theatregoer in Boston often wonders at the choice made by managers of young men for leading juvenile roles, boys' with or without song. Few of these young men are at ease when they do evening dress or the clothes decreed for a lawn party or an afternoon tea. Their faces are seldom attractive; there

is a hardness of the lips and a lack of expression that is not to be desired. The hope is ever adroitly suggested that so handsome, debonnaire, brilliant and dashing a gentleman will show before the end that his surface of selfishness and evil conceals a soul of honor. But he does not.

The Hindu trick of "swallowing his tongue" and appearing dead, taught him by Secundra Dass, saves him from the mob bent on avenging Jessie Brown. James revives, but he knows he is really dying and he goes from life with the cynical remark: "It's a good trick in India, but a damned poor one in Scotland," and the riddle remains unanswered.

It is in playing the contradictory roles that James adopts in order to get the money he wants—filial love of father, passionate love of Alison, hatred of his brother, ever resourceful skill in meeting danger and turning it to his own account with a manner that forces the onlooker to admire him even in his deviltries—that Mr. Whiteside reveals his extreme and varied skill. The action all happens in the great hall at Durlside. It is breathlessly gripping from start to finish and enough of Stevenson's story of James's wanderings is revealed to illuminate and heighten the situations without dulling interest for a moment.

Every character is portrayed by Mr. Whiteside's companions in a manner that is above reproach and aids at all points in creating the illusion of possibility and reality. Maurice Barrett as the Hindu, Nancy Stewart as Jessie, and Miss Shields as Alison give particularly striking performances of their parts.

Misplaced

Mr. Otis Skinner and other actors have told us that the worst acting for the screen comes as a rule from the engagement of celebrated actresses on the legitimate stage. Mr. Skinner made this remark before he, too, after many refusals became the hero of a film play. We read recently in the Stage of London an article entitled "Stars That Never Twinkle." The writer gives the reason: "Often in the studio they won't be told or taught, and I have known of thousands of feet of expensive film being taken and scrapped by an outwardly patient, but inwardly angry producer, who has to take their scenes over and over again before even a decent 'shot' can be scored. If the star were not 'in the contract,' Mr. Producer certainly would not endure him for a moment. In many cases, the best film acting of today comes from the experienced actor of second rank, who confidently places himself in the producer's hands, and thus not only causes less trouble and expense to everybody, but gets infinitely better results."

Screen and Stage

John Barrymore is a marked exception. Miss Elsie Ferguson gains as a screen actress, for her voice and her vocal affectations are not then heard. Mr. Fairbanks is athletically amusing on the screen and on the stage. We should like to see our favorite film actress, Miss Pearl White, in a rip-roaring melodrama of the sort that once crowded the Grand Opera House in Boston, rescuing her lover, bricked up in a wall by desperate villains, who had evidently read Balzac's "Grande Etreteche," or going up the broad aisle of a church, with a revolver in each hand to disturb the wedding of her faithless lover with a cold-eyed woman of wealth and position. Miss Theda Bara has declared through a magazine of wide circulation her undying devotion to high art. We may yet see Miss Pearl White as Lady Macbeth, or in a play by Ibsen. Mr. George Arliss, who at last yielded to temptation, and is now on the list of film heroes, in a letter to a friend in Boston, announcing his change of heart, remarked in conclusion: "Every man has his price."

Call the Interpreter

A song, words and music by one Cecil Law, apparently an Englishman, advertised by a London publisher, bears this title: "It's a Dinkum Boshter Bonzer Melody."

As in Boston Theatres

Mr. Hubert Bath was once in the gallery of the Court Theatre, London, awaiting performance of "Hippolytus" by our old friend Euripides. "My nose was suddenly assailed by a strong smell of oranges. I observed sitting directly in front of me two young costers of an obviously amorous inclination. I was naturally curious as to the attraction of Euripides for the young couple. They were behaving 'nice and quiet,' but every now and again I caught 'Nah, then, 'ere 'e comes.' Then as a different character entered, 'Naow, it ain't,' in disappointed tones. They survived the first act, but in the interval I heard them asking one of the attendants the name of the comedian, and when he was likely to come on!"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Master of Ballantrae," a romantic drama in three acts, adapted by Carl Mason from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel of that name. The cast:

Lord Durie.....Basil West
Mr. Mackellar.....Alexander F. Frank
Allison.....Miss Sydney Shields
Col. Burke.....William Shelley
Henry Durie.....W. Mayne Lynton
Paul.....Karlhe Voss
Secundra Dass.....Maurice Barrett
Jessie Brown.....Nancy Stewart
James Durie.....Walker Whiteside

Mr. Mason has constructed from Stevenson's great story an absorbing dramatic riddle and it is presented by Mr. Whiteside and his associates in masterly fashion with the aid of the highest art of stagecraft accessories. The puzzle is expressed in Stevenson's cryptic aphorism: "Not every man is so great a coward as he thinks he is, nor yet so good a Christian," which is quoted at a critical point in the play by James Durie in Mr. Whiteside's most engaging manner and most sonorous tone.

One looks from the hero's first appearance to his last moment for some revelation, however slight, of how far removed from cowardice and how near to a Christian the real James Durie is. The light does not come. Instead, there are constantly flashed hints that James

is playing a part in all that he does and the hope is ever adroitly suggested that so handsome, debonnaire, brilliant and dashing a gentleman will show before the end that his surface of selfishness and evil conceals a soul of honor. But he does not.

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It is in playing the contradictory roles that James adopts in order to get the money he wants—filial love of father, passionate love of Alison, hatred of his brother, ever resourceful skill in meeting danger and turning it to his own account with a manner that forces the onlooker to admire him even in his deviltries—that Mr. Whiteside reveals his extreme and varied skill. The action all happens in the great hall at Durlside. It is breathlessly gripping from start to finish and enough of Stevenson's story of James's wanderings is revealed to illuminate and heighten the situations without dulling interest for a moment.

Every character is portrayed by Mr. Whiteside's companions in a manner that is above reproach and aids at all points in creating the illusion of possibility and reality. Maurice Barrett as the Hindu, Nancy Stewart as Jessie, and Miss Shields as Alison give particularly striking performances of their parts.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Major, Barbara," a comedy by G. Bernard Shaw.

The cast:
Lady Britomart Undershaft.....Viola Roach
Stephen.....Nicholas Joy
Morrison.....Chester H. Parsons
Sarah.....Ingrid Dillon
Barbara.....Elma Barton
Adolphus Cusins.....Charles Warburton
Charles Lomax.....Lionel Watts
Andrew Underhill.....Robert Noble
Rummy Mitchens.....Helen Scott
Snobly Price.....Noel Leslie
Jenny Hill.....May Ediss
Peter Shirley.....H. Conway Wingfield
Bill Walker.....E. E. Clive
Mrs. Baines.....Blanche LeRoy
Bliton.....Barry Whitcomb

This is the first of Shaw's plays to be given at the Copley this season, and in some respects is one of his best. It is amusing and important. The veil of humor may dim the sarcasm, but it is there none the less, and is vented unsparingly on the cant and common terms of religion and morality.

The Undershafts are the great munition makers of England. The husband and wife have separated, largely, as she says, because he does moral things for an immoral reason. Barbara, one of the daughters, has joined the Salvation Army and plunges into the work with true fervor. Adolphus Cusins, a professor of Greek and a collector of religions, also joins, and even pounds the big drum in street parade because he is in love with her.

The need of more money for the family induces the proud and self-righteous Lady Britomart to summon the husband to her home. He comes, shatters her serenity and the commonplace ideals of the others, breaks the hold of the army on his daughter, adopts her fiancé as his successor in the Undershaft works, and showers a flood of eloquence in witty, paradoxical, shrewd and shocking attacks on preconceived ideas.

It is a serious play and Viola Roach as Lady Britomart was a faithful interpreter of the serious daughter of a British earl, while Robert Noble, one of the newcomers in the company, gave his most severe sarcasm a coating of humor. E. E. Clive as Bill Walker added a strong touch of comedy and Nicholas Joy was the impersonation of a young Englishman of birth and class without ideas. H. Conway Wingfield appeared briefly as a broken-down workman and made his part convincing.

The piece abounds in bits of Shavian wit and wisdom, and these are given due emphasis by the players.

"Puritana," a new American operetta, by Oscar Haase and Walter Greenough, interpreted by a large company of singers and comedians, is the headline attraction at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was warm in its approval.

This operetta has a pretty setting, but the theme is an old one with a new twist. The chief feature of the act is the ensemble of pretty girls, who sing well and look attractive in the simplicity of their puritanical garb.

One of the most interesting acts was that of the Mellette sisters, assisted at the piano by Lew Pollack. The dancers, both attractive, get away from the conventional. They have the advantage of youth, are eager for their task, and all their numbers were performed in an enchanting unity of movement.

Other acts on the bill were Williams and Elmore, in a new offering that was the real laugh-getter of the bill; Miss Robbie Gordone, in character studies and poses; Aileen Stanley, an amazonian blonde, who not only dressed her act with opulence as well as taste, but who sang her songs in a pleasingly impersonal way; Nash and O'Donnell, in an uproarious sketch of domestic infelicity; Miller and Lyles, in an excellent burnt cork act, introducing a decidedly funny burlesque of dancing boxers; Herbert Brooks, in an interesting act with a pack of cards, and John S. Blondy and brother acrobats.

Sept 15 1919

THE PIPES OF PAM

(On the suggestion that women should smoke pipes.)
That is Pamela curled in the opposite chair. She is coaxing her pipe with a pin from her hair. As our smoke-wreaths commingle how happy we are. For the peace-pipe is filled from the family "jar."

If our fireless discussion she turns upon stocks, I rejoin with a hint on the making of frocks. Should our argument threaten a breach of love's law.

We relapse into silence and call it a "draw."

There are times when I wonder to what it may lead. When the curve of the stem is by fashion decreed.

And the latest in bowls in the windows displayed Will be crusted with diamonds, rubies, and jade!

—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

Calverley's Bacon

The question has been asked, Who was the Bacon referred to in Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco"? He was not the Bacon that wrote Shakespeare's and Marlowe's plays, the "Anatomy of Melancholy," besides the Essays, the "Advancement of Learning" and the stupid collection of merry sayings and jests. Calverley's Bacon was a tobaccoist in Cambridge, England.

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

Which is correct: "It is I, who am at fault" or "It is I, who is at fault"? I know, but there are some who think I don't.
DICK SHUNARY.

Easton Furnace.

We'll be the goat. We should say "is," just for the pleasure of being corrected by Mr. John P. Nottall. The late Dr. Harris, medical inspector, playwright, Latinist and wit, insisted on pronouncing "paresis" with the accent on the second syllable. "I know it's wrong," he said, "but if I should pronounce the word correctly, my patients would think me an ignoramus." We read in a London journal a conversation held in a race train. The subject was the meaning of names given to thoroughbreds. "Attilus" was mentioned. In some newspapers it was "Attilus." One man said: "I feel sure that Attilus is wrong," his vis-a-vis answered: "It's quite right, sir. Take it from me. It means a Hun. Attila was a female Hun, so Attilus means a male Hun." In American newspapers the radiant, fleet-footed maiden Atalanta, "whose name is as blessing to speak," is frequently confounded with the town in Georgia, Atlanta. We have heard some speak of the Atlantic ocean, as we know a Bostonian who suffered from a "bronchial" complaint. But we wander, which as a German poet—long before the great war—a good German—declared was the peculiar joy of a miller.—Ed.

For Mr. Fenger

As the World Wags:

At last there's an answer to my question, and as I expected, from a yachtman. Tell it to the marines, Mr. Fenger; sailors won't believe it. Changing the course is not, but tacking is changing the course. To change the course of a yacht while running free if it was to leeward would require a jib; if to windward, only hauling aft of sheets. Navigation at sea means to get to the point of destination as soon as possible and as directly. If running free, the ship's course was laid direct; if there came a change of wind, there came a change of sail, not the point of sailing. If a head wind prevailed, then came beating, usually one long leg and one short leg, according to the wind. Then it was tack ship.

Tack ship was the sailor term for all classes of vessels. If the vessel "here an illegible word" stayed, then it became necessary to wear ship, which is a turn to leeward. Yacht seamanship has a wonderful vocabulary, something like "hoist the main sheet," etc.

Regarding keelhauling, I never heard of the yardarm style: always it was along the keel from forward to aft, and a single line rope was used, not fastened to the neck but to the hands or about the body.

I plead guilty of ignorance in regard to the "Jenny-legs" question.

DR. W. G. CROCKETT.

Boston.

Architecture on the Screen

Reviewing a film play, the N. Y. Evening Post says that the production of "The Branded Woman" is lavish but hardly intelligent. "Just why the home of a young English diplomat in Paris should have the proportions of a castle, with stone interiors and Gothic arches as far as the eye can reach, is a puzzle. This sort of dwelling has evidently become standard for all foreign domiciles of any pretensions—on the screen." The reviewer also remarks: "Foolish screen wives who will not tell their husbands unsavory facts which are sure to come out are all too plentiful. Their silence is so patently due to the will of the scenario writer that one can accord them only a perfunctory sympathy."

A Flat Catching Game

These men were charged in a London police court with gaming. The apparatus consisted of a roll of ribbon and a pencil. The simple person backed himself to put the pencil or skewer through the loop in the ribbon. It is said that this "pricking the garter" or "pricking the loop" is an old game. It was practised by gypsies at fairs in Shakespeare's time; referred to by him in "Anthony and Cleopatra" as "fast and loose." Is the game familiar in this country? We never saw it at a cattle-show in our little village on the Connecticut, yet all sorts of swindlers were there.

Sept 16 1920

It is reported that Mr. Mengelberg of Amsterdam, who will join Mr. Bodanzky in conducting the latter's orchestra in New York this season, is diligently studying English. But would not his present mastery of Yiddish suffice in the rehearsals?

Woman Suffrage in 1740

In Henry Fielding's newspaper, *The Champion* (1740), is a report of an imaginary suffrage meeting in which Lady Bellinda waxed eloquent. She lamented the fact that "a cobbler is represented in the Legislature, but a Duchess is not," and she moved a resolution in favor of a Parliament of women to make the laws concerning the sex. To guard women's rights and privileges against "the He-Part of Creation." Unfortunately, this resolution was not adopted; the meeting adjourned because "all the ladies spake together." Did Fielding, master of lambent irony, write this article?

Fielding's Grave

This reminds us that the Rev. R. M. Nodder, British chaplain at Lisbon—the name is singularly inauspicious for a clergyman—calls attention to the fact that the grave of Fielding in the British cemetery of that city needs restoration and repair. The tomb was erected by British merchants in Lisbon. On account of time and weather it needs cleaning; the inscription should be recut and the letters filled with lead. They are now filled with composition, which has fallen out in many places, and the inscription is no longer legible. The cost would be about \$10. Mr. Nodder would like it if \$100 were raised in addition for keeping the tomb permanently in repair. He has written to Prof. W. L. Cross of Yale University, asking him to enlist the support of Fielding's admirers in this country. Contributions could be sent direct to the Rev. H. M. Nodder, St. George's Church, Rua da Estrella 4, Lisbon.

Mr. Jones and Lady Bellaston

Mr. Cross of Yale, by the way, contributed a thoughtful and frank article to the New York Evening Post of the 11th Inst. on "Decency in Literature," in which he argues apropos of "Jurgen," which he regards as "a sustained piece of ironic humor, the most delightful that America has produced in recent years," that any opinion about the "decency" of a book is "dependent upon time and place, and at best it is but the opinion of a person or a group of persons at a certain hour. There is no absolute standard, though the motive of the author should always be considered." Here is one of his illustrations: "The Lady Bellaston Episode in 'Tom Jones' has been regarded as immoral by many British and American readers, but it occasioned not even a ripple of adverse comment across the English channel. On the other hand, the character of Sophia Western has almost always been commended by native readers, whereas the publication of the novel was once prohibited in Paris on the ground that Sophia's elopement from her father's house set a bad example for French girls."

The Lady Bellaston episode did not shock Mr. George Saintsbury. In his preface to the immortal novel. In fact he made an ingenious defence of Tom and his historian. Tom was no more an offender in this affair than were John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, many men of Fielding's time, and men that came before and afterwards. But what a whitewashed creature is the Lady Bellaston in Buchanan's play, the abominable perversion of Fielding's novel that was seen not long ago at the Copley Theatre!

It is to be hoped that this news about Fielding's tomb will lead some, who are acquainted with the three novels and even "Jonathan Wild," to read Fielding's account of his voyage to Lisbon, in which he unconsciously portrays himself as a generous, brave, manly Englishman, who was blessed with common sense and humor.

"Home" for "House"

As the World Wags

For several years it has been usual

amusing to watch the sentimentalizing of "house" into "home" in our architectural and popular journalism. We have in turn been exhorted to "shingle your home with cypress shingles!" "Buy a reddibuilt home!" "Make your home water-tight!" "Paint your home red!" et cetera, ad nauseam. "Home wreckers" unflinchingly advertise their services, and (supposedly to defeat their nefarious designs) others agree to "purge your home of vermin." I am told it all pays. Now a fresh perversion of the word appears in the widespread advertisement of an oil company; wherein an illustration of one of the Alcott houses in Concord is labelled: "Old Orchard Home!"

It will soon be as indelicate to mention a house as it used to be to say "leg." and before long we may perhaps expect to see new editions of "The Home of Seven Gables," or of "Eleank Home," to say nothing of "The Home That Jack Built," "Lime-home Nights," "The Home of a Thousand Candles," and "A Home Boat on the Styx." The executive mansion at Washington will become "The White Home" and we may yet speak of the Bulfinch front of "The State Home." B. R. Belmont.

Sept 17 1920

The New York Times of last Sunday quoted an "official note" from the press agent of the National Symphony Orchestra of that city to this effect:

"Internal conditions in the Boston Symphony Orchestra led many to seek new fields, 12 premier players having found places in the National Symphony."

Will this passionate press agent kindly take the trouble to give the names of the 12 "premier" players that left the Boston Symphony Orchestra? Why does he find it necessary to say the thing which is not?

It was also stated in a New York newspaper a few days ago that Mr. Josef Adamowski, who has just returned from Warsaw, is favorably mentioned for the vacant conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Our excellent friend, violoncellist and teacher, Mr. Adamowski, will be the first to snipe at this statement. Meanwhile the accomplished Pierre Monteux is preparing the Symphony programs for this season, not realizing that the position is "vacant."

For Desperate Five-O'Clockers

We invite the attention of rum-hounds who have contracted the habit of motoring about 5 P. M. to any friend's house where they think cocktails may be shaken to the following passage from Montaigne's essay, "Of Vanitie," as translated by John Florio:

"Diogenes answered according to my humor when being demanded what kinde of Wine he liked best: 'Another man's,' said he."

Rum Gagger

As the World Wags:

In answer to many inquiries following my letter published in *The Herald*, I beg the further use of your column to explain the meaning of "rum gagger." Capt. Ansted's definition will do as well as any: "One who gags (tells improbable stories) in the hopes of getting rum for his trouble."

And now, for the benefit of those persistent upholders of the Volstead act, I should add that a "gagger" has nothing to do with the gauging of rum or spirits nor with their manufacture. I am speaking etymologically. Alas, I believe that owing to his ignorance of the exact meaning of the term rum gagger one of these "upholders" has already met with a peculiar if not untimely end.

The night following my article in *The Herald*, Tuesday, Sept. 7, to be exact, I was awakened by the sounds of someone moving about in our kitchen. With my usual precaution, I secured my shotgun, loaded with rock salt for night marauders. As it was well toward morning, the moon shone in through the kitchen windows and there in one corner I discovered a man kneeling by an oil water-heater which had but recently been installed. He had already removed the jacket, exposing the twin copper coils in which the water is heated and seemed to be tampering with the mechanism below the coils. So intent was he in his operations, that he did not sense my presence and I stood watching him, ready at any in-

stant to cover him should he turn and discover me. He had unscrewed the cap at the end of the pipe which drains the oil reservoir and was filling a huge tin cup which he had brought with him. It dawned upon me that my intruder must in some way have come to the conclusion that my water-heater was a still and that he was endeavoring to extract its contents. Suddenly, he threw back his head and drained the cup to the dregs.

Too late to give warning, I yelled "Boo!" For the instant my exclamation seemed to freeze him while it awoke a sleepy fly that immediately began to buzz. To the man's startled ears it must have sounded as though I had yelled, "Boo-z-z-z-z!"

With a yell of fright, the man sprang for the open window through which he had entered, and as he gathered way, I let him have both barrels in the stern sheets. Could one say that I had thus jimmied his legs? But instead of hindering him, my rock salt only accelerated him in his flight, for the next instant I saw him vault the stone wall of a neighboring field. Then followed a terrific explosion and his form vanished, seemingly in midair. I can see him now, a flying object of ill-fitting clothes and arms and legs, poised over the wall, all in the moonlight with the fire-flies flashing about him like so many flustered stars—then the explosion—and nothing. He was gone!

The next morning I examined the place carefully to see whether I might find any trace of my visitor of the night, but, except for some stones displaced from that part of the wall where I had last seen him, there was no trace of the man but his foot prints, all of them leading to the wall but none beyond. The explosion had been from within, but how?

Pondering upon this, I returned to the kitchen. As I came in from the fresh morning air, my keen nostrils picked up the scent of gasoline. It came from my oil heater and I now discovered that on the day before I must have inadvertently filled the tank with gasoline instead of coal oil. Saturday being some days off, we had fortunately not used the heater and this fact had led to his undoing instead of ours. Providence doth move in strange ways.

In his eagerness to follow out the commands of the law, my quondam intruder had evidently swallowed the contents of his cup in too much haste. I had then startled him and flight took place. In vaulting the stone wall, doubtless with mouth wide open, he must have swallowed a fire-fly which ignited the gasoline, and thus brought on his untimely end.

F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger Farm, Cohasset.

The Clasper Crew

As the World Wags:

There was a reference in your column the other day to famous rowing crews made up of members of the same family. One of the most noted of them was the Clasper Crew of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was long the despair of contenders for rowing supremacy; for they seemed to be invincible. A noteworthy feature of this crew was that the captain and stroke oar, Harry Clasper, was stroking winning crews in championship races after he was well past 50. If I am not mistaken he was nearly 60 before he gave up the game. I have heard it said that Harry invented and introduced the outrigger, but I have also heard it disputed; it is tolerably certain that it was largely through him that the (then) new device was adopted by oarsmen. Sixty years ago Harry was universally regarded in Great Britain as the father of modern rowing, and his shells were eagerly sought. Perhaps some old Tynesider, a reader of your column, will tell us something of this remarkable rowing family.

Malden.

B. B. E.

Sept 19 1920

"Steeplejack," by James Gibbons Huneker. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Vol. L, 320 pp.; vol. L, 327 pp. Three portraits of the author, and 32 other portraits. There is a full index of 17 pages.

Mr. Huneker chooses for a motto the line "I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones"; a line of Walt Whitman, who is alternately praised and derided in these volumes. Dedicating "this book of vanity, dreams and avowals" to Mr. Alden March, editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia Press, in which these pages appeared daily for five months last year, Mr. Huneker puts on the same page a quotation from "Thus Spake Steeplejack!"

"And now when the Great Noon had come Steeplejack touched the tip of the spire, where, instead of a cross, he found a vane which swung as the wind listeth. Thereat he marvelled and rejoiced. 'Behold!' he cried, 'thou glowing symbol of the New Man. A weather-cock and a mighty twirling. This then shall be the sign set in the sky for Im-

moralists! A cool brain and a wicked heart. Nothing is true. All is permitted, for all is necessary."

This paragraph, after the manner of Nietzsche, is followed by a line from "Othello": "I am not what I am."

It might, therefore, be inferred that Mr. Huneker is an egotist. In his opening chapter, "Apology," one of the most delightful portions of his book, he frankly admits that he is an egotist as well as a dreamer. "I am Jack of the Seven Arts, master of none. A steeplejack of the arts. An egotist who is not ashamed to avow it." There is the Russian proverb: "Egotism is the salt of life." Being a professional egotist, for he writes to make his living, as he is a newspaper man and not a journalist, why should he not write his memoirs? Asking this question, he quotes Benvenuto Cellini, who said that it was the duty of every eminent man to write an autobiography. Mr. Huneker cheerfully acquiesces: "It is my belief that every man on the threshold of life should write both his memoirs and his obituary so as to match them with the assembled mature patterns of his career. All is relative—even our poor relatives, as metaphysicians have observed—so it doesn't matter what you gossip about, whether it be stars or clam chowder, the important matter lies in the manner of gossiping. . . . Instead of ponderous philosophies what wouldn't we give for more personalia from the ancient world, another Petronius, another Suetonius, those wicked old gossips, Dame Quickly or Justice Shallow are as vital and important as Hamlet or Lear. Mediocrity, too, is the salt of existence."

Here we have an example of Mr. Huneker's slapdash manner. Petronius was a satirist, a novelist, not a gossip. And then Mr. Huneker beats the drum for mediocrity, which is the normal condition of mankind, yet each in his own fashion endeavors to escape the imputation. We are all mediocre beings, we are all hypocrites; there is no such thing as altruism. "Be frank, Be egotists, like myself, and the rest of men and women and children—the supreme egotists. Confess in your narrow, timorous souls that there is nothing so interesting as yourself. . . . I promise to tell you everything, even though it blisters the paper on which it is printed, which Edgar Allan Poe asserted would happen if a man wrote his inmost thoughts."

How the egotism of a man writing his memoirs affect the reader depends on the taste displayed by the writer. Montaigne bared his body as well as his soul in his essays. We read with avidity today about his personal habits; how he was "gluttonous of fish"; how from a single nightcap he came to a double coverchief. Herbert of Cherbury is the dearest to us because he confesses that when warm his body threw off a most pleasant odor, as was reported of Alexander the Great. Montaigne, Herbert of Cherbury, Rousseau, Benvenuto Cellini, Mr. Pepys, Franklin, Casanova, these are the great masters of autobiography, though Goethe, Gibbon, George Borrow, Leland and Sala are not to be ignored. The great poseur of them all was Rousseau, and Mr. Ernest Newman declares that Borrow was a "bounder."

Only in a few instances does Mr. Huneker fall down in his confessions. When he speaks of his work on the New York Sun, it was not necessary for him to say that he was paid the highest salary in town as a dramatic critic and to state the exact amount. This, unfortunately, reminds one of a Veronese story. Alfred Greenfield, the pianist, was talking in a cafe about a series of concerts he had given in various cities. "How much do you think I made on the tour?" And to the self-satisfied virtuoso, Rosenthal, his colleague, a man of biting Semitic wit, answered, "Half."

Nor was it necessary, nor was it of vital importance to the reader, for Mr. Huneker to say that he in one day had five columns on the editorial page of the Sun. Naming the men that wrote for the short-lived Weekly Critical Review of Paris, he takes pains to tell us that his name was next to that of Huysmans. It should have come before, if alphabetical order was observed. These are not the only instances where egotism escapes artistic restraint and might be called boasting by those who are not acquainted with the man himself.

The first volume is the more entertaining and the more valuable. The revelations, descriptions and confessions are frank. In the second volume there is too often a straining after effect, self-consciousness. In the two volumes a good deal of the material has been worked in Mr. Huneker's preceding books or in periodicals.

In the first volume there is the account of parents and grandparents, the maternal grandfather, James Gibbons, born in Donegal, who dealt in superlatives and hated the Sassanachs; the father, with his gay, broad humor and baritone voice, with his stories of actors, singers and artists whom he had known, a collector of mezzotints, line engravings, etchings, lithographs; the loving mother, who wished her boy to be a priest, allowing him intellectual freedom, but indignant when she caught

of the Lady of the Lake in the
and most of all by the in-
climax of the finale already
to."

ario Sammarco, the baritone, who
came to Boston with Mr. Ham-
mer's company, has left the stage. He
been appointed director of the The-
Massimo at Palermo (?).
The London Daily Telegraph, noticing
a coming tour of Toscanini with an
extra in this country, asks whether
he will be engaged to visit England.
I am quite sure that even our most
musical conductor would not object
least to others sitting at the feet of
a Gamaliel; and there is but on
canini, who has never been nearer to
land than in a Covent Garden pro-
tus."

At a concert to be given in aid of King
Edward VII Hospital at Windsor (Eng.),
we will be solo dancing to two of
Zouloff's Novelettes and two move-
ments from Ravel's string quartet.
A composer named Schrecker has writ-
a string quartet "entirely upon a
of quarter tones." He is appro-
ately named.

Josef Holbrooke writes: "I sup-
the recognition of British music
always come from abroad." It may
o. At any rate it is highly satisfac-
to note that Messrs. Larway have
n invited to forward to Brazil the
score and parts of several of his
er orchestral compositions. The idea
to establish reciprocity by exporting
ish music and importing Brazilian,
ch is precisely as it should be for
mutual benefit. Indeed, as I have
said, I regard some such reci-
city as essential to the universal mu-
l well-being, and if the Czechos-
aks of Prague and others like them
wed a keenness to hear our London
phony quartet and other quartets
ear to that presumably held here on
r behalf, then there would be no
on for one to write such a para-
h as that above.—London Daily
raph.

another operatic "Romeo and Juliet";
time it is by Zandonai, who pur-
a, when it is completed, to produce
in the Arena of Verona.

prize of 5000 lire has been awarded
Parina to Aldo Cantarini for his
ra "Locandiera," founded on Gol-
s comedy in which Mme. Duse
rmed B. onians.

nnina, Riva, who, as a member of
Hammerstein's company, did not
ite New Yorkers, is reported as hav-
been uncommonly successful as Nor-
in the Arena at Milan.

ucharest is more fortunate than Bos-
n. The repertory of the Opera House
t is season includes "Mephistophe-
," "Boris Godounoff," "Eugene One-
ne," "Sanison and Delilah," "Man-
," "Fra Diavolo," "The Barber of
vile," "Don Pasquale," "Lohengrin."
A capital magazine, entitled "Mu-
Australa," has recently been
rted, and its second number has just
ved after many vicissitudes in the
t. It opens with the account—a
hly sarcastic and embittered affair—
a scheme purporting to have for its
t the establishment of a national
ra in Australa." The scheme
pounded in Sydney last May and
d to be a proposal to import a
any from Italy, with wardrobe,
ity, etc., to give performances in
n under Italian conductors and
managers, and to set up schools
ra in Sydney and Melbourne un-
r Italian teachers, the whole to be
der the direction of Count Filippini.
The writer of the article adds, "An in-
eresting proposition, truly!"—London
Daily Telegraph.

Sept 21, 1910

After a hot bath beware of walking
out gaily with naked feet for, as a
leptothinking chiropodist assures us,
terms and parasites are lurking in the
g eager to insert a species of "ver-
a herpes" into your glands. Her-
we are informed is bad enough.
As "verruca" means wart, or a wart-
e elevation, the compound disease
must, indeed, be a terrible affliction.
The sufferer might then with reason
be angered by the old jocular address:
"Well, Ferguson, howse your poor feet?"
from "verruca" we have the adjective
"verrucose," which the bright-eyed
young Augustus should not confound
with "varicose."

Civilization brings in all sorts of
disease. In the good old days,
he dear dead days beyond recall, when
in the kitchen with a bare floor we
were scrubbed on a Saturday night in a
tub—the hot water came from a
ettle—there was no thought, no danger,
of "verruca herpes."

Our Lady, the Stage
I do not write for the Stage of London.
I write for the Stage of the world.
I write for the Stage of the future.
I write for the Stage of the soul.
I write for the Stage of the heart.
I write for the Stage of the mind.
I write for the Stage of the body.
I write for the Stage of the spirit.
I write for the Stage of the universe.
I write for the Stage of the eternal.
I write for the Stage of the infinite.
I write for the Stage of the absolute.
I write for the Stage of the relative.
I write for the Stage of the concrete.
I write for the Stage of the abstract.
I write for the Stage of the real.
I write for the Stage of the ideal.
I write for the Stage of the possible.
I write for the Stage of the impossible.
I write for the Stage of the known.
I write for the Stage of the unknown.
I write for the Stage of the seen.
I write for the Stage of the unseen.
I write for the Stage of the felt.
I write for the Stage of the unfelt.
I write for the Stage of the thought.
I write for the Stage of the unthought.
I write for the Stage of the word.
I write for the Stage of the unword.
I write for the Stage of the deed.
I write for the Stage of the undeeds.
I write for the Stage of the life.
I write for the Stage of the unlives.
I write for the Stage of the death.
I write for the Stage of the undeaths.
I write for the Stage of the resurrection.
I write for the Stage of the unresurrections.
I write for the Stage of the glory.
I write for the Stage of the unglories.
I write for the Stage of the kingdom.
I write for the Stage of the unkingdoms.
I write for the Stage of the heaven.
I write for the Stage of the unheavens.
I write for the Stage of the earth.
I write for the Stage of the unearths.
I write for the Stage of the sea.
I write for the Stage of the unseas.
I write for the Stage of the air.
I write for the Stage of the unairs.
I write for the Stage of the fire.
I write for the Stage of the unfires.
I write for the Stage of the water.
I write for the Stage of the unwaters.
I write for the Stage of the earth.
I write for the Stage of the unearths.
I write for the Stage of the sea.
I write for the Stage of the unseas.
I write for the Stage of the air.
I write for the Stage of the unairs.
I write for the Stage of the fire.
I write for the Stage of the unfires.
I write for the Stage of the water.
I write for the Stage of the unwaters.

Blood

As the World Wags
We were always assured that blood
would tell. And now it's telling. Listen
to it. If you are not of the blood
you're a mongrel. But let us look at
the ramifications of ancestry.

I only know I fought on both sides
of the walls of Derry. I think I also
fought at the walls of Troy, since it re-
quires two persons to produce a third.
And since it requires two persons to
produce another, each of us must have
had a father and a mother. In a non-
consanguineous family tree unblighted
by the startling hypothesis of Charley's
aunt our parents have had each a sepa-
rate pair of parents, and each of these
four individuals has also had two par-
ents, so that from the Norman con-
quest each of us living in this genera-
tion has had \$589,934,590 direct ancestors.

If you are in direct line of descent
from John Alden, and your weight is
150 pounds, you have in your makeup
2 1/2 ounces of Alden, which will offset
any possible taint of Capt. Kidd.

If you are a lineal descendant of Wil-
liam the Conqueror, and you have 2,000
relatives living, you and they together
boast a little less than one ounce
of William. In other words, the popu-
lation of the earth would have to be
three times as great as it is, and all in
direct line from William, to give him
the full representation of his blood in
the 33d generation.

Thus is blood a good deal of a myth
when deprived of the collateral sub-
stance that gave it support. Breeding
and environment! Ah, what divergen-
ces are there, if the pair of a daisy
unbroken for a thousand years were ex-
changed at birth for the anarchist baby,
I am afraid the prince, the real prince,
would promise the makings of a bad old
man.

If you would be Anglo-Saxon but not
Teuton you are not the only biological
consistency. The only other thing you
are not of Norman blood, be consoled at
its comparison with simple faith. When
the east sees the west to hold the high-
ground of those of us of the blood
who carry on will proudly date them-
selves from the Chinafication.

Boston L. X. Catalonia.

Swelled Head

Demosthenes said, "I have a great deal to
say, but I have a small head."
Prof. J. B. Clark, of the University of
Chicago, said, "I have a great deal to
say, but I have a small head."
"You said a great deal, but you said it
in a small head."

In a recent issue of the "New York
Times" I found the following:
"I found my head to be a great deal
swollen, and I was very uncomfortable."
"I found my head to be a great deal
swollen, and I was very uncomfortable."

One day when I was out I found
How much I had to do, and I found
That I had to do a great deal more.
To do a great deal more, and I found
That I had to do a great deal more.

Against Street Bores

From "The New York Times" and
"The New York Herald."

Moreover, say thou fall into the hands
of a prattling and talkative busybody,
who catcheth hold on thee, "Kingeth
upon thee and will not let thee go," be
not sheepish and bashful, but interrupt
and cut his tale short. Shake him off
I say, but go thou forward and make
an end of thy business where both
thou wastest; for such refusals such re-
pulses, shifts and evasions in small
matters, for which men cannot greatly
complain of us, exercising us not to
blush and be a hamed when there is no
cause, do but end frame us well be-
forehand unto other occasions of greater
importance.

Unnatural History

An Iowa paper prints the following:
"Seven years ago a farmer living west
of the city hung his vest on a fence in
the back yard. A calf chewed up a
pocket in the garment in which was a
standard gold watch, bought from Jim
De Wit. Last week the animal, a staid
old milch cow, was butchered for beef
and the timepiece was found in such a
position between the lungs of the cow
that the respiration, the closing in and
the filling of the lungs, kept the stem-
winder wound up and the watch had
lost but four minutes in the seven
years."—N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

Monetary Siang

As the World Wags:

Concerning slang for American money
consult the coins themselves. The 50-
cent piece says "half-dollar", the 25-
cent piece says "quarter dollar", the
10-cent piece says "one dime." Not
slang in the latter case, therefore, to
speak of a dime, which literally means
one tenth, and in the sense of "tithe"
goes back to Pict. Plowman. Nor
is rarely slang to abbreviate half dollar
and quarter dollar into "half" and
"quarter." A. P.
Concord.

NEWEST POTASH

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First per-
formance in Boston of "His Honor, Abe
Potash," a comedy in three acts by
Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Good-
man. Produced at the Bijou Theatre,
New York, Oct. 14, 1910.

Rosie Potash.....Mathilde Cottrell
Abe Potash.....Lucille English
Harry Potash.....Barney Bernard
Henry Gooding.....George Baranov
Harry Potash.....Ted W. Gibson
Robert Stafford.....Robert Cummings
George Block.....James Spotswood
Crawford.....Bertram Millar
Rowell.....Stanley Jessup
Evans.....J. A. Morrison
Mr. Brady.....Harold Vosburgh
Detective Baker.....William Vaughn
Henry Block.....Martin Aisop

This comedy is the fourth of a series,
although Perimutter does not appear
in it and Abe Potash has suffered a
metamorphosis. When we first knew
him he was one of a firm of garment
makers in New York city. In the
present play he is represented as hav-
ing entered the town of Damascus in
the state of New York as a seller of
rubber stamps. Having made his way
from this humble beginning, he is
prosperous, but not rich, contented with
his lot. He is persuaded to run for
mayor, not because he is ambitious, not
even because his Rosie wishes the pre-
stige of the position—for she still longs
for luxury and display—but because he
learns that the man who put the idea
in his head, wishes a foolish fellow; an
"easy mark" in the office that he may
carry out his own schemes for looting
the public. Abe as mayor endeavors to
check graft and corruption; to give the
people an honest government. Crooks
in civic offices try to thwart him by
"framing up" his son on a
charge of embezzlement in the tax de-
partment and threatening the father
with beggary. It is needless to say
that in the end Abe proves his son's
innocence and triumphs over the black-
mailers.

The play as a play is inconsequential.
The plots and counter-plots are thrice
familiar; the incidental love passages
are negligible; the dialogue is a queer
mixture of genuine humor and old-
fashioned melodramatic appeal, of
Semitic wit and trite talk about hon-
esty. Incidentally, there is mild and
needless propagandism for a remarkable
race.

But there are the two admirable
comedians, Mr. Bernard and Mme. Cot-
trelly. The dramatists have given them
many lines that not only characterize
the husband and wife but are full of
human interest that is more than racial.
Mr. Bernard is much more than an ir-
resistibly amusing comedian; he has an
authority that is rare in these days. He
can be genuinely and deeply emotional.
He can quiet an audience that has been
roaring over his fun and hold this audi-
ence moved by his simple pathos. If
laughter quickly follows, it is because
the dramatists, not giving him full op-
portunity for the display of this side of
his art, cut into an emotional scene by
a funny line, no matter if it is incon-
gruous and disturbing.

Mr. Bernard has shared Abe Potash
into a definite character of flesh and
blood, as alive and as well known to au-
diences as their next door neighbors. He
has entered into this character so fully
that the personality of the actor is
wholly forgotten or ignored. Thus this
characterization is a triumph of the ac-
tor's art. And with what apparent sim-
plicity is this triumph won! There is
never any suspicion of labor or even
thought in the wealth of facial and vo-
cal detail. Always the spontaneity of
the kindly, shrewd, thrifty, soft-hearted,
easily-excited, lovable Abe Potash.

And there is the excellent Mme. Cot-
trelly, who in this play has not been so
carefully provided for as in other plays
that have shown her brilliant technic.

The others in the company, the typical
politicians, Abo's daughter, the lover,
the court attendant, the weak son, are
adequately represented. The audience
made every sign of hearty appreciation.
The play, for the reasons pointed out, is
well worth seeing.

"These Songs are full of deadly
poison, and the Music gilds them over,
that they may pass unsuspected, and
more effectually destroy such as are de-
luded by it." . . . Another Consequence
of these Songs is the Debauching and
Ruining of many Families. This Argu-
ment may teach Parents to beware of
them, as they value the happy Settling
of their Children in this World, and
would prevent the Shame which too
often attends such Temptations."

From "The Great Abuse of Music,"
by Arthur Bedford, M. A., Chaplain to
His Grace Wrothley, Duke of Bed-
ford and Viscount of Temple in the city
of Bristol, Jan. 10, 1711.

Bacchic Songs

As the World Wags:

In looking over the list of songs now
in the market (and, incidentally, long-
ing for a return of the good old days
when a nickel would buy six rosy-
cheeked Pippins), I came across the item
—Malvoisie grapes from California.
Alas, said I, their mission for wine-
making has taken its place with the
ghosts of dear departed days! But the
name brought to my mind the good, re-
spectable old drinking song, Simon, the
Cellarer, who kept "a rare store of
Malmsey and Malvoisie." Not finding it
"screwed to my memory," and lacking,
among my books, an anthology which
contains it—though Bartlett gives the
first two lines of the first verse—I de-
termined to refer the matter to the ever-
ready, the best and most comprehensive
anthology of which I have any knowl-
edge—your honored self, and to ask if
you will not favor your readers with a
copy of the song.

This may seem a strange request to
make at this date, when Sir Toby
Belch's defiant query: "Dost thou think,
because thou art virtuous, there shall
be no more cakes and ale," has been so
impudently answered, and when the
Clown's requisition for ginger, that
"shall be hot if the mouth," must be
honored with "Jakey"! Iago may plead
that "good wine is a good familiar
creature," and Antiochus may declare
that "a quart of ale is a dish fit for a
king," but a mighty nation has thun-
dered "No!" "May this be washed in
Letha and forgotten!" has so engrossed
it with its right hand upon its statute
books, and with its left hand, behind
its back, has substituted "moonshine,"
wood alcohol, and "1 per cent!"

The drinking songs of the last few
decades have usually been raw and
boisterous, and often vulgar. In making
this sweeping statement I except, of
course, the graceful, convivial verses of
Mabel or a Garrison, and the rhythmic
tributes to the Broiled Live Lobster,
washed in flaming powder, at the hostelry
of Allen Hotel Park.

The drinking songs of the olden days
were often kindly and scholarly and,
rounded off (say) an Elizabethan flavor,
but would become chases in the draw-
ing room of the present day—unless,
perhaps, the "fox-trot," the "shimmy-
ing" or the "after lug" would put
them out of countenance.

Pray forgive this long-drawn-out re-
quest for a favor which I feel assured
you will readily grant. THURTELL
Boston.

Simon the Cellarer

We quote the song that is dear to
"Pottius" from "The Encyclopedia of
Poetical Songs" published in 1861 by
L. K. & Fitzgerald of New York. The
song is found in the section entitled
"Hearts and Home Songster."

Oh Simon the Cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie
And a cup of it, and who can say how many more
For a chary old soul is he—
A chary old soul is he.
Of sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is blowing of ale,
Yet he never allows, he kindly doth say,
White be he keeps to his color'd fasons a day;
But he doth not let his wine doth show
How oft the blackcock to his lips doth go,
But he doth not let his wine doth show
How oft the blackcock to his lips doth go,
Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
A maid on sage is she;
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume,
She says it is rosemary,
She says it is rosemary,
But there's a small cupboard behind the back
stair
And the maid say they often see Margery
there.
Not, Margery says that she grows very old,
And must taste a something to keep out the
cold;
But, oh! oh! Oh! Simon doth know
How many a flask of his best doth go,
Oh! Simon doth know in his glib-backed chair,
And oft talks about taking a wife,
And M. says often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life,
She ought to be settled in life,
But Margery has—so the maid say—a tongue,
And says it very handsome, nor yet very
young.
So somehow, it ends with a shake of the head,
And old Simon doth brew him a tankard in-
stead.
What! not out of it he will chuckle and crow,
"What! marry old Margery? Not! not! no!"

Note and Comment

It was said by the editor of the vol-
ume from which we quote that "Simon
the Cellarer" was there, printed "as
sung by Henri Drayton and Harry
Pearson." Drayton was a fine fellow
in his time, associated with Caroline
Fitzings; also Brookhouse Bowler, who
sang "Yes, let me like a soldier fall,"
in a thrilling manner when "Maritana"
was a favorite opera. Drayton sang
successfully in grand opera, especially
as Marcel in "The Hugonots." In the
civil war he espoused the cause of the
South, if we are not mistaken. Pear-
son is not known to us.
Simon had wife of Cyprius in his cel-

There is a plentiful supply of other good things in the swiftly moving, thrilling action of the play in which there is not a moment when compelling interest slackens. Last night's breathless audience proved by its storms of laughter and applause that they were all appreciated.

The remarkable success of the play is due to the skill of every one of the actors in imparting an air of reality to all the parts and the most unusual situations. You may not be familiar with Mexico and its greasers, but you feel that you see the real thing in Mr. Ethier's suave and bloody Capt. Dos Santos, Mr. Wolheim's Gen. Aguilar, Mary Worth's Oulchita and above all the child-like simplicity and passionate fire of Miss Plummer's Inez.

Mr. Trowbridge as the aviator, Mr. Abbott as the wily Cross and Mr. Dugan as Farley are all superb.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Abie the Agent," a comedy drama. The cast:

Minsk.....Dore Davidson
Mollie.....Lee Lord
Mollie.....Gertrude Mann
Corigan.....Frederic Clayton
Lena.....P. S. Barrett
Lena.....Francesca Rotoli
Benny.....Ralph J. Locke
Reba.....Laura Walker
Abie.....Nick Adams
Helen.....Adele Hall
Cassidy.....Frank Hilton
Julius.....Jacob Kingsberry

"Abie the Agent" opened a two-weeks' engagement at the Arlington Theatre last night and was greeted by rather a meagre audience. Abie has been made famous in cartoons. The comedy was written by George V. Hobart in collaboration with Harry Hersfield, being adapted from his sketches.

The piece, presented by the Dixon Amusement Company, is full of fun, with a dash of pathos and a bit of mushiness. Abie's maltreatment of the English language and his handling himself in what appear to be trying situations and troublesome complications are provocative of laughter.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First Boston presentation of D. W. Griffith's picture drama, "Way Down East." Elaborated from the stage play by Lottie Blair Parker. Scenario by Anthony Paul Kelly. The cast:

Anna Moore.....Lillian Gish
Her Mother.....Mrs. Davis Landau
Mrs. Tremont.....Josephine Bernard
Diana Tremont.....Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lennox Sanderson.....Lowell Sherman
Squire Bartlett.....Burr McIntosh
Mrs. Bartlett.....Kate Bruce
David Bartlett.....Richard Barthelmess
Martha Perkins.....Vivia Ogden
H. Holler.....Edgar Nelson
Kate Brewster.....Mary Hay
Prof. Sterling.....Creighton Hale

The conclusion of this performance brought forth one of the noisiest demonstrations of approval ever heard in a Boston theatre. Mr. Griffith was called to the footlights and thanked the audience. Lillian Gish, Kate Bruce, Mary Hay and Richard Barthelmess also acknowledged the greetings of the immense audience.

Many of us have been thrilled with the melodramatic intensity of this drama. It is not too much to say that the play itself is a tame affair compared to the spectacle offered by Mr. Griffith. The story is unfolded lucidly and interest is maintained throughout. The treatment pictorially of the master genius of the silent drama beggars description.

Nearly all are familiar with the pathetic story of the betrayal of the confiding girl, and in the spoken drama much was left to the imagination. We lived through it all last evening. When Anna was sent out into the storm with the invectives of Squire Bartlett in her ears, the audience labored and panted with her through that rigorous night of a New England winter. We silently longed that David might overtake her. When she reached the river and sank exhausted on the breaking ice floes there were none in the big audience that failed to cheer David as he rescued her on the brink of the falls. Such was the tenseness of the audience.

Mr. Griffith has excelled himself in the art of motion picture photography. Quaint New England homesteads, enchanting perspectives of road, meadow and mountain; farm life in detail; twilight that delight the eye; old fashioned sleighing parties; the Virginia reel and the barn-dance glorified; New England countryside in its garb of white and the blizzard in all its intensity.

The part of Anna calls for an actress of emotional talents. Miss Gish gave a performance that is not easily forgotten. In her earlier scenes there was the sweetly unsophisticated girl. In her

renunciation by her simulated lover she touched the tragic note, and from this point on there was the poignancy of her grief, the heavy heart, the impending love of David, all the conflicting emotions nicely portrayed, culminating in the final onediction that echoed a great "Amen!" from the spectators.

The other members of the cast were excellent. Mr. Barthelmess was a simple, heroic David. The Squire Bartlett of Burr McIntosh was conspicuous for its authority, the commanding figure of the community. Lowell Sherman gave a finished performance of the sedulous lover, Lennox Sanderson.

CLEVER PAIR HEAD BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent Lead Excellent Program

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, always favorites in Boston, returned to B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday in "Rings of Smoke," one of the cleverest and most elaborate acts in vaudeville. They were well supported by several dancers, singers and musicians. Miss Bent is the same charming "Rosie O'Grady" and received several encores when she sang this old time melody. Mr. Rooney was especially funny in the role of a Parisian art student and kept the audience in roars of laughter with his efforts at French.

Maud Lambert, assisted by Ernest R. Ball at the piano, also made a pronounced hit and shared honors with the headliners. Mr. Ball is the composer of "Mother Macbride," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold" and many other popular songs and was called on repeatedly to sing the choruses of some of these ever welcome airs. Miss Lambert also sang his latest ballad, "Mother of Pearl," which seems as company in a short sketch, "Story

Another act that stood out was Jim Toney and Ann Norman in "You Know What I Mean." Mr. Toney has a new style of side-walk comedy and kept the audience entertained all during his appearance.

Other acts on the bill were Beatrice Heiford, in monologue; Raymond Bond and Company in a short sketch, "Story Book Stuff"; George Halperin, piano virtuoso; Corradini's animals, and El Bart Brothers, gymnasts.

34th 23, 1920

R. C. S. writes to The Herald: "At Christ Church, Cambridge, one of the old parishioners asked me, as an architect, what a 'tinkett' was. It was mentioned in the church records: Cost of, or repairs on, the Tinkett. I never heard the word and don't know what it means."

The word is not in the huge Oxford Dictionary; it is not in Wright's great Dialect Dictionary. Is the word known to any reader of The Herald?

A-re-oplane

As the World Wags:

How long do you think it will take to educate stage directors and actors to learn to pronounce correctly some words in our newly acquired vocabulary? In a recent try-out of a new play in Washington (coming, I think, to Boston soon) an aeroplane is an important part of the plot. Every actor who had occasion to refer to the "heavier than air" machine pronounced it "a-re-oplane." Should you consider it amiss to temper the wind to the shorn lamb and call it "airplane"? L. J. S. Lowell.

Information Wanted

As the World Wags:

Many years ago when I was still able to find amusement in the vaudeville theatres I saw at one of these houses a performer who appeared in the character of a tramp and gave a program of songs and talk. As an incident of this performance he sang a song burlesquing, as it seemed to me, ballads of "The Cellarman" and "Old Sexton" type, of which I can remember only the opening line. It began as follows:

"Five boarders slept in a single bed. Roll over!"

What vicissitudes they encountered in this intimate adventure I cannot now recall, and it is in the hope of recovering this lost information that I now write to your column, the resort of the possessors of all manner of curious and esoteric information, in the hope that some one of your readers may be able to direct me to this work, if published, or if not, then to tell me the name of the original singer so that I may the more easily discover his present whereabouts. GAYLORD QUEX. Boston.

"G. B. S." Finds an Apologist

As the World Wags:

Were you not too severe with G. B. S. in your Monday's column a week ago? It is true that his war attitude is vulnerable, but cannot we explain it?

In the first place he is honest and intelligent, but Irish. He is also a Socialist (of his own particular sort, of course, but then the present system is not wholly defensible). He hates hysteria and wholesale sentiment so that he gets a little hysterical opposing them. At heart he is emotional although ordinarily he keeps it pent up. Remember Mrs. George's triumphant rhapsody in "Getting Married." A cold intelligence could never produce that lyric beauty. And he has the Actor's temperament.

Combine these elements and see if they do not help to solve his fallibility.

But when all is said and done he is amusing and revivifying, and I think we need him in our era of moral and political bunk and banality. G. I. E. Cambridge.

"R. C. S." asked last Thursday the precise nature of a "tinkett," mentioned in the church records of Christ Church, Cambridge.

We have received the following note: As the World Wags:

At our house we have some old records, probably about the date of those mentioned by "R. C. S." In them I also found mention of a "tinkett" and of repairs to same. As the items were classified, it was manifest that the "tinkett" written in the records at our house meant nothing more mysterious than plain "tin kettle." I hope this answers his question. I might add that the Oxford Dictionary and Wright's Dialect Dictionary give little space to "articulating" combinations of an entire and a contracted word. But the wonderful old records at our house do. BOSTON. HOMER JOLPSON.

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

Such forms of locution as "It is I who am at fault" and "It is I who is at fault" are treated of in Observations 15 and 16 of the part of Gould Brown's Grammar of English Grammars which is devoted to Syntax (pages 553-564 of "Tenth Edition—Revised and Improved"). Has Dick Shunary consulted those Observations? If so, will he please state which of those two forms of locution Brown would regard as correct, or, if he would regard both as correct, but expressive of different meanings, will Mr. Shunary please explain the meaning which Brown would assign to each of the forms? BROOKLINE. INQUIRER.

Rhubarb Wine

As the World Wags:

Though Mr. Herkimer Johnson's name did not appear in the list of notables present at the recent Anglo-Saxon celebration in Provincetown, I am sure that he was there; for a friend of mine told me that a man of very distinguished appearance was noticed in the crowd of Lusitanians and Celts whose ancestors came in the steerage. It was observed that this gentleman refrained from joining in the applause which followed the Rev. Dr. Eaton's eulogy of the exclusive and conquering race that always travels first-class.

It surely was Mr. Johnson. No doubt he resented Dr. Eaton's allusion to the racial inferiority of the majority of the throng. The first Johnson who came to

this country was one of the MacShanes of the County Clare, a cadet of the house of MacShane, lords of luniskilly. He came over as an indentured servant, and, naturally, occupied a berth in the steerage on the voyage. Soon after his arrival here, he changed his name to its Anglo-Saxon equivalent—Johnson—and became a leader in social affairs. Can we wonder at Mr. Johnson's resentment? I regret not having met Mr. Johnson in Provincetown. I have good news for him, a "receipt" for rhubarb wine. It looks all right, and it may interest the Porphyria sufferers in these doleful days. I found it in Littell's "Living Age," vol. II., 1853.

"Brute six pounds of rhubarb stalks, add one gallon of cold spring water, let it lie five or six days, stirring it up three or four times a day, strain it off through a sieve, then add four pounds of foots' sugar, one lemon sliced; let this be well mixed—care must be taken not to stir it afterwards; let it stand in this state for 10 days. It is again strained through fine muslin or a fine sieve; then put it into a barrel for good. A small quantity of isinglass dissolved in the liquid must be added."

Then the writer tells us that the wine must be either "bunged down or bottled off," and it will be in prime condition for the next summer's use.

The secret of its excellence and life-giving qualities may be in the "foots' sugar"?

This decoction may not be as stimulating as the "pop-in" which Roderick Random tells us was Dr. Crab's favorite drink, but it may be worth trying, even if one has to wait for its maturity until next summer.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans. The question naturally arises, What is "foots-sugar." One meaning of "foot," plural "foots," is: that which sinks to the bottom; bottoms, dregs; the refuse in refining oil, etc. Coarse sugar. Thus the Daily News (London) in 1871: "Lump sugar is 13d. a pound, foots moist 9d." As for rhubarb wine, there are recipes for making it, as far back as 1788. There was also rhubarb beer.—Ed.

Harry Pearson

As the World Wags:

The person referred to as one of the singers of "Simon the Cellarer" was an English "character" actor named Harry

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Broken Wing," a comedy-drama in four acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Cast:

Luther Farley.....Henry Duggan
Sylvester Cross.....George Abbott
Gen. Panfilo Aguilar.....Louis Wolheim
Inez Villera.....Inez Plummer
Ouchita.....Mary Worth
Capt. Innocencio Dos Santos

Alphronz Ethier
Jerry Waldron.....Walter F. Scott
Philip Marvin.....Charles Trowbridge
Spot.....Babe Sundance
Basilio.....Joseph Spurin
Marcelo.....Myrtle Spelvin
Cecilia.....Myrtle Tannahill

"If God sent me a husband who was already married, it was His mistake, not mine," sweetly, but firmly declared Inez Villera, when they tried to convince her she could not keep the Gringo "King of Hearts" she had always prayed for and who came crashing in his airplane into the patio of the house of Luther Farley, her foster father, 150 miles south of the Rio Grande. Her basic faith that the Lord never makes mistakes was fully justified in the end.

Philip Marvin, young New York millionaire aviator lost all memory of the past, even his own name, when the broken wing of his machine sent him down in the 1800 foot smash and killed his mechanic. He thought he had died, as he came to in Inez's arms and he called her "Brown-eyed angel." That settled everything for Inez and led her, when Dos Santos said he would kill the Gringo and break her neck if she didn't marry him, to tell the direct acting Mexican, sweetly, but firmly, "as was her wont, 'You go to hell!'"

Dos Santos thought it would be fine to get \$100,000 ransom for Marvin and he sent for Cross, a pretty smart Yankee oil man to help him. Cross went to the States to arrange it. In the meantime Marvin patched up his machine and took a spin in it with Inez, who had him stop at the padre's, where she and her "B. V. D." whose name she had discovered on his clothing, were married.

It was when Cross at the end of a month came back with Cecilia, Marvin's wife, whom the flier could not remember in spite of their marriage certificate and wedding ring, that Inez put the responsibility of the mess on the Lord and wouldn't give up "B. V. D."

Marvin and Cecilia were to start at once for the border in the plane. The flier promised Inez he would return and she hung out a lantern for him. Dos Santos politely reminded Cross of the ransom. "Oh, she hasn't the money with her, but probably will leave her jewels with you," said Cross. "All right," said the greaser captain, and she readily gave him the string of pearls and her diamond rings.

Marvin slipped out and was gone in a buzzing plane. All believed they were fooled except Inez. Cross and Cecilia sped away to the border with a pass from Dos Santos. Marvin came crashing back, gave Inez the tip to get into the rear seat of the airplane, got directions from Dos Santos for flying to the Rio Grande and while the courteous, fire-eating Mexican was giving the route, backed out and flew away with the brown-eyed angel.

How about the bigamy? It would spoil the best and most deceiving trick in the play if this were revealed.

Dos Santos exclaimed with his cynical laugh, as the curtain went down "What an honest Greaser to do with such a bunch of sick Gringos!"

Pearson, who was a member of the stock company of Selwyn's Theatre during its first season, some time before it was named the Globe, under the brief management of Charles Fechter. Pearson's rendering of John Peerybingle in "The Cricket on the Hearth" was the best one that I recall. Before something stronger than malmsey got the better of him he was an excellent artist in his line. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

From Force of Habit

As the World Wags:

The shopping habit is indomitable. Two ladies preceded me at the polls at the last primary elections exercising for the first time their proud privilege of the ballot. Having been duly identified by the man in charge, they were asked as a matter of routine whether they wished for a Republican or a Democratic ballot. Whereupon one of them responded with cheerful shrewdness: "What else have you?"

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

For Dr. Crockett

As the World Wags:

Avast, doctor, and what would be the use in telling it to the marines? They'd only ask what it had to do with getting up a shot of alcohol from the torpedo room. As for the sailors, there ought to be enough in Boston who can bear me out in what I said in The Herald some time ago.

Never wore a yachtin' cap in my life except when I was in the navy and couldn't help it. And why jump on yachtsmen anyway? Some of 'em don't say, "Hoist the mainsheet," and lots of 'em I know have sailed on other craft than yachts.

The doctor says, "To change the course of a yacht while running free if it was to leeward would require a jibe." Does he mean jib or jibe?

And again, "If running free, the ship's course was laid direct." I still beg to differ with the doctor, as I have tried to explain before.

It is hard to explain some things in writing, but if the good doctor will lay his course for Rum Gagger Farm some fine day, I'll make a sketch with pencil and paper to put him straight. Perhaps a drop or two of Santa Cruz will help clear things. F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger Farm.

Dr. Crockett wrote "jibe."—Ed.

Sept 26 1920

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the accomplished dramatic critic of the London Times, has contributed to that journal an article on acting and criticism. He believes that the vitality of the drama primarily depends on the talent of its creators, not on that of its interpreters. He admits that there are new plays that are merely a "vehicle" for the actor's art; there are old plays revived to show a new actor in a classic part. This accounts for the space given to the acting in London criticisms at the time Irving began to be famous. "Either he appeared in new plays of little intrinsic merit, like 'The Bells,' or else in classic parts of melodrama (made classic by Frederic Lemaitre) or of Shakespeare. In these conditions criticism must always gravitate toward the acting. It did so, long before Irving's time, with Hazlitt over Edmund Kean. It has done so, since Irving's time, over Sarah and Duse, and must do so again over every new Shylock or Hamlet or Sir Peter."

If criticism has of late years been more devoted to the play than to the playing, the fact, Mr. Walkley thinks, is a healthy sign for the drama. He would be sorry to suggest that good criticism, any more than a good play, a good novel, or any other piece of literature, is ever written from a sense of duty.

"Good criticism is written just because the critic feels like that—and bad, it may be added, generally because the critic has been trying to write something which he supposes other people will feel like. The good critic writes with his temperament—and here is a reason why, in the long run, plays will interest him more than players. For are we not all agreed about the first principle of criticism? Is it not to put yourself in the place of the artist criticized, to adopt his point of view, to recreate his work within yourself? Well, the critic can put himself in the place of the playwright much more readily than into that of the actor. The playwright and he are working in different ways, with much the same material, ideas, and images or, if you like, concepts and intuitions mainly expressed in words—which is only a long way of saying that they are both authors. And they have in common the literary temperament. Now the literary temperament and the histrionic are two very different things."

Mr. Walkley then contrasts the temperaments of actor and critic in a shrewd and joyous manner:

"The actor, as his very name imports, is an active man, a man of action. At his quietest he is always in the stage. But the critic is a man of contemplation, not of action."

trade. He fights single combats, jumps into open graves, plunges into lakes, is swallowed down in quicksands, sharpens knives on the sole of his boot, deftly catches jewel caskets thrown from upper windows, wrestles with heavy-weight champions, knouts or is knouted, stabs or is stabbed, rolls headlong down staircases, writhes in the agonies of poison, and is (or, at any rate, in the good old days was) kicked, pinched and pummelled out of the limelight by the 'star.' And all this under the handclap of grease-paint and a wig! It must be very fatiguing. But then he enjoys the physical advantages of an active life. He has Sir Willoughby Patterne's leg (under trousers that never bag at the knee, and terminating in boots of the shiniest patent leather), and all the rest to match. As becomes a man of action, he is no reader. I have heard the late Mr. Henry Neville declare that an actor should never be allowed to look at a book. This may seem to the rest of us a sad fate for him, but look at his compensations! He spends much, if not most, of his stage life making love to pretty women, wives, widows or ingenues. Frequently he kisses them, or seems to—for he will tell you, the rogue, that stage kisses are always delivered in the air. Let us say, then, that he is often within an inch of kissing a pretty woman—which is already a considerable privilege. When he is not kissing her (or the air, as the case may be), he is sentimentally bidding her to a nunnery go or dying in picturesque agonies at her feet. Anyhow, he goes through his work in the society and with the active co-operation of pretty women. And note, for it is an enormous advantage to him, that that work is a fixed, settled thing. His words have been invented for him and written out in advance. He has rehearsed his actions. He knows precisely what he is going to do."

The critic, on the other hand, is a man of contemplation, not of action.

"His pursuit is sedentary, and with his life of forced inaction he risks becoming as fat as Mr. Gibbon, without the alleviation of the Gibbonian style. Personal advantages are not aids to composition, and he may be the ugliest man in London, like G. H. Lewes, whose dramatic criticisms, nevertheless, may still be read with pleasure. His fingers are lanky. His face is not 'made up,' but sickled over with the pale east of thought. No pretty women help him to write his criticisms. Indeed, if Helen of Troy herself, or Aphrodite new-risen from the sea, came into his study, he would cry out with writer's petulance (a far more prevalent and insidious disease than writer's cramp): 'Oh, do please go away! Can't you see I'm not yet through my second slip?' (She will return when he is out, and 'tidy up' his desk for him—a really fiendish revenge.) Books, forbidden to the actor, are the critic's solace—and also his despair, because they have said all the good things and taken the bread out of his mouth. And, unlike the actor, he is working in the unknown. His head is filled with a chaos of half-formed ideas and the transient, embarrassed phantoms of logical developments. Will he ever be able to sort them out and to give them, at any rate, a specious appearance of continuity? Nay, can he foresee the beginning of his next sentence, or even finish this one? Thus he is perpetually on the rack. 'Luke's iron crown and Damians's bed of steel' are nothing to it. It is true that his criticism does, mysteriously, get itself completed—mysteriously because he seems to have been no active agent in it, but a mere looker-on while it somehow wrote itself."

It is not surprising, then, that criticism should generally consider the play rather than the playing. Yet there is a balance. If some displease the reader by giving only a few lines to the leading actor or actress, there will always be others "who are more interested in persons than in ideas and images, who care less for transpositions of life than for Sarah's golden voice and Duse's limp, and 'Quin's high, plume and Oldfield's petticoat.'"

Mr. Walkley might have added that in the United States there are certain dramatic critics chiefly concerned with glorifying the lingerie intine revealed in musical comedies, spectacular shows, reviews.

Views of H. A. Jones on Repertory Theatres: Ideas and Bankruptcy

Henry Arthur Jones wrote the following letter to the London Times (Sept. 6): "The directors of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre are to be heartily congratulated upon the success of their experiment. Nor need we rejoice the less because some of this success was, perhaps, due to the lucky discovery by the British public that Abraham Lincoln was very much like President Wilson and equally deserved a boom. In the same way Tennyson, with equal keenness of insight, discovered that the Prince Consort was very much like King Arthur."

In reviewing the achievements of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in your issue of the 3d, you mention that its "main tradition has been to perform only those plays which have survived the test of artistic integrity." What is "artistic integrity"? In the drama, who is finally to apply the test except the public at the box office? I have a grave

sus, ion of "artistic." It is one of the words that I have lately recommended Mr. Austen Chamberlain to tax very heavily, in aid of his next budget.

But we may cordially applaud the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in its policy of mainly producing plays that have already proved themselves to be attractive to the public. This is the right policy for a repertory theatre. Unfortunately, the Birmingham Theatre seems to be the only one that has tried it. And it is the only repertory theatre that has survived and succeeded.

But later in your review you seem to advocate a contrary policy, for you say: "The resources of the commercial theatre are almost closed to the repertory movement." What does this mean? What resources? How are they closed? It is true that those authors who have been so ill-advised and so "inartistic" as to achieve commercial success in the theatre have been consistently tabooed by the repertory managers. But is not that the very reason that the movement has generally failed, and that countless thousands of pounds have been wasted in London and in the large towns? For the most part, the managers of our repertory theatres have shunned those plays that have been stamped by popular approval, and have tried to force our drama into dreary little side alleys of social reform, and into the eccentric by-ways of what I have called "the harum scarum" and "the Pentonville omnibus" schools of drama. In their eagerness to ventilate what they call "ideas," the repertory managers have forgotten that the first great business of the theatre is to interest and amuse the public. The result has been that audiences have been bored and bewildered, and have been driven to revue and musical comedy.

The repertory theatre will not establish itself among us until its managers, instead of despising and avoiding those plays that have proved themselves worthy commercial successes, take full advantage of such plays to gather the general public to the movement. Freakishness, perversity, eccentricity, the diffusion of "ideas" are poor stock-in-trade for a theatre, and soon lead to bankruptcy.

Perhaps the managers of our repertory theatres have not noticed how carefully Shakespeare avoided being a social reformer, how resolutely he refused to exploit "ideas," how little eccentricity, how little novelty there is to be found in his plays. But then, as Goethe, who knew something about theatrical management, wisely observes, "Shakespeare and Moliere wished above all things to make money by their theatres." In this respect they are like our modern commercial managers, though they are strangely unlike our modern commercial managers in respect of the quality of the entertainment they provide.

"The Vicar of Bray," Etc.

On Sept. 9, 25 acres of glebe, belonging to the parish of Bray, were sold at auction by order of the vicar of Bray at Windsor Guild Hall. The London Times published a note concerning the famous vicar of the old song:

"Simon Aley, a 16th century incumbent of Bray, lived under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth. Fuller says Simon was 'first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. Being taxed by one, with being a turn-coat and an unconstant changeling, this vicar replied, 'Not so, for I have always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray.' As the old song says:

And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That, whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir."

"Another vicar of Bray, with his curate, was dining at a Maidenhead Inn, when James I., whom they did not know, there were no illustrated papers in those days—entered and ate at the same table. The curate laughed at the stranger's jokes and afterward paid the bill, as the King had no cash with him, and he was then and there rewarded with a canonry at Windsor. The vicar had been rather grumpy during dinner, and the King said: 'From Windsor your curate will be able to look down both upon you and your vicarage.'"

Siegfried Wagner, it is reported, has completed another opera, "The Smith of Marlenburg." Apparently, they can't stop him.

The London Daily Telegraph of Aug. 23 stated "on good authority" that Albert Coates of London, who will conduct some of the New York Symphony Society's concerts this season, will also conduct, as a guest, some concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

W. Edmonstone Duncan is dead. He wrote a life of Schubert and also wrote in an individual and straightforward manner, about music in general.

Eugene d'Albert has completed an opera "Sirocco." One Schrecker has composed new music to "Faust."

The Norwich (Eng.) Players, Zealous Amateurs: with Other Stage Notes

The Norwich Players of England, different from the ordinary amateur dramatic company, "by reason of the frequency of its performances, the comparative excellence it attains in production, and the variety of plays it offers," is not

analytical et

afraid to produce plays that would have a small chance of success in the ordinary theatre of commerce. Since the fall of 1919 these plays were produced: "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Land of Heart's Desire" (Yeats), which failed, for as a play it is "ineffective, joyless and unreal"; "Omar Khayyam" (Fitzgerald-Monck), which Monck admitted was elaptrap; "Nishikigi," a Japanese Noh play, translated by Ezra Pound—"a strangely beautiful and moving piece of work"; "The Comedy of Errors," "The King's Play" and "The Shepherd's Play" (mediaeval Mysteries), "The School for Scandal" and "Love's Labour Lost." Before Christmas the plays announced for performances are "Romeo

and Juliet," "Candida," the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, Massfield's "Nan" and "The Rivals." In the old Musick House there is only one entrance and one exit. Mr. Monck's wit varied the expected monotony. "It is this perfect alplumb of both producer and actors which gives such pleasure at the Musick House. Self-possession in acting covers a multitude of ineptitudes. Gaucherie one gets, if course. But it is gaucherie with a difference. It is not a gaucherie of the spirit."

He (Mr. Manck) realizes the possibilities of a stage which will barely take an average-sized dining room carpet, and human material with sincerity and enthusiasm and a taste for the theatre, but without tradition and without experience. "Much Ado About Nothing" was produced without scenery, and the action was continuous (except for one break. The play was ruthlessly cut. "It gained dramatically something of what it lost poetically. 'You have no stomach, signior.' Thus it is with most audiences, even a Musick House audience—the majority have no stomach for pure poetry. They are secretly bored by too much of it, but a little poetry with an excess of action is an excellent sweet dish. A pleasant innovation was the use of the Norfolk dialect for all the low comedy parts, and the humor and effect of reality was greatly heightened by the device. One felt, indeed, that Dogberry was a Norfolk man. Such vast and terrible unconsciousness was devastated. . . . The Comedy of Errors' compressed into three-quarters of an hour's playing was acted at tremendous pace, with terrific gusto, and with excellent effect. The brassy farcicality of the play was completely realized by the producer, who himself acted one of the Dromios. 'Love's Labour Lost' was a difficult play to make interesting. It was played somewhat too seriously. The uncritical of the play demands a light fantastical touch, which the producer, who painted the scenery himself, really aimed at, and

achieved whenever the material, human or otherwise, was sufficiently malleable. The dresses, scenery and lighting effects, and in particular the grouping, showed the producer's taste and talent as probably no other production has done, except 'The School for Scandal,' in which the Norwich Players broke, for them, new ground. It was the first really popular play they had produced; it ran for 10 performances, and might have run for a month."

The repertory of the Birmingham, Eng., Theatre for this fall will include: "The Potter's Shop," a play of old Persia by L. P. Brown; "The Cleansing Stain," by Echegaray; "The Confederacy," by Vanbrugh—the first production of a Restoration comedy at this repertory theatre; Besler's "Don"; Schnitzer's "Paying with Love," and Shakespeare's "Henry IV. Part I."

A new little play, "The Test Kiss," by Keble Howard, was produced in London at the Coliseum Sept. 20. The two characters, a widow who prefers brain to heart and her admirer, who convinces her of her grievous error, were played by Violet Vanbrugh and the author, whose "Lazy Lupin" was brought out this season at the Copley Theatre.

On Aug. 31 "Chu Chin Chow" began its fifth year in London. It had then been seen by over two and a half million people, and contributed £57,500 to the national funds by way of the entertainment tax. "During the time that it has been running at His Majesty's Theatre about 400 plays have been produced or revived and have disappeared from the London stage." On Sept. 23 it will enter on its 20th century of performances.

London's Grand Guignol at the Little Theatre opened Sept. 1. After three short plays Andre de Lorde's shocker, "The Hand of Death," was performed. This was followed by "a savoury, 'oh, Hell' which is described"—we quote

from the Times of Aug. 26—"as a topical reuette in a prologue and one act. In the space of 20 minutes the management promises to provide an up-to-date picture of Hell, with comments on all current events and nine complete musical numbers." The plot begins in a manager's office and then passes to the Gates of Hell.

Taklo last month at the Coliseum, London, showed a film in which animals, as cats, dogs, seals, lions, were seen in their natural surroundings. His imitations then synchronized with the movements of the animals on the screen.

"If the curtain rises on a flat to which there are five doors, one can take it for granted that the hero has loved not

with the possibility of a visit to both his official and unofficial homes.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted last year an animal provider and his foreman for neglecting the camels that appear in "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre. Inspectors, veterinary officers, a commandant of the camel corps school at Calro, gave testimony. The police court magistrate dismissed the charges, believing that the camels had been treated well enough, and their poor condition was due to the effects of a skin disease, the sea voyage and the change of climate; but he denied costs to the defendants, saying that he did not think people ought to be encouraged to bring wretched animals to England to be paraded about on the stage.

"The Blue Lagoon," based on De Vere Stacpoles' romance of Southern Seas (France of Wales, London, Aug. 23) is a series of episodes cleverly strung together by Mr. Clive Carey's fascinating music into one complete whole. The spoken word is an unimportant factor. There are whole episodes in which no word is spoken, and one does miss it. In the stage version the Irish sailor dies, not from drink but from the poisoned berries, making the children swear they will never touch them. The sailor is made a wholly sympathetic person, and there is a happy ending.

The Mayflower pageant at Plymouth (Aug.) was successful, if one can judge from the report in the London Times of Sept. 3. There had been heroic cutting. "The dialogue between Miles Standish and John Alden and John's wooing of Priscilla—adapted with uncommon tact from Longfellow—brought not only the best comedy but the best individual acting of the performance. Stage-fish people who do not care for Longfellow's notion of maidenly archness dreaded the approach of the 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' with the rest of it"; but the actors were wary of sentimental pitfalls. As for the players in the whole pageant, the worst offenders against Hamlet's rules—indeed, the only offenders—are the one or two who, being somewhat used to the stage, mean the audience to recognize their familiarity.

A curtain-raiser, "A Nice Thing" by Stacy Aumonier, brought out before "The Ruined Lady" at the Comedy Theatre, London, tells of a deaf woman of 77 whose only interest is the study of crime, through the medium of back numbers of Sunday newspapers. She has also studied the subject historically. "She knows all about the death of Beckett, while she takes a grim delight in recalling the circumstances attending the death of Marat, though what Charlotte Corday was doing in his bathroom she has never been able to discover. She thinks and talks so much of murder that at last she puts the idea of it into the head of her niece, who has given up the best years of her life in attending to the wants of the invalid. Accordingly the niece puts poison into her aunt's glass of milk, and awaits developments, omitting to notice that a soldier returned from the wars has tried to tell the old lady of his adventures in Gallipoli, using all the objects on the table to illustrate the story, as Corp. Brewster used to reconstruct the battle of Waterloo. The invalid has no patience with the story, and drives him out of the room, and in the attendant excitement he manages to change the position of the two glasses of milk. The aunt drinks hers and escapes unscathed, while the niece takes a few sips and dies in agony on the floor, providing the old lady with a wonderful story of crime which would probably be told to all her friends until her dying day."

"The Prude's Fall," by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton (Wyndhams, London, Sept. 1) tells of a man who, shocked by the prudishness of his adored Beatrice, a widow, deliberately sets out to make her see in her own

person "what it is to be under the condemnation of the 'prudes,' and this plan he carries out, through her passion of love for him. He is represented as the soul of chivalry, and it seems that a chivalrous gentleman may use a woman's love for himself as a means of teaching her a moral lesson. Oh, these 'passions de l'amour,' what strange shapes they take!" This gallant officer was voted a cad by the audience, although at the end he pulled from his pocket a marriage license.

In Berlin

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times writes about the possible successors of Reinhardt, who unfortunately was not satisfied with his great services to art, "so it came about that the side of his temperament which leaned toward the handling of great crowds and of great spaces became abnormally developed and mechanical." The writer cited the great spectacle "Sumerun" and "The Miracle," the circus ("Oedipus Rex" in the ring), and

early the Grotesque Schauderhaus, "with its loud, but inwardly empty, mise-en-scene, mark the stakes of this road, a false road which has brought true artistic satisfaction neither to his friends nor, it may be imagined, to himself. Be this as it may, there can be no question that with Max Reinhardt's departure an uncommonly rich and fruitful epoch of the German stage comes to an end."

"Of Reinhardt's successors," he writes, "the most interesting is the poet Gerhart Hauptmann, who has hitherto been unconnected with the practical aspects of the stage, while Herr Felix Hollaender, whose novels find many admirers, is anything but a stranger to the theatre, since he has been Reinhardt's trusted friend and collaborator from the days of his first attempts. The stronger individuality is undoubtedly by far that of Hauptmann, as is proved by every line of his works, or, at least, of the dramas which, in the course of years, have shaken off naturalistic limitations and advanced to classical maturity. It is the same line of development as that of Goethe, whom Hauptmann, for the rest, outwardly resembles to an almost incredible degree. Goethe also, as is well known, tried his hand at theatre management. If Hauptmann is following his example it is certainly not out of idle vanity, with a view to carrying the resemblance a little farther, but because he feels impelled to do so. At least, it is asserted that at the rehearsals of his plays he has often given proof of an unusual talent for stage management. It is humored that he will make his debut at the beginning of the winter season with a classical mise-en-scene, and it will then be seen whether they are right whose regret at the departure of Reinhardt is tempered by hope, on the principle of 'Le roi est mort, vive le roi!'"

"Meanwhile the new season is feeling its way, not, it is true, in the theatre itself, but in certain neighboring territories, of which one is that of the fashions and the other that of the film." (The third, that of the dance, still lies forlorn, but after all the experiences which the public has had of half, three-quarters and wholly nude—but, of course, always highly artistic performances—one can only hope it will long remain so.)

"To begin with the fashions, there has recently been a performance under the title of 'Die Ostliche Göttin' ('The Eastern Goddess'). The title—a superb one for a Bolshevik festival—had no relation to the Goddess of Reason of the Russian Revolution, but was given to a pantomime staged in the open air on the race course at Grunewald, and comprising a monster review of mannequins in the evening fashions of the coming winter. It was not the scenic arrangement of this Vanity Fair only which reminded one of the theatre. One's thoughts—at least those of the writer—involuntarily strayed to the problem of the modern dress of women on the stage. Strangely enough, this problem is almost wholly overlooked, for generally one does not spend much thought on it if only the actresses in a modern piece are correspondingly 'modernly' attired. The present fashion is, however, so contrived as to obliterate all difference between the woman and the girl, since the short skirt almost does away with the difference of age. In daily life there may be no reason to object to what, indeed, is often an advantage; but on the stage the drawbacks are self-evident and to be deplored, though it would hardly seem as if 'The Eastern Goddess' desired to introduce a mode more suited to the requirements of the tragic muse. Strange

as it may appear, the receipts of the great fashions pantomime were over a million marks, £50,000 at pre-war rates. "We are so poor," wrote a leading Berlin paper, "that money is of no importance. If we were rich we could not have afforded this expense." It sounds a paradox, but it is true."

Film Notes

"The Marriage of Figaro" has been produced as a screen play in Berlin. "It is more than a mere display of pletures," says the London Times. "Here is something created gracefully and with success out of the spirit of the text and also out of the imperishable music of Mozart. The story is unfolded with artistic elegance according to the style of the classical original adapted to the cinematograph. Moissi, by the eloquence of his exuberant language of gesture, is admirable as Figaro, and the local color of the life of the people and of the nobles of the time is excellently reproduced, both in detail and in the richly rendered ensemble scenes. True, the production is not flawless, but its little blemishes do but give relief to the merits of the whole, which, if it is not art in the ultimate and highest sense, is certainly not the negation of art. Much would be gained if this film were to be the pioneer of a school, and if, on the other hand, the theatre were always represented by work as tasteful, clean and honorable as this."

It is a curious and significant fact, however, that the few really outstanding triumphs the screen has had during the last year have run counter to all the previously accepted canons of film. After discovering that the ending was by no means so in-adequate as it had always been held

to be, the picture makers made no further still more astounding discovery that the conventional sentimental love story might, on occasion, be almost entirely eliminated. The latest instance of this "Humoresque," in which there is the merest thread of romance, looks like winning a measure of success that has hardly yet been paralleled. "The Miracle Man" and "Broken Blossoms," two other freaks that tower above the general level of mediocrity, are in much the same category. All three plays lack that predominating romantic element, as the term is commonly understood by those who cater for what is believed to be the public taste in mental fare, but all three have other qualities, which are evidently more than a compensation. In each of the three, every character has not only been carefully visualized by the author and actor, but the action is such as might quite easily take place in the life of any one of the spectators. They are, in fact, pages taken direct from the Book of Life. The personae dramatis are not mere marionettes taking part in an ingeniously constructed but highly improbable story and jerked hither and thither by the man pulling the strings; they are creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves, and they behave as nine men and women out of every ten would behave in like circumstances.—London Daily Telegraph.

"Little Dorrit" has been put on the screen by an English film company. It is said that there is commendable attention to detail. "It must always be a matter of regret that Dickens, Thackeray and the rest of the great Victorians were too early on the scene to adapt their work for the screen. Dickens's own scenario of 'Little Dorrit,' for instance, would have been intensely fascinating. 'Naturally, in the space of two hours,' the producers explain to those who see the film 'we cannot pretend completely to portray in photography a book which took Dickens himself two years to write.' We agree; but Dickens himself would doubtless have solved the problem by lopping his story unmercifully and leaving nothing that was not absolutely essential. The film seems to be trying to solve the difficulty from the opposite angle by getting as much as possible into the time available. One of the most important persons in some of the American studios is the 'cutter,' who takes the completed film in hand and with uncanny skill cuts out thousands of feet at a time. He might well turn his attention to 'Little Dorrit,' for there is so much incident that a little less would give a less patchwork effect. But in all other respects 'Little Dorrit' is an admirable production, beautifully acted by all concerned. It is a real joy and a matter for sincere thankfulness to find a film in which all the players have tried so hard and so successfully to get the Dickens atmosphere."

Sept 28 1920

We spoke a few days ago of the flat catching game known in England as "pricking the garter" or "pricking the loop," a game referred to by Shakespeare as "fast and loose." We asked if the game is familiar in this country.

Mr. John R. Hilton of the Boston & Maine railroad writes to The Herald: "You can get all you want of this game in the western states. I was first introduced to it at the Dallas, South Dakota, land rush in 1908. It is known as 'hit or miss,' and you will miss more often than you will hit. All of the three card monte men at the Cheyenne Frontier Day's celebration played the game as a side line. The 'Dewey Palace,' Market street, Denver, Col., and Jim Lamb's place in Cripple Creek had a game going all the time. A piece of felt about 18 inches long and one-half inch wide is much better than ribbon. They say there is nothing new under the sun."

Shakespeare's Antony complains that Cleopatra,

Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose, Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

Richard Grant White has this note: "A game called 'pricking the garter' has been supposed to be meant here; but no particular game or trick seems to be alluded to." We are humbly of a contrary opinion. "Fast and loose" was a cheating game, much practised in Shakespeare's time by gypsies and other vagrants, especially at fairs. Sir John Hawkins describes it: "A leathern belt was made up into a number of intricate folds and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds was made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever could thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table, whereas when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away." Wagers whether the belt was fast or loose were encouraged; the gypsy could make it at his option. The game is often alluded to by old writers, as by Drayton:

He, like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
All kinds of gibberish he bath learn'd to know,
And with a stick, a short string and a noose,
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose.

In Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the manner of playing at fast and loose with handkerchiefs is described.

"Dress Suits" and Stage Boxes

As the World Wags:

My tailor, with whom I parted with regret several years ago for no fault of his but for the plain reason that I could no longer afford his exalted charges, told me the other day that he now made clothes for almost none of his old following, but almost exclusively draped the forms of that fortunate class to whom the war brought an unaccustomed prosperity. I see his present customers now and then upon the streets and elsewhere clad in his masterpieces and benefiting greatly by them: In all usual environments they are almost indistinguishable from the man with whom good clothes are a life-long habit, but now and then a crisis arises for which their personal technic is inadequate, and there the remorseless evening suit that this artist has contrived for them fails to come to their aid. One of these revelations of an imperfect technic occurs in theatre boxes that these social amateurs are led to purchase largely because of the lordly price that is asked for them. But it is not enough to have the means of climbing to this high eminence; a place of such cynosural character calls also for a certain quality of self-unconsciousness, if one is to get away with it successfully. Why, then, do not one or another of the banished clients of my former tailor amend their present poverty by turning to account the experience of well-clad prominence that they acquired in happier days and open a school for their more affluent successors? A few lessons from an expert would do much to remove the appearance of a wax-work exhibition that box parties now present, and a few hints would suffice to mitigate and organize the occasional galvanic exhibitions of cheerfulness and affability that explosively vary the dismal solemnity of the occasion. An assurance from a competent person that, however one may feel, he still has only the normal number of hands, and dark as may be his suspicions the chances still are that his cravat is all right, would go far to bringing about the proper psychological condition from which the physical proprieties naturally and inevitably flow.

Boston.

GAYLORD QUEN.

The Italians used to laugh at the stiffness of Americans driving in open carriages through their streets; at their awkward, self-conscious, poker-back-sitting. The American might have said with Chryses, in Gilbert's play, when Galatea exclaimed, "How awkwardly you sit!"

I'm not aware that there is anything extraordinary in my sitting down. The nature of the seated attitude does not leave scope for much variety.

But Galatea mentioned the fact that Pygmalion, sitting, always put his arm around her waist.—Ed.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Girl in the Spotlight," musical comedy in two acts; score by Victor Herbert, book and lyrics by Richard Bruce; staged by George W. Lederer. The cast:

Tom Fielding.....	John Reinhard
Bill Weed.....	Eddie Dowling
Ned Brandon.....	Nell Moore
Max Preiss.....	Nat Carr
Molly Shannon.....	Mary Milburn
Frank Marvin.....	Ben Forbes
Bess.....	Minerva Grey
Clare.....	Jessie Lewis
June.....	Agnes Patterson
Watchem Trippe.....	Hal Skelly
Nina Romaine.....	Julia Keely
John Rawlins.....	John Hendricks
Margot.....	Ruby Lewis
Julie.....	Geneva Mitchell
Laurette.....	Lillian Young

A Victor Herbert "first night" is zestless without a Victor Herbert speech. At the end of the first act the round composer of the brilliant melodies that made "The Red Mill," "Mlle. Modiste," and other operettas of seasons gone by, was beckoned to the stage by happy members of the company and there persuaded to talk, deprecatingly of his "little musical piece," earnestly of Ireland and the Irish cause, and appreciatively of his associates, even to Mr. Lederer himself. Then Messrs. Skelly and Reinhard darted off stage and returned with Mr. Lederer, old-time producer, comparatively speaking, yet still at the front when it comes to achievements. He uttered one single line, that he, too, was a Sinn Feiner, but of a different lodge, and then escaped, leaving Mr. Herbert to finish the scene.

We speak of Mr. Lederer as an old-timer, because of his record of many worth while theatrical ventures of the past; because he still knows what the public wants in his line, and gives it lavishly. He has assembled a group of exceptionally clever entertainers, whether for comic, vocal or dancing ability. He has given Mr. Skelly and Mr. Carr and Mr. Dowling plenty of scope in exploiting their varied comic talents. He has shrewdly chosen for his prima donna a young woman who has freshness of voice, natural charm and deftness in characterization. Miss Milburn

...akes Molly Shannon more than
ing girl in the spotlight, she po
er in attractive colorings with a
tongue, a teasing eye.

It must be confessed that the name of
the author of the book and the lyrics
is not familiar here. That need not mat-
ter. The fact remains that he has
turned out a number of refreshingly
neat lines and verses, even though the
story itself be extremely simple. It is
the skilful elaboration of it that counts

the rounding out of the performance by
neat characterizations.

There remains, then, Mr. Herbert's
score. It is perhaps the most satisfying
of his recent efforts. It reveals much
of the old resourcefulness of this master
workman, much of his artistry in
utilization of his instruments. In the
chief song of the piece, "I Can't Sleep,
Dear, Without Dreaming of You," he
singles out now the 'cello and harp to
carry the theme, now the clarinets,
and for full effects all the strings. For
heroic humor there is the song for
Mr. Carr, "Catch 'Em Young, Treat
'Em Rough, Tell 'Em Nothing." There
are many others of course, but these
are two that stand out.

Molly Shannon starts as the Celtic
housemaid in Mrs. Todgers' lodging
house, where she meets young Marvin.
Impecunious, but handsome, and a
tenor. She also meets Max Preiss,
maker of a fortune in the fur business
and now dabbling in theatricals. The
narrative concerns her opportunity to
sing the prima donna role in the opera
which, it is learned in the last two
minutes, is Marvin's child. So the
scenes are in the Todgers lodging house,
a rehearsal hall, a theatre green room
and lastly, the garden of orchids, the
final scene from the opera itself. This
last set is very beautiful.

Besides the principals and the ex-
cellent chorus, with real voices above
their nimble legs, the cast numbers
several clever actors. It even was good
to hear once more that peculiar timbre
in the voice of the policeman. His
name was not on the program, but we
knew him to be William Cameron, one
of the best in his day, which notably
was that of "The Belle of New York."
Cameron, with four lines and a bill;
recently, Fred Solomon, as a curate,
with a prayer book and the same num-
ber of lines. How the world speeds
along!

GLOBE THEATRE—First perform-
ance in Boston of "The Cave Girl," a
comedy in three acts, by George Middle-
ton and Guy Bolton. Staged by George
Mason. The cast:

Arthur Barrs
Brandon Powers
J. T. Bates
Joho Cope
R. H. Paterson
Mark Smith
George A. Case
Martha Mayo
Case
Marion Buckler
F. W. Bates
Saxon King
Fred Merrill
Grace Valentine
L. L. Orlando Sperry
Frank Stewart
Mr. Keys
Franklin Hanna

The piece is a comedy of amateur
camp life in the Maine wilderness. It
is full of action and the dialogue is
often uproariously funny, and there
are many ingenious twists. Few in the
audience could predict faithfully the
ultimate developments of the comedy.
There is care in the attention to detail
in staging and the settings are free
from the aspect of artificiality.

Prof. Orlando Sperry declares that
no man need suffer hardship if thrown
in his own resources in the woods. To
test his theory he and his ward, Mar-
got, live the primitive life in the Maine
wilderness.

J. T. Bates, millionaire, has as his
cave a group of New Yorkers, in an
isolated Caribou camp. His son is in the
party. The father's real purpose is to
bury his son to the daughter of
Georgina Case, a widow, and incidentally
to take the widow for himself. His
elaborate has been robbed, and he
has a hantiste, the guide. The latter
resents the indictment and they quar-
rel. A party is organized to hunt the in-
dicator, and in their absence Margot
leaves the camp and encounters young
Bates. Thus the latter's love affairs
begin. A quick turn and, forgetful of Elsie,
to whom he is to be married in a few
weeks, he is held completely under the
spell of the primitive Margot.

He must stay in the woods at all
costs that Margot may be his. He
sets fire to the boat house to destroy
the only means of transit to civilization.
But he builds better than he knew, for
the fire razed the entire camp. The
group, now thrown on their own re-
sources and scantily clad, wander about
aimlessly and accidentally come across
the camp of Margot and the professor.
The propinquity affords the authors
their greatest play. Georgina, the
widow, falls in love with the professor.
The millionaire is left to seek other
things. Elsie takes Paterson as a matter
of course, and Young Bates stays in the
woods and affects an accident that he
married Margot. The sheriff arrives
and arrests Bates and speaks of his
unpleasant duty of taking the million-
aire to Bangor, which is not so im-
portant after all. Before his departure
Bates at the ceremony of making
Margot and Margot one.

The chief feature of the performance
is the acting of Grace Valentine and
Joho Cope. The former was delightful
in the primitive girl.

Mr. Cope, who has often been seen
here in stern and comic roles, played
the brusque New Yorker with a fine
ironic touch. His comedy work makes
his Bates one of the most interesting
in an already notable gallery of parts.

All the others of the cast added to the
enjoyment of this delightful comedy.

VALESKA SURATT AT B. F. KEITH'S

Presents Sketch Depicting Rise of Cabaret Singer

Valeska Suratt, film star and former
musical comedy actress, opened a
week's engagement at B. F. Keith's
Theatre yesterday in "Scarlet," a short
sketch depicting the struggles and rise
of a cabaret singer of the underworld.
Miss Suratt was well supported by a
clever company and the act was en-
thusiastically received.

Sharing honors on the bill was Pa-
tricola, one of the cleverest entertain-
ers in vaudeville. She sings and dances
with charm and, to show her versatili-
ty, plays a couple of old-time selections
on the violin. Ed Janis and his singers
and dancers were also well received.

Devorah and Zemarar showed some-
thing novel and dangerous on three
horizontal bars. Other acts were Ed-
win George, juggler; the Le Grohs, in a
pantomime novelty; Miller and Mack, an
old-time song and dance team; Roy
Harrah and Mary Speer, roller skaters.
James J. Morton, billed as "An Ani-
mated Program," announced each act
in a humorous and original manner.

Sept 20 1920

Scnator Harding, whose use of English
is slipshod, was not the first to speak
or to write the word "normalcy." That
word is allowed by the great Oxford dic-
tionary, which gives two illustrative
quotations. The first is from the Mathe-
matical Dictionary of Davies and Peck
(1857): "If we denote the co-ordinates of
the point of contact and normalcy." The
second is from an article in the Nation
(N.Y.) of July 30, 1893: "Believers in the
mathematical normalcy of the female
mind."

"Normalcy" is not a word of long
standing in the language. The first
quotation given in the same dictionary
is from Edgar Allan Poe's "Eureka"
(about 1849).

"Roll Over"

As the World Wags:

My memory is failing, but I think the
song Mr. Gaylord Quex is seeking was
sung by Joe Ott. There were several
verses, too, of which I remember:

I know of a song that I'll sing presently
Turn over!

It was written, or wroten, or rotten by me
Turn over!

I sing it at most every place that I play,
I don't know it yet but I hope to some day,
For where there's a will there's a law suit
they say

Turn over!

I've men slept together one night in a bed.
Turn over!

They agreed to turn over when one of them
said

Turn over!

The man in the middle thought it was a
joke,

But when they turned o'er they near killed
the poor bloke,

He got lost in the shuffle and his left leg
got broke.

Turn over!

There were other verses even more
exquisite than these.

ELDAD SCRUGGS.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

Joe Ott had a song "Turn Over" from
which I think Mr. Quex is trying to
quote. It was published (25 years or
more ago) I know, for I bought it.

OLIVER GIBBS.

Boston.

Bluffing in Alcohol

As the World Wags:

A year ago last July a certain
amount of ostentation was shown by
the thrifty possessors of alcoholic
beverages, and stores prudently laid in
against the wrath to come were freely
and boastfully confessed. Little by lit-
tle this boastfulness subsided and per-
sons recalling this advertised good for-
tune were told with well dissembled
regret that the matter had been greatly
overstated in a spirit of mere pleasantry
and that, as a matter of fact, the speak-
er was at that time regrettably near the
end of his supplies. Where the vaunt
had been unusually daring, and no or-
dinary consumption possibly could have
depleted the store, the owner was wont
to announce that a robbery had been
committed, usually by daring automo-
bile operators, and that he was no
longer among the fortunate of the land.
And now, after a full year's experience

of the disadvantages of this sort of
prosperity, there are few to be found
who are not practically at the end of
their resources. Men occasionally find a
forgotten quart among the preserve jars
in quite another part of the cellar, now
and then a flagon is discovered upon
the shelf of a clothes closet in a guest
room; but the man of concealed alco-
holic resources is best known by his
habitual allusion to the last bottle of
his once vast stores which, containing
only about "so much," accurately
measured by extended fingers, is en-
tirely at the disposal of his friends. This
bottle was clearly once owned by For-
tunatus, he of the fabled cap, since
it perennially refills itself and is always
found to contain about the same quan-
tity. The device is admirably imagined
from a dramatic point of view. To share
one's last drop with a friend is a pic-
turesque thing in itself and sheds a
pleasant light upon the giver's charac-
ter. As a practical protective measure
it automatically denies any inconvenient
petitions that might arise from sus-
picion of ample resources. In a word,
the affair has become systematized.

But invention is not dead and special
cases find ample reserves of ingenuity
to cope with them. Thus, by some in-
scrutable decree of Providence there re-
cently drifted in upon the private beach
of a residence of a near-by sea-shore
resort a barrel such as one usually as-
sociates with whiskey, bearing the
labels and marks that are customarily
attached to containers of this coveted
fluid in bond. This boon was discovered
by its finder without inconvenient wit-
nesses, and was by him rolled up the
beach and into a cellar of his house un-

seen of anybody. It was subsequently
reported by him with an air of Christian
resignation that the barrel was found
to contain only two pints or so of sea-
water, and the jocund spirits with
which this depressing result was borne
was accounted for by the great satisfac-
tion that he felt in thus acquiring
inexpensively so excellent a barrel for
cider or other domestic use. The lack
of relation between his state of mind
and its alleged cause is full of sugges-
tions to the thoughtful. In the dark-
ness and seclusion of a cellar many
things might happen; and it requires
no great imaginative powers to picture
the practical results that would ensue
upon the advertised possession of 40
gallons of so popular a beverage as
this. A fascinating problem in psy-
chology is here presented, and to such as
may be interested in such problems the
address of this gentleman will be fur-
nished in strict confidence upon applica-
tion to this column.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Oct 1 1920

AMENGLISH

(On Mr. W. J. Locke's plea for an Anglo-
American language.)

Oh for the picturesque expression

Our cousins overseas can teach!

Why should I shun the naive confession

Of having "lamped a perfect peach"?

Oh for the tongue that makes a mob stir,

The harmless, necessary bit

That, goggling round a highbrow lobster

Confesses he has bored me stiff!

The goosley gaff that gets one's jaw

charted,

Be mine until my Jonah day;

Till down into the old bonn-orchard

My mummy-box is waltzed away.

—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

The Good Old Shawl

Robert Barbour of Montclair, N. J.,
thought that a picture of Frank Mc-
Glynn as Lincoln in Mr. Drinkwater's
play showed him wearing, not a shawl,
but a scarf worn with an overcoat or
cape. Mr. Barbour wrote to the Evening
Post of New York about it, for he is
certain that Lincoln wore at times a
shawl large enough to take the place
of an overcoat. "These shawls were
worn in some parts of the country even
later than the end of the civil war. For
instance, they were worn by some of
my classmates from Pennsylvania dur-
ing my three years in Princeton Theo-
logical Seminary, 1871 to 1874. They
were old-fashioned Scotch plaids.

I have one in my possession today
formerly owned by my father, who was
a Scotchman. It is so large that folded it
serves as a double extra covering for a
three-quarter bed and I have often used
it in that way. Being of wool these
shawls are both light and warm. I am
sure that somewhere I have seen a pic-
ture of Lincoln wearing one of these
shawls, but cannot find it among any
of the pictures that I have."

When Lincoln left his home to be
inaugurated the first time, there were
rumors of a plot to kill him on the way.
It was then reported that, entering
Washington, he adopted the partial dis-
guise of a Scotch cap and cloak. He
was thus caricatured in Vanity Fair.

We well remember the days when
men, traveling, wore a shawl instead of
an overcoat. There was a common say-
ing during the civil war and for some
years afterwards, that a Boston man
was known by his shawl; nor did he
always sport a shawl strap.

A Chivalrous Garment

In these days of degeneracy, only a
brave man journeying would wrap him-
self in a shawl. As a protective gar-
ment for the male, it passed away with
the linen duster, or the yellow badge
of the traveler; but the motor car has
brought back the duster into fashion.

There may be old and tottering men
that remember sentimentally the shawl
of travel which also might serve as
covering for the child asleep in a north-
erly wintry bedroom. They now may
sympathize with Amiel making a trial
of the new gray plaid that was to take
the place of his old mountain shawl.
He wrote in 1865: "The old servant
which has been my companion for 19
years, and which recalls to me so many
poetical and delightful memories, pleas-
es me better than its brilliant successor,
even though this last has been a pres-
ent from a friendly hand. But can
anything take the place of the past, and
have not even the inanimate witnesses
of our life voice and language for us?"

"The shawl, besides, is the only chiv-
alrous article of dress which is still
left to the modern traveler, the only
thing about him which may be useful to
others than himself, and by means of
which he may still do his devoir to fair
women! How many times mine has
served them for a cushion, a cloak, a
shelter, on the damp grass of the Alps,
on seats of hard rock, or in the sudden
cool of the pinewood, during the walks,
the rests, the readings and the chats of
mountain life! How many kindly
smiles it has won for me! Even its blem-
ishes are dear to me, for each darn and
tear has its story, each scar is an
armorial bearing. This tear was made
by a hazel tree under Iaman—that by
the buckle of a strap on the Frohenalp—
that, again, by a bramble at Charnet,
and each time fairy needles have re-
paired the injury."

We all remember Colline, the philoso-
pher in Puccini's "La Boheme," address-
ing in lacrymose bass the overcoat he
was about to sell, singing at length
while Mimi's condition demanded imme-
diate aid and Colline should have rushed
for it, but Colline was not so moved to
sentimental regret as Amiel.

Otium Cum Dig

A sensible man is loath to part with
any old garment, however disreputable
it may seem to unsympathetic, genteel
eyes, nor is this regret necessarily a
matter of sentiment. The old coat is
more comfortable; the waistcoat may
by a stain recall a joyous evening; the
trousers may bag, for the wearer was
not in the habit of twitching them up
over the knees when taking his seat in
the presence of ladies. The man con-
scious of a new suit of clothes is a
pained sight, even when it is a busi-
ness suit for which he paid \$140 or \$150,
as the "client" of a fashionable tailor.
Patched trousers in these days are a
sign of nobility, but they should be
worn with an air. There is no excuse
for a button missing, and broken, un-
blackened boots do not prove that the feet
are those of a genius. Victor Hugo's
Marius had a shabby hat, but his soul
soared to the stars. This is all very
well in romance, but in our day daily
life Marius would have excited remarks
from rude and vulgar boys. It takes a
man of character and fine breeding to
wear an old suit in an impressive man-
ner; even he might not be able to walk
in Tremont street with dignity, wrapped
in a shawl.

From Christopher Morley

The measurements of our friend Aph-
roditte of Melos (it is her centennial, by
the way, as she was discovered in a
grotto on that island in the year 1820)
often get into the papers. We were al-
ways particularly pleased with the sta-
tistics of Venus as given out by the
gymnasium of Bryn Mawr College a
year or so ago, in which, among other
figures were the following:

Chest—34.2

Chest (expanded)—36.2

The Bryn Mawr people were much
bucked by the fact the chest expansion
of a Bryn Mawr nymph was averaged
at 3.2 inches, as against a paltry two
inches for the lady of Melos. We also
remember that Venus's wrist was given
as 6.2 inches. Perhaps you recall what
beautiful wrists the statue has?—New
York Evening Post.

Oct 2 1920

In England the oyster season opened
on August 4, but, as the London Times
assures us, the public does not care to
eat oysters until the beginning of Sep-
tember. It appears that there are well
over 300,000,000 Whitstable natives in
all stages of growth, of which 50,000,000
are available for this season's market.
Although the price has gone up in the
last few years owing to the increased
wages paid to labor employed in culti-
vation, the best Whitstable natives are
cheaper now than they were 30 years
ago. It is estimated that about 25,000,-
000 oysters of this season's supply will
be consumed in London.

There is a fight against the enemies;
star fish, sea urchins, and, especially,
limpets. "One direction in which re-
search work will be carried on will be
an inquiry in America as to the rea-
sons why limpets do not multiply so
rapidly there as on this side of the
Atlantic. There is a theory that there
is a parasite in American waters which
helps to keep the numbers down."

The Herald noted the production at the London Coliseum (Sept. 8) of a play in one act by Keble Howard, the author of "Lazy Lupin," produced at the Copley Theatre this season. It is described as a light and airy dialogue, "so delicate in texture and literary in flavor that the most decisive acting is necessary to get it over the footlights. It is a sort of Dolly dialogue between an 'Intellectual' widow who prefers head to heart, and a by-no-means sentimental young man, who rather nettles her at first by agreeing that there is nothing particularly attractive about her. Their talk on a sofa is so unloverlike that even

David Cecil wrote as follows to the London Times discussing an old question: "Mr. Poel, in the letter appearing in your columns, seems to imply that a beautiful stage setting of Shakespeare necessarily distracts the attention, thus preventing the spectator from realizing the full effect of the play. But surely this is an error. Sir Herbert Tree's productions were indeed a distraction, but that was not on account of their beauty, but because their elaborate character entailed long intervals between the scenes and considerable curtailment of the text. Simplicity, it is true, is essential, but it is perfectly compatible with beauty, as those who

Mr. Bridges-Adams's productions testify. The plays were, as Mr. Poel has said, acted almost in their entirety, and with no impertinent irrelevances in the way of business and dumb show. The beauty of the setting was never intensive, and only served to interpret and express the spirit of the play. "Cymbeline," for instance, perhaps Mr. Bridges-Adams's greatest success, was treated as it was written, purely as a romance, without reference to the claims of period or nationality. The fairy-tale note was struck in the picture that greeted one's eyes at the rise of the curtain, and thus the absurdities and anachronisms of the plot seemed in keeping; they were steeped in the transfiguring beauty of the scene as they are in the transfiguring beauty of words. Would the fourth act of "Cymbeline" be so convincingly staged with the ascetic baldness Mr. Poel advocates? One word more as to costume. Mr. Poel expressly condemns gorgeous clothes. Is it not a fact that on Shakespeare's own stage the costumes were always the most magnificent that could be procured?"

"Blood and Bunkum"

A. C. A. contributed an article concerning London's Grand Guignol to the Stage. He entitled his article "Blood and Bunkum." He was more interested in the audience than in the horrors on the stage, and came to the conclusion that persons who gloat over horror and the outre in art are not emotionally grown up.

"They are like the little schoolboys who pull the wings off a fly or flatten their noses against a hospital window when a horrible street accident has taken place. . . . Life, actual life, cannot be reproduced on the stage. Your Grand Guignol person forgets that, as he forgets the thrush in the tree or the song of the wind in the shrouds. Life has to be treated, prepared, or toned down or up before it is put on the stage, just as one adds water or soda to whiskey. Nor is reality necessarily allied to artistic realism; the two things can be artistic continents apart. The Grand Guignol artist endeavors to put real life on the stage—real, stark-naked life and death—and the thing simply cannot be done. There are secret things in life that cannot be mentioned in decent society—except by little children, who are promptly spanked. The Grand Guignol artist blurs them out, and short-haired women and long-haired men, who have not heard them before, exclaim 'How clever, how thrilling!' The Grand Guignol man would hand you a bundle of uncooked meat and vegetables and tell you it is Irish stew."

"Lastly, Grand Guignolism must be accused of a grave crime—that of attempting to rob life of its joys by seeking to associate terror with death. Death is no terrible or horrible thing; and one who is not afraid of death is not afraid of life. The Grand Guignolite is so afraid of death that he seeks it—just as the affrighted and bemused rabbit darts down the snake's throat. He may even be said to exist in a life-long contemplation of suicide. He can have no philosophy, no sense of humor. Possibly, also, he keeps a piece of decayed fish in the cellar, just as an ordinary sane person keeps guinea pigs. In which case he will visit the decayed fish—like his own mind, putrescent and luminous with mortality—in his bare feet, in the unholy anticipation of squashing a drop-slick black beetle or two. . . . And now let's have some music."

Theatrical News from Paris; a Well Acted Play at the Varietes

"L'Inconnu," by Louis Verneuil, produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, was written before the great war, when the dramatist was 20 years old. Since then he has written some excellent vaudeville, so it is surprising, the French critics say, that he allowed the performance of the early work. Lorgeac invited Serval to his country-house. No one knew where the guest came from, and he had a strange appearance, though his manners were charming. He was in love with Jeanne, a married niece of the host. Serval one night entered Jeanne's chamber. At first, she reproached him; then she softened. The husband, who had been in Paris, unexpectedly returned. Jealous, he forced his wife to hide him in the room. Serval came in; a looking glass betrayed the husband; whereupon to save Jeanne's honor, Serval stole a pearl necklace and fled. The next morning, as he was about to be arrested, Jeanne told her husband, her uncle and her aunt that she loved Serval who had done a heroic deed. The husband went out in search of the police. Her uncle and aunt, moved to tears, to facilitate the divorce, gave her their motor car, and she fled with her lover. "Certain passages created a good deal of hilarity that was not anticipated, we think, by the author." Later accounts tell of a letter from M. Verneuil, "who, in answer to a suggestion by a leading writer that Mr. Verneuil should have his piece removed from the program, retorts that, as he is receiving by way of author's fees £900 for each performance, he regrets he is unable to follow the advice of his genial counsellor."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage

wrote of two plays dealing with the demi-monde: "I suppose that few parents who take their daughters to applaud the doings of Wallingford and Arsené Lupin will take them to see 'L'ecole des Cocottes' at the Varietes, and yet it contains no coarse word or suggestive situation, and under the delicate irony of its dialogue is a wealth of truth. It shows the various stages of a modern Camille whose star is in the ascendant. Ginette is a Montmartre girl, who is happy in the love of a young cabaret singer until she receives the visit of Count Stanislas de la Ferrière, a ruined nobleman who has made himself professor of manners and deportment for the demi-monde, and predicts a great future for her. She quarrels with the singer, they separate and she allows the wealthy, middle-aged Labaume to furnish an elegant flat for her. But, thanks to the lessons of the old count, she soon leaves the kind-hearted Labaume. She has taken 'Lift' for her motto, and a wealthy financier has given her a veritable palace."

"In these magnificent surroundings she becomes a model of refinement, but she is not happy. The young cabaret singer, whom she helped to secure a good position, comes to announce his marriage to the daughter of his chief, and the longing for their old simple life in Montmartre comes over her. The scene is very poignant, very true, and admirably played by Mile. Spinnely and Tchepare. Silently they say good-by. 'Don't we kiss each other?' she asks timidly, and when he is gone Labaume finds her weeping. To this old friend she tells her troubles, and he takes her in his arms and comforts her. The silent understanding and simplicity of Raimu is such that no one can witness the scene without being strongly moved, and Mile. Spinnely also plays it with an emotion that I did not believe she possessed. Indeed, she played the whole last act with a sincerity that was a revelation. Max Dearly gives one of his inimitable etchings of the old Second Empire count. Voice, gesture, manner, authority—all are perfect—and, save for certain intonations, he would be unrecognizable. Raimu will be one of the great actors of the future. There is no artifice in his acting; his simplicity is almost awkward, but there is a wealth of humanity in all he does. Altogether, few plays have been so well acted of late. It was worthy of the ancient glory of the arletes."

The same correspondent complained of the stupendous review at the Folies Bergeres. "One of the most original scenes shows the decollete backs of chorus girls against a dark background. Among the richest scenes are the Roman Arena, Biskra and Sport, but there is an unwholesome exhibition of nudity throughout. It is purposely wanton, and the sketches are for the most part vulgar. The arena, with its entrance of gladiators, Venus and the faun, and the cleveland dancers, Tillie and Mitty, is dazzling, but the burning of semi-nude martyrs at the stake is carrying things rather far. Mile. Agnes Souret, the winner of the Journal beauty competition, is shown in a flowered basket which is swung across the darkened auditorium."

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" ("Faure Fortune"), adapted by Tarride and Faure, was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. Grettill took the part of Wallingford. The critics found the play amusing. "It would be vain," wrote one, "to search for either fine or deep psychology: the characters are painted only superficially."

Rodolphe Darzens is planning to build a new theatre, a departure from the customary deep horse-show formation. In this new theatre, the third under his management, there is a row of boxes behind the orchestra stalls, facing the stage. The orchestra stalls are built on an incline, and above the boxes there is one deep balcony of 12 tiers of seats on a steep incline. The seating capacity is about 1600. The construction of the stage will be more modern than that conceived by Antoine in 1900. M. Darzens intends it to be a sort of mammoth lift, with three distinct stages, one above the other. Each of these will be fully equipped so that, as on a revolving stage, the actors may pass from one scene to another without any interval, and the most complicated changes can be made. It will have a mobile roof to insure ventilation and permit rehearsals by daylight. Another project of M. Darzens is to run his new theatre on commonwealth lines. All his employees and artists will share in the yearly profits, which will be divided into two equal parts; the one being the dividends on the capital advanced, the other being the dividends on labor. "It is time," says M. Darzens, "that those who give their work and their talent should share in the profits, on the same footing as those who risk their money!"

Strauss Again in London; Walford Davies's New Fantasia, Etc.

As time goes on a composer's works are sifted, and nothing stays behind but the real music in them. Strauss's "Don Quixote," which was played at the Promenade concert at Queen's Hall, on Tuesday (Sept. 7), we hear again now with more impassive judgment. He is no longer a red rag to some and a flag to

others to fight under. We have grown indifferent to his cues, as to Wagner's and we fidget while the "program" is being worked out, because we came to the music. This begins with Variation III. There may be program going or still, but the music has us in its toils and we have lost count. If it is. From there to the end, it is representative Strauss—short, brilliant climaxes, with tremendous leverage on the pivot notes built upon a commonplace structure. There is a kind of dead weight lying somewhere on the springs; we seem to drag on the collar. But the climaxes themselves have motion and life, like the endless articulations of a Hindu temple springing out of a building architecturally poverty-stricken. There was not much else of importance in the concert except the Peer Gynt Suite No. 2, played here for the first time. "Ingrid's complaint," with which it begins, is Grieg at his best, and the extreme beauty of "Solveig's song," with which it ends, must have come as a surprise to many who have strummed it on the piano and not seen much in it.—The Times.

George Woodhouse wrote to the London Daily Telegraph combating its statement that Leschetizky was a piano pedagogue, whose teaching was devoid of musical qualities. "His work lives in the playing of that incomparable procession of world-famous pupils, from Madame Esipoff and Paderewski to Gabrielowitch and Moiserowitch. His phenomenal success has its dangers. The association of a great name lured the charlatan as well as the artist, and undoubtedly there have been pianists, born technique megomaniacs, who, arriving at their goal by any method, did somehow win their way to Leschetizky. He disowned them heartily. One of these, at the height of a temporary

popularity, he ironically described to me as 'wholly incapable, despite his having taken a finishing course with Prof. Sandow!'"

A new work by Dr. Walford Davies, a Fantasia for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, based on an episode from Dante's "Divine Comedy," was produced at the Worcester (Eng.) Festival on Sept. 8. The Fantasia describes how, as Dante and Virgil ascended the Mount of Purgatory, the mountain trembled, and forthwith from every side arose a shout, "Gloria in excelsis." This is followed by the song of Statius, the soul who "in this punishment had lain 500 years and more, but now he felt free wish for happier clime." It is in acclamation of this wish that the mountain is shaken and the song of praise bursts forth. Such a subject is clearly one to appeal to the composer of "Ew-ymen" and "The Song of St. Francis," and certain details of melody and harmony in his treatment of it remind one strongly of both these works, but it is not only very much slighter than they in point of actual length, but much more delicate in texture. The whole of the narrative is given to the tenor voice. The choir makes short reflective comments, and takes part in the outburst of the "Gloria." But even here there is no attempt to fill up choral effect. Possibly the composer has been too reticent in this respect, but, at any rate, what chorus there is contributes perfectly to the picture presented by the solo voice, backed by subtly used orchestral harmonies. The music is entirely individual, probably too idiosyncratic to make a very wide appeal, and too modest to attract very much notice, but, nevertheless, possessing a rare visionary beauty of its own. The composer conducted, and the work received a sympathetic interpretation by Mr. John Coates, the choir and orchestra.

Abby Richardson, an American singer, appeared in "Carmen" at the Paris Opera Comique in August.

Teresa Galdi, an Italian, has composed a trilogy after Dante: "Eros," in three parts—Inferno, Purgatoria, Paradiso.

The Goettingen University Union has performed Handel's opera "Rodelinda."

Journet, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House, takes the part of Marcel in the revival of "The Huguenots" at the Paris Opera.

The Padeloup Orchestra, beginning yesterday, will give its Saturday and Sunday concerts in the Paris Opera House, and on Thursday afternoon, in conjunction with the opera management, concerts that will retrace the history of dramatic music in France.

The Menestrel said of Henri Rabaud's becoming director of the Paris Conservatory: "There is no one who does not know and admire him. All the friends of music will rejoice to see this excellent musician, of a perfect artistic probity and the soundest judgment, take charge of our illustrious national school of music."

Korngold's new opera, "The Dead City," will be produced simultaneously next month at Vienna, Cologne and Hamburg.

A Serenade for violin and piano, a Concert Fantasia for piano and strings and a Spanish Rhapsody by a young Spanish composer, Jose Martin Gill, are warmly praised.

Beginnings of Screen Plays in England; Other Film Notes

We quote these notes about film plays from the Stage of London:

When picture making first began neither the actor nor the producer had anything to do with it; it was just the photographer who had a new sort of camera with a handle at the side. Animals were the first living creatures to be photographed, because they were cheap. Then I recall that about 23 years ago a few "small-part" actors were taken into gardens or out into fields to be "shot" doing something comic for a subject that perhaps lasted five minutes when shown. A little later, as Lennox Pawle, now one of our premier comedians, has described to me, in 1888, he was lured on to a spacious roof above a photographer's shop in the Mile End road and cajoled to part pro tem. with his trousers, with the view of doing some funny business in a little sketch among the local chimney pots, while his linen flapped in the breeze that blew—not o'er Eden, but Aldgate East.

That wasn't the worst, as he now graphically describes it, for it so happened that the roof where the "taking" was going on happened to be overlooked by an adjacent jam-and-pickle factory, so that a large audience of fair pickle-packers promptly assembled at their workshop windows to view the novel

sight, and to freely comment on Lennox's lack of conventional clothing. However, as our actor had stipulated that he should have an adequate honorarium, he endured all for what today he would regard as an utterly inadequate remuneration. There were no special studios for film-taking dreamed of in those distant days.

They say that "serials," those weekly double doses of unbelievable adventure, are coming in again. Lately we have been free from "The Hound of Horror" in 15 parts, and "The Black Bogey of Bedlam"—a 2-reeler of concentrated terror. Why must they all be so stupidly sensational? How welcome would be a good comic serial for a change, but then, that would be something really novel, and therefore taboo in those unimaginative recesses of Soho.

The Anglo-Indian Film Producing Company, with an office in Pall Mall and a big studio in India, has now been started. The native Indian is a true film fanatic. He literally "gobbles up" pictures as fast as he can. They appeal enormously to his eastern imagination. Hitherto British or American companies that attempted producing Indian scenes mostly did them at home. Now we shall find out what a lot of mistakes they made when filming stories dealing with the east. A company of British actors has been collected to go out and be taken on the spot in correct local settings. We have seen plenty of Indian travel agents, but these don't carry far unless there is a story behind to help them along.

Thus speaks out the Evening News: "English investors are becoming very shy of the film industry. This fact is largely due to the circumstance that film production has not progressed as fast as public taste. Beyond lighting and photography there has been no noticeable improvement for years past. The stories are pot-boilers, and so far as exhibition is concerned the majority of pictures, good, bad and indifferent, have been dragged down here to one dreary dead level. The whole mass of the film production business has been engaged in a wild scramble for quantity, and is still so engaged. The world of pictures lives and thrives upon novelty. And it is novelty that we are most in need of today." My complaint is that the public gets novels, still novels, and more novels! The dull and dreadful output of their indigestible story stupidities (though often framed in charming pictorial settings) goes on. The public is yawning; outside capital seems to scent the coming crash, and is "shy" to invest. Quantity may mount up and quality may sink, but the Frankenstein of Soho, having created this celluloid monster, they have got to be his slave or kill the ungrateful thing that, if left alive, is going to be their certain downfall. That public nuisance, the unsuitable novel, when made into a film, must go!

The cinema is going to have a tremendous indirect effect on the British speaking drama. The first-class film scenario is action, then action again, and action to the end. The actionless film scenario is just a negligible "dud." The spoken drama may have (when its dialogue is really witty) very little movement, but, of course, the best stage plays are those that have both witty dialogue and dramatic movement as well. Now, since action is the actual thing of value on the screen, where all dialogue must of necessity be cut out, since the visual appeal has become the only one possible, therefore it will be the play of action only that will make for authors the big money, because that class of piece will have not one but two valuable outlets, the stage and the screen, while the play of dialogue but no movement will be confined to the theatre boards, and not even to all these, but only to just one here and there. The public is being daily educated to look for dramatic movement; every week millions of spectators from youth upward are getting used to watching and craving for it at the picture houses. The film firms of America are already commissioning prominent dramatists to write "action plays" that

after being turned into screen scenarios; for which, with one eye on the stage, and the other on the screen, those two equal geniuses, the astute Yankee author simultaneously amuse

BURGIN NEW SYMPHONY CONCERT MASTER

Last Friday rehearsals were begun by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Pierre Monteux, the conductor, in preparation for the opening concert to be given next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Richard Burgin, celebrated Russian virtuoso, who is now concert master of the orchestra, arrived in Boston after a long voyage in time to be at his place at the left of the conductor on Friday morning.

The opening program now under preparation will begin with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—the so-called "Little Symphony" with the fantastic Scherzo, burlesquing the metronome, which had just been invented at the time of its composition. The newest work at the opening pair of concerts will be the orchestral fantasy by Guillaume Leku, the noted French composer of the Franck school. Caesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue recently scored for full orchestra by Gabriel Pletne, will also be played, and, for a brilliant closing piece, Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Tasso."

Although Richard Burgin's training has been largely in Russia, and a considerable part of his professional career has been confined by stringent conditions in eastern Europe to Russia, Finland and Scandinavia, he is a native of Warsaw and of Polish parentage. Through 12 years he has made his mark as the finest concert master in that part of the world, leading the string sections of the premier orchestras in the larger cities of these countries. He revealed extraordinary talent at the age of 5 and came to America when 13 years old, playing in Carnegie Hall, New York. He has never been to Boston before, although at that time he heard a performance in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra. His tuition took place, for the most part, in Russia, where he first studied under Lottl; and in 1905 he began four years of training at Petrograd under the great violin teacher, Leopold Auer. Of the Auer pupils of long standing in America, Zimbalist came just before his time; Toscha Seidel came later, while Jascha Heifetz was his fellow-pupil and friend. He then made extensive concert tours through several countries, playing notably as soloist in Petrograd, Kiev, Moscow, Odessa, Copenhagen and other cities. He played as concert master and soloist with the Petrograd Symphony orchestra, the Helsingfors Symphony orchestra, the Stockholm Concert Society orchestra and the Christiania Philharmonic Society orchestra. He played as soloist in the first public performance of the violin concerto Sibelius, under the supervision of the noted composer.

On another occasion he played Glazounoff's concerto, the composer conducting. Mr. Burgin has served as concert master under two former conductors of the Boston Symphony orchestra—Max Fiedler and Arthur Nikisch. Likewise, under Richard Strauss, at a Strauss festival in Stockholm, and under Schneevoght, the Finnish conductor of the Philharmonic Society in Stockholm and the Philharmonic orchestra of Christiania. Mr. Burgin has conducted this noted orchestra on several occasions, and he also instituted a quartet from its ranks, which toured from city to city, playing 12 concerts each year. Even more celebrated was the Burgin quartet of Stockholm, in which also he played first violin.

By PHILIP HALE

JENNY LIND was born at Stockholm Oct. 6, 1850; she died at Wynd's Point Malvern, Eng., Nov. 2, 1887. Having appeared on the stage in children's parts from 1830 onward, she made her first appearance at the Stockholm Opera House as Agatha in "Der Freischütz" on March 7, 1838. Her last appearance in opera was as Alice in "Robert the Devil," in London, May 19, 1849. She sang for the last time in public on July 23, 1883, in aid of the Railway Servants' benevolent fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills (Eng.).

P. T. Barnum brought her to the United States in August, 1850. The story of her adventures under his management, of the hysteria in New York over her arrival, of the homage paid her, is amusingly told in Barnum's "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Sixty Years' Recollections." Her first concert in the United States was at Castle Garden, New York, on Sept. 11. She was assisted by Belletti, the baritone, and Jules Benedict, pianist, and conductor of an orchestra numbering 60 players.

We are concerned today only with her concerts in Boston.



JENNY LIND + HER HUSBAND, SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING

The Auction Sale

Her first concert in Boston took place in Tremont Temple. Jenny took the boat at New York. She was serenaded at 2:30 A. M. by the officers of Fort Adams as she was passing, was met by a crowd at the railway station and was driven to the Revere House. The auction sale of tickets had taken place on Sept. 25, 1850.

In New York at the auction sale John Genin, a hatter paid \$225 as the purchaser of the first ticket for the concert at Castle Garden. His name was published in every newspaper in the country. His son Frank, who had run through his fortune, shot himself in the head on Dec. 2, 1897. The newspaper then stated that his father had paid \$5000 for the first ticket.

For the Boston sale Col. N. A. Thompson was the auctioneer. Luther H. Hale a daguerrotypist of Washington street made a bid of \$250. There were cheers William M. Feteridge, known by his Russian Salve and Balm of 1000 Flowers raised him \$25. Representatives of the Revere House, Oliver Ditson and G. P. Oakes, music publishers, made bids respectively of \$300, \$325 and \$350. Gleason, the publisher of the Flag of Our Union, shouted "\$450." Feteridge then cried "\$475 and my hat, and I value my hat as 'tis one of Rhodes very best—but take it in." Gleason offered \$600. Ossian Euclid Dodge purchased the ticket for \$625. In response to hurrahs, he would not dodge his bid. (It should be remembered that he was regarded as a public entertainer.) The second ticket was knocked down for \$24. Premiums declined to \$1.50 for each seat. It was estimated that \$25,000, premiums included, would be in the hall which held 2650.

When the first bid, \$250, was made, it, to quote a local newspaper's report of the auction, "clapped a broad-brimmed beaver extinguisher upon the flaming glories of the mammoth Manhattan hatter, and the great city that owned him for its champion. Genin was instantaneously swamped in ticket-buying supremacy. His cake of immortality was dough, his felt and fur transcendentalism was scattered to the four winds, and he sank at once with a crashing souse into a mere eight-penny oblivion."

The fame of Dodge crossed the Atlantic. The Musical World of London exclaimed: "Dodge, the vocalist, has by this dodge become immortal. By this sudden jerk he has shot himself out of nothing into entity. Henceforth, Dodge will be as a standing synonym for done. Well done, Dodge."

In Philadelphia the first ticket was knocked down for \$625 to Root, a daguerrotypist; in Cincinnati to McElvy, a tailor, for \$575. In Providence Col. William Ross paid \$650 premium for his seat. He did not go to the concert, and did not hear her until she sang in Havana.

Dodge's seat was No. 255, exactly in the centre of the lower floor.

Ossian Euclid Dodge

This Dodge was a singular person. In the reports of the auction sale he was described as "a vocalist and musical composer of much celebrity and worth."

In 1849 he was the editor and proprietor of the Boston Weekly Museum, or Dodge's Literary Museum. In the forties, "Covert and Dodge's Collection of Songs, Duets, Glees, Choruses, as Sung by Them and John B. Gough at Their Temperance Concerts Throughout the Union" was published in Boston by Oliver Ditson.

J. T. Trowbridge knew Dodge well. In "My Own Story" he has this to say about him: "His comic power consisted largely in grotesque grimaces and the fast of a voice that could go down and down into the very sepulchres and catacombs of barso profundo, until the hearers wondered in what ventriloquial caverns it would lose itself and become a ghost of sound." Songs were published "Words and music by Ossian E. Dodge." Trowbridge said that he wrote the words of one of these songs and somebody else

composed the music, and he had no doubt that the music and words of other songs by Dodge were thus provided for the entertainer.

Perhaps the most famous of these songs was "Ossian's Serenade." Here is the first verse:

O come with me in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm, and the sky is blue;
O come with me, for I long to go
To those isles where the mango apples grow,
O come with me and be my love;
For there in jungle-depth I'll rove;
I'll gather the honeycomb bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

Truly a zoological serenade!

Dodge saw to it that a lithograph for his glory was shown in all shop windows after Jenny's concerts here. It represented the blond and benignant Barnum introducing Dodge to Jenny, "adorably gowned and graciously bending with her eyes modestly cast down at the high lights on Ossian's boots." He had never drawn large audiences in Boston, but after the Jenny Lind episode he gave an entertainment in Tremont Temple and filled the hall to its utmost capacity, charging four times the customary price.

He was the director of "Ossian's Bards," a concert company. The five members were portrayed on a lithograph poster in 1853-4, "reproduced from daguerrotype." The long, tight curls of a bass singer would excite laughter today.

In 1851, through Amasa Walker, "secretary of state of Massachusetts," Dodge was appointed delegate to the world's peace congress held in Exeter Hall, London. He gained notoriety in that city by offering Prince Albert \$10,000 for the use of the Crystal Palace, one day and evening for a monster concert. The prince did not accept the offer. In the sixties Dodge gave a concert in Boston

with Bernard Covert and William Haywood. After he left the concert stage he made St. Paul, Minn., his home and he died there.

The Boston Concerts

The first concert, as we have said, was

in Tremont Temple on Sept. 27, 1850. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Crusaders".....Gade
"Sinfonia" from "Maometto II".....Rossini
Siz. Belletti,
"Casta Diva" from "Norma".....Bellini
Mlle. Lind,
Duet for piano on themes of B. Henl,
Messrs. Benedict and R. Hoffman,
Buffo Duet from "Il Turco in Italia".....Rossini
Mlle. Lind and Sig. Belletti,
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Trio Concertante from "The Camp of
Silesia".....Meyerbeer
Mlle. Lind, and Messrs. Keyle and Siele,
Dutists,
"Largo al Factotum".....Rossini
Sig. Belletti,
"Greeting to America".....Benedict
Mlle. Lind,
Herdsmen Song (Echo Song)
Mlle. Lind.

This "Greeting to America" was the ode by Bayard Taylor that won the prize of \$200 offered by Barnum. Several hundred were sent in, and Barnum himself admitted that with the exception of perhaps a dozen they were trash. The award did not please certain competitors, and this led to William A. Butler's witty pamphlet, "Barnum's Parnassus; being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind Song."

The excitement over this first concert was naturally great. Before the overture to "The Crusaders" a voice was heard calling: "This way, Mr. Dodge. Will gentlemen please to make a passage for Mr. Dodge." The scene was a tumultuous one, as described by a contemporary: "Ladies—the first of Boston society—arose on all sides and lifted their opera glasses. He was in full and faultless dress. He stood bowing before sitting." Men applauded wildly. At this concert there were loud cheers for Barnum, who spoke. Dodge was called on, but he did not respond.

The Rev. Mr. Peabody recorded his impressions of the singers in the Christian Register, "without encroaching on the practical, metaphorical, and enthusiastic phrases which seem in danger of being exhausted and worn out by her admirers." Praising the singing and the singer's personality, he described the "accessories" of the concert as unfortunate. "The Tremont Temple is entirely unsuited to musical entertainments. There is so little rebound to the voice, that it seems as if the walls must be lined with cotton; while under the deep low galleries, its finer tones are lost. In addition to this, the orchestra was of an inferior description. It played out of time and out of tune. The admirable leadership of Benedict, and the remarkable sing-

ing of Belletti, were not sufficient to overcome these difficulties. It shows Jenny Lind's power, that she overcame them triumphantly."

There were seven concerts in Boston in 1850 under Barnum's management. According to him the receipts were as follows: No. 1, \$16,479.50; No. 2, \$11,848.62; No. 3, \$8639.92; No. 4, \$10,169.25; No. 5, \$10,524.87; No. 6, \$5240; No. 7, \$7586.

In all \$70,385.16, averaging for each concert, according to his figures, \$10,055.45.

The concerts in Fitchburg Station Hall were on Oct. 11 and 12. The price of the tickets was \$3, \$2 and \$1. As there was no ventilation in the hall, all the windows were kept open. At one of these concerts the crowd was so great and so impatient to enter—the hall held 3500 persons—that windows and doors were broken, chairs and settees were smashed, women shrieked and fainted. There were bitter complaints against Barnum. This was on Oct. 12. It was the last Lind concert here under his management, and the last concert given in Fitchburg Station Hall.

In June, 1851, Jenny Lind, assisted by Salvi, tenor; Belletti, baritone; Otto Goldschmidt, pianist, and an orchestra of 40 players gave concerts in Boston.

She was heard during her visits to this city in these solos: "Airs from 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'I Puritani,' 'The Magic Flute,' 'Robert the Devil,' 'Norma,' 'Beatrice di Tenda,' 'Camp of Silesia,' 'Don Giovanni.' Other solo selections were 'Herdsmen Song,' Benedict's 'Take This Lute,' 'By the Sad Sea Waves,' Taubert's 'Bird Song,' 'John Anderson, My Joe,' 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' 'If with All Your Hearts,' from 'Elijah'; Dalcarian Melody, Mountaineer's Song, 'Last Rose of Summer,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' She was heard in duets and trios.

After the first concert Jenny received "Edward Everett, Longfellow, Gov. Briggs, Lt.-Gov. Reed, Messrs. Davis, Owen, Copeland, Tenny, Crocker, Wood, Grigley and B. Stevens." It was said of the commonwealth's officials: "Their visit was an unexpected honor, and one which had never before been offered to any vocalist. As it was I must own that it was rather paid to the excellence and purity of her private character than to her singular and unexampled talent as a public singer."

The extravagant praise, the silly paragraphs, that accompanied her tour in this country, notices that excited the ridicule of the London press, were as

on pic us in Boston as in the other
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Slush and Gush

Here are some samples: "One night a shabby dressed sewing girl approached the box office and put down \$3 for a ticket, saying: 'Here goes half a month's earnings, but I want so much to hear Jenny Lind.'"

"A young lady, at the first (sic) concert given by Jenny Lind in Boston, was so carried away by Jenny's singing of 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth' that she is reported to have exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm, 'O, I would be her waiting-maid if I could only be always near her!'"

"A pretty incident occurred a few evenings since which it gives us peculiar delight to chronicle, because it shows the kind-heartedness of Jenny Lind. A poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family resident in Roxbury, was induced to call on her far-famed countrywoman, for sake of lang-syne. Jenny received her with the utmost kindness, and detained her several hours, talking about home and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert, gave her a seat, and sent her back to Roxbury in a carriage at the close of the performances."

In Boston, a bar-room just opened on Washington street, near the Roxbury line, was called the Jenny Lind Hotel.

In Lynn were sold Jenny Lind sausages."

There was a "Jenny Lind teakettle," which, filled with water and placed on the fire, commenced to sing in a few minutes."

(In New York, there was a "Jenny Lind tailoring establishment at 215 Broadway.)

Jenny visited the observatory at Cambridge and looked through the telescope. The Transcript reported the incident:

"Saturn had not yet risen, and Jenny retired from the telescope waiting for his advent with his ring. At last he was announced as having risen, and Miss Lind again took her stand by the telescope. Scarcely was she looking through it than a brilliant meteor rushed across the face of the heavens, exactly opposite the end of the telescope. It passed with singular rapidity, and left visible its track in the atmosphere long after it had passed. The appearance was immediately noted down by the custodian of the observatory, this having been by far the brightest meteor which had been visible there for eight or nine years. Possibly it may be taken as an omen of the singular and extraordinary reputation as a vocalist which is to attend the great singer on her progress through this country."

Prof. Bond, writing to The Traveller about the great meteor of Sept. 30, said that Miss Lind called his attention to it as she was looking at Saturn. It was ascertained that the "vertical height of this meteor above the surface of the earth was about 50 miles, and its distance from Cambridge 120 miles in a northeasterly direction."

A Boston clergyman on the Sunday before her departure, glorified Miss Lind in his sermon. "Why is it that everybody loves that singing lady, now giving concerts in our city? Not on account of the matchless skill of her performances; not because of the bird-like sweetness of her tones, but because like the Savior of the world, who goes about doing good; because, by her many acts of disinterested benevolence, she shows that she loves everybody."

Otto Goldschmidt

Otto Goldschmidt, who became the husband of Jenny, was a pianist, composer and conductor. He was born on Aug. 21, 1829, at Hamburg. At the Leipzig Conservatory he studied the piano and composition in Mendelssohn's class. In 1848 he went to Paris, hoping to study with Chopin. In 1848 he went to England, and the next year played in a concert given by Jenny at Her Majesty's Theatre. In 1850 he came to the United States. After his marriage in 1852 and their return to Europe he and Jenny lived for three years in Dresden. In 1858 they went to England. He conducted musical festivals at Dusseldorf and Hamburg (1863, 1866). In 1863 he was appointed vice-principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London. In 1876 he formed and conducted the Bach choir of London. He wrote oratorios, choral songs, a pianoforte concerto, also a piano trio, songs and some chamber music and piano pieces. He died at London on Feb. 24, 1907.

At the Lind concert in Boston, he played these pieces: Schumann, Calceolaria, Bravura; Weber, Concert Piece; Thalberg, Tarantella; Henselt, Variations; Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo from Concerto in G minor; Liszt, "Luce di Lammermoor" Fantasy; Chopin, Nocturne in E flat; C. Mayer, Les Ar-

It was said at the time that Jenny married Otto, not Otto Jenny; that before the wedding she was so vexed when an audience was cool after his playing

to Boston. There were stories about her ardent admirers in this country. In 1847 there was an account of "Root" van Steinhurgh, then between 70 and 80 years old, living near Saugerties, N. Y., who when he was debarred from seeing Jenny purchased a hand organ and played beneath her window. He was characterized as "a harmless imbecile with rare conversational powers."

Jenny's Marriage

Jenny Lind was married on Feb. 5, 1852, to Otto Goldschmidt at the house of S. J. Ward, 20 Louisburg square. The Boston Courier of Feb. 6 published the following account of the wedding:

"Although St. Valentine's day, has not quite reached us, yet the first bird of the season, has already chosen her mate. The queen of song has committed matrimony. Jenny Lind is Jenny Lind no longer, but Mrs. Goldschmidt. In plain English, the following record was made yesterday on the books of the Boston city registrar:

"Married in this city, at the residence of Mr. S. G. Ward, by the Rev. Charles Mason, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright of New York, the Swedish consul; Hon. Edward Everett, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Ward, Mr. N. I. Bowditch, her legal adviser, and other friends, Otto Goldschmidt of Hamburg, to Miss Jenny Lind of Stockholm, Sweden."

"Mr. Goldschmidt has attended Jenny as her pianist for many months past. The match has taken everybody by surprise, though we must say that we were struck with something confoundingly arch and roguish in the twinkle of her eye when she sang 'John Anderson, My Jo,' the last time she appeared in public in this city. Such, however, has been the discretion of the parties that it may have been a 'foregone conclusion' for years. The next song of the nightingale will, of course, be 'Home, Sweet Home.' May she live a thousand years and sing it every day."

She had sojourned in Northampton, living at the Round Hill Hotel, once the celebrated school of Bancroft and Coggeswell. She sang there in the Old Church, twice in all. She gave \$1000 from the proceeds of the second concert to the Young Men's Library Association, and the balance for general charitable purposes. It was in North-

ampton that she and her husband sat for the daguerrotype that is here reproduced. It was taken by Jerry Wells, a singular character, highly esteemed for his work in the studio. I remember him well, seeing and talking with him in the sixties.

Jenny the Woman

(A portrait in oils by W. W. Sharp, an English painter, in Williams's book store, is said to be the only oil painting of her in this country.)

How would Jenny be regarded as a singer today? Was she the "greatest ever," as some would have us believe? She certainly was not always amiable in her old age, however well disposed toward the poor and the unfortunate. Many stories are told about her bitterness toward other singers of reputation. Miss Edith Abell, seeing her in her house near South Kensington in 1887, wrote that Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt spoke disparagingly of Adeline Patt and others, and considered Americans "a nation of humbugs."

One of the sourest remarks about Jenny Lind is in a letter of Thomas Carlyle; but Carlyle did not like opera. He heard her in "La Sonnambula." "An audience of some 300 expensive looking fools, male and female, come to see this Swedish nightingale 'hop the twig,' as I phrase it. Nothing could exceed my ennui. . . . I do not desire to hear Lind again; I would not bring me sixpence worth of benefit, I think, to hear her sing six months in that kind of material."

Let us quote from an elaborate study written by the experienced, scrupulously honest, courageous Henry F. Chorley, the music critic of the Athenaeum (London). He began by speaking of the puffery that preceded her appearance in London; how her apparition in Berlin was indeed a God-send among "the clumsy and exaggerated women who strode the stage, screaming as they strode"; how the panegyrics of German composers, as usual, grew in importation. "With these came details of private life and authentications of private virtue, just as eagerly minute as if they were not, of necessity, assumed, since private life and private virtue do not bare their modesty and their secrets to the paragraph-maker. Last of all, the herald-trumpets spoke of charities done—in a tone as if charity was the exception, not the rule, among musical artists. Now, this is a theory than which one more foolhardy, more false, could hardly be propounded. Great singers have, from time immemorial, given out of both hands; have too little regarded themselves, too largely turned their singing gifts to account. Howsoever vain, voluptuous and thoughtless some among them have been, the amount of almsgiving and unselfish assistance ministered by them, without thought of notoriety or repayment, in the midst of hurried and distracting lives, in spite of uncertain gains, in the face of ingratitude, has

never been stated, much of it having been concealed. Enough, however, is known to every one conversant with music and with musicians, to make the recommendation of any single singer as Charity incarnate, cruelly unjust to a hundred others, inasmuch as it implied that singers' charity was a new thing in this world of ours before the year of grace 1847."

Her Voice and Art

London went mad about "the Swedish nightingale." "How far," wrote Chorley, "the triumph was well deserved in its extravagance was a question scouted for the moment as the rankest and most presumptuous heresy. No one would for a moment suffer the chorus of idolatry which attended this extraordinary woman to be for a moment interrupted by any discussion of her genius and talent, as compared with those of any former singer."

Chorley described her voice as a soprano of two octaves—from D to D—having a possible higher note or two, available on rare occasions. The lower half and the upper one were of two distinct qualities; the former was velled, if not husky, and apt to be out of tune; the latter was rich, brilliant, powerful. She possessed "the power of respiration" in the highest perfection. "Thus by subduing her upper notes, and giving out her lower ones, with great care could conceal the disproportions of her organ. I imagine that her voice must have been fatigued by incessant early use on the stage." Her execution was great; her trill true and brilliant; she used her pianissimo tones so as to make them resemble an effect of ventriloquism. "On every note that she sang, in every bar that she delivered, a skilled and careful musician was to be detected. . . . Not a note was neglected by her, not a phrase slurred over." And so many of her effects on the stage appeared over-calculated. Chorley shared only at intervals the belief of the majority that she possessed deep and true feeling. He gave illustrations of her successes and failures as an operatic singer. "During her stage career Mme. Lind created very little."

He spoke of her admirable qualities as a concert singer.

"The wild, queer, northern tunes brought over by her, her careful expression of some of Mozart's great airs, her mastery over such a piece of execution as the 'Bird Song' in Haydn's 'Creation,' and lastly, the grandeur of inspiration with which the 'Sanctus' of angels in Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was led by her (the culminating point in that oratorio) are so many things to leave on the mind of all who have heard them, as many indelible prints. These are the triumphs, in my poor judgment, which will stamp Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt's name in the Golden Book of Singers."

He thought her best operatic role was Julia in Spontini's "Fernand." He praised her Alice in "Robert the Devil"; her Adina, although she did not sing the final rondo half so well as Mme. Persiani; her Adina; her Susanna in Mozart's opera was stiff, heavy, conscientious; her madness as Lucia was "fearfully touching"; her Norma was pale and weak.

Yet all that she did in opera was indiscriminately praised.

"Voc to those during that season (1847) who ventured to say or to write that any other great singer had ever sung in the Haymarket Opera House! To my cost, I know that they were con- signed to such ignominy as belongs to the idiotic slanderer. Old and seemingly solid friendships were broken, and forever, in that year."

Oct. 4, 1870

The linotype made us say last Thursday that the word "normalcy" is found in Edgar Allan Poe's "Eureka." We wrote "normality," which is not the same word, not the same.

A Question Answered

Some time ago Mr. Carolus M. Cobb of Lynn, passing through Saco, Me., was reminded of a parody of "Bingen on the Rhine," which he heard years ago. Unfortunately, or fortunately, he remembered only the first verse.

The Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal quoted his letter published in this column and asked if any one of its readers could supply the missing verses. The response was quick. Several sent scraps of the verses to the editor. Finally Mr. Prentiss M. Hill of Saco enclosed the whole poem, which he had clipped from a local newspaper. It appears from a prefatory note that the parody, then printed by request, appeared originally in the York County Independent of March 10, 1874. It was written for that newspaper by Sam K. Hodgdon, who signed himself "Gus Kaler." The verses were extensively copied. A leading journal of Cincinnati, O., reprinted them, "embellished with appropriate cuts." The verses as forwarded by Mr. Hill are as follows:

LIGHTEEN FORTY-NINE.

A citizen of Saco lay blind drunk in the street:

There were lack of stamps about him, his monthly bills to meet. But a policeman paused beside him, as he passed along the way. And, with uplifted billy, bent to hear what he might say. The drunken bummer bellowed, as he met the peeler's eye. And he said, "Oh, please it, pardner, I've been coming through the eye. Take a message to my mother, she will come and pay my fine. For I was born in Free street in eighteen forty-nine."

"Tell the lawyers and the judges, and the fellows who report. When they meet to hear my trial in the gay old police court. That we staid in the shipyard, but ere we got around. Full many a man was balmy, and dropped upon the ground. And 'mid the gay old snoozers were some grown old in sin; Their pockets were devoid of cash, and their breaths smelled strong of gin. And some were green, and foolishly mixed whisky with their wine. And one was born on Free street, in eighteen forty-nine."

"Tell my mother I am nabbed again, and haven't got a red; I'm exactly like the old man, is what she always said. For my father was a bummer, and when upon a spree He used to smash her on the head until she couldn't see; And when he kicked the bucket, and was planted out of sight, I stole his old brass knuckles—heroes of many a fight. And I always liked to hang them where the street lamp used to shine. On the shanty wall on Free street, in eighteen forty-nine."

"Tell my sister, who is on the York, that settlement day is near; Ask her if she'll save some stamps, and get some lager beer. And bring it to the station, and pass it on the sly. Through the grating to her brother, who is getting mighty dry. And if any 'sardine' seeks her love, I ask her not to fret. But to answer in her dulcet voice, 'Say, sonny, now you get.' And to set the stone jug in its place (the old man's jug and mine). Which has seen hard times in Free street in eighteen forty-nine."

"There's another, not a sister, but a washer-woman gar. You'd have known her if a bit of hers you'd ever had to pay. She used to do my washing in the days when I was flush. Oh, friend! The price you always charged would make a hotel clerk blush. Tell her the last night of my drink (for ere those bright stars pale I know I shall be handcuffed and safely lodged in jail). I dreamed her bill was paid in full and I saw the sunset shine. Through the cracks in the roof on Free street as it did in forty-nine."

"I saw her hanging clothes to dry—I heard or seemed to hear. The voice of a neighbor telling his wife to 'walk off on her ear.' And around the corner of the house (I can almost hear it still) The echoing chorus sounded, 'Say, will yez pay that bill?' And her mad green eyes shot fire as she chased me round and round. Down many a street and alley, until I stumbled down. And her bawny hands closed tightly and crushed the bones in mine— But we'll meet no more on Free street, as in eighteen forty-nine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak. His eyes put on a drunken leer—he sighed and ceased to speak. The peeler bent to lift him—two hundred pounds he weighed. And the citizen of Saco in a prison cell was laid. And the street lamp spluttered a moment, then calmly she looked down. On the door-mat of Main street, in pity for the town. Yes, calmly on that midnight scene, her dim light seemed to shine. As it used to shine on Free street in eighteen forty-nine."

"Am" or "Is"?

As the World Wags:

In regard to the phrase, "It is I who am (or is) at fault," none of your correspondents, so far as I have observed, seems to have read the whole of what Gould Brown says in his big grammar. According to that grammar, the statement in its original form is, "It, that is at fault, is I." In other words, in the transaction or person or thing that is at the time being talked about, there is supposed to be something that is at fault. What is it that is at fault? Why, it, that is at fault, is I. The antecedent of the relative is "it," and not "I." And it is to be remembered that the fundamental structure of the sentence is not changed by moving its members about a bit and saying, "It is I, that is at fault."

Again, we all learned very early in life that a relative agrees with its antecedent in gender and number but not in case. The antecedent in this case is "it," which is always neuter. Therefore its relative cannot possibly be "who," which is never neuter. The relative must therefore be "that."

Boston. EUGENE B. HAGAR.

SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mme. Sschumann-Heink, assisted by George Morgan, baritone, opened the Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon concert season of 1920-21 yesterday. The program:

reveling the...
...the...
...the...

In spite of the malicious statements that have been published in New York, the orchestra is today of the high standard that made it famous in the past years. Only members that could easily be spared, with one or two exceptions, deserted the orchestra last season. The place of these exceptions have been more than adequately filled. The sale of seats has been gratifyingly large. There are no seats purchasable for the Friday concerts, and the subscription sale for Saturday nights is far greater than it has been in the preceding years.

The program of the concerts this week is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Lekeu, Fantasia on two folk tunes of Anjou; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue (orchestrated by Pierné); Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso."

Beethoven's eighth Symphony has been on the program of a Boston Symphony concert beginning the season only once in 30 years. During these years Symphonies of Beethoven have had the honor 19 times. The C Minor was the favorite; next to it the Eroica; then the seventh. The second was played at opening concerts twice; the Pastoral once. At other concerts the symphonies at the opening concert were by Schumann, Brahms, Tschalkowsky, Dvorak and Franck.

The Fantasia by Lekeu and Pierné's orchestral transcription will be performed here for the first time. Lekeu, a Belgian, who died too young, is known in Boston chiefly by his violin sonata. The Fantasia was composed in 1891-92. Pierné's transcription of Franck's noble and familiar piano piece, first played here by Harold Bauer, was brought out at a Colonne concert, Paris, in 1904.

The program of the concerts next week includes Enesco's Symphony, Brahms's piano concerto, No. 1, and the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz. Harold Bauer will play the concerto for the third time in Boston with this orchestra.

SYMPHONY'S 40TH SEASON

By PHILIP HALE

The 40th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began brilliantly yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Lekeu, Fantasia on two Folk-Songs of Anjou; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue orchestrated by Gabriel Pierné; Liszt, "Tasso"; Lament and Triumph.

In past years it was the custom to write in a quasi-apologetic tone of the first symphony concert of the season; the orchestra had not been together during the summer; or there was a new conductor who was not yet in full sympathy with the players; other excuses, necessary or unnecessary, were invented by lazy reviewers.

Yesterday gave no cause for an apologetic or glibly indifferent review. Yet there were several new members and the program included two unfamiliar compositions. It was good to see so large an orchestra; this body of players will be still further enlarged, for several that have been engaged for the string section will arrive next week, or come too late for the first concert. As for the performance itself, it was one that was characteristic of a well-seasoned, well-disciplined, enthusiastic body of artists. Mr. Monteux and Mr. Brennan have worked a miracle; the city, the country, may still and well be proud of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in spite of the malicious and foolish attempts last season to disrupt it.

The conductor was warmly welcomed, and the great audience manifested every sign of genuine appreciation after the performance of each composition.

Lekeu's Fantasia and Pierné's transcription were played in Boston for the first time. The former was published in 1903; the latter was first performed at a Colonne concert in Paris in 1904. Our "novelties" are late in arrival. Lekeu, the Belgian, is known here chiefly by his violin sonata, of which Eugene Ysaÿe, who was interested in him, once said, it is a fine work when cuts are freely made in it. The composer died in 1894, a few months after the production of the Fantasia, when he was only 21 years old. Much was excitedly expected of him. It is not surprising that his Fantasia is not on the whole firmly knit; that some might find even a few crudities in it; that the influence of Wagner in the harmonic scheme is at times recognized; but there is such a freshness of inspiration, there are such pages of genuine beauty and individually poetic feeling, that the premature death of this gifted composer is a great loss.

The more commonplace section of the Fantasia is the first in which the dance scene is portrayed in tones. When Lekeu came to the love music, with the enchanting solo passages for oboe and violoncello, he wrote in a vein of rare tenderness and revealed his imaginative nature. Nor did he for a moment fall into the sensual caterwauling dear to many French composers when they attempt to express "amour." His own taste, and his studies with Cesar Franck and Vincent d'Indy saved him from this pitfall. This love-section contains both rapturous and exquisite pages, while the close has peculiar harmonic and orchestral charm. The Fantasia met yesterday with instant favor. We do not remember in the course of thirty years an unfamiliar composition that was so heartily and spontaneously greeted.

Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue has been played here by many pianists. Pierné's transcription is a brilliant example of skilful, intelligent, one might say, reverent instrumentation; yet there are some of us who prefer the naked nobility of Franck's composition to the sumptuous orchestral dress with which Pierné has clothed it. And so the simple air of Handel's Xerxes seated beneath the plane tree is far more moving than the swollen transcription known as "Handel's Largo."

There was a sound performance of Beethoven's Symphony. The concert ended with Liszt's flamboyant "Tasso," which, with the exception of the leading theme in its simplest form, and possibly the minuet episode, is stuffed with bunkum. The apotheosis, especially, is a noteworthy example of Liszt's circus-sawdust and blatant pomp. How far is this Liszt from the composer of the "Faust" Symphony and the songs; even from "Mazeppa" and the Mephisto waltz!

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Enesco, Symphony in E-flat major; Brahms, piano concerto, No. 1 (Harold Bauer, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

As a rule, people look upon cats as being without variety. They know that these animals catch mice, have evil designs upon cream-jugs and canaries, scratch baby and hold melancholy concerts in the back garden. But beyond these points, common to all the species, the great majority of people have no standards of distinction. It is true that the creatures vary in color, but somehow, as a rule, we lump them all together into the common or garden cat, and regard them as being of a monotonous sort.

The Necessary Cat

As the World Wags:

Comment in a contemporary periodical brings round once more the perennial discussion of cats. Roused by the bloody news of the postman who slew 85 in 24 hours space, a much-perturbed correspondent springs to the defence of the cat kind, pausing in eulogy to pay deference to Dr. Johnson and Hodge. Thus once more does the harmless, necessary cat become the object of misguided praise and uncomprehending platitudes.

How few have understood the cat! "Academe," not long ago, saw fit to lay his tribute at her feet, with much discourse of Gammer Gurton and of Boswell. I have eaten salt at his table—nay, more, I have smoked his tobacco, and it is not meet that I should disparage his opinion, even of cats. I cannot, however, let the opportunity pass without a word as to the true cat nature.

The cat, considered by your sentimental Bostonian, takes on, as might be expected, a hazy aroma imparted by the typical darning ball guardian of the New England old maid, combined with with a faint, spicy tang of the cats of polite literature, of Hodge and the cats of Cranford. If you will, but an aroma quite out of any true relation with the real cat of history.

How it is that this sinister feline at so many firesides is regarded as the innocent plaything of youth and the companion of complacent old age, I cannot comprehend. Why this incarnation of sleek rascality and smug self-satisfaction is loved and respected, even tolerated, is beyond me. The creature observes a smirking cleanliness that deceives the beholder, yet remains the deadly carrier of disease.

As she crouches by the hearthstone with an unmistakable air of saying grace, what goes on behind those harsh, green eyes? What memories of her ancient race stir within her as she stretches out those velvet pads with their treacherous steel claws? Centuries have endeared her to the human race, but has she wholly forgotten those elder days, when she stalked among the Egyptian tombs in the Valley of the Kings, amid the sun-cracked hieroglyphs, where else only basilisk and scorpion scuttled about the painted sarcophagi of Pharaohs? Does she recall that Golden Age when, before the

train of drunken revellers, she bounded down the Himalayan slopes, or cringed beneath the lash of Cybele in the gloomy forests of Ida? Leopard or maitese, tabby, angora or panther, she is one, the same—the cat that licked her hungry flanks beneath the tables of Trimachio, that shared the couch of Calligula, that lurked behind the altars of Isis and Osiris and typified the sink of abominations that had been the seven proud hills of Rome.

Nor in a succeeding age was she without her votaries. She played her part in the mysteries of Faustus; the followers of Albertus Magnus sought her secret; the master of the Gardens of Love portrayed her at the courts of the pleasure-loving dukes of Burgundy; her ghostly presence enlivened the machinations of the witches of Salem.

But with the decadents of a latter day her cult reached its height, bringing new horrors and new canacles of devotees. Her glistening back was fondled by the sensuous hand of Gautier: "For pleasure seemeth to me the aim of life," quoth he, "the single useful thing in all the world. God willed it thus, who made women, perfumes, light, beautiful flowers, good wines, curly ringlets, and angora cats." Her incomprehensible stealth is limned in the pages of Poe. Her loathsome treachery, her unutterable horror, live yet in the verses of Baudelaire and the etchings of Charles Meryon.

Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac knew her: "Chats-chauves chauves-souris!" blabbered the poor, mad Frenchman, obsessed by this immemorial succubus.

I cannot help it; I can never abide a cat. To me she stands forth as terrible as the Sphinx that some time haunted the chamber of a lonely Oxford student. I feel like crying out with Oscar Wilde:

Why are you tarrying? Get hence! I weary of your sullen ways,
I weary of your steadfast gaze, your somnolent magnificence.
Your eyes are like fantastic moons that shiver in some stagnant lake,
Your tongue is like a scarlet snake that dances to fantastic tunes,
Your pulse makes poisonous melodies, and your black throat is like the hole left by some torch or burning coal on Saracenic tapestries.

Boston. / D. W. B.

What?

As the World Wags:

There is an interesting old "account book" in a house that is now closed. The book came from Fort Pownall (1759-1778) and carries the names of the early settlers who came with the "posse" that built the fort. This old book is long and narrow like an invoice book, covered with time-stained sheep. On the outside is inked in large letters "Wast Book." I have wondered what "Wast" meant. The charges in the book are under dates between 1772-1777, and run as well as powder and shot was sold.

Stockton Springs, Me.

How We Shall All End

Prof. Elinders Petrie recently propounded his theory that the world will come to an end in a few hundred thousand years by reason of the disappearance from our atmosphere of its carbonic acid gases. M. Martel, on the other hand, is sure that a few centuries hence the human race will die of thirst as a result of progressive lowering of the water level, while Sir Archibald Geikie not long ago predicted that owing to the universal decay of the land "a comparatively short period would reduce most of the dryland to the level of the sea and bring about a second deluge." We have read an ingenious story by a Frenchman about the freezing to death of the last man and woman, when all others had been frozen by the fire of the sun going out.

Clear as Crystal

Here is a quotation from Thorstein Veblen's "The Place of Science in Modern Civilization" for the bright-eyed young Augustus to memorize:

"If we are getting restless, under the taxonomy of a monocotyledonous wage doctrine and a cryptogamic theory of interest, with involute, loculicidal, tormentous and moniliform variants, what is the cytoplasm, centrosome, or karyokinetic process to which we may turn, and in which we may find succor from the metaphysics of normality and controlling principles?"

Oct 10 1920

It is not easy to realize that Carlo Buonamici is no longer with us: he was so buoyant, so full of vitality, so interested in all things pertaining to humanity, so sturdy physically and mentally. His sudden departure is not only a severe loss to the musical life of Boston; it has saddened countless friends in all walks of life.

He was fortunate musically in his father, Giuseppe Buonamici, a renowned pianist and an excellent teacher, the close friend of Hans von Bülow and Hermann Scholtz, with whom he was associated in Munich in the late '60's and early '70's. Giuseppe never visited this country, but his playing, especially of music by Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt, excited the warmest admiration in cities

of the European continent and in London. He was Carlo's first teacher, and his instruction shaped the son's artistic career in the after years.

Carlo went to Würzburg in 1891, entered the Royal Music School, studied the piano with Van Zeil and in 1894 took the first prize for piano playing. In 1896 he served his time in the Italian army, and in 1896 came to Boston, which was his home until his death.

In Boston he gave recitals—the first was on January 17, 1898. He played here in concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: 1902, Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian airs; 1904, Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 1—the first performance in this city; 1910, Chopin's Concerto No. 2. He was busied also with chamber music, playing with the Kneisel Quartet in Boston, New York, Brooklyn; with the Boston Symphony Quartet, and with other chamber clubs.

In 1908 he made a concert tour in Italy and Germany, playing with orchestras and giving recitals.

He served his native country in the great war and did manfully the tasks laid upon him.

His piano playing was characterized by fine phrasing, a polished style, brilliance and fire. In spite of his firm technique, he suffered from the nervousness that comes from the fear of a failing memory, yet this nervousness did not impair his mental performance or his technical display. In this respect he resembled some other celebrated pianists, as Raoul Pugno. And it should be remembered that Clara Schumann in her later years, playing with orchestra, had the notes on the rack to reassure her; as Vladimir de Pachmann does today whenever he takes part in an orchestral concert.

The brilliance and charm of a virtuoso fade with the years. They become merely a tradition, but the work of a skilful teacher is beneficent and is enduring. Carlo, as a teacher, was gifted by nature as well as by his own training. He had the power to impart what he himself knew. Strict as he was, he was not pedagogically stern, morose, after the German manner. His pupils loved him, though he chastened; nor did he ever win their affection by flattery. He sought out the individuality of each student and taught according to the nature and the limitations of each one. He insisted on tonal equality and beauty, on an evenly developed mechanism, on musical and rhetorical phrasing. Here, as at the famous Farmington (Ct.) school and at the school in Norton, his nurture bore rich fruit.

As a man he was most companionable; a joyous, loyal, generous, lovable soul. He was fond of outdoor life; a mighty hunter before the Lord. He was an accomplished fencer. Whatever he undertook in the way of physical recreation, he did earnestly and well. A man of ideals, and not only in his art; anything low, mean, pretentious, snobbish was abhorrent to him.

A few days before his death he corrected the proofs of his forthcoming "Practical Points on Piano Playing." As the preface is characteristic of the man, we publish it today:

"Many times I have been asked by friends and pupils to write the principal rules that I, as a teacher of pianoforte playing for many years, have followed, and I have at last decided to accede to their request, although I do not assume for a moment that all my ideas are new. A number of them, however, are sufficiently new to surprise somewhat and to justify my book.

"To the memory of my father, the late Giuseppe Buonamici of Florence, Italy, and to Henri Van Zeil, my two great teachers, I dedicate this little work, in loving appreciation of what they gave me.

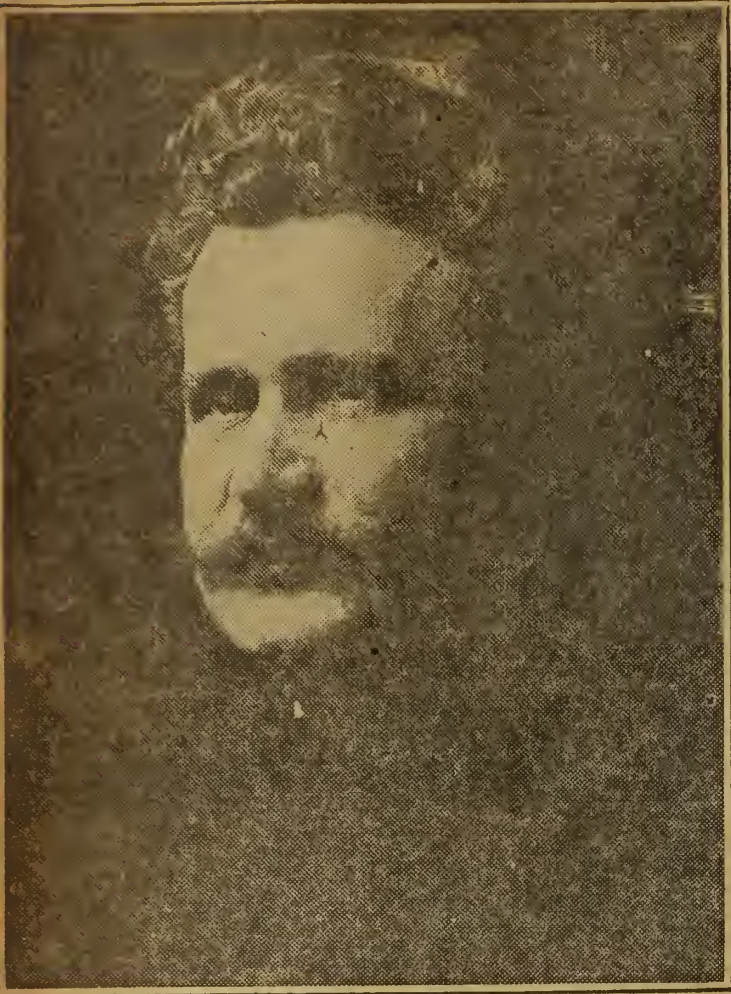
"Both these pianists were gifted with a remarkable touch, an unusual technique, a beautiful legato and staccato, and most important of all, a poetical and musical feeling rarely known in this day. "Fortunately, I was able to continue studying in the same school in which I began my training; for even in my later years, after leaving Italy to study with Henri Van Zeil in Germany, the principles of teaching remained the same.

"Few people ever heard of Henri Van Zeil, one of the youngest and most talented pupils of Franz Liszt; a man who would have made a far greater name had he traveled as a concert pianist. Unfortunately, intemperance, with its consequent nervous breakdown, ended his career while he was yet young, and his early death was a great loss, not only to his own pupils, but to the musical world at large. To my mind he was a great and gifted master, one of the greatest, as a matter of fact.

"Of my father I need not speak, for he was well known in all musical circles, and his talent was appreciated by all the leading authorities and critics of Europe. Also, the fine editions that he issued, those of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and other standard composers, still aid greatly our youngest generation of pianists in their study.

As a token of my appreciative recognition of the debt I owe them for my own success in the work of the past 25 years of teaching, I offer the following lines:

NOTED PIANIST GONE



CARLO BUONAMICI, PIANIST

Florence, Italy, June 20, 1875; Farmington, Ct., Sept. 30, 1920.

Notes About Theatrical Events in London and Paris

Mr. Walkley of the London Times, having seen Mr. Thurston's new play, "The Wandering Jew," began his review by saying "the worst of wandering Jews is that they are apt to wander at haphazard. Wherever you find them there seems to be no particular reason why they should be there rather than elsewhere. Nor can you guess why they should be there just at that time. The story of a man about whom it is a toss up where you will find him and when is bound to be a little incoherent." In each act the dramatist shows the Jew to be a different man. "We are willing to put up with an arbitrary geography and chronology, but we really do expect some unity of character. The wandering Jew may wander where and when he pleases, but he really ought to be the same wanderer throughout. Surely that is the whole point of the legend, the curse of an abnormally prolonged life—act of a series of lives? . . . As for the treatment we can see nothing for it but poetry—rhetorical poetry, if you like, and if that is not a contradiction in terms. A Byron, perhaps, might have achieved it. But Mr. Thurston's treatment, despite its blank verse, is without poetry, rhetoric plus showmanship—a trip through various places and ages." Only two scenes are effective, the first and the last. The first is the scene of the crucifixion. "Through an open window you see the spearheads of the soldiery marching to Calvary, and in their midst the cross glows wearily along—of course, the cross being invisible." "In the final, or rather, the penultimate scene, the Jew does for once rise to the occasion in addressing the Inquisitors on the contrast between their Christianity and the

Founder's. Mr. Matheson Lang, with his fine presence and his magnificent voice can do this sort of thing wonderfully well. The final scene of his death at the stake is only horrible. . . . On the whole, a picturesque 'machine' rather than a work of art with genuine inspiration and real unity. The wandering Jew's life was ex hypothesi very long, but it ought not to have been lengthened by longueurs. The fact is, we believe, the subject is not dramatic."

Paul Ferrier, playwright and librettist, is dead. He was born at Montpellier, France, March 23, 1843. He was admitted to the bar but he quickly abandoned the profession. His first play, in one act and in verse, "La Revanche d'Iris," was brought out at the Comedie Francaise in 1868. The list of his works is a very long one. He wrote librettos for Offenbach, Varney, Herve, Pessay,

Lecocq, Roger ("Josephine vendue par ses soeurs"), Pugno, Serpette, Lacombe, Marechal, Messager and others; he wrote many plays and adopted the librettos of "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly" for the French stage. He was a frequent contributor to the Gaulois.

Jean Guity, the son of Lucien and brother of Sacha, died last month as the result of a motor car accident. He had acted at the Renaissance, Varietes and Eldorado in Paris.

The Herald has described Louis Verneuil's play, "L'Inconnu," which was slated severely by the critics who attended the dress rehearsal. The public liked the play and the box office receipts were large. Therefore M. Franck, the president of the Parisian Theatre Managers' Association, protests against the dress rehearsals: "The great public should be the sole judge of the worth of a piece," to which the Menestrel adds, "aided by well organized puffery." The Menestrel further says: "The question is not new. A new play is therefore good if it makes money. If this is so, the best piece of the year should be the Revue des Folies-Bergere, which brings in each evening much more important sums than 'L'Inconnu,' while the 'Cid' would be a 'plug.'" The Syndicate of Dramatic Authors wishes the Federation of the Theatres to judge if plays are literary and to exercise a sort of censorship. "All this," says the Menestrel, "will calm down when the cases of sunstroke from the summer vacations will have disappeared."

The centenary of Emile Augier was celebrated at the Comedie Francaise by a performance of his "Effrontes"; at the Odeon by his "Fils de Giboyer." Who would believe that these two plays created a scandal some 60 years ago?

The Federation of Theatres in Paris demands a new increase of salaries. The movement started at the Opera-Comique. "As long as the peasants wish to sell their wheat at 100 francs, eggs at 15 sous and their salads at 10 sous, these conflicts will be inevitable."

The hero of Maurice Magres' new play, "La Mort Enchainee," a dramatic legend in three acts and in verse (Comedie Francaise), is our old friend Sisyphus, King of Corinth, and dispenser of the gods. The dramatist has introduced into the legend philosophical ideas. De Max played Sisyphus. Pan opens and ends the tragedy. "He represents ironic and impassable Nature who laughs at human agitation, and in the greatest dramatic moments, allows birds to sing and brooks to murmur."

Stage Physicians

The "medical correspondent" of the Daily Graphic (London), having seen "The Hand of Death," a grand Guignol

shock, to which The Herald has already alluded, writes about physicians on the stage:

"It is over 40 years since I first went to a theatre, and the stage doctor has greatly improved in that time. In days gone by I have seen a modern practitioner (it was in a country theatre) receiving his patients in a mediaeval laboratory with retorts and stuffed crocodile all complete! I fancy the first real doctors on the stage were in Barrie's 'Little Mary' and Shaw's 'Doctor's Dilemma.' The first properly-appointed consulting room was that of Dr. Isaacson in 'Bella Donna,' and Sir George Alexander made an admirable physician. But of all modern stage practitioners the finest performance I have seen is that of Mr. Fisher White in 'Damaged Goods.' He deserves an honorary diploma and one always feels him to be a confrere."

"Times are changed since there were but two types of stage doctor: the gray-haired, old gentleman of domestic drama, who pronounced the heavy father 'past human aid' without adequate examination; and the farcical comedy young practitioner who concealed compromising lady patients behind the many doors of his consulting room. Both types occasionally attempted a dubious local color by listening through the wrong end of a stethoscope."

Mr. Delamaine Writes About a Line in Polonius's Shrewd Advice

To the Editor of The Herald:

The following note on one of the textual puzzles in Hamlet with proposals for its solution may interest the readers of Shakespeare:

Most of the readings, amended and unamended alike, which still mar the beauty of a surprising number of Shakespeare's lines, because of their lack of clearness, will be found on close examination to owe their defects to faulty transcription and not, as is generally supposed, to errors of printing. An instance among many others that could be cited in support of this opinion is the well known passage in "Hamlet"—1, 3, 70—with its concluding line presenting a transcriptional problem that critical ingenuity, thus far, has failed to solve. The precept on dress that Polonius—among other words of good counsel gives his son, is seen to end in a distorted and confused exemplification through the text failing to make the illustration clear. This is how the passage is printed in the 2d quarto—the authority for all subsequent versions of the play:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chieft in that."

Nicholas Rowe, famed as Shakespeare's first editor, altered the bottom line to read: "Are most select and generous, chief in that." Rowe's reading, approved by many good editors of the Victorian period, still holds the field and is now the accepted text in nearly all modernized editions. Various changes have been proposed from time to time, but all attempts to straighten out the heaving have made it no clearer. All fail to uncover the defects in construction which make a convincing correction impossible. Lack of clearness in expression is due to confused thought arising from misuse of words or bad arrangement. Here, in a single line, is an example of both. With three errors in the construction, the line could not be otherwise than insidiously corrupt. These are a wrong verb, an obtrusive preposition and the misreading "chieft."

It is clear, from the context, that Polonius enjoins his son to have as choice a selection of rich and costly garments as have the French nobility. If, in short, he desires Laertes to be like the French in having a select and generous supply of rich and costly garments the meaning is obvious; but to urge it on the ground that the French "are a most select and generous chief" or chiefly in rich and costly garments, is a sort of English that cannot be construed to show how aptly the example is used to reinforce the precept. The verb "are"

should have no place in the sentence—it usurps the position the verb "have" should fill. The thought in the injunction clearly predicates the idea of possession, and requires "have" to express it. No other word than have can be used to turn the sentence or lead to an absolute correction of "chieft." The superfluous "of" must be dropped—it is an unmeaning interpolation. For "chieft" of the Quartos and "cheff" of the First Folio read—change. With the line thus reconstructed the last part of the sentence would read:

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man; and they in France of the best rank and station have a most select and generous change in that."

The relative, of course, refers to apparel in the line above. That these proposed amendments are indubitably sound and would, if accepted, restore to the passage the clear sense it had before a careless copyist transmogrified it, is proved by trying out the common forms of the verbs have and be in the sentence with change.

Whether change, denoting variety as applied to wearing apparel, will ever become a mode of common speech or not, is good to know that the Bible has

preserved for all time in "change of garments," a statelier and more expressive phrase than is our modern "suits of clothes."

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.
Mattapan.

Dancing Contrasts

Visitors to the Coliseum this week have an interesting and possibly a unique opportunity of comparing the dancing of artists from the north of Europe and from the south, for Mme. Lillebil, the Norwegian dancer, arrived last week, and this week the program also includes La Bilbainita, a Spanish artist, of whom report had spoken highly. The methods of the two dancers are utterly different in every way. Mme. Lillebil seems to rely on classical dancing and the more solemn splendor of such items as the "Valse Triste" and the "Death of a Swan." La Bilbainita, on the other hand, reminds one instinctively of the type of dancer whom one might see at a village fair, who dances for the joy of the thing, but who, at the same time, has brought her art to a high pitch of excellence. She does not give the impression of dancing to any fixed rule; one feels that before the music starts she herself is not sure what form the dance will take. Then, as the orchestra begins, she adapts her steps to the needs of the moment, and if she has to portray passion she acts it with her whole body as well as with her feet. One cannot imagine that she ever received any very close instruction in the technique of her art; possibly it is because the whole thing seems spontaneous that it is so effective. Incidentally La Bilbainita teaches the budding dancer a valuable lesson on the use of the castanets. She wields them with such skill that their rhythm synchronizes perfectly with her steps—and when she is not using the castanets she obtains precisely the same effect by the snapping of her fingers.

It is impossible to say whether the Spanish or the Norwegian method is the more effective, for there is no true basis on which to make a comparison. It is sufficient to say that there is plenty of room for both in a variety program when they are so well interpreted as was the case yesterday afternoon.—London Times, Sept. 14.

Henry Arthur Jones Frees his Mind About the Drama and the Film

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is always a

forcible and entertaining writer when he discusses the drama or the art of acting. The following article, "The Drama and the Film," was published in the Daily Telegraph of London:

The ever-growing popularity of the film, its sweeping capture of our millions of amusement seekers, prompts an inquiry into the relations of the picture play and the spoken drama. What quality and kind of pleasure does the spoken drama give us that the film can never offer? What delights can the film provide that are beyond the reach of the drama? What separate domain of its own has each form of play where its rival can never intrude?

The dramatist wins enduring renown by his dialogue, and by his dialogue alone. To write a successful play he must have many other gifts and requirements besides that of writing appropriate dialogue. He must call in the scene painter, the upholsterer, the costumer, the electrician, and other adjuncts to help him express himself. But his dialogue alone has permanent value; all the rest of his trappings are perish-

able. The difference between "Macbeth" or "Hamlet" and a stock melodrama is that "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" can be read and studied as literature. That is the reason they have held their place in our theatre for 300 years. That is also the chief reason why they fail on our modern stage. They are literature. They demand serious thought and feeling from an audience. They ask for examination, and offer emotional and intellectual enjoyment on these grounds. What worse recommendation could a play have for our modern theatrical managers, and for our popularly educated audiences, than that it offers them literature and intellectual enjoyment?

It is clear, then, that the film can never afford the highest quality and kind of pleasure that spoken drama can give—the pleasure of literature.

Again, the voice has always been the chief gift of the actor, his chief means of swaying his audience and stirring their emotions. In the spoken drama mobile features, facial play, and expression, appropriate gestures, and movements of the body are of great value.

But they are the mere servants and useful companions of the voice. In the highest forms of drama they count for little unless the total effect is harmonized by a flexible, persuasive, well-trained, manageable voice. In opera, it is nearly always the singer who triumphs over the actor. The vox humana is an infinitely more difficult instrument to play upon than the violin. Its modulations are far more numerous and subtle, and to bring out its full music it needs a far longer and harder training. I have watched Coquelin giving a lesson to a pupil. I wondered no longer why the poetic drama holds its place on the French stage, and why French audi-

enjoy plays that contain strenuous thought and serious criticism of life. Charles Wyndham's voice had little range, but what wonderful tunes he played upon it. He told me that all through his earlier career he cultivated it and practised upon it incessantly. It is mainly by the voice that the actor gets his finest and worthiest effects. What the dramatist has written falls dead upon the stage unless it is vitalized by the actor. The present condition of our English theatre is partly due to the general neglect of voice cultivation by our actors. Indeed, Mr. Archibald Spofforth, in his rather impertinent pamphlet, "Our Preposterous Stage" (Bogus, Kidd & Co., Amen Corner), advances the plausible theory that Providence has recently developed the film "industry" with the kindly purpose of saving English actors the trouble of learning elocution. I have never been able to fathom the ways of Providence, but Mr. Spofforth's arguments seem to be worthy of consideration.

Be this as it may, it is clear that, as the film play forbids the dramatist to use his chief and highest means of expression, so also it forbids the actor to use his chief and highest means of expression. It condemns them to silence, and shuts out from both of them all hope of reaching the highest summits of their legitimate ambitions.

What balancing advantages and compensations has the film to offer to the actor and the dramatist?

To the film actor and actress it offers universal, though not immortal, fame, by displaying their photographs in extraordinary attitudes in every city of the civilized world, perhaps in 500 theatres on the same night. It further offers to star performers a salary about 50 times as great as our minister of education receives for educating our working classes to avoid manual labor, or about 20 times as great as our prime ministers before the war received for legislating in ignorance and blind indifference to our coming emergencies. With these comparisons in our minds, having regard to the respective services rendered to the country and their financial results it will be readily allowed that the moneys paid to our star film performers are wisely and profitably spent.

What opportunities and advantages does the film play offer to the dramatists that the spoken drama denies to him?

The principles of construction are the same for both classes of play—to tell an interesting story in a progressive, concerted series of actions, so that it leaves the impression of being a concrete entity, so that you are obliged to think of it as an indivisible organism, with all its parts in living unity.

In our modern comedies and dramas we have reached a high level of constructive skill. The best examples of construction in our modern theatre exhibit workmanship as fine and dexterous as the goldsmiths can show.

(I am not now speaking of the pre-

war masterpieces of our "Theatre of Ideas." If a dramatist has "Ideas" he need not trouble about construction, or about telling an interesting story. All that he has to do is to unload his "Ideas" in a heap on the stage and leave the critics and the public to sort them out.)

But if the principles of construction are the same in the film play and in the spoken drama, their application is widely different. Our modern convention of one scene in an act, or one scene for four acts, though it is admirably suited for drawing room comedy, is terribly cramping and repressive to the dramatist. It pins him in small corners and forbids him to roam on large adventures.

Aristotle has discoursed on the rigid limitations of the drama, compared with the wide and varied expanses of the epic—that is, the novel. The Shakespearean convention—a dozen scenes in an act—is the only formula that allows to the drama something of the spaciousness, the freedom, range and variety of the epic.

But, compared with the film, even the epic, the novel, shrinks into parochial dimensions and becomes a tedious and dilatory chronicle of humdrum events. The film theatre is as wide as the world itself, as bustling and as varied. It is as universal as the "casing air." Its busy omnipresence evades all difficulties of transport. It annihilates distance and leaps across a continent more swiftly than Marconi. It takes its audiences on stranger and wilder excursions than Cook, and needs not to provide them with an interpreter—for it shows them what is understood of all men in all nations.

In the volume, variety and impetus of its action—that is, in the very essence of drama—in its swift, vivid, multiple transformations, its startling command of contrast, its power of concentration on valuable minutiae, its capacity for insinuation and flashing suggestion—in all these truly dramatic qualities the film play offers to the dramatist an infinitude of opportunity compared with the spoken drama.

The film is a boggler at comedy, except of the rude and boisterous kind which Thalia reproves. But the film invites and welcomes romance and imagination and opens a large field for their exploits. Now, imagination, from Shakespeare downward, is largely shut out from our modern stage, with its pert and dictionary of slang.

Tongue-tied already, and almost banished from the spoken drama, imagination may perhaps find a home in the film theatre. She will be deprived of speech, but how rarely she is allowed to open her lips upon the regular stage! May not imagination find utterance in the vast pictorial resources and devices of the film theatre and throw her magic beams amongst its fascinating lights and shadows and employ the quick vibrations and successions of the screen to tell larger stories of human life than are being told today upon the stage of the spoken drama.

Film Notes

Mr. Antony Keith has issued a manifesto "to all cinema actors and actresses in Great Britain," urging that the following demands should be made: "(1) All crowds people to receive not less than 30s. per day; (2) traveling expenses to be allowed to and from the studio; (3) a conveyance to be provided to carry artists and baggage between studio and station; (4) a chair, mirror, clean towel and soap and hot water to be provided for each artist; (5) the working hours to be eight hours per day; (6) at least half an hour to be allowed for lunch; (7) lunch and tea to be provided by the management; (8) after eight hours either in the studio or on location overtime to be paid; (9) all Sunday work to be paid double time; and (10) all union members to work jointly and unceasingly together for the betterment and social conditions of each other. He also pleads for a campaign to bring before the public the danger and uselessness of some of the many enterprises commonly called schools of cinema acting. He points out that the advertisements of these schools appeal to two classes, those who have ample means and seek to enter the profession for vanity's sake and those who only have a little money and really need work. Only about one in every 1000, says Mr. Keith, is ever likely to be of the slightest use to a film producer, but the students obtain one day's crowd work and are immediately fascinated and dazzled by thoughts of the future. Mr. Keith states that in some cases the school proprietor, having obtained big fees from his pupils, actually pays an agent to hire the pupils for one engagement, and he declares, that the evil will continue until cinema performers unite in one body."

Happily for the making of films, many of the localities associated with "Bleak House" still exist in much the same state as they did in Dickens's time. First and foremost is "Bleak House" itself which is now a farmhouse, while the Old Hall at Lincoln's Inn where Jarndyce v. Jarndyce dragged its weary length, is even now occasionally used as a law court. The office of Mr. Snagsby, law stationer, in Took's court, Cursitor street, which Dickens calls Cookscourt, may also be identified, as well as Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But Krook's "rag and bottle" shop, as well as the "Sol's Arms" in Chichester Rents disappeared some years ago, although the public house from which the novelist borrowed the name still stands.—London Daily Chronicle.

We possess in this country, both in official and private archives, a wealth of authentic film records of the war that is absolutely unrivalled. Moreover, the whole story of Britain's participation in the struggle is one that fires the imagination of the most sluggish. It ought, one would think, to be a comparatively simple matter, in such circumstances, to create a national screen epic that would throw into the shade all the other war films yet made. The official so-called film history of the war is there to show how the thing should not be done. Such a film need not, by any means, be a British paraphrase of the Hymn of Hate; that would merely perpetuate national animosities. On the contrary, it could very easily, if treated with tact, become a most powerful means for bringing about that condition of peace and harmony for which this whole world is pining; and this, without minimising in the smallest degree the heroic part played by the British empire. The more this aspect was insisted upon, indeed, the more effective, as a preserver of the peace, would the film be likely to prove. It would be the most effectual answer that could be given to those malignant tongues which, for one motive or another, are everywhere trying to stir up international distrust and enmity, and could easily furnish that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.—London Daily Telegraph.

Sir James Barrie approved the film scenario of his "Twelve Pound Look." This film traces the career of the characters' ancestors. "Thus we now learn that Kate—the wife of the hopelessly vulgar city magnate who allowed her husband to think that she had eloped with another man, whereas she had merely toiled and scraped until she could earn £12 with which to buy a typewriter, earn her own living, and escape his fat jewelry, his fat friends and his fat parties—came from a country rectory and from a large family. Her father was one of those charming old gentlemen who spend their days in good works and high dogcart. Her brother had ar-

tistic leanings and her sister aspired to the stage. Kate herself imagined that by accepting the hand of the vulgarian who had bought the court, and was therefore the village squire, she would lighten the burden of the whole family. Having surrounded the heroine with a large family circle, the writer of the scenario had comparatively little difficulty in providing enough material to make a five-reel film. The artist could fall in love and live in humble circumstances in London; the sister could get a one-line part in a theatrical production, and her friends could go into the gallery and see the first performance; while Kate herself could be seen among her humble friends and her rich acquaintances. In order, also, that the audience should see as much as possible of Mr. Milton Rosmer's really brilliant performance as the husband, one is able to see him consulting his solicitors, his financial friends, and his tailors. Perhaps Barrie himself might have done the thing differently, but there is no denying that the result has been to obtain a capital film which never drags. When the point arrives at which the film picks up the story of the play, the original is followed very faithfully, with the inevitable result that the last two reels are easily the best."

Old-Time Music Halls: Stage

Horrors of the Eighteen Eighties

Mr. L. Godfrey Turner, describing himself as a survivor, recalled his experiences in London music halls for the benefit of the Daily Chronicle's readers: "When, my dear Younger Generation, a gentleman with the rich huskiness of ill-spent hours clips the lapel of your coat with thumb and finger and tells you that the variety stage of your day is not a patch upon what it was in his, just butt him with all your strength by his degenerate abdomen, and chalk up the option of a fine to me. There is no debt I would more cheerfully strive to pay than that."

I will tell you what I have survived in music-hallism, the music-hallism of the eighteen-eighties (which was declared at the time to be a vast improvement upon the music-hallism of the eighteen-sixties and the eighteen-seventies), and then you will understand.

I have survived a night at the music hall when the program—I do not exaggerate—has included the following items: A stout lady, daintily attired as a royal postillion (look back at a royal postillion the next time you see one riding by) provided the first "turn." She claimed to be the musical sensation of four continents, and to the best of my recollection she was left in undisputed possession of this distinction by every musical critic of the period.

She made several inconveniently loud hunting noises on a very brightly-burnished horn, which rested when unemployed among several like instruments of torture on a slideboard attired in a union jack; and she gave a curiously not-a-bit-like imitation of church bells on a concertina, which, in the playing, she now and again courageously held quite close to her ear.

Next, or nextabouts, this indisputably female royal postillion turned her attention to the melody of "Pop Goes the Weasel," which she jerked out spasmodically from a fiddle in pain while balancing her grotesque figure upon a globe. (Professors of the Royal Academy of Music will tell you how difficult this is.) Finally—after manifestations on the clarinet, the piccolo, the trombone, the flute and the banjo—our Musical Sensation of Four Continents lay upon her shapeless back and, after the fashion of Gilbert's "Discontented Sugar Broker," "kicked away like winking" at a number of bells fastened to ropes suspended from an iron frame.

A ventriloquist with a strangely active pair of lips followed; then came some fat pink acrobats who threw about some thin white boys with their feet; and when this agonizing spectacle was over, which was not until all concerned in it were perilously giddy and breathless, and looked only half-conscious, the orchestra played eleven times over, in quick succession, the introduction to the Sisters Kiltons' famous song about "Gay Paree" and "When Walking Down the Bullyyards."

Punctually on the last note of the 11th introduction, two young ladies in very big hats and very little frocks swaggered from the wings and immediately set up a feeble whine which in parts contained the words I have quoted.

The Sisters Kilton sang three of these songs right off the reel, as well as right off the key, and brought their "turn" to a close with a non-stop step-dance with a great white sale finish to it.

I may seem to be boasting if I continue with a full list of the appalling occurrences I was present at and survived in the music halls of the 1880's. But I feel I must mention the Pine-Stick Wonders, who brought a huge wooden frame, with pine blocks of various sizes laid across it, right down to the front of the stage, quite close to where I was sitting, and violently assaulted the contraption all over with whippy weapons of whalebone until the thing absolutely pandemoniumed with "Zampa" and "William Tell" and its looseness of construction. There were all hitting it at once—a fat woman, a fat man, who slipped into the pine blocks with the greatest savagery, a lanky girl and a lanky boy, who

themselves with superhuman energy at the treble blocks. When they had finished, everything sounded so silent by contrast that "artists" with notoriously loud voices were asked, in their "patter," to "speak up."

Having alluded to my miraculous delivery, practically unhurt, from the Pine-Stick Wonders—perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning my hairbreadth survival of the "drunk" songs—one in particular whose delightfully simple refrain ran:

We was all boozed, every blessed one of us—
All boozed, every mother's son of us;
We drank four-alf and anythink we could grab.
There was four-and-twenty on us, and we all went 'ome in a cab!

The gentleman who sang this received £40 a week; and you will wonder, of course, what the government was doing. But, my dear Younger Generation, you mustn't put every evil of life down to the government, past or present. I happen to know that whenever any government official made an effort for improvement in the tone of the music halls of London, the great dailies bumped into him with all their weight and rushed to the side of the "all boozed, every blessed one of us."

Remember, I am speaking of the eighteen-eighties.

Oct 11 1920

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man who made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears,
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty
As the eyes have with tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with
Part?

And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of mirth?
He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hol-
lows,

The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

Frank Eugene Chase

To the readers of The Boston Herald our friend was known as "Gaylord Quex," "The Rev. Babbington Brooke," "Abel Seaman," "Col. Marshall Tredd," "Sarah Hepatica," "Miss Pallida Mors," "Lew Meyme," for so his comments on life and manners published in this column were fantastically signed. They were humorous in the old and the modern meaning of the word; they were whimsical, yet not far-fetched; grotesque, surprising conclusions were logically deduced from plausible premises. At times they were ironical, but their irony was lambent, not savage; or wildly funny, there was no suggestion of the slap-stick or the clown's grimace. The letters were those of a gentle keen observer; a looker-on lightly amused by the passing show but not laughingly superior to it. They were singularly original in matter and in expression.

Frank Chase would have laughed outright if any one had characterized him as a "literary man"; yet his contributions to Puck and to Life, especially to Puck in the days when L. C. Bunner and Joseph Keppler, the elder, were a power in the land; hurlesques of them popular novels, short stories, satirical reflections, published soon after his graduation from Harvard, had quality and distinction. As a dramatic critic his reviews in the Boston Courier, the Boston Journal, and, for a short time, The Boston Herald, showing an intimate knowledge of the drama and the art of acting, frank, fearless, were brilliant in the manner of the Parisian feuilleton, never pedantic, never deliberately instructive, always a delight even to a reader who might morosely look upon the theatre as a sink of iniquity. Our friend, as a critic, did not take the actor or himself too seriously; he did not think he had a sacred, solemn mission.

We do not remember his equal as a conversationalist. He was not that bore-some person, a raconteur; he was not anecdotal, with "that reminds me" in

his mouth, impatient to take the floor. His vocabulary was remarkable. Quex metaphors and similes embellished his talk, but they were spontaneous, not prepared, not forced. His scintillating wit had no sting; it was as kind and tolerant as the man himself. Not that he was constitutionally effervescent, timid in the expression of an opinion; he was like and his dislike; he could inveigh in the vein of a Roman satirist against pretence, puffery, snobishness, and his words bit, but his denunciation never became offensively personal in his welcomed association with club members. When he was in the room, chairs were drawn near him; all listened eagerly; if any one interrupted, it was to encourage him to further discourse, to a still more daring flight of fancy. Visiting strangers marvelled at him, marvelled and were charmed; his personality was so ingratiating, his voice was so melodious and haunting; nor did they find in him a "Sir Oracle" or the Johnsonian bow-wow manner of address.

A man of unusually extensive knowledge he was a liberal and intel-

incapable of feeling or of emotion. For the greater part of the play this handling fitted, and the care-free manner could cloak real feeling as a person of Lady Frederick's pride and spirit would seek to cloak it. In the second act, however, one could wish that matters weren't carried on so determinedly, that a little suspense and subtlety were brought to play. When the letters that would serve as a weapon few persons could resist using are brought in, there is a delicious feeling of doubt, of horror as to what she is going to do with them. An opportunity is presented for Lady Frederick to play with Fouldes and the Merestons as the cat does with a mouse. The uncertainty that can be worked up in the mind of the spectator and his consequent breathlessness are unlimited. Miss Roach, however, preferred to play it in a tempestuous fashion, in a determined fury that left no doubt in anyone's mind as to her actions. She took the letters, hurried across the room and threw them in the fire so quickly that one had no time to wonder, but simply to follow. To the Merestons the episode must have appeared to have nothing to do with the case. Thus was that crisis quelled to make way for the third act disillusionment of Lord Mereston. As for Lady Frederick's capriciousness, her ready wit, and her sense of humor, Miss Roach played them with lightness and skill.

Paradine Foulds, Lord Mereston's uncle who is so called in to prevent the boy from marrying Lady Frederick, is the cynic, the man who "thanks the Lord that in his day he has been a miserable sinner," the man who sets a right value on the good and the bad, having known them both. He is given the epigrams that Maugham so cleverly writes, the truths so amusingly told that they make weaknesses seem like virtues. Charles Warburton played this role in a quietly amused and appreciative way. He made his part live, instead of simply being there to recite his clever lines. The rest of the company roles were capably handled.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Jimmie," a "musical comedy" in three acts; book and lyrics by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, and Frank Mandel; music by Herbert Stothart. Cast:

Vincenzo Carloti..... Paul Porcasi
Mme. Gambetti..... Dee Loretta
Jimmie..... Frances White
Beatrice..... Hattie Burks
Tom O'Brien..... Don Borroughs
Milton Blum..... Ben Welch
Jacob Blum..... Howard Truesdell
Jerry O'Brien..... Tom O'Hare
Watkins.....

Jimmie, in the play, won fame and fortune on the New York stage in a year. "Jimmie," the "musical comedy," captured the audience at the Park Square in about one minute and held it captive through the three acts. "Musical comedy" is a good name for the piece, as it is full of real music and it is a constant, sparkling flow of happy comedy, with just enough points of pathos to give contrast and relief.

It is one of the series of remarkable new music plays now coming along, wherein there is a real story and a good one. The tale of "Jimmie" is redolent of New York and could be indigenous nowhere else, with its characters and their atmospheres springing from Poland, Italy, Ireland, Harlem and the Greenwich village.

Jimmie is a tomboy waif who grew up in Carloti's cabaret restaurant. Jacob Blum, a quaint old patron of the place, whom Jimmie calls Uncle Jacob, is really her father. He was a violin mender in Warsaw, a Polish Jew. He saved money, was lucky in New York and is wealthy. Carloti passes off Beatrice, a cabaret singer, on him as his long lost daughter Miriam, and he doesn't adopt Jimmie, as he had planned to do. Carloti and Beatrice rob him of his wealth and even sell his cherished portrait of his wife. Miriam's mother.

But Jimmie goes on the stage and gets back the portrait. Jimmie's sweetheart, Tom O'Brien, lawyer, son of old Jacob's best friend, Jerry O'Brien, exposes the knavery of Carloti and Beatrice and everyone except the plotters is suddenly and supremely happy. The story is effectively told. The situations and characters are intensely, humanly amusing. The dialogue is sparkling and witty.

Frances White as Jimmie is naturally the mainspring and a large part of the works and she has abundant opportunities to make use of her quaint, tomboyish, fun-making abilities. She uses them all to the limit and is rewarded with screams of laughter. Her skill in poignant pathos is not overlooked.

Ben Welch, as old Blum, would make a good-sized entertainment in himself. His portrayal of the old violin mender, partially Americanized and up-to-date in spots, yet still clinging to pinoche and his old friend, O'Brien, is all of it a treat.

Howard Truesdell, as a typical New York derivative from Erin, is refreshing to the last detail.

Tom O'Hare, as an explosive and semi-tragic butler, is all right.

Harry Delf, as Blum's spendthrift nephew Milton, with his "descriptive dances," his "vaudevilian" extravaganzas and his success in putting Jimmie across on the stage is a distinct winner.

Hattie Burks and Dee Loretta as clever and charming co-conspirators

with Paul Porcasi, whose portrayal of the cabaret man is one of the best things in the piece.

There are the usual accompaniment of a young and well displayed chorus, sumptuous costumes and fine scenery.

GLOBE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Jimmie" Hussey's new musical review. "Tattle Tales," an entertainment in two acts. Book by Jimmy Hussey; lyrics by Howard Johnson; music by Archie Gottler; dances and ensemble numbers by Will H. Smith. Ernest G. Grooney, conducted.

It is obviously impossible to print the casts, as the piece is so divided as to employ the company, now in this scene, now in another. The principal performers beside Mr. Hussey, were Rae Samuels, Maurice Diamond, Lola Girle, Eddie Hickey, Clifton Edwards, Robert Bliss, Charles Callahan, Lou Baum, Jean Tennyson, William Worsley and Joe Browning.

The principal scenes, besides the prologue, were: Any Street Last Year. Just Egypt. If Not This, Something Else; Another Good Girl Gone Wrong. Two Sports from Michigan, A Japanese Frivol, Outside Precinct 5. Three Weeks Later, Broadway Indians, Watermelon Time, International Sporting Club and The Walker Law.

The place might be aptly termed a "young" Follies. There is an opulent, a lavish hand, in the many settings; the costumes, rich in color and daring in scheme and here and there of the pneumatic type, again startle with the hizarre in overdress; and the producers have gone into the garden of youth and pulchritude with an assurance that might even make Ziegfeld wince. The music, light, if not always purposeful, seldom rises above the commonplace, though it is a pleasure to recall "Without True Love."

The entertainment is glorified vaudeville, and the title, "Tattle Tales," is not heard of till the final curtain. Thus we are told by Joe Browning, who appeared first in the prologue, and very emphatically said that the show was to be "bum," that his predictions have

been verified. Whereupon the ensemble, with pointed finger and scornful song, cries him down to a "tattle tale."

Mr. Hussey picked well in his associates, for besides coralling many top notchers in vaudeville "time," he has also brought a few new to Boston thespians. The principal scenes of the piece, outside precinct 5 and three weeks later, are a slightly amplified version of Mr. Hussey's act seen earlier in the season in a local theatre. The act was a travesty of the shimmy, revealing its "murder" in the West, and the dialogue was spoken in "rag" rhythm. Last evening Rae Samuels was the "murderess," and Jimmy Hussey was again at the judge's desk.

Mr. Hussey has a unique style, both in song and in comedy, a certain colloquial, intimate way of reaching his audience. In fact, this colloquial method seemed to apply to all the performers, who seemed to share the pleasure with the audience. Mr. Hussey, who rather speaks than sings, was heard in several individualistic songs and gave much pleasure in the burlesque boxing act.

Rae Samuels, high spirited and always eager for her task, appeared in several of the sketches. She is not lacking in the art of differentiation. Witness her as the "bride" and as the exponent of the shimmy!

One of the features of the performance was the dancing numbers of Maurice Diamond, a clever exhibition of a many sided talent. Mr. Diamond not only gives many steps that are decidedly his own, but excites wonder at the length of his performance. His partner, Lola Girle, also gave pleasure in the dance.

Joe Browning brought forth much laughter in his sepulchral style, as did Callahan and Bliss, in dance and song, as the two sports from Michigan.

Others of the cast added to the pleasure of this agreeable entertainment.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

One of the best features of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week comes early in the evening—the Pickfords' number. This is neither "Little Mary" nor "Jack," but a pair of "comedy manipulators," bound to attain celebrity. Plain Mr. Pickford as a comedy acrobat has surprises innumerable that rank him high as an entertainer. Youth, strength and extraordinary agility enable him to hurl himself through the air in seeming defiance of the laws of gravitation, and to shoot, comet-like, through windows or doors. Only less remarkable is his skill as a juggler.

Arthur Stone and Marion Hays have a capital sketch, representing a sideshow at a circus, in which Mr. Stone portrays the awkward rural swain, burdened by an impediment in his speech, with a realism that evokes gales of laughter.

Hermie Stone and Billy Rhodes and company present a bit of Irish comedy: "The New Moon," by Edgar Allan Wolf, with musical numbers by Jack Deany in which Billy Rhodes' baritone is particularly agreeable.

Another of the more ambitious numbers of the program is the presentation by Thomas Shea of scenes from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Cardinal," and "The Bells," with adequate support, Adele Vaughan appearing as Julie in "The Cardinal."

Joe Santley and Jack Norton roused much laughter by their comic songs and repartee. Margaret Young delivered prolonged travesties on prohibition, including "The Disappointed Chorus Girl" and "The Disappointed Colored Girl."

The dancing comes last. Walter Manthey and company offer a series of acrobatic dances, assisted by Mlle. Ione in ballet. The Transfield sisters present "Musical Moments," rivaling the Six Brown Brothers, and Larry Larkins brings down the house with his jazz band quartet.

Paul Poirer asks in "The Furnishing Trades' Organizer," "Is there anything more depressing, more conducive to nervous breakdown or melancholia than the usual waiting rooms of doctors? Why stick to the dirty-white ceilings, brown paint, art greens, mildewed greys and dull reds that are traditional in such places? Why not give the patient more cheerful or more soothing surroundings?"

Poirer refers to waiting rooms of London physicians; the description might apply to cheerless waiting rooms of American doctors. We remember one in which an engraving of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death" horrified the waiting patient. Blair's "Grave" and Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" should have taken the place of the fly-blown, musced periodicals six or seven months old on the centre table. In another waiting room hung Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" intended to adorn the dissecting room at Amsterdam, showing Dr. Nicolaus Tulp, with a lace collar and a soft, broad-brimmed hat dissecting a sinew of the arm of a particularly ghastly corpse. No doubt this picture, long admired at the Hague, is a lifelike representation of "the working of intellect," but while we were waiting to learn whether we were suffering from cirrhosis of the liver (hob-nail or gin-drinker's liver) we should have preferred to gaze on a picture of Phryne, or even a steel engraving of "Washington Irving and His Friends."

The Doctor's Friend

As the World Wags:

The fascinating problem in alcoholic psychology promulgated by Mr. Gaylord Quex interests me exceedingly. At the same time I am free to confess that the name and address of the mystical gentleman who owns the barrel of alleged sea water would be of absolutely no value to me. Furthermore, I cannot see how such knowledge could be capitalized by anyone else whose intentions are honest and friendly. I know several proud possessors of fair quantities of whip lash of public scorn. I aim to bodies would I or any other person have access to their treasure: "Red Eye." No—I feel that it would be more merciful to not speak, but hereafter forever bold peace.

Not so altruistic is my secondary aim. Having saved one poor soul, I propose to lay bare a myriad of others to the whip of public scorn. I aim to develop a bluffer in alcohol, whose noxious dissertations, producing envy and hatred, reveal diabolic and more cowardly proclivities than any of the cases mentioned by Mr. Quex. I refer to that species of the genus Homo, who, craving the prestige and glamour accorded to anyone having access to John Barleycorn, his keth and kin, stoops to the lowest of lying levels. He has no cellar, he is master of no brew, be it ever so domestic, he takes no risks, yet he must have people believe that he has an inexhaustible yet intangible supply. He is the sniveling wretch who brags of his intimate acquaintance with some medico that composes a potent prescription 'pon the slightest provocation. Of course, one must have a drag, you know . . . etc., ad nauseum. Front all deceitful prescription prevaricators, good Lord deliver us!

By the way (we are now done with the discussion of alcoholic mendacity). I have concocted a brew composed of corn syrup, crushed apples and the worms thereof, essence of Juniper . . . and lo, the application of a lucifer produces a limpid, graceful, dancing blue flame. I revel in my potentiality. But unlike the bluffers, I invite your indulgence. "Those who come to scoff, remain to praise."

AGED N. WOOD.

An Unwelcome Guest

As the World Wags:

I wonder if, through your column, I could learn something of the ardent prohibitionist who said:

"Lips that touch wine jelly
Shall never touch mine, Nellie."

It strikes me as a final and desperate prohibition argument if said by the right person. This well-known appeal was brought fairly to my mind by a dinner guest, who, declining the proffered dish, said:

"Lips that touch wine jelly
Shall never touch mine, Nellie."

This was a mean and vulgar parody on the original fervid lines; as I took pains to assure him. F. G. HALL, Eastern Point, Gloucester.

Grammar and Act-Drop

As the World Wags:

A correspondent in your issue of Oct. 4 cites Gould Brown's "big grammar" as authority for such a sentence as "It is I that is at fault," confidently explaining that the sentence, if transposed, would read "It, that is at fault, is I," an explanation that fails to explain. I doubt if even your correspondent would be satisfied with the grammar of "It is they that is at fault," which would be justified if the alleged rule were sound. "It is," when used in this manner is an idiom. When we attempt to parse an idiom we have to go back to the foundation of the language and find out how it became an idiom and what it really means. Grammar does not govern language but merely explains it.

And, passing from one thing to another, who remembers the act-drop that was used at the Boston Museum in the 60's and which represented the Island of Crete? There were classical ruins, water stairways, figures in modern Greek costumes, steep mountains and a lovely blue bay with the customary picturesque craft floating upon it. A stork flew high in the heavens with a serpent writhing in its beak. It was very likely a copy, well executed, I should say, of a composition by some English painter. Whose? Is it to be found among the steel engraved prints of the last generation, or the last but one?

Malden. ENOCH MOLLIVER.

Makers and Breakers

As the World Wags:

In a Cape harbor recently, two young women (otherwise well appearing) daily fastened their boat, while fishing, to a channel buoy. On last seeing them I was tempted to warn them of how jealously Uncle Sam guards against such interference with his aids to navigation. I concluded, however, (1) that this would be resented as impertinent, (2) that it would be for the public good if they should be haled before a federal judge, who might say: "Years ago you women might have pleaded the 'Baby Acts'; that you did not know the law, and that this was made without your participation. But now you are fully enfranchised, and you live in a state where the women voters form a majority. Therefore, I fine you \$50 for each offence proved, to serve as a lesson to let the buoys alone."

Of greater immediate interest to all of us is the necessity of women obeying the law of "Keep to the right." Why they violate this so constantly is still a puzzle. Two years ago this column tried often to find out why they button their coats to the left, but in vain. Since there is some deep-lying feminine characteristic making the left preferable to women, will they now, when they can do it, change the rule of the road?

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

HACKETT, TENOR,

By PHILIP HALE

Charles Hackett, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang last night in Symphony Hall, for the first time in Boston since he made an enviable operatic reputation in Europe. He was assisted by John Doane, accompanist. The program was as follows: Rosa, Star vicino; Scarlatti, Gia il sole dal gange; Handel, O Sleep, why dost thou leave me; Veracini, Pastorale; Cornelius, Come, we'll wander; Brahms, Sorenade; Anserge, In the Forest; Grieg, A Dream; Liszt, Oh! Quand je dors; Chausson, Les Papillons; G. Faure, Le Secret; Szulc, Mandoline; Whelpley, I know a hill; Watts, Blue were her eyes; Chadwick, Sweet Winds that Blow; Campbell-Tipton, Hymn to the Night.

Although Mr. Hackett is an operatic singer, his program as set forth was composed of lyrics. He did not seek to win applause by a row of favorite arias, and when he sang one from "Don Giovanni" in response to the insistent applause after the first group, his venture was not a happy one, for, strange to say, he utterly misconceived the character of the aria. He took it at so fast a pace that the music lost all charm and grace and tenderness. One would have thought that the amiable and sighing lover was leading an army to battle.

Mr. Hackett is a lyric tenor. His voice has a liberal range and is of agreeable quality, when it is not "white" in the more declamatory passages; "white," a vocal characteristic that is not displeasing to Italians. At

in the same measure he spread the tone but as a rule his tones had only even in piano. He has an unusual control of breath; his routines are even and performed with apparent ease, so it is not difficult to believe, as has been said, that his most difficult and effective operatic role is that of the Count in Rossini's "Barber of Seville." His intonation is admirably pure. Add to his many excellent vocal qualities that his bearing is manly, unaffected.

As for his interpretative ability, that is another matter. Too often it seemed last night as if he considered a song just of all with regard to purely vocal matters; that the spirit of the verses was not in him; that there was only a faint suggestion of any individuality in conception. The singer found pleasure in the vocal work and was not concerned with the broad or intimate meaning of the songs themselves. Singers far less gifted by nature and of an inferior technique have made a deeper impression. Not till Mr. Hackett sang the song of Liszt was there appealing, convincing interpretation.

There was a most enthusiastic audience of good size.

BAUER ASSISTS

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows: Enesco, Symphony in E-flat major; Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 1; Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

This concert, although it evidently gave the great audience pleasure, does not call for laudatory comment. The three compositions were more or less familiar, yet it is doubtful whether the first movement of the Roumanian-Parisian symphony would be fully grasped after several performances: it is so complex in the working of inner voices; nor are the motives with the possible exception of the chief theme, of such a salient character that they compel admiration. The second movement is beautiful in its melancholy mood, its gravity that is not austere, its emotional depth. The Finale is split and without any too deliberate endeavor on the part of the composer will inevitably provoke hearty applause, when it is played as spiritedly as it was played yesterday. Enesco, a singularly accomplished musician; a violinist and a pianist; as a composer has his own idiom, although he has said that the influence of Wagner and Brahms is shown in his works. This idiom is not easily grasped, any more than the idiom of Debussy, or of the Scriabin of the later years.

Mr. Bauer's devotion to the first piano concerto of Brahms is equalled only by that shown in the Micawber family on a certain memorable occasion. No, Mr. Bauer will not forsake this concerto of Johannes. He played it here 20 years ago, when he first appeared as a pianist in this country. He played it again in 1911. And he has written about it and his fondness for the granitic work. It is true that he plays it uncommonly well; one might say, better than it deserves, for it is far inferior to the second concerto, and for the most part is intolerably long drawn out and dull. The masterly performance only brought out the inherent dryness and forbidding nature of too many pages. Only in the Adagio is there a poetic breath.

A brilliant performance of Berlioz's Ventriloquist, now nearly 100 years old, brought the concert to a close. How fresh it sounds today! More modern than many orchestral works composed during the last 20 years.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony in E Minor No. 1; Chopin, Op. 10, No. 3; Liszt, "The Poem of the East."

The management announces that in the late concert will be admitted during the performance of a symphony only the first movement. The doors will be closed during the pauses between other movements.

WHO IS MY FATE?

By Harry F. Kowall

Who is my "Fate"—it's mock inheritance
That comes to me a legacy of chance?
Who my myth-espoused progenitor of mine,
Who Death divorced him from his combine,
Dequestered my soul to custom's sufferance?

Must I in meek submission clownish
To success, and failure countenance,
Or for this thing ensconced in Folly's
Shrine?

Who is my "Fate"?

Nay! Nay! But puppets live such wild
Romance!
But one exercising vigilance
That shapes my course a straight or
crooked line.

And could I be upright, or fling me
supine,
His "Fate" alone weaves my deliverance,
Who is my "Fate?"

"Sally in Our Alley"

A few days ago Mr. Irving R. Bacon's article about the history of "Sally in Our Alley" was published in The Herald. It is a pity that Mr. Bacon did not give the last verse of the ballad as Henry Carey wrote it. Some squeamish, genteel person, some prurient prude, changed the third line long ago; probably the same person that substituted "charger" for "stallion" in Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Song."

For Statisticians

The advertisement of a restaurant in New York contains the following valuable information:

"Taking the average height of a Bostonian as 5½ feet and the height of a bean pot as 10 inches—

"A New York paper has figured out that in a year a Bostonian eats 2 5-7 times his height in baked beans."

A quotation from Artemus Ward's "The draft in Baldinsville" should have been added:

"A blessin' he cried, 'a blessin' onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin'," said I."

Thimbles and Goldfish

We read that thimbles are almost unobtainable in London. Before the war Lille, Nuremberg and Vienna manufactured them for nearly all Europe. Now there is no material for those factories, and only four manufacturers in England—three at Birmingham and one at Redditch—are interested in thimbles.

Goldfish are also scarce. Before the war two fish and a jar could be purchased for a few coppers. Now one of these pets costs three to five shillings. The scarcity has led ingenious street traders to paint silver roaches to look like goldfish, but the paint washes off in a day or two.

Motherly Devotion

As the World Wags:

Several days ago I noticed an inquiry regarding the maternal habits of rattlesnakes. In my youth I was well acquainted with rattlesnakes, in fact might say, was on more or less friendly terms with them. With this preface I will answer the gentleman's question.

Yes, rattlesnakes do swallow their young when danger threatens. Or rather, I should say, they open their mouths and the little snakes run in; and when the danger is over they come out again. Between the mother snake's mouth and the opening of her alimentary canal, is a space about two, possibly three inches in length, and something like an inch in breadth. The snake uses this for transporting food to her young, or in time of danger as a concealment for her babies. With the little snakes stowed safely here, the mother can race away at something like 20 miles an hour, or put up a game fight as her judgment dictates.

In just a few weeks, however, the little snakes grow too large for this place of refuge so they are taught to run away and hide, and let mother do the fighting. This mother does exceedingly well. During the time she is caring for her young is the only time a rattlesnake will face a bull snake, which is her natural enemy.

In Texas, near the Mexican border, the large onion farms have great irrigating reservoirs. It is the only available water for miles, and a great resort for all sorts of animals especially at night. The rattlesnakes come for miles to get water, and by concealing oneself, it is easy, on moonlight nights, to see these mother snakes glide up, open their mouths, let the little ones crawl out and all glide down to the water edge for a drink. I am unable to say whether any other species of snake does this for its young or not, but I am inclined to think there are some.

Trusting I have made myself sufficiently clear, and assuring your inquirer that this is a fact in nature, I am, yours respectfully,

WM. P. BARRON.

Allston.

An Accomplished Interpreter

Mr. Frank J. Benedetto, reviewing a performance of Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" at the Worcester County Music Festival, was singularly affected by one of the singers. We quote from his "special dispatch" to the Evening Post of New York:

"Fred Patton alone seemed to possess exactly the right combination and by the irony of fate he was cast to play the Devil. He played it so well and fervently that one feels justified in indulging the hellfire that he would do well in the Voice of Christ solos."

Face and Fortune

(A baseball player is claiming heavy damages from film companies, which have, he asserts, infringed his copyright in his own face.)

And could I be upright, or fling me
supine,
His "Fate" alone weaves my deliverance,
Who is my "Fate?"

Could I but squeeze amid the throng
That jives again upon a screen,
Might law retrieve the lachryl wrong
Which holds my life in circles mean;
Would fortune crown the vision plebeian
In light at least be judged as libelous,
A W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Eugene B. Hagar says, I see, that none of your correspondents who have discussed the forms of locution, "It is I who am at fault" and "It is I who is at fault," "seems to have read the whole of what Gould Brown says in his big grammar." As one of those correspondents, I will say that I have read the whole of Observations 15 and 16 under Rule X. of the part of Brown's "big grammar" which is devoted to Syntax. Does Brown discuss those two forms of locution elsewhere than in those two Observations? If not, I have read all that he says on that subject. If, as Mr. Hagar claims (yes, claims), "it" is the antecedent of "who" in each of those forms of locution, I can't see that the form, "It is I who am at fault," can ever be right, for, as "it" is in the third person, "who" must be in the third person, and must have a verb agreeing with it in that person, whereas "am" is in the first person.

Brookline.

SCRUTATOR.

As the World Wags:

Then Mr. Hagar tells us we should not say, "Who is it?"

DICK SHUNARY.

Eastern Furnace.

Oct 17 1920

"The Romantic Young Lady," a comedy in three acts, adapted by Helen and Harley Granville Barker, was produced at the Royalty, London, on Sept. 15, and gave pleasure. "Just a little anecdote, not very remarkable in itself, and indeed a little faltering when half-way through. But the anecdote is told with such freshness and humor, and all the people, even the superfluous ones, are so human! Are they, under their humanity, notably Spanish? We must still leave that question unpursued. Mr. Dennis Eadie, at any rate, is quite English—and quite good. Miss Joyce Carey makes a delicious little figure as Rosario, ravishingly pretty and enchantingly petulant. We wish that they (the adapters) could persuade some of the players not to say 'chochits'."

This reminds us that the secretary of the Early Closing Association in London has written a letter of protest against the theatrical and music hall managers' action in reintroducing the sale of chocolates in theatres and places of amusement after the closing hour of shops, 8 P. M., which is contrary to the General Early Closing Order still in force under the Defence of the Realm Regulations. "The sale of chocolates in theatres, etc., after the shops are closed will be a gross injustice to shopkeepers, and especially to those within the vicinity of places of amusement. Shopkeepers, whose livelihood is derived from the sale of sweets only, are not allowed to sell after 8 P. M. and are quite content to abide by the law, providing theatres and other places of amusement also fall into line. The theatres derive their means of livelihood from their shows, etc., and not from the sale of chocolates which is only a sideline, and the above concession which has been claimed must not be allowed, as it is unfair and entirely against the interest of small shopkeepers. My board, therefore, strenuously oppose this privilege and intend to see that small shopkeepers receive 'justice' in this matter."

"A Night Out," a musical play, adapted by George Grossmith and Arthur Miller from "L'Hotel du Libre Echange" by Georges Feytaud and Maurice Desvallieres, and with music by Willie Redstone, was produced at the Winter Garden, London, on Sept. 16. The adapters have adhered, in the main, to the old farce, known to Americans as "The Gay Parisians"; at Newcastle, Eng., in 1896 "A Night in Paris" and a few months later in London as "A Night Out," when it took even the critics by storm and ran for 500 nights.

Leslie Henson, described as having a wonderful gift of spontaneous humor, and an infinite capacity for taking pains, now has the part that George Giddens created in London. "The Daisy," founded on F. Molnar's play, brought out at the Kingsway, London, on Sept. 14, a strange play ending symbolically, was not successful. Ethel Irving was seen as Tosca in a revival of Sardou's melodrama at the Alhambra, London, Sept. 23. Mr. Walkley said that Miss Irving as a theatrical "high explosive" stands almost alone. "Give her a chance for a sudden outburst of pent-up feeling, for a sudden nerve-storm, for a whirlwind of passion, and she will take it superbly." As Tosca, she is "just a natural, wilful, rather kittenish little woman, a jealous pitfire"; it is realism in place of romance; while Sarah Bernhardt's presentation of the character in the earlier scenes was "a thing of high artifice, to take a lay-off, today."

As a woman than a kind of symbol of high priests and romantic graces; strange languors and romantic graces; there was a mystic glamour about her, an exotic charm." Mr. Walkley almost called Scarpa's chamber, a cave. "The man is so fee-faw-fum an ogre." Lyn Harding played the part and was full blooded and richly glowing. "But we have never been able to believe in Scarpa, he is so clearly a monster made to order, designed to 'work.' The various horrors of the play." The name Cavaradossi was a stumbling block to most of the performance. The Daily Telegraph frankly said, while praising Miss Irving "tearing cats and making all things split," that one was left at the end of the play with the feeling that the actress and the part do not altogether fit.

Our old friends, Sara Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, J. A. O'Rourke, and Sydney Morgan, were of the company that produced Lennox Robinson's new Irish comedy in three acts, "The White-Headed Boy," at the Gaiety, Manchester (Eng.), on Sept. 13. The comedy is described as laughter-provoking. Members of a family "rebel respecting their sacrifices to maintain the youngest and favorite son in college."

When "Winter's Tale" was produced at "Old Vic," London, last month, the producers were praised for their realization that Shakespeare was first of all a writer of plays, not poems. "They do not make the mistake of treating Shakespeare as a god and the performance of a play by him as part of the ritual of his worship. They handle Shakespeare with care, with understanding and with affection, but without overmuch reverence, and with no awe whatever. The audience behave in the same way. They laugh at what amuses them, not what a study of the play in the light of scholarly notes by Professor Drivasdust has led them to believe that they ought to consider funny. The difference between the ritualistic method of producing Shakespeare and the 'Old Vic' method is rather the difference between a sermon preached in an ecclesiastical voice by a young gentleman with a first class in the theological tripos and no other kind of knowledge and a hearty man-to-man jaw by Woodbine Willie."

Pinero's "Sweet Lavender" was received for a charitable object in London Sept. 25. "Perhaps one of these days an enterprising theatrical manager," said the Times, "will give us an opportunity of seeing on the London stage some of the earlier works of Sir Arthur Pinero. Nowadays, apparently, one has to depend either on musical comedies liberally adapted from his ideas, or on occasional performances by amateur societies, and there is a real danger that a generation of playgoers may grow up who know nothing of Sir Arthur Pinero's lighter vein, and will judge him by his more sombre later work, when the problem play had ousted light comedy from his scheme of operations."

Lady Monckton, who stepped in the next quarter of the 19th century from the ranks of amateurs on to the boards of a West End theatre in London and held her own among first-rate professionals, is dead. She made an instantaneous success as the wife of Jim the Penman in Young's play, Beerbohm Tree, then a young comedian, played Jim. She had long ago left the stage. Her son, Lionel Monckton is well known to lovers of musical comedies.

The Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society will perform a new Hardy play, "The Return of the Native," on Nov. 17 and 18. The dramatization, which has been approved by Mr. Thomas Hardy, is the work of Mr. T. H. Tilley, the honorary stage manager of the society. Most of the old Hardy players are in the cast.

Late last month the 1150th performance of "The Jeffersons" took place in England. The Stage of Sept. 23d said that so far Wilfred Shine had not missed a single performance of his original character.

Gordon Craig contributed to the Bookman's Journal and Print Collector for Sept. 17 an article entitled, "Books, Mules, and Idleness in Italy; with Some Reflections on the Literature of the Theatre."

A new "play of today" by Ernest Hutchinson, "The Right to Strike," lately produced at the Garrick, London, will have four doctors and two medical students among the characters.

It is known, of course, that the Germans claim Shakespeare as their own, as a spirit which has taken posthumous asylum in the Fatherland. Now he is to be more German than ever, by reason of an entirely new and carefully rendered translation. Till now the great translations have been those of Schlegel and Dorothea Tieck. They were done in modern German, and that is what has really caused Shakespeare to be so popular in Germany. These translations, however, suffer from the imperfections present, at the time they were made, in the English text, and from the translators' insufficient knowledge of Elizabethan English. So for eight years, through war, revolution and strikes, a band of most capable scholars has been laboring to produce the perfect translation, and the first volumes are now appearing.—London Daily Chronicle.

Ellen Terry in a Film Version of "The Pillars of Society"

Mr. Rex. Wilson's production of "Pillars of Society" as a film play is notable for two things, the courage of the producer in adapting Ibsen to the new medium of the screen, and the inspiration of securing the services of Miss Ellen Terry for the part of old Mrs. Bernick. True, the part is a comparatively small one, for even were the author of the scenario anxious to alter the play, it is absolutely essential that Mrs. Bernick should die at a very early stage of the story. Nevertheless, it gives Miss Ellen Terry an opportunity for an exquisite little performance, with a wonderful death scene which will enable future generations to obtain some little idea of the art of a great actress. It is not her first work for the screen, for she appeared in a film, "Her Greatest Performance," some years ago, and it is a cause of thankfulness that the film is preserving for posterity visible proofs of the art of the great figures of the stage of yesterday.

The task of adapting "Pillars of Society" for a film play must have been an enormous one, but possibly of all Ibsen's work it is the most suitable for the purpose. For in "Pillars of Society" the plot is essentially the thing, and Mr. Wilson has followed it very faithfully. Much of the work on the picture was done in Norway, and Mr. Wilson gratefully acknowledges the help which he received from the directorate of the National Theatre at Christiania. But the greatest help of all was that which he received from Mr. Norman McKinnel, whose performance as Karsten Bernick is a really fine piece of work. Mr. McKinnel is one of the most powerful actors on our stage for the moment, and it is all for good that he should find some time to devote to film work. His conception of the part of the conscience-stricken man, who hides his guilty secret for years and finally makes his confession before the whole town, is extremely good, with never a trace of exaggeration. But throughout the casting is admirable, for even the humblest players seem to be doing their best to pay tribute to the genius of Ibsen, and the result is a sincere and well-balanced production.—The London Times, Sept. 27.

A New Opera and New Orchestral Works Heard in London

Stephen Philpot's opera "Dante and Beatrice" was produced at the King's Theatre, London, Sept. 13. The critics found his task a difficult one, for the story has no dramatic elements. "It is the purest gossamer which anything less than the gentlest touch is bound to reduce to dust. We know what Dante thought of Beatrice, and when we see on the stage Dante standing by the Ponte Vecchio one cannot but fear that his words may be unworthy of the expectations aroused by the picture. That fear is not wholly unjustified, for it is certain that no who wrote

My lady looks so gentle and so pure. When yielding salutation by the way, would have never said, 'Twas years ago that she and I met.' Nevertheless, Mr. Philpot "was not unscrupulous enough to turn the delicate web of the love of Dante for Beatrice into the coarse fabric of a commonplace affair of the theatre relieved or encumbered by brilliant or sentimental music. There is in him enough of the poet to realize the distance dividing a Dante or an Abelard from Lt. Pinkerton and Chevalier Cavaradosi. And this is perhaps the greatest merit as well as the chief fault of his opera, which fails to convince only because the task is one of the most difficult that has ever been attempted by a composer.

... The whole experience will be invaluable for the composer, who undoubtedly shows a distinct capacity for operatic music of a graceful and melodic character. His "Dante and Beatrice" is a promise which the future will not belie—on condition that his new subject is not "Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway." But is this opera wholly new? Was it not performed in concert form in November, 1889, at Brixton, as was his "Zelica"? A one-act opera, "La Gitana," is dated 1896. There was a Stephen Philpot in the 18th century who wrote instruction books for the violin and harpsichord.

As Mr. Montoux will produce here an orchestral work by Arnold Bax, the following review by the London Daily Telegraph of that composer's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra, produced at the Promenade concert Sept. 23, is interesting. "Of a work so intricately fashioned as this—it consists of theme, six variations, and an intermezzo, all closely wrought—ona cannot pretend to give anything like a faithful impression after a first hearing. The theme itself is grave in character, but in the very first variation it undergoes such transmutation of mood and character that one is quickly puzzled. In the earlier portion of the work the music seems to be writhing in an effort to express something, becoming at times exceedingly impetuous and emphatic without gaining in coherence. anon it becomes tranquil, but only to become obscure, the composer seeming, as it were, to practise the intensive cultivation of side-issues. This is not to suggest that there are no lucid moments; there are many. It is the continuity of

those moments that is difficult to follow. Mr. Bax achieves something nearly approaching a thrill in the third variation, which is labelled 'Strife,' but it is a thrill that quickly gives way to the predominant feeling of perplexity. One noticed passages of beautiful orchestral colouring in the fourth variation, 'The Temple,' and in the Intermezzo, which occurs between the penultimate variation and the final, 'Triumph,' something of that magical spell which genius only can throw over us. A moment only, and it was gone. We are grateful for such a work as this; it is the achievement of one who has truly arrived. But we must hear it many times again or possess the score—it is still in MS.—before declaring judgment."

Coleridge Taylor died before he had completed the ballet music for "Hiawatha," but he left the piano score. Percy Fletcher orchestrated the music, which was first heard at Brighton West Pier in week beginning Sept. 19. "The gem of the four movements is 'The Bird Scene' in which the flute, piccolo, clarinet and oboe represent the notes of birds."

According to the London Times, Myra Hess played most familiar works "by the most familiar of piano composers in a way which neither underlined their familiarity nor offended by attempting to deny it, all contributing to pleasant result. There are two kinds of bad Chopin-player, the sentimentalists and the scientists. The former wallow in the weakest aspects of his expression; the latter are so anxious to demonstrate his less self-evident attributes that they ignore the one thing which is a key to his many-sided character, his impulsive humanity. Both in their different ways are misled by side issues. The pleasure that one finds in Miss Hess's playing is due to her keen sense of the main issues. She plays each work as a whole, making the music, and not what she thinks or feels about the music, her first consideration."

F. E. Slade, writing to the Daily Telegraph of London, declares that he has found in his own experience that the contemplation, in a receptive spirit, of anything in nature, including human life, from which Mr. Carter says no inspiration can be drawn, inspires him with music appropriate to itself; although at the same time there is a spiritual element in the inspiration. "But that is not inspiration through detachment from the material. It is rather a spiritualized aspect of the material. Nature is so much an inspiration of music that I have found that different colors and forms suggest their own keys and musical phrases; and it is interesting to trace these ideas in the works of the great masters. Thus red suggests the key of E major, the green of spring A major, the green of summer D major, and so on." And so he, too, has joined the turners of cucumbers into sunbeams.

Norman O'Neill is composing music for James K. Hackett's revival of "Macbeth" in London.

"The Belle of New York" is now "Strengthened or the Reverse," in London, by the interpolation of ragtime numbers. The name of Gustave Kerker is not on the bill.

The London Times described the music of British composers on the program of a promenade concert, Sept. 16—the composers were Gibbs, Carr, Mackenzie, Thomas, Grainger—as having the character of "cheerful sentimentality." The songs were either trite or vulgar. "But, no; we retract half of that; the promenade is, after all, the place for trite songs." As for Gibbs's suite:

"Mr. Armstrong Gibbs wrote some incidental music for a boys' play last year, and has scored it now as an orchestral suite, and though we could not gather much about the original drama from the account given, the result seems to justify him. It is 'tuney,' as it had to be for its purpose, and with sufficient redundancy to make the tunes go down with those who have heard a little music since they were boys. Since the point was its orchestration, we may say that that is not 'stodgy' nor fanciful, but resonant and well-balanced. Mr. Carr's 'Three heroes' veils a certain vagueness in the music by a very definite program but comes perilously near pathos in the process—there was a certain highwayman of whom it was said that the mourners

—followed his car

(T is omitted where heroes are). There is hardly any evident reason why the music should come to an end, and so in each case it just stops when time is up, so to say. Still he must be given credit for his Zeppelin; it has the genuine Teutonic love of mere size. The audience, in fact, gave him the credit."

When Mr. Moisewitsch gave his second recital in Sydney, there were only a couple of lamps and four candles on the platform for the pianist and an audience of 2000. Two lamps were all that the electrician strikers would allow. This admirable pianist in four months has given 18 recitals in Sydney, 17 in Melbourne, 5 in Adelaide, 5 in Perth, 4 in Brisbane and one or two others, besides several concerts with his wife, Daisy Kennedy, violinist. The two are

now on the Pacific coast. The wife will make her first appearance in New York next month. Mr. Moisewitsch will play here with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

While

Isidore de Lara's opera "Messaline," which failed dismally in New York in spite of Mme. Calve taking the part of the heroine, will be performed at Metz this week. His new opera "The Three Musketeers," with Mr. Magnenat as

d'Artagnan will be produced at Cannes this season.

The Daily Telegraph of London (Sept. 18) waxed enthusiastic over gramophone records of harpsichord music. "That was truly a revelation which took place the other afternoon in a salon of the Piccadilly Hotel. Never more completely nor more triumphantly has science played the role of handmaid to art than on this (first) occasion when a company of musicians and critics were invited to hear a number of records lately made by the gramophone company of music played on a harpsichord. The original player on the harpsichord was that distinguished artist, Mrs. Violet Gordon Woodhouse; the actual artist of the afternoon recital was 'His Master's Voice,' and surely it would be impossible to find an artist more loyal, more faithful, more efficient, or more at ease! Those who have heard Mrs. Woodhouse in the flesh have heard one who is well-nigh incomparable as an exponent of old keyboard music; and those who were privileged to hear these reproductions of her playing are unlikely to forget the occasion easily. . . . The really striking and wonderful thing about this latest achievement of science is not the perfection with which the mere dynamics of the music are reproduced—we have been accustomed to excellence in this direction for a long time now; it is the fidelity to the tone-quality of the original instrument—in this case Mrs. Woodhouse's own—to its very physical (one might almost say, spiritual) character. What all this postulates by way of education alone—apart altogether from its sheer aesthetic pleasure—is incalculable. As a scientific consummation it is more than a simple triumph. It is uncanny."

Stella Powell, who sang recently at the Albert Hall concert, was described on the program as a singer who "created a furore on her first appearance at these concerts last season," one critic at least took her coolly:

"She certainly had a cordial reception again yesterday afternoon, which, however, did not exceed in the slightest degree the strictest decorum. And, indeed, though good of its kind, the performance was not of the class that arouses a frenzy of enthusiasm."

It appears that Landon Ronald is the only conductor of note that carries on Debussy's tradition of playing the pizzicato chords in the Andante of Tchaikovsky's F Minor symphony with harp-like freedom and quality.

Eric Fogg, a 17-year-old composer, conducted his orchestral suite—a first performance—at a promenade concert in London on Sept. 21. The Daily Chronicle said: "It is a suite from the ballet 'The Golden Butterfly.' The scenario of the ballet from which the music has been arranged being based upon a Chinese legend of a butterfly and its adventure at the Emperor's court. There are five numbers, each somewhat lengthy, and in each case the music is strongly reminiscent of the 'modernist' school. Stravinsky in particular, with occasional Debussyan influences. The youthful composer's own ideas, when one is able to discern them, are simple and pleasing, but the work as a whole suggests that Mr. Fogg is as yet too much under the influence of other schools to write anything really individual. The scoring of the work is cleverly done, but here again it is evident that his work is modelled upon that of others. The composer himself

conducted what appeared to be a good performance of his work."

Paul Kochanski, a Polish violinist, popular in London before the war, is there again, having come from Warsaw. "During many bitter days he was at Kleff and at Petrograd, where he took the place of old Leopold Auer in the conservatoire. Kochanski has brought with him a number of new works, notably concertos by the Pole Szymonowsky, Prokofieff, a concert Mazurka, Oberok, especially written for him by Glazunov, and a concerto by an old friend, Mlynarski, who is now director of the Warsaw conservatoire and of the Opera."

A London Opinion of "Earthbound," Film Play by Basil King

For a couple of hours yesterday morning, in a London picture theatre, a small group of spectators watched the exhibition of one of the most ambitious, and at the same time one of the most deeply impressive, pictures that has yet been produced in a film studio. To those who believe even now that the cinematograph screen can be only a dull reflection of the stage the film will come as a revelation; those who believe that it can, with proper handling, become the medium of a new art of its own, will find the production a cause of deep satisfaction.

"Earthbound," as the new Goldwyn film is called, is a great production, if examined merely from the technical point of view. The photography is good, the lighting is beautiful, the system of double exposure, by which some of the most impressive effects are obtained, is used with almost uncanny precision, and the acting of all the players

a dog, which displays almost human intelligence in its work, deserves the highest praise. But good as they all are, it is not on these accounts that the film will arrest attention. Earthbound is a big film because it sets out to tackle a big problem in a big way, and, without swerving to the right or to the left, Mr. Basil King, the author, has worked out his theme to its logical conclusion.

It may be described as the cinematograph's first contribution to the absorbing problem of all times, the happenings after death. It solves nothing, of course, but it teaches a lesson, without offence and with real sincerity. "What happens to the soul when it is freed from the body," is the question which Mr. Basil King sets out to discuss. Is it swept from the earth at that moment, or does it, earthbound, still share the violent emotions which the living have to endure? The contention of the film is that the latter state of affairs prevails. The story shows us five people—three men and two women—who become involved in tragedy. Of the three men, two believe that there is "No God, no sin, no future life." The third refuses to subscribe to such a doctrine, and it is on his views of the hereafter that the film is based. One of the unbelievers discovers that his wife is about to elope with the other, despite the fact that he also is a married man. With calm deliberation he shoots him dead on the club staircase—and from that instant the film grips in its intensity. The dead man's body falls to the bottom of the staircase (a remarkable fall this), but the spirit, represented by a transparent, ghostlike form, remains—and is puzzled why nobody sees him and why his old friends pass him by. Seeing, yet unseen, the spirit endeavors to get into communication with his earthly friends to explain why, for the time being, he cannot leave the earth. Gradually he makes his presence felt, but it is the simple faith of his little child which first discovers that he wishes to communicate a message. In turn the spirit visits his wife, his lover and his friends, and into them all he endeavors to instill the message that he must continue to share the emotions of the earth and that he cannot find the peace of the great beyond until he has learned the lesson that pure love is the key to open the gate, but that love misused is a crime against God and man.—London Times, Sept. 22.

Pizzetti's Violin Sonata

One does not use the word "master-piece" lightly in discussing contemporary work, yet the word will out in appraising the new piano-and-violin sonata which Iridebrando Pizzetti has recently given to the world. One enthusiastic writer has suggested that violinists desiring in a single program to show the three most important milestones in the evolution of the violin sonata should choose Beethoven's "Kreutzer" or the seventh, Cesar Franck's, and this Pizzetti—at once a suggestion and a criticism with which one feels oneself in perfect agreement. Naturally one excludes a number of immortal sonatas written in the latter half of the nineteenth century, but, as Mr. Castelnuovo-Tedesco points out they all follow either the footsteps of Beethoven or the cyclic form invented by Franck, and none of them is conceived in quite the personal way of Pizzetti, whose work is novel alike in form and substance. The composer began this sonata in the autumn of 1918, and finished it during the winter of 1919. He wished, we are told, to give expression to a drama that could not be realised by means of scenic pictures, but which required vibrating and passionate instrumental voices to convey the "intense sufferings of a tortured heart and of an awakened consciousness—the drama of war." It is claimed for the three movements of which the work is composed that they reveal "three distinct soul-states, which comprise the whole of the great tragedy." We will not quarrel with the three "soul-states"; the emotional content of each movement is much too poignant to be dismissed with a word; but we certainly draw a line through the claim that this or any work of art can "comprise the whole of the great tragedy."

One's first cold-blooded impression of this work—of which Miss Kathleen Parlow is to give the first performance in this country at her recital—is that the composer has entirely subordinated technique to idea. The technique, fine and brilliant, is there; but you are not conscious of vogue, or fashion, or "influence." The first movement opens "tempestoso," and you are immediately swept into a whirlwind of emotion; you are in the midst of calamity and despair. The human soul is left without any sign of hope; only anguish and resignation remain—not in the manner of Tchaikovsky, but with more of spiritual dignity. The very beautiful slow movement which follows is labelled "preghieroso gl'innocenti," a prayer for those unhappy sufferers who, in the composer's own words, "know not wherefore they have to suffer." The last movement is a renaissance, a wonderful joyous "fresco" of brilliant colors and vivid outline—and life is worth living again. Although it has some analogies

GALLI-CURCI

To a symphony Hall audience that completely filled the house, including seats on the stage and available standing room in the side aisles, Madame Galli Curci yesterday afternoon sang the following program, assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist.

- I. Nina (old Italian).....Pergolesi
Chi vuol las zingarella old Italian
- II. Pourquoi? from "Lakme".....Paisiello
- III. Priere et Barcarolle, from "L'Etrole".....Debussy
- IV. Brume.....Poldowski
Promenade a mule.....Faurdin
Roses d'iver.....De Fontenailles
Polonaise from "L'Italian".....Bellini
- V. Soir sur la plaine.....Gaubert
Autumn Leaves a-wail.....Samuels
- VI. When the Song is done.....Beecher
The little bells of Sevilla.....Samuels
The Blackbird's Song.....Scott
- VII. Theme et variations (with flute).....Mozart-Adams

First Time This Season

As a popular idol Mme. Galli Curci returned for the first time this season to her Boston audience. That the audience was keyed up to high expectations was quite evident from random remarks overheard and from the general hum of excitement. That Mme. Galli Curci did not disappoint the general expectation was equally evident from the prolonged applause, the generous encores, the delight with which she was always greeted.

The voice was, especially in the higher notes, of exquisite clarity, with an often beautiful firmness. In the light of what the singer can so easily do with her voice her reticence from fire works was grateful, for the temptation must be large. Especially in such selections as those of a purely decorative quality the voice was beautiful. For it is obviously an instrument of decoration rather than of emotion.

This distinction was clear when Mme. Galli Curci attempted other than decorative modes of music. In the first part of the "Brume" the voice had a quite common quality that was distinctively unpleasing, and in general in the songs of the fourth group she was not at her best. So also in the encores, "The Maid of Dundee," "Just a Song at Twilight," and "Home, Sweet Home"—(Yes, she did)—the effect was not to be compared with that produced in the decorative selections. There were many times when a sensitive ear felt that the attack on a tone was such as not to hit the exact key.

Beauty of Voice and Execution

The continuance of the program but sustained the feeling. In most cases the singer with remarkable skill slid into the correct position imperceptibly. But in the "Pourquoi?" and the "Polonaise" a listener must have been difficult to please who was not carried away with the beauty of both voice and execution.

The audience was enthusiastic throughout. We applauded with might and main, with greater might for encores, with greatest might when Mme. Galli Curci played her own accompaniment for an encore; and if she could have arranged a drum and cymbal to be operated with the foot we should have arrived at the fervor of a political meeting.

Mr. Berenguer accompanied Mme. Galli Curci in the third and seventh sections, and performed the fifth as soloist. His playing was pleasing and appreciated. Mr. Samuels, who was honored by having two of his compositions on the program, presided at the piano with distinction throughout.

ZIEGFELD SHOW

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of the 14th in the series of Ziegfeld Follies. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin; additional lyrics and music by Gene Buck and Dave Stamper; special music by Victor Herbert; scenes by Joseph Urban; staged by Edward Royce; Leon Rosebreck, musical director.

There was, of course, a great audience. The Follies are justly described as a national institution. Mr. Ziegfeld has discussed the future of the show girl: how she must no longer rely on her beauty; she must have brains, sir, intellectuality, individuality and all the other "ties." But most of us are content if these girls are beautiful, for the few lines given to them do not demand finesse or call for deep thinking; it is enough if they walk gracefully—Charles Reade would say they "swim," as he said of his heroines entering a room—if they have the serenity that comes from full assurance of personal attractiveness. As for the show girls, the "Follies of 1920" is fully up to the standard set by Mr. Ziegfeld long ago and firmly maintained.

San's taste is again displayed

in exquisite colors and in striking designs. Mr. Haggis's picture, "The Love Boat," charming in the grouping, is effectively lighted, nor is this the only noteworthy spectacular effect.

The singing and the dancing are more conspicuous than the comic element. There is no act in the present Follies so amusing as the scenes at the osteopath's and in the shooting gallery shown in the last series. Mr. Winniger is here, but he has comparatively little to do, which is a pity. "In the Park," in which he figures with Ray Dooley, gives promise at first, but is funny only in spots. The comic feature of the show is "The Family Ford" with W. C. Fields, and this is excellent fooling. Then there is Miss Fannie Brice with her delightful impudence, her ability to

put things over the footlights easily and grotesquely; witness her "vamp" song and her regret that because she married for love and did not fool with a millionaire she is still in the chorus. She certainly has "Individuality." There are our old friends Moran and Mack, also Van and Schenck; but there are also old friends that are sorely missed.

One of the chief features is the colonial dance by Margaret Irving and Jessie Reed. Would that it had been longer, it was so graceful, abounding in old time elegance, with costumes that suited the beauty and refinement of the dancers. Jack Donohue, loose as ashes, was as funny as ever; nor should Carl Randall and Lillian Broderick or the act of Jerome and Herbert be passed over. John Steele was again loudly applauded for his unaffected, manly singing. Mary Eaton is pleasantly remembered, and there are others.

An effective scene represents a theatre audience. It is a brilliant audience, one that outshines the audiences seen this side of the footlights in Boston playhouses.

While the music has little distinction it is sufficiently agreeable melodically and rhythmically, nor does it stun the ear or rasp the nerves.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Son-Daughter," a play of New China in three acts, by George Scarborough and David Belasco. First performance in Boston.

Lien Wha.....Lenore Ulric
Doctor Lum Low.....Morton Abbott
Toy Yah.....Jane Ferrell
Doctor Dong Tong.....Thomas Findlay
Tom Lee.....Marshall Birmingham
Sin Kai.....Albert Brumling
Pang Fou Hy.....Lyle Clement
Fen-Sha.....Clark Silvernail

The "mysteries" of New York's Chinatown; the romance of that bit of the Orient tucked in behind the sordid Bowery has long been a happy hunting ground for novelists and playwrights. Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Belasco have gone to this fertile field for the scene of "The Son-Daughter," and although they call their play "a play of New China," it is in reality a play of New Chinatown. Years ago plays of Chinatown were concerned with Tong wars and opium dens and the luring of misguided white females to further haunts of iniquity. Nowadays, however, the average American knows the Chinese to be among the best citizens we have, and the old type of Chinatown play has lost its savor. The background is still good, however. So, against the picturesque-ness of Pell street, the authors of this play have built a new plot, which deals with the workings of the Chinese revolutionists in New York, with a love story running through it.

The stage settings of "The Son-Daughter" are unusually beautiful; the costumes exquisite; it is a feast for the eye. But as a play, as a picture of the "New China," or the "new Chinese" it does not convince one for the moment. It is all Mr. Belasco's clever theatrical tricks together with Mr. Scarborough's facility for creating pretty situations hammered into a three act play. It is machine made from start to finish; it is not true to life.

Lien Wha is a theatrical concoction. So is every other character in the play. The crowning unreality seems to us to be Fen-Sha's announcement that his wedding guests have "gone across the street to the Port Arthur for the wedding supper." The Port Arthur is a tourist's joint; the Chinese inhabitants, particularly the Chinese merchants, would never dream of going there. Such a trick, however, typical of the play; the result is that three acts of unreality leave one cold in spite of colorful settings and costumes, the perfume of incense and the music of chimes. And the days when such things in the theatre satisfied one have gone by; better one-act of truth than a cycle of romantic insincerities.

The company goes through the performance in an admirably efficient and cold-blooded fashion. Miss Ulric looks beautiful, works hard and adds to the effect of unreality by her lack of any really human and vitalizing touch. One keeps waiting for it, and it never comes. It is not entirely her fault, however; the Chinese maiden is a puppet and no actress could make of the character a human girl. Mr. Silvernail as Fen-Sha, the gambler, did wonders with the impossible; he is an actor of subtle ability. Mr. Birmingham was attractive as the young lover. But the whole company gives the impression of a valiant crew, struggling to put life into something that is hopelessly dead.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Scandal," a play in three acts, by Cosmo Hamilton.

Pelham Franklin.....Charles Cherry
Malcolm Fraser.....Henry Mowbray
Sutherland York.....Carl Eckstrom
Maj. Barnet Thatcher.....Harry Ashford
Pewsey.....David Urquhart
Miss Honoria Vanderdyke
Jessamine Newcombe
Mrs. Henry Vanderdyke.....Ada Wingard
Mrs. Brown.....Nellie Beaumont
Regina Waterhouse.....Judith James
Helene.....Clemence deClaron
Mrs. Robson.....Winnie Sweeney
Beatrix Vanderdyke.....June Walker

"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's play which opened at the Plymouth Theatre last night, is an ingenious, amusing, and somewhat exaggerated picture of American life. Termed by its producer a play, it is in reality a human comedy which borders on farce. Beatrix Vanderdyke, an overbearing, spoiled mlinx, who, left by her family for a few hours, goes to the studio of Sutherland York to, as she puts it, "see if Bohemia is really like the novels." Her family catch her there, and, to avoid a year's exile in Maine, she announces that she has been secretly married to Pelham Franklin, whose studio is across the hall, and has come to see him. Called upon to "be a sport," Franklin plays up to her, and, later, in order to break her spirit, goes to her bedroom, where, after forcing her to go to bed, taunts her scornfully and leaves the room. Her plan for revenge and how, when she achieves it, finds she doesn't want it, form the action of the piece.

Cosmo Hamilton has a great deal of that lightness of touch essential to present-day comedy and farce and a realization that what the public wants is naturalness. He puts into the mouths of his characters lines that deal with everyday life. The action of the piece is a little slow in the beginning of the first act, but the rush of situations at the end of it quite make up for the earlier lack. From then on the action is evenly sustained and, strangely enough, doesn't drop after the crisis in the second act, the bedroom scene, but continues through the third act to the last curtain.

Charles Cherry is clever as Pelham Franklin, the man determined not to be made a fool of by a spoiled girl. He makes the most of his amusing lines and has a good grip on his characterization. June Walker, as the spoiled, spirited Beatrix Vanderdyke, is good in her audacity and impudence, but in the more emotional scenes—after the taunt in the second act and during the latter part of the third—she is rather overtaxed. She realizes the cleverness of her pert remarks and brings them out with an appreciation and a spontaneity that is irresistible. It was a pleasure to see again Jessamine Newcombe and Ada Wingard in the roles of Miss Honoria Vanderdyke and Mrs. Vanderdyke, respectively. "Scandal," with its study of moods, its unexpected twists and its amusing lines, holds the interest from beginning to end.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Paddy, the Next Best Thing," a four-act play by Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord.

adapted from the novel by Gertrude Page. The cast:

General Adair.....Walter Edwin
Jack O'Hara.....Edward Cullen
Mick.....Charles McCarthy
Miss O'Hara.....Julia Stuart
Paddy.....Eileen Huban
Eileen Adair.....Eunice Elliot
Laurence Blake.....Cyril Scott
Gwendoline Carey.....Vera Finlay
Dr. Davy Adair.....Charles R. Wells
Lord Sella.....C. Barnard Moore

"Paddy" is a jolly little comedy, full of life and action from start to finish, and with a novel sensation or two which will cause the most jaded of theatre-goers to sit up and take notice. It takes its name from Paddy, the heroine, who is, in the very capable and effective hands of Miss Eileen Huban, the central pivot about which the whole play revolves. Paddy is a second edition of "Peg o' My Heart," just such another rollicking, hoydenish, naive, affectionate, Irish girl, speaking the identical brogue and winning her way straight to the hearts of an audience, which was decidedly frigid at first but which warmed up well as the evening proceeded.

As for the other part of the title, "the next best thing," well, that refers to the hearty hatred which Paddy conceives for the young man of the piece—all due to a misunderstanding, of course—which she does not surrender until the very last scene of the very last act. The young man—Cyril Scott—will not be denied and despite all rebuffs and discouragements gets her at last in the time-honored way.

The scene of the second act is laid in a London dispensary, where Paddy is at work after the crash of the family fortunes. There is a brave array of bottles on the shelves and such compounding of medicine as one is not often privileged to see. The lovmaking progresses at a warm pace here when, just as curtain descends, the hero, just admirably calls the heroine a "little devil" and she returns the compliment by hurling a mortar through a plate glass window at him.

The next act shows the interior of an English railway carriage and the way in which Peg—beg pardon, Paddy—succumbs to the allurements of Mr. Blake's well filled luncheon basket, and showed Miss Huban at her best.

to a London audience. Its success has been instantaneous. London Daily Telegraph, Sept. 25.

Film Notes

A sort of hue and cry is being raised, and an enormous difficulty is suggested about finding a lead-acting actor to play as Sherlock Holmes on the film. Why bother? Surely somebody in the

offic can recall how exactly H. A. Sainsbury realized this character, in which he must have appeared literally thousands of times—on the last occasion, I believe, at the Adelphi. In appearance, he is positively perfection. Further, I recall how well and how long Hamilton Stewart performed the same personage, to say nothing of several other actors. Henderson Bland, the Christus of "From Manger to Cross," has never, I believe, acted Holmes on the stage at all, but he also would look it exactly. Cecil Humphries would do for Sherlock at a pinch, but he is not so fully and completely the type as Sainsbury or as Bland. By the way, the latter (like Hugh Wright) is one of our actor-poets, and a most conscientious student of literature, poetry being his hobby when the camera does not demand his presence. The best known of his published poems, in all probability, is "Moods and Memories." His most recent studio success was in the film version of "General Post"—The Stage.

It is easier to cry on the stage than on the screen, says a professional "lachrymist." She explains that while on the stage she only has to cry once, or at most twice, in 24 hours, in preparing a film it may be necessary to turn on the tap at a moment's notice as often as the rehearsals occur. After five or six attempts the tear tank is apt to run short, and even a powerful onion cannot extract rain from a cloudless eye.—London Daily Chronicle.

The film world appears to be peopled by persons who have not troubled to have themselves educated. For instance, the producer of the American film of G. R. Sims's play "The Romany Rye" would have us believe that Devonshire is on the outskirts of London, a district to which the inhabitants of Seven Dials go for a breath of country air. He also appears to think that in England we hunt foxes in woods during the summer. In the same picture it is suggested that the approach to Southampton harbor is so full of uncharted rocks that wrecks are of almost daily occurrence; and that New York police launches patrol the Thames. Another curious delusion of this particular producer is that a barrister and solicitor are one and the same thing. Rarely has an American "masterpiece" provided such a feast of absurd blunders.—London Daily Chronicle.

Harold Shaw, who came back from Russia a sick man, has undergone an operation, and is starting on H. G. Wells's "Kippis" for the Stoll firm.

The King Canutes of Soho, who have been ordering the sea of future film production to advance no farther, are getting their feet wet. All thoughtful kinema critics who can see well beyond their noses are out to scalp the bore-some ineffective film-novel, whenever and wherever found. The tide of criticism at present only tickles the toes of the prominent producing film directors, who, unheeding their fate, still sit on the shores of Celluloidia, and emit useless boasts about superiority, but presently the flood will reach their knees—then they will rise alarmed, and hurriedly retreat, only to find America sending over its formidable waves of original material.—The Stage.

"The picture hall is slowly but surely spreading over the world's surface. The latest registered public company is China Theatres, Ltd., organized to build buy, and run kinemas within the Celestial empire. Of course, such places of amusement have long been established where the British reside, but we may yet hear that Charlie Chaplin has become a strong favorite in the Forbidden City and Fairbanks is being applauded in Far Cathay."

LONDON QUARTET

Through the generosity of Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge of Pittsfield, the London string quartet will give a concert under the auspices of the division of music of Harvard University at the John Knowles Paine Hall, Kirkland street, Cambridge, tomorrow, at 8:15 P. M. The program will consist of quartets by the famous composers, Frank Bridge and H. Walton, and the Boston Quartet in E-minor, Opus 59, No. 2. The concert is open to the public.

Aside from the croons and the names of the characters and the sentimental music there is nothing in the play. It is really English. Its success lies in its rapid-fire action. What the people say is conventional enough. Whoever goes to the Arlington expecting something tragic must disabuse himself of the idea forthwith. It is comedy all the way. There is not a villain or an adventuress in the cast. When you go, prepare to laugh from the very rise of the curtain and you will have no trouble in keeping it up.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Cinderella on Broadway," a fantasy of the Great White Way, in two scenes and 22 acts. Music by Bert Grant and Al Goodman, lyrics by Harold Atteridge, staged by J. C. Huffman.

It is impossible to give the cast because of the great number of stars. Marie Dressler, Flo Burt, Al Brendel, John T. Murray, Arthur Carinal and a few others are included among those who shine forth.

Color, music and a flock of laughs tinkled through the sparkling bits of satire on subjects from the league of nations to married life, mixed with vaudeville turns of the better sort make up the show. "Cinderella comes to Broadway," is introduced, disappears and only reappears in order to have something sing a tuneful, sentimental song about her. She is not really needed, but she is as easy to watch as most anyone Boston has seen.

Who cares about the trials of "Cinderella" when Al Brendel, as Yonson on the stage, as a "square-head" of the most paragonous sort, he is in a class by himself. In one scene his clothes come apart. His coat splits up the back, the sleeves fall from the shoulders, the trousers sag below the place they belong, his shoes unwind themselves from his feet, and even when he gets a barrel to hide himself the staves fall out.

Marie Dressler with her lightning changes of expression carried on as few can. She burlesqued the league of nations, Ethel Barrymore, Theda Bara and even sang in the Rigoletto quartet.

Nor was the fun confined to that pair alone. Every one in the cast was light-hearted and gay. There was a scene in which the husband and his friend have a quarrel. Even pistol shots, which attract the wife to the spot, failed to do any more than cause the capacity audience to prepare for another laugh.

The scenery is more colorful than anything since the "Frivolities of 1920" which was overlooked by Boston because it was at the Opera House.

The most gorgeous scene is called the top of the world. For sheer color and beauty it is worth seeing. A huge slipper is opened and a flight of stairs is unfolded which lead to the top of the stage. From there the members of the cast march down to the footlights.

Of course, the jazz lovers are not neglected. Hardly that, with Vivian Oakland singing "Romantic Blues," "Hold Me," and a couple of others. Nor were the devotees of Terpsichore forgotten. The Purcella Brothers who start dancing where many leave off, backed up by Constantin Kobleff and Hermost Jose furnished all that was needed to satisfy the most exacting. Incidentally the male member of the last-named team admits by his attitude he has no peers in the profession.

All told, "Cinderella" furnishes enough laughs to digest a hearty meal, has plenty of melodies, girls, beauty and everything else needed. It is a splendid production, and will please Boston.

MISS VANDERBILT

Pleases Audiences with Her "Flapper Songs"

Gertrude Vanderbilt, with Denn Moore at the piano, heads the bill at P. F. Keith's Theatre this week with her inimitable "flapper" songs. Her songs, "Only One of the Vanderbilts in Vaudeville," "I Want It, That's All," and "You Never Can Believe Them," were up to the minute and her chatter held the interest of the audience last night all through the act.

"Going Up," with Jack Mack, Walter C. Percival, Edward Bagley, Norma Brown and a chorus, a vaudeville version of the musical comedy, made a decided hit.

Charles O'Donnell of O'Donnell and Blair kept the house in laughter with an acrobatic imitation of an intoxicated piano tuner.

Another well received act was a dance revue by Gluran and Margurite, featuring a modified version of the Apache dance.

Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson provided another good feature. They gave an entertaining burlesque of movie actors in song.

Other numbers were Delano and Pike, acrobats, dancers and jugglers; Sybil Vane, late of the Covent Garden Royal Opera, The Leighton in comedy of the sidewalk variety, and Julio Salmo, contortionist.

'AS YOU WERE'

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "As You Were," a fantastic revue in two acts and six scenes. Book and lyrics by Arthur Wimperis, adapted by Glen MacDonough; music by Herman Darewski and E. Ray Goetz. Clarence West, musical director. Produced as "Plus ça change" at the Theatre Michel, Paris, Sept. 7, 1915. Chief comedians, Mlle. Spinelli Paul Ardoy and M. Raimu. Produced at the London Pavilion, entitled "As You Were," adapted by Arthur Wimperis, music by Herman Darewski and Edouard Mathe, Aug. 3, 1918: Alice Delysia, Messrs. Humphries, Morton, Morgan, Moss, Coffin, Stillward, the Misses Vivian, Hancox, Prim. Produced at the Central Theatre, New York, Jan. 27, 1920. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni; Ruth Donnelly and Violet Strathmore; Clifton Webb, Hugh Cameron and Stanley Harrison.

Chorus: John Kearney, Eileen Nutt, Carrie Glenn, Pinkie Smith, Marjorie McClintock, Umberto, Stanley Harrison, Wolfe Waffelstein, Sam Bernard, Kl. Ki, Ernest Wood, Gertrude, Irene Bordoni, Prof. Elbert, Frank Mayne. No doubt this piece has been changed almost beyond recognition in the course of two adaptations. Mr. Goetz was quoted some time ago as saying that only 40 lines of the original had been kept and only four of the original songs. By "original" he probably meant the London adaptation; but what matters it if "Plus ça change" has suffered a Channel and an Atlantic change, as long as Miss Bordoni and Mr. Bernard are the chief comedians and are almost constantly on the stage?

The leading idea is, of course, the same. Waffelstein, a rich baker, suspects his wife and is tired of her extravagance and frivolity. He wishes to find a place where women and Greenwich village male freaks are unknown. A professor calls on him with pills of a wondrous property: they convey the task of them into the past.

Arthur Rimbaud in one of the fantastical rhapsodies exclaimed that at some nocturnal festival in a northern city he had met all the women of the old painters. Waffelstein first finds himself at Versailles, where he falls victim to Ninon de L'Enclos. Another pill and he is in Cleopatra's palace; still another and he encounters Helen of Troy in Athens. At last in a primeval forest, he finds that the female monkey is not loyal to her mate. So in disgust, he returns to his own villa, disguised as an electrician. He hears his wife tell the nut Kl Ki that she pretended to flirt with him only because she was jealous of her husband's business.

Throughout the piece there are two motifs, a foolish joke about a fish, which first heard at the baker's village, he is obliged to hear again in France, Egypt, Greece—even in the primeval forest, one monkey hands his mate a fish; there is also Mr. Darewski's gushing tune "If you could care for me," sung by Miss Bordoni in her various characters. Of course the various scenes admit of fanciful costumes and effective stage settings.

Mr. Bernard is very funny, even though he is surprised at Versailles because he had not heard "French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise," and exclaims when he is confronted with Helen's lover, "So this is Paris." Wherever he appears he is unchanged; his business suit excites wonder; he is a comically ardent wooer in spite of his sworn hatred of women. A most amusing man with his quips and cranks, his facial play, his physical contortions, as when he sings "Who ate Napoleons with Josephine when Bonaparte was away," a sequel to his "Mrs. Rip Van Winkle" song. Indefatigable throughout, he was never wearisome, always a joy and an inspirer of honest laughter.

Miss Bordoni was a strikingly handsome apparition, gorgeously dressed; singing "Ninon was a Naughty Girl," with French malice and a naughty twinkle in her eye, alluring and treacherous as Cleopatra; a "grando Amboureuse" as Helen—and how Mr. Bernard did enjoy the long embrace! Equally desirable she was as Mrs. Waffelstein.

Miss McClintock sang agreeably and was a pretty picture with her harp. There were dances by Helen Kroner and Chester Hale and by Mr. Wood and Miss Kroner. George Sullivan played the part of Thermos at Athens humorously. Probably the laundry jests about Helen of Troy were inevitable. The audience laughed continuously.

FIRST TIME HERE FOR ROPARTZ PIECE

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is made up of modern works.

The orchestra will be the soloist. The symphony is the first of Sibelius, the Finn, whose music, wild and impressive, reminds one of Thomas Hardy saying that Egdon Heath appealed to "a more recently learned emotion than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming." When Mr. Gerlicke first produced here a work of Sibelius, the well-disposed audience was perplexed and disquieted. The Finn thus met in Boston the reception given in turn to Richard Strauss, Cesar Franck and Claude Debussy. Today all these composers are regarded as eminently respectable and orthodox, yet no music by Sibelius has been heard at a Symphony concert since March 1, 1918. Conductors, after all, are mortal; they have their likes and their dislikes.

A Divertissement for orchestra by Guy Ropartz, formerly of Nancy, now director of the Strasbourg conservatory, will be heard here for the first time. His symphony has been played twice at these concerts; his Fantasia was brought out by Mr. Gerlicke 15 years ago. This industrious, long-bearded pupil of Cesar Franck is serious minded musically, but the Divertissement is in a comparatively light mood. It was published in 1919.

The other piece on the program is Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." It has been played twice at these concerts, but it is doubtful whether any one remembers it except as a tumultuous expression of "untrammelled activity," to quote an English rhapsodist rejoicing in the name of A. Eaglefield Hull, who is a Doctor of Music. The work is said to be in three divisions, expressing Scriabin's philosophy of life: The soul in the orgy of love; the realization of a fantastic dream; the glory of the composer's own art. Scriabin wrote a long poem for this work, a poem that might be characterized by the hated bourgeois as hifalutin. This poem was translated literally for the Symphony Program Book by Lydia L. Pimenoff Noble, the wife of Mr. Edmund Noble of The Herald.

The program of the concerts on Oct. 27 and 28 has local interest for Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's new poem, "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe's marvellous tale), will be played for the first time. The other orchestral piece will be Schumann's Symphony in D minor and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, No. 3. Mme. Helen Stanley will sing Mendelssohn's "Infelice" and Tatiana's Letter from Tchaikowsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin." She was heard in Boston, first at the Boston Opera House in "The Jewels of the Madonna," when Zenatello, Blanchard and Mme. Gay were her associates. She was also heard in concert with Mr. Bauer; in her own recitals; with Mr. Lagarra when he gave a concert of his Spanish music.

PHILIP HALE SPEAKS AT APOLLO CLUB DINNER

Members Plan Observance of 50th Anniversary

Philip Hale, The Herald's music critic, addressed 125 associate past-active, active members and guests of the Apollo Club of Boston at their dinner last night in the Hotel Vendome. The dinner was given in preparation for the 50th anniversary of the club, to be celebrated in 1921.

The after-dinner entertainment was for the most part musical. Courtenay Guild, the president, spoke, and Thomas H. Hall, the treasurer, read an original fable made from titles of songs sung by the club in recent years. Mr. Hall was the author of the menu with its club history and verse, descriptive of Emil Mollenhauer, who is serving his 26th year as conductor.

There were solos by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, George Boynton, Walter Kidder and various choruses by the club. Harvey L. Whitney, 86 years of age, who joined the club at the time of its organization in 1871, was a member of the chorus. He is said to be the only one of the original members alive.

The preachers that thunder from the pulpit against the street and house costumes of women, young and old, have had many equally infuriated predecessors, nor is it necessary to go back to the prophet Isaiah or Tertullian, whose manner of expression reminds one of ebony, whose books should be bound in pigskin with iron clasps.

In the 16th century lived one Jean des Aulnais, principal of the Collegio of Aulnais and canon of St. Nicholas in the same city. He had been a teacher of youth for 20 years when he published, in 1575, his "Oeuvres morales." In it he said his say about the culture of women then living.

"And here (ladies) I must ask you, whether you can possibly be acceptable to God, and be saved, when you practice what he forbids? By no means; and whether you will or not, you must either, untwist, unbat, and unnet your hair, that is, not wear it dressed in the manner of bats' wings, and like nets, to catch the men diabolically . . . or you must be lost or damned forever. For this is certainly a thing prohibited both in the Old and New Testament. If the King had forbidden, you would be forced to obey; but as for God's

Commandments, you will not mind them, and will die (as it is said) in your disobedience and obstinacy, thro' that worldly vanity and pride, which deceives you, and even makes you look so ugly and so abominable that if you knew how much that hair-dress misbecomes you, you would rather burn it than wear it . . . O Lord! in what unhappy times do we live! to see such a depravation of manners, that even at church the women wear looking-glasses . . . This is still more abominable before God and men than all the other abominations."

The frankness in speech of that century was such that we are obliged to quote from the Canon only in part.

Women of today, reading this diatribe, will be pleased to learn that this wretched man was not ashamed of writing an ode in praise of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day; that he had "a very great opinion of his own merit and thought that his eminent qualifications had exposed him to the persecutions of the envious." He was accused of strangely falsifying and misrepresenting things; of borrowing them from very bad authors; and he was so credulous that he related the story of Pope Joan without doubting of it in the least. To add to his lamentable failings "he would meddle with poetry."

Yours for Health

Towns show shocking immodesty by the display of huge signs that disfigure the landscape. "This is Slumboro: A good place to live in." "Welcome to Pumpkin Hollow." "This is Gunsett, In 1555 Hezekiah Godfrey, with his wife," etc.

All for the glory of the town. They order these things better in Mississippi. In Lee county, we are informed, there are 1500 boards, guides to health. Here is one of them: "Twenty-two miles to Tupelo, Lee county, the model health county. Chew your food. You have no gizzard."

The Jurymaid's Lament

[How some women jurors might be expected to receive the honor.]

"Twas a voice of sound and fury—
"Yus, they've put me on a jury—
In a box with callous males;
Think I'm goin' to set in silence
When a 'usban's took for violence,
An' 'e tells 'is fairy tales?

"Sakes, I'd be a pretty traitor
To forgo my 'uman natur
An' be kep' without my tea,
Jest bec'os I knows 'e done it
An' it wasn't 'er begun it
An'—the others won't agree!"
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

3D SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony, No. 1; Ropartz, Divertissement (first time in America); Scriabin, Poem of Ecstasy.

Any one who did not meet Sibelius when he was in this country, judging his character from his music, might think him an austere, reserved, rather forbidding person, rejoicing only on a dreary moor, baring his breast to the storm, towering proudly in loneliness. He is not a bit Byronic, nor is he a lover of solitude; he is genial, if not gregarious, interested in human affairs; at the same time one recognizes his sturdy personality.

Those rhapsodizing over his music, attribute its characteristics to the natural scenery of his native land, and the dreariness of a Finnish winter, but the travelers have told us that Finland is by no means so desolate a country as the fireside and library tourists would have us believe. Neither a country nor a composer's mood at the time of composition inevitably affects his whole work. In the dead of a northern winter he may put southern Italy into glowing tones; sick at heart, he may write vivacious strains. Many instances of these contrasts in the history of music might be cited. Nevertheless the "milieu" of a composer may well affect him in a measure. Unfortunately there has been no Sainte-Beuve to examine into the development of this or that composer, and there are many that dispute the theory of Buckle concerning climatic influence.

No doubt Sibelius has submitted to the spell of sagas and legends. Their romantic nature would appeal to him. He has found inspiration in the "Kalevala," in the folk-music of Suomi. It has been said that this folk-music has been "penetrated with melancholy" from the earliest times; but the folk-music of other lands has often been melodically sad, minor in mode or key, when the words were gay; while the most solemn, the most mournful of funeral marches, the Dead March in "Saul," is in the traditionally exultant key of C major. This symphony of Sibelius, played yesterday for the fifth time, is superbly melancholy; the melancholy is that of a

Howard Godling, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows, Rachmaninoff, prelude in D flat major, prelude in G major; Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor; Debussy, Hommage, A. S. Pickwick, Esq., La Danse de Puck, Minstrels; Chopin, Nocturne, Albeniz, Triana.

Surely the most emotional, the most poetic portions of the sonata are the middle movements. In them is the Schumann of intimate confessions; in them we find the characteristic musical nature of the man. In the other movements there is at times rhythmic interest, but there is also the suggestion of "double, double toil and trouble." It is seldom necessary to play or to hear the whole of a pianoforte sonata.

Mr. Goding is an interesting pianist. He is thoughtful and intelligent; not square-toed in his phrasing, and though there might have been a more vaporous quality in Chopin's Nocturne. He has a euphonious touch. His strength is not metallic. He sings; he does not hammer out the melodic figures. His emotion does not lead him into sentimentalism; throughout there is a sense of proportion. He realizes the value of dynamic gradations.

And now let him enlarge his repertoire. Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Albeniz, worthy names; but there are some young Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen who have written for the pianoforte and should be heard.

"The Reign of Patt'," by Herman Klein, 470 pp., 49 illustrations, is published by the Century Company, New York.

This book abounds in anecdotes and is agreeable reading. It is also of value to the student of opera, for it gives authentic details of an extraordinarily successful operatic life. Adelina Patti was born in the opera; her chief interests in life were operatic; she was apparently not concerned with other branches of art, literature, politics, household economics, the position of woman, etc. In her last years she had her little stage at Craig-y-Nos Castle.

Mr. Klein gives much attention to Patti's childhood and youthful career. "The whole story has never been set forth in coherent form or with the minuteness of detail that it deserved." He has told this story with careful attention to apparent discrepancies in the accounts furnished by contemporaries of the youthful singer and by those intimately associated with her. There are few inaccuracies, if any, in the statements of fact throughout the book. The reader might infer that Carlotta, on account of her lameness, and in spite of the apparatus invented to conceal her limp, did not sing in opera after 1861-62. In a foot note later Mr. Klein says that she appeared once in Philadelphia in 1870 as the Queen of Night, "but the notices were again too discouraging." We heard her in New York at the Academy of Music as the Queen of Night in the fall or early winter of 1868.

Carlotta was a brilliant, dazzling virtuoso, but, having heard her in opera and in concert, we remember that her voice was flexible, metallic, hard as nails. One of her favorite songs was the "Laughing" song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut".

Speaking of Adellna's Lakme, Mr. Klein says that in Boston the perform-

ance proved "quite unworthy; her personal triumph was marred by the inefficiency of those supporting her." This is unfair. We heard this performance; it was in March, 1890, and in Mechanics Hall, a huge room better suited for the exhibitions of steam ploughs, motor trucks, fertilizers and for wrestling matches than for a delicate little opera like "Lakme". The opera itself, sung in a reduced and Italian version, suffered as "Manon" also suffered when Sybil Sanderson sang there for the first and only time in Boston. But Patt's tenor was Ravelli, and no better Gerald could have been found except perhaps Clement in his best years.

Mr. Klein says in his preface that it was difficult "to limit the use of superlatives and avoid the semblance of hyperbole in writing about the life and achievements of a most extraordinary artist." He did not surmount this difficulty; he even refuses to plead guilty to a charge of exaggeration: "The reader of the pages who is too young to have heard Patti in her best days, and who cannot conceive the wonder of the miracle that she was, must be content now to 'mark, learn, and inwardly'—believe."

If Mr. Kleln were only not so cocksure of everything. He comes of a gifted family. One brother was a dramatist of repute; another was a theatre orchestra conductor; he himself is a man of parts. We remember gratefully another brother, Alfred Kleln, the Elephanteer in "Wang." He made few remarks in that amusing musical comedy, but they were to the point. We shall never forget his answer to the question, "What will you have?"; an answer full of subdued joy and hearty, ineffable longings: "Beer."

When it comes to the critical portions of Mr. Klein's biography there may well be discussion. Was Patti's Alda so wonderful a performance as he insists? "An all-round individual triumph such as Adelina Patti had not yet won during her entire 17 years of operatic life. It stands easily first among the many exciting Patti nights that remain indelibly engraved upon the memory of the present writer." It appears that she "plumbed tragic depths." However, Mr. Klein has the courage, say rather the honesty, to admit that her Carmen was a failure. He makes ingenious excuses for her; most of the music lay too low for her; "her personality was never fitted for the embodiment of a commonplace woman of the people." Dear sir, Carmen was anything but commonplace.

The truth is that Adeline Patti was a far greater singer than actress. As an actress she shone only in roles that required vivacity, coquetry, elegance, what is known in jargon as "distinction." She could play the part of a noble dame, lending herself to comedy, as the Lady Henrietta in "Martha." She was brilliantly vivacious as Rosina and roles of that character, but when it came to parts demanding any depth of emotion the hearer was enraptured by the singer, he was not moved by the actress. Mr. Klein quotes freely from critics; there are supplementary pages in which he reproduces criticisms appearing in American journals in 1859, 1860; in London journals and periodicals of 1861, '62, '63; in European journals of 1862; in London journals of 1885, 1895, and other reviews. He is bitter against Henry F. Chorley, because he did not lose his head completely and gush over Patti when she appeared in London in 1861. He calls him conceited, pompous, prejudiced, caustic; his reviews of Patti's first performances were "snappy barks"; "grudging praise that sugared the pill had a hollow ring, like that of all critics who are incapable of whole-souled admiration or who are jealous of 'discoveries' that they themselves have not unearthed." Yet he quotes Chorley approvingly in defence of Patti when, in 1863, London journalists criticized the high fees demanded and paid for her services. And what were these fees? For Paris and Madrid £120 for each performance—a modest sum in 1920.

It is strange that Mr. Klein overlooked an article written by Richard Grant White which appeared in the Century Magazine in 1882. Patti had not revisited America after she first appeared in Europe until 1888, except for a concert tour in the fall or winter of 1881 when she came on a concert trip that was unsuccessful, for no one then was willing to pay \$10 a seat for any singer. White, who had known Patti as a little girl, had not heard her since her great European success, but he did not hesitate to doubt her claim to the position of a great time; but her time is the best of her time; but her time is barren of great singers." She lacked two things of the very first importance: "a great voice and a rich, impassioned nature," her voice lacked "harshness, power, nobility, sympathy. No style the grand style; her method is perfect, almost beyond criticism; she is brilliant, she is exquisitely delicate in finish; but she is little. It may be said of her, as Pasta said of Sontag: She is the best of her school, but her school is not the best." White doubted if hearing her again would change his opinion: "Her qualities are too essential, too inherent, to be changed by time and culture. The Adellina Patti who sang in New York in 1849 and 1850 was not a

There is no
Paganism in it; there is no
King hymn, only a vast Fate
is in the heart of Tachikowsky.
One should write "On Austerity"
M. Gluck's is classically Gro-
n, Dido's is remote but noble; the
er's of Brahms is inclined to be dry;
f Brahms is too often crabbed.)
T. n., too, there is a wildness akin to
sary, in the symphony that is pleas-
There is something elemental in
work; savage but not barbaric; ele-
ntal but not crude. One realizes that
ulus was terribly in earnest; but this
can still be well controlled. And
true virility includes tenderness; as
the strong man may also be a dreamer
of dreams and see visions, so in this
symphony there are pages of peculiar
beauty unalloyed with sensuousness.

scribion too. Is a modern, with an
 of his own. If his poem is the ex-
 sion of ecstasy, we prefer moderat-
 ure, or even indigo bloom. He may in
 last years have been a deep thinker,
 a philosopher, with ideas derived from
 lentism and Theosophy; in this
 "Poem of Ecstasy," for which he wrote
 a poem in swollen verse, we find little
 must. There is constant endeavor, tor-
 tured straining to say something, and
 when the thoughts finally come to life
 as by the Caesarian operation, they
 seem withered, stunted, crippled. To us
 this music is nerve-rinsing, ear-stab-
 bling, impotent. As Charles Lamb found
 books that are not books, so there are
 musical compositions that are not music.

The Divertissement of Kopartz is an ingenious treatment of a lively theme, agreeable but not important, answering the requirement of an old Greek: that music should inspire a gentlemanlike joy. The Divertissement is musically sound and aesthetically pleasant.

The playing of the orchestra was brilliant. The symphony and performance of it made a profound impression. Mr. Monteux was enthusiastically recalled more than once. He had evidently taken great pains in the preparation of Scriabin's "Poem" and the results were evident. It is necessary to hear occasionally the orchestral works of this composer, for there are some, besides an English Doctor of Music, who already rank him among the immortals.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann, Symphony, D minor, No. 4; Hill, Poem "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe)—first performance; Beethoven, "Leonora" overture No. 3. Mme. Helen Stanley will sing Mendelssohn's concert aria "In-ferlice!" and Tatiana's Letter scene from Tschakowsky's "Eugene Onegin."

Can anyone inform us concerning the private life of the admirable Archæratæus, "who sallied round the world for the sake of finding out what was good to eat and what pleasures he could derive from the use of his inferior members"? Whether he came from Gela or Syracuse is immaterial; what is of more importance is that he wrote a book on the art of cookery, and was especially strong in the matter of pickles. Yet he overlooked the pickle juice called elephantine, alluded to by Crates, the comic dramatist, the first attic poet to bring drunken persons on the stage. What was the "elephantine" pickle? It is said that it was of delicate seasoning and easily made. By the way, Worcestershire sauce, as is well known, is made from the recipe of an English nobleman. Has his name ever been disclosed?

Two ingenious Englishmen, R. P. Weston and Bert Lee, have published a song, "The Syncopated Village Blacksmith." It begins:

The old tune to which Longfellow's verses were sung is "ragged," and in this irreverent version the blacksmith does not go to church.

ould not this version be arranged for male chorus to be sung by the Harvard Glee Club? On the program it should stand by way of agreeable contrast between a motet by Palestrina and some sombre ecclesiastical composition of the old Spanish school.

Last month the question was raised whether an "actor impersonating Abraham Lincoln should wear a shawl. Mr. Robert Barbour of Montclair, N. J., was sure that Lincoln wore at times a shawl large enough to take the place of an overcoat. Mr. Truman H. Bartlett of Jamaica Plain writes to The Herald as follows:

"The best and most reliable description of Lincoln's personal appearance, the fact that he wore a shawl and how he wore it, is given in one of the most interesting books ever written about him, Mrs. J. Martin John's 'Memoirs of Deatur,' a village that Lincoln loved and whose citizens loved him. She writes: 'When I first knew Mr. Lincoln he was 40 years old (1849), had been a member of the state Congress; had trav-

ced the crowd with men of culture and refinement had met great statesmen and elegant gentlemen; and the ungainliness of the pioneer, if he ever had it, had worn off, and his manner was that of a gentleman of the old school, unaffected, unostentatious, who arose at once when a lady entered the room, and whose courtly manners would put to shame the easy-going indifference to etiquette which marks the 20th century gentleman. His dress, like his manner, was suited to the occasion, but was evidently a subject to which he gave little thought. It was certainly unmarked by any notable peculiarity. It was the fashion of the day for men to wear large shawls and Mr. Lincoln's shawl, very large, very soft, and very fine, is the only article of his dress that has left the faintest impression on my memory. He wore it folded together lengthwise (three and one-half yards long) in scarf fashion over his shoulders, caught together under his chin with an immense safety-pin. One end of the shawl was thrown across his breast and over the shoulder, as he walked up the steps of the Macon House one day in December, 1849."

As the World Wags:

"One can buy gold too dear," and has not too high a price for the franchise already been paid by the women? The bloom is being rubbed off the peach, and there has been a perceptible coarsening of the fibre underneath. The following minor examples were observed in those who in appearance were ladies and who could be expected to act accordingly: (1) On the night of celebrating the suffrage victory they "rushed" the seats in a Cambridge subway in which I was riding, and needlessly spread over the seats, say three over what was meant for four, four over five, etc., forcing aged men to stand. (2) On the sidewalks many have violated the customary rules and courtesies in the notorious Prussian officer fashion. (3) In the magazine room of the Public Library I had a magazine cover under my work while seated at a table on the other side of which there was some change of feminine readers; twice in half an hour I had this cover grabbed and pulled out without so much as "by your leave." This, so far as my peace of mind was concerned, certainly exemplified what I chanced upon a little later: "Power, which steadies all but weak men, too often drives women to destruction. This is apparently a quotation from Dr. Arabella Kencaly's new book, "Feminism and Sex Extinction," New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., as by review in New York Medical Journal, Sept. 25, 1920, pp. 469-470. The reviewer does not assent to her vivid pictures of what woman was, is and will become, but he, in place thereof, thinks that "woman should be considered drunk with her new power, of which she will tire when she is required to face man's obligations as well as his privileges."

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

As the World Wags:

I am pleased to be able to tell Mr. Molliver of Malden that the Boston Museum act drop was a copy of one of Turner's pictures, entitled, I think, "Isle of Patmos." The engraving can be found among the London Art Journal plates of that period, afterward reprinted and sold in this country with the title of "Turner's Pictures." I saw a copy recently on the counter of a second-hand book store. Inquire also at the Public Library.

The Museum scenic artist who painted the act drop was no less a person than Thomas Glessing, brother-in-law and crony of Joe Jefferson and lovingly designated in the latter's autobiography as "Dear Tom." Mr. Glessing was a delightful character and of a remarkable appearance. He needed no make-up whatever to pose for a picture of Father Christmas as popularly conceived. His history was rather romantic. He was an actor in the famous Burton's company, brother-in-law, in fact, of the comedian. One day having a family quarrel, he vowed he would never act again. Being clever in water colors and oils, he readily drifted into a (paint) loftier position.

It was a treat to hear Jefferson and Glossing bubbling over with story and reminiscences, for Joc never came to Boston without running up to the cobwebby paint room (third floor back) to see "dear old Tom."

It might interest Mr. Molliver to know that a few of the old Museum favorites are still alive. George Willson may be seen occasionally browsing around the musty tomes of a second-hand bookstore. Mary Shaw sauntered down Winter street the other day, well preserved, high stepping and every inch a queen. Willie Seymour is recuperating from a breakdown at his home at Duxbury, probably good for some years yet. Kate Ryan is still a Boston Institution, and is seen in public once in a while. One or two others I have lost track of.

Dorchester. **WILLIAM GILL.**
Burton left his Chambers Street Theatre in New York in 1834 for England, also leaving his wife behind him. He was married to her in 1823. On July 18, 1834, he married Caroline Glessing of London. He died in New York in 1836.—Ed.

...man's taste is again displayed

made into a great prima donna by being as old to the hundredth power, or that she needed a new voice and a new nature, physical and mental." "robustly Mr. Klein, if he read this criticism, passed it by with a shrug of

the shoulders as "American." He found that Patti's pronunciation of English, when she came to live in England, "if not free from 'Americanisms,' very quickly improved.

He insists on her "dramatic" nature. Answering the question whether she was a typical Handelian vocalist, as Tietjens and others were, he answers "No": she was a "serious and dignified interpreter of oratorio music," but "her artistic nature yearned, above all things, for the stage as an outlet for dramatic expression." Her "dramatic impulse" led her in oratorio to enhance the significance of a phrase with some slight gesture or physical action, which of course shocked the British matron and the English Doctor of Music.

Naturally her marriages are discussed. Mr. Klein might have said bluntly that Napoleon III. arranged her marriage with the Marquis de Caux because the marquis needed money and Patti thought of the title. Next came her marriage after divorce to Nicolini, the tenor. There is no mention of the fact that the tenor was already married, with several children, and that Patti paid a good sum to secure her man. Then came, about a year after, the tenor's death, the marriage to Baron Rolf Cederstrom. Patti was then nearly 56 years old. Mr. Klein's biography is dedicated to him.

There are many pages about the life at Craig-y-Nos Castle and what a joyous time Mr. Klein had there. He was evidently a favored guest, for Nicolini, who had different brands of cigars stocked in his cabinet, always took care that Mr. Klein should have an "Alfred de Rothschild." Other visitors complained that Nicolini drank a better wine at table and smoked a better cigar than were passed to them. For Nicolini had the reputation of being a "near" man; nor was Patti distinguished by her generosity or philanthropic deeds.

All in all, Mr. Klein's book is valuable, being a full record of a remarkable singer's life. The reader can easily make allowances for certain intrusions of the author's personality; nor need he be greatly offended by the constant and rhapsodic eulogy. He intimates that her final "farewell" tour in this country, in 1903, was a mistake. "To Britons she was—indeed, might well be—the same inimitable, unchangeable Patti. In the United States—above all, in hard, practical, critical, base New York—nothing short of a miracle could have so bridged those years of absence that expectation should be fully realized and leave no sense of disappointment."

By the way, there are at least nine references to Adeline's moving and swaying huge audiences by her singing "Home, Sweet Home." "To hear Patti, at any period of her long career, in 'Home, Sweet Home,'" says Mr. Klein—"we hear him sob—an experience of which the most blasé musical cynic never seemed to tire." With this astonishing statement, we leave the author to his blissful recollection.

"A Maker of Singers"

"Voice Education," by Eleanor McLellan, 124 pp. Harper & Brothers, New York. Miss McLellan is characterized on the title page as "maker of singers." It is only fair to say that this characterization is in quotation marks. The author in her preface speaks of her "analytical reconstructive" work, her rectification of conditions such as hoarseness, thickness of the vocal cords and surrounding muscles, loss of high or low notes, stuttering, "and all allied phonation and action troubles," due to using "the wrong phonation and action muscles together with incorrect breath action." In her long experience she was saddened by learning that the greater number of so-called vocal truths taught by some of the best teachers are vocal impossibilities. They did not even know the principles of breath science taught by Mr. Haldane of Oxford and Shozahura Octabe of London and Tokio. One of the guardians of the Vedas taught Miss McLellan the laws that simplify voice complications. Victor Hugo informed us that when the holy men of India compiled their sacred books they consulted the wisdom of the elephant.

She was also saddened by learning that each person had his own hobby: jaw, tongue, lips, palate or breath—but she believes there is a positive technical vocal law, which, correctly applied, develops a voice; and in this volume she gives hints and suggestions.

At first her pages are those of destructive criticism. Naturally, she considers the all important subject of breath. She quotes from Yoga-Vasishtha, Dr. William H. Thompson, Dr. D. S. Sagar, Narendra Nath Dutt (Vivikananda), Matthew v. 3 ("Immortal are the supplicants in the breath, because theirs is the realm of the skies"—Pruse's translation), Herbert Spencer, Dr. W. F. Evans, James, Pandit, Guru Datta Vidyarthi, Paul, the Psalmist, Swedenborg, W. Gorn Old, Barnard, Raczon, Behari Lal, Shelley, Elmer Gates, Sivagana, Richard A. Smith. She also has much to say for herself, and remarks that diet and atmospheric changes affect the breath to a marked

The subject "Tenor—Vowel" is treated at length. The prevalent modern idea that "if the vowel is right, the tone will be correct" she considers to be pernicious in its half-truth. Naming 24 vocal and "diabolical" axioms she combats them lustily in turn, from "Sing en masque (in the face)" to "Do not move the lips." Among the absurdities taught by some are these: "To produce a beautiful tone, lie on a couch with the eyes closed, and allow a perfumed handkerchief to be waved back and forth over the face." "Open your throat as if you would pour a keg of beer down your throat without swallowing." "Split the tone as molasses would trickle out of a can suspended from the ceiling."

The next topics are "Attack and poise of tone" and "consonants", and here Miss McLellan is constructive, as she is in the chapter "Interpretation". She believes that there are more wonderful voices now than ever before, but the prevalent vocal methods do not bring these voices to their possible maturity. The teacher is often handicapped by the student, his parents, "but more often by the financial backers of these students, who demand that they be brought out after a few short months of study. This is one of the most lamentable faults existing among American students today. Especially is this rapid-transit training prevalent in America, where a singer is expected to be ready to debut in two seasons. This haste can develop only a generation of superficial dabblers in the singing arena—dabblers who have no right to the name of artist."

The remaining chapters are entitled "Requirements for a Great Career" and "Characteristics of Singers." Her list of requirements reminds one of the one drawn up by Vitruvius for the successful "chitect or Lucian's qualifications for the accomplished dancer. It is true that the average student begins without a background of liberal education. Then there is the matter of health, an all-important matter. Beauty and charm of manner are of great assistance. "A singer should be of medium height; not too tall and not too short, neither too thin nor over-corpulent, the last being a great disadvantage from many standpoints, for especially does an overabundance of flesh make difficult a quick, complete breath, to say nothing of a quick or active mind. Too much flesh decidedly affects the resilience and brilliancy of the tone." Yet we remember Parepa-Rosa, Materna, Mme. d'Alvarez and other singers who were

no canary birds, and did Falstaff have a sluggish mind? The four most important requirements, Miss McLellan thinks, are strength, work, patience, imagination. In conclusion she points to the East, where many singers in every way far surpass any of our western songsters.

This book may be helpful to teachers and students; it certainly should entertain them.

Short Plays and a Tragedy

"Short Plays by Representative Authors," edited by Alice M. Smith, teacher of English in a Minneapolis school, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The compiler thinks that now as "a feeling of world kinship" is to be desired, the student, the general reader, and young persons as well should "feel the thought of nations through their literature." Her choice of plays is catholic: Sigurjonson's "Hraun Farm"; Jeannette Marks, "Merry, Merry Cuckoo"; Maseloff's "Locked Chest"; Rabindranath Tagore's "Post-office"; Stuart Walker's "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"; Constance Mackay's "Silver Lining"; Fulda's "By Ourselves"; Ridgely Torrence's "Rider of Dreams"; Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News"; Tchekhoff's "Swan Song"; Suto's "Man on the Korb"; and Mary McMillan's "Shadowed Star." The editor contributes short and insufficient prefaces. The dates of the plays and of the first performances might well have been given.

"Calus Gracchus," a tragedy by Odin Gregory is published, "preliminary edition" in sumptuous form by Boni & Liveright of New York. Theodore Dreiser writes an introduction, starting from the premise that "for three centuries the English metric drama has remained sterile of any notable production." Why? Because "no one writing our language metrically has had anything to say that the English-speaking people cared to hear, or, having anything to say, has had the courage, the talent or the genius to say it in such fashion as to compel public attention. This regrettable condition also applies, in great measure, to the prose drama. Eliminate Sheridan's work, and what English play is there that has survived the test of even a century?"

Puritanism, Mr. Dreiser says, is at fault. After Milton, there was Bunyan. "Cant, regnant and triumphant, held aloft the whining church hymn as the greatest thing in poetry; and a people blinded by its own dust-throwing, celebrated the extinction of free literature as a great moral victory." "Hot stuff" as the man in a box at a Democratic convention in Buffalo shouted in his approval of a flaming speech. Mr. Dreiser goes on to praise Mr. Gregory's play. This dramatist does not deal in piffle; his characters are not lay figures. The play

is not propaganda, the dramatist is the painter, not the advocate; there is "a note of passionate insistence on the sanctity of Law and on the inevitableness of its ultimate triumph; but this basic strain is one of philosophic conviction—not of argument; there are no anachronisms; every page bears evidence of study of classic accuracy." "Even the master of Avon sometimes failed in this particular. When Venus pleads with Adonis it is a buxum English woman of the middle class who is entreating an Eton youth; and the scene is that of an English middle-classes countryside. When Brutus confers with the conspirators, when Cleopatra exchanges compliments with Antony, we are uncomfortably conscious of an all-English atmosphere." Mr. Gregory speaks with authority on economics; he also has "an exquisite and precise sense of values." His inspiration is that of Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Dryden, not uninfluenced by the refinement of Pope. "His work is Art, because it is Truth. It is one of the really notable contributions to the English literature of the last three centuries." What remains after all this, but to toss the bat in air and cry, "All up for Mr. Gregory!"

Mr. Gregory writes a preface of a historical nature. In the tragedy there are 23 characters, among them our old friend, Caius Gracchus, Fulvius Flaccus, Livius Drusus, and Caius Fannius. We are introduced to Cleina, wife of Gracchus, young Helius, and a charming lady named Lydia, a lady of free life who, at an orgy in the palace of Fannius, objects to being called a plebeian, and says to Rutilius:

Plebeian—? Thou best—pig-eyed lout! I am the most patrician of you all! Gaze well at me, if but thy shifty orb Can gather in its narrow circle quite The meaning of my festive, gleaming who's.

She then praises herself and her profession:

Not like some commonplace bride am I— poor cheated maid—

Who once conveyed to nuptial joys by torch-armed youths, Discards her tawdry slippers, and her

hair. Thereafter to live on a serf, the sole Possession of one man, to earn from him The piteous dole of all she craves he deigns to give.

Aye, doth she earn it: or in household tasks, Or in forerance of her master's faults, Or on the bed of pain, to bear him squalling heirs.

Not such my life! For I am highly placed! The dramatist has supplied foot notes to enlighten the reader or to give authority to statements in the text. The tragedy is a very serious one. At the end the ghost of Tiberius Gracchus and the three Furies have something to say, and Gracchus is stabbed to this stage direction: "Low roll of thunder, murmur of many voices, indistinct groans, gross laughter, stifled shrieks."

A Jenny Lind Portrait

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I noticed on page one of the magazine section of your Sunday paper dated the 3d inst. a copy of the painting by William Sharpe, an English artist, said to be the only oil painting of Jenny Lind in this country, and I beg to take exception to that; it is a question in my mind as to whether this is a picture of Jenny Lind, as I have looked through all the various books which have been published in the past by various people interested in her, and I fail to find anything in the way of even a portrait which discloses this likeness.

I have a large painting of Jenny Lind, the head and bust, and the book which is published as to the method she used in her singing, shows an exact likeness to the portrait which I own.

It is framed in one of the old English frames which were only made in the period in which she lived, and I have had the frame renovated together with the portrait. The moment anyone should cast their eye on the painting I refer to, there would not be even a lingering doubt in their minds but that mine was not only genuine, but doubtful if another could be produced in this country.

I further take exception to the state-

ment made by the Williams book store, as I do not believe that they can, in any way, substantiate the claim made by them, and I would be only too glad to have them do so.

Boston. HERBERT E. DENNISON.

Notes About Plays New and Old in England and at Paris

"The Great Lover" was brought out in London on Oct. 2. Beerbohm Tree had hoped to play Jean Paurel. The part was taken by Maurice Moscovitch, of whom the Times said: "It is difficult to think of any English actor who could play the leading part as well, possibly because so few of our own players can act the poseur on the grand scale with anything like convincing reality. * * * Mr. Moscovitch makes him a monumental figure, and almost induces the audience to believe in his sincerity. Then, with a shock, one is forced to realize that the man is posing to the end. It is a tribute to the way in which Mr. Moscovitch played the part that he nearly persuaded us that Jean Paurel

was a better type than the authors had intended him to be. If the ending was unsatisfactory, the fault was certainly not with the actor. * * * Miss Virginia Fox Brooks, a newcomer from the United States, who played the heroine, disappointed us. Her emotion in the final act was absolutely unconvincing, and more than one English actress could have played the part much more effectively." The others in the company were praised, especially Ruth Mackay, Beverly Sitgreaves, and Messrs. Selten, George and Ricciardi.

Appropos of "King Henry the Fifth" performed by the New Shakespeare Company in London, Oct. 4: "The play is addressed to Englishmen, and one must be of English blood to like it all. Pacifists mustn't come within a mile of it. Possibly those of our French friends who are capable of a philosophic, detached, 'historical' point of view might enjoy it, but we have our misgivings. (Oddly enough it was a Frenchman, Stendhal, who took 'we happy few' for his favorite motto.) Those capricious

blackguards, Pistol and Nym, and Bardolph, are, we fear, unmistakably English blackguards, and Henry is as pug-naciously, doggedly English as the soldier Williams. Even the French spoken is uncompromisingly English-French."

Vanbrugh's "The Confederacy" was revived successfully at the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre on Oct. 4. It was first played in 1705.

In the circular in which the aims of the Little Theatre, Manchester, Eng., are set out it is stated: "In endeavoring to found a Little Theatre in Manchester the promoters have been guided solely by a desire for the better expression of the dramatic life of the city. The Little Theatre is not the happy hunting ground of crank or faddist. . . . In the Little Theatre it is hoped to create a centre where dramatic work may be done with as little expense and trouble as possible." It is not stated whether professional or amateur players are to be engaged to carry out this desire for "a better expression of the dramatic life of the city."

"French Leave" has a new lease of life in London, and two touring companies will be sent out this coming winter.

William Heinemann, the book publisher, whose sudden death occurred on Oct. 5, was the author of three published but unacted plays: "The First Step," in three acts, in 1895; "Summer Moths," in four acts, in 1898, and "Mary," in three acts, in 1901. His firm also published many plays by modern authors, including editions of Pinero, Haddon Chambers, Hubert Henry Davies, Maurice Hewlett and W. S. Maugham.

Leon Fraple's "La Maternelle," derived from his novel, after having stayed in the desk of a Parisian manager for eight years, has been brought out at the Moncey Theatre. "It is a trifle musty. The novel was an interesting study of a children's home, but as a dramatization it lacks drama. The principal interest in the play—and one that will doubtless make it a success—is sustained by the troupe of children, who play their parts with shrill little voices, and with evident enjoyment. Several of them are quite remarkable."

Mlle. Sorel has made her reappearance at the Comedie Francaise, after an absence of several months, in a brilliant revival of Musset's "Le Chandelier."

A new farce by Monezy-Eon and Battaille-Henri, produced at La Cigale, Paris, is concocted from stock situations, "with the vicissitudes of a newly married couple as a theme handled with a ribaldry unworthy of the authors. I wonder how much longer the public will tolerate such dreary dirtiness," writes the correspondent of the Stage. "There was not a single new or funny situation in the play, and I felt really sorry for the actors."

"Tarzan of the Apes," adapted from the novel was produced at the Brixton, London, Oct. 4.

The public taste in things theatrical seems to change from time to time. We used to hear groans and sighs over the fact that nothing but musical comedy or revue could be found in London. Today there is greater variety—a psychic play at the Comedy, the violence and horrors of "La Tosca" at the Aldwych, and the Grand Guignol school of playlets at the Little, up-to-date problems like a strike play at the Garrick, a play which arouses religious controversy at the Lyric, a legendary dip into the early years of the Christian era at the New, the romance of a coral island at the Prince of Wales, and the passion of the desert at Drury Lane. That is only a glance over the playbills at random, but it suggests a serious note in our theatrical tastes today—London Daily Chronicle.

The Phoenix Society of London will revive this season "Venice Preserved," "Volpone," "The Witch of Edmonton," "All for Love," and "Bartholomew Fair."

Notes About Music

Charles Corri of London has courage. He has arranged the score of "Tristan" for an orchestra of perhaps 20 players when the opera will be performed at the Old Vic.

...and that Vladimir de Pachmann ... to his great ... He is now in his 73d year, yet ... in Albert Hall, ... very large audience, ... the Daily Telegraph had this ... M. Pachmann is one of the ... who never disappoint their ... He is not a creature of ... or, at any rate, his moods are ... allowed to interfere with his ... We have never known ...

...to give a performance that was ... not perfectly finished, nor an interpretation ... that lacked refinement. He is ... in Chopin because these qualities ... are the very marrow of Chopin's ... music. But no great music has ever ... been written in which they had no ... share at all. Yesterday he played various ... pieces of Chopin in his inimitable ... manner (the softness of certain passages ... at the close of the nocturno was ... almost miraculous), but to those who ... have known and loved M. Pachmann's ... art long the chief interest lay in his ... readings of other composers' music. His interpretation of Beethoven's ... Sonata in D minor, for instance, was a ... thing to be remembered both for the ... exquisite chiselling of the detail and ... for the Mozartian ease and freshness it ... acquired at M. Pachmann's hands. No ... one grudges sacrificing certain qualities, ... as the 'granitic' was sacrificed here, ... if in return we get something that is ... new and diverting—and beautiful of ... its kind."

The London critics were not kind to Mark Hambourg, the pianist. The Daily Telegraph said he was not wise to choose Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue or Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata for a recital. "He is above all things a 'popular' pianist—much as the late Mr. Van Biele was a 'popular' cellist—a player who knows the mood of the public and the art of appealing to its humor. This is, of course, a very valuable asset, for it is clearly no use discarding metaphysics to a crowd demanding, say, an advance in wages. But it is still more important for a pianist to know his limitations." The Times headed its review, "Beethoven as a Hurdle Race": "Playing which is technically so efficient as this can always find an audience in whose knowledge there are gaps for it to fill. Many of us can never hope to play either the Franck or the Brahms, and yet want to know how the notes sound when they are all there. With Beethoven and Chopin, where the technical difficulties are not quite so prohibitive, the case is different. We listen then to learn how a mind more experienced than our own has been impressed by certain data which are equally accessible to ourselves. And here we make the startling discovery that a human mind can be in the presence of the human Beethoven and his most human 'Waldstein,' and yet see nothing in it but a hurdle race or the cutting of a 'record.' We see how easily the distortion of details may ruin the plan of the whole, and how, for instance, the incredible pace of 'semibreve-10,' when compared with the mere prestissimo which Beethoven has written, may seem as much larger as one minute of nonsense does when compared with two minutes of sense. But there is another side to it. It may be a good thing for us to be shocked out of our veneration, if it is unthinking, by actualities, even if they are strident."

"One who knew her" wrote to the London Daily Telegraph:

"Wandering round Westminster Abbey the other day, in Poet's Corner I came upon the tablet memorial which told me that 19 years had passed since the birth of that great lady, Jenny Lind, born Oct. 6, 1820. The medallion representation of her features is not a pleasing one, but no likeness ever was; for it was not the beauty of her features, but of her voice, and the power of her incomparable art in expressing human emotions, which took the world by storm in those far-off days of her fame. I call her advisedly a great lady, for though actually born into the middle class, she was one of nature's aristocrats. Lack of training in the ways of the world in her early youth had resulted in a certain abruptness of speech and austerity of manner which made her rather an alarming personage to those who did not know her; but she was always the first to blame herself for her lack of geniality. Amidst the peans of praise showered upon her the general public no doubt found relief in the story of some rebuff given to a mere lion hunter. She had a horror of being lionized. That same horror and real shyness no doubt caused her early retirement from the operatic stage and from the glare of the footlights. Already in her 26th year she was contemplating retirement and wrote to a friend: 'Heaven save me from continuing to sing when I am old and voiceless; rather will I live on bread and water.'"

At the Douglas Marshall and Aubyn Ravmar concert a new feature is to be

...and into a particularly interesting program. Mr. Alec Robertson, a master of the art of elocutionary diction, will take part for the purpose of giving actuality to his idea that in the case of a real song—immortal verse that calls for musical expression—binding that setting in equal perfection—the hearer (and still more the singer) must of necessity have a previous knowledge of the poem. And so Mr. Robertson will first recite the poems by Powys Mathers, Harold Munro, W. J. Turner and Francis Thompson, which he has set to music, and then Mme. Brunel will sing these settings. It is a very interesting "experiment," and to a certain extent resembles in system that adopted by Julius Stockhausen, who, for a somewhat similar purpose, always made his pupils learn by heart the poems of the songs they intended to sing. I have always thought that this was one reason for the superiority in interpretation of his pupils over almost all others.—London Daily Telegraph.

Coningsby Clarke has made a triptych "Three Sailor Songs," from Macfie's "Poems and Ballads."

About Film Plays; Should Dead Actors Be on the Screen?

The London Times has this to say: "Early in August the death was announced in the Times of Lt. Locklear, the American airman, who was famous for his trick of passing from one aeroplane to another in mid-air, and who had been killed while performing for the films at Los Angeles."

"Last week 'The Skwayman,' a film showing some of Lt. Locklear's exploits, was exhibited in London for the first time. Under the block booking system it will be a few months before the film is shown to the general public, and on the whole one cannot help feeling that it is a good thing that there should be this interval, for at the moment it is not a particularly pleasant sensation to watch on the screen exploits which only a few weeks ago caused the airman's death."

"Those exploits are certainly amazing, and almost as remarkable is the way in which a record of them was obtained by the camera. Lt. Locklear is seen landing his machine on a hotel roof, trying to escape in mid-air from a machine which has caught fire, alighting from the airplane on to the roof of an express train, and regaining the machine by means of a rope-ladder. These and many other of his feats are dizzy enough even when seen on the screen. The whole film centres round the aerial incidents, and the story itself is of a melodramatic order, but the airman's handling of his machine provides quite sufficient interest."

"But the film is of more than passing interest in that it raises in concrete form a question which is beginning to make itself felt in the film world—whether pictures ought to be shown after the death of the principal actor concerned in them. At the present time there are films waiting public exhibition in which Mme. Refane, Mme. Gaby Deslys, Miss Olive Thomas, Mr. Robert Harron and a number of others who have died quite recently took part. It is a difficult question to say where the line should be drawn as to the exhibition of such films, for nobody suggests that they should be barred for all time and in every circumstance, but it would be indefensible, for instance, to put upon the screen at present a picture in which Miss Olive Thomas met her death by poison, and in the same way there is a strong feeling that the public ought not to be entertained with aerial exploits similar to those which a little later cost Lt. Locklear his life. But in normal conditions there seems to be no reason for preventing the exhibition of films merely because artists who have since died, and one of the great charities of the screen is that it will do something toward preserving the art of the stage of one generation for the help and guidance of the future."

Among the new British films, one of the best is said to be "Two Little Wooden Shoes," founded on Ouida's novel.

The Stoll Company has been at work on Sax Rohmer's novel, "The Yellow Claw." The scene of the Underground Cave of the Dragon, 120 feet in depth, is "one of the biggest interiors erected in a British studio, but even then it takes up only a small part of the building, which was used for the construction of Newport aeroplanes during the war. The studio is so arranged that it will be possible for four or five producers to be at work on different pictures simultaneously, and there is a large upper gallery, which will be invaluable where double-deck scenes are required."

Whatever Mr. Maude's experiences of film work in this country, they are never likely to excel a hectic fortnight which he spent in Los Angeles, when he played the leading part in a film based on "Peer Gynt." Under the contract, the producers had to finish their work under heavy penalty within 14 days, and the rest of the film world of California stood breathlessly by to see if Mr. Maude could stand the strain. The picture was finished within the scheduled time, but during the fortnight Mr. Maude had to escape from Indians by

canoe and have to paddle shot away from his boat and to be helped into the water and swim to land, had to jump into the sea, and to have countless adventures in the mountains, and had to be in the studio in his make-up by breakfast time every morning.—London Times.

The Minerva Films, Limited, has been formed with the object of "getting away from the comic picture-postcard type of film which at present appropriates the trade name of comedy." The directors include C. Aubrey Smith, A. A. Milne, Nigel Playfair and Leslie Howard. Mr. Milne has written the first three stories, and the work on these pictures has been finished.

Ibsen is one of the world's possessions, but he is sometimes too big to be got on to a little silver screen. The Daily Telegraph sums it all up by saying: "To the picturegoer of today Ibsen is merely a name like that of any other author. 'The Pillars of Society' will appear to him, it is to be feared, nothing but an insufferably tedious film designed expressly to make him yawn."—The Stage.

Cecil De Mille, in this latest of his so-called super-pictures, is again at his old trick of inflating a quite ordinary story with a cosmic significance that has nothing to do with the case. In other words, he makes a preachment of a two-penny tale; in still others, he takes himself too seriously. It is rather too bad, for only a few situations are tremendous enough to carry the weight of his philosophical sledgehammer. The others, of which this picture is one, are merely stunted by it. "Something to Think About" is nothing to talk about.—New York Evening Post.

OCT 25 1920 JAN KUBELIK

By PHILIP HALE

Jan Kubelik, violinist, assisted by Pierre Augieras, pianist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program read as follows: Spohr, Concerto No. 8; Kubelik, Concerto, No. 1, C major; Chopin, Ballade in F major for piano; Paganini, Concerto in D Major.

Mr. Kubelik returned to Boston after an absence of seven years. The public was reminded of him from time to time by accounts of his life in peace and war, at his castle; by tales about his close application to composition; nor did his children escape the eagle eye of the passionate press agent. Yesterday an audience of good size welcomed him.

We regret to say that his performance was disappointing. On former visits he had shown a certain technical proficiency rather than an emotional or highly artistic nature. Yesterday his technical display was far from being brilliant, and his interpretation of Spohr's concerto and his own was tame and uninteresting. Spohr's "Song-Scene" is an old-fashioned composition, but played in the grand style as Mme. Norman-Neruda (Lady Halle) performed it—not to mention others—it held the attention and commanded respect. Mr. Kubelik's interpretation was sugary and ultra-sentimental.

His concerto—we understand he has written three—is a virtuoso piece without marked musical distinction. The slow movement, a Romance, is the best of the three, with its suave melodic outline. The composer played it simply and often with beauty of tone. The chief themes of the first Allegro, the one heroic, the other of a folk tune nature, have no importance in development.

Perhaps Mr. Kubelik was not in the vein. He has not grown in artistic stature during his absence; he has not maintained his technical standard of seven years ago, if he is to be judged by his performance of yesterday. Recalled, he added to the program.

His second and last recital is announced for Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23.

Reading with bulging eyes descriptions of costumes worn by Parisian dames of high and low degree, we were reminded of an incident in the life of Mr. Thomas Dempster, a man of renowned classical learning who taught in Paris towards the beginning of the 17th century. The story is told in choice Latin by Nicius Erythraeus. Mr. Dempster, a Scot by birth, was a quarrelsome person; "he scarce passed a day but he fought, either with the sword, or at fisticuffs, so that he was the terror of all the schoolmasters." Obligated to seek refuge in England, he found there an uncommonly handsome woman whom he wedded and took back to Paris. One day going through the streets of that city, his wife exposed to view the finest neck and the whitest shoulders in the world: "nam et pectus et scapulas, nive ipsa candidiores, omnium oculis expositas habebat." So great a crowd gathered to see her that Mr. and Mrs. Dempster would have been crushed if they had not forced their way into a sheltering house.

As a shrewd commentator remarked: "A beauty displayed in that manner, in a country where it was not the fashion, drew that multitude of Cits about them." We regret to add, that, living afterwards in Pisa where Mr. Dempster taught polite learning in the university, for which he had a good salary, returning home on day he found that his handsome wife had run away, and his own scholars had assisted in her elopement. "He bore it like a Stoic; and perhaps he was not sorry to be rid of a treasure which was so difficult to keep." A remarkable man, our Mr. Dempster in many ways. He said that at the age of three he learned the whole alphabet in one hour. For this and other statements in his memoirs, he has been called a liar.

A Misspent Holiday

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called on us Saturday: he is now in town for the winter. He was low in his mind, disappointed in men whom he had thought his true friends. Invited to pass a "week-end" at the country house of Mr. Golightly, he had looked forward in joyous anticipation to the visit, for Golightly was reported to have a well-stocked cellar. "But imagine my surprise and disgust when Eugeno offered me only a choice between imported and domestic ginger ale with grape juice. When I coughed and looked at him hard, he laughed coarsely and said: 'I've cut it all out, Herkimer, old top.'"

We recommended to Mr. Johnson's consideration a passage in the Diary of Thomas Holcroft. "E" and "K" were invited to spend a week at the house of Cumberland, the dramatist. "B" acknowledged he was partial to a good supper, and K the same. Of this article C was sparing. I suppose, gentlemen, said he, 'you are no supper eaters; a little bread and cheese and small beer is all you take. Their false modesty and contrary wishes made them feel awkward and look silly, but they confirmed him in his supposition. When supper time came, the bread and cheese and small beer appeared. They flattered themselves, however, that a bottle of wine would be the successor. They were deceived; not a drop of wine was brought. Two or three nights made them weary of this; and on one day they announced their intention of departing the next. If so, gentlemen, said the host, I mean to give you a treat this evening before you leave me; and such a treat! But I do not wish to anticipate. This put them in high spirits; they imagined a couple of fowls, with good old port or Madeira, would be served up; and they had highly whetted their fancies with this supposition. The evening came, and with it the treat. C approached with a 'Now, gentlemen, you shall have it: you will find whether I keep my word. Here it is. I suppose you have heard of it? "Tiberius," I can assure you the best of all my works.' So saying, he spread his manuscript and began to read."

Who Can Tell?

Pray tell me did the cuckoo call
When Eve first tempted Adam?
Did Chanticleer with clariion baw!
That happy morning gladden?

Did squirrels with the serpent play
And puss catch birds that let her?
Were fresh eggs fresher than new-laid
Or speckled ones still better?

How lengthy was the serpents "tale"
And should it have been longer?
Did onions have as strong a smell
As now-a-days, or stronger?

Had bunnies hugs and foxes trots
And turnips tops to sit on?
Were furnished mush-rooms to be got
Or toad-stools yet in fashion?

Did Paradise in winter dress
Look anything more "barren"
Than Eve in feminine distress
With nothing warm to put on?

Were floors made smooth with wax of bees
Or whacks from Eve's umbrella
While Adam on his hands and knees
His own mind dare not tell her?

Did Eve her hair with honey-comb
Or honey-suckle deck it?
Or did she grapes and rats condone
To maids more modernistic?

Should Adam, had he lived today,
His likes for Harding quoted,
No doubt the hussy, she would say
"For Cox I'm more devoted."

A VOTER'S HUSBAND.

Boston.

"Wast Book"

As the World Wags:

"E. S." of Stockton Springs, Me., inquired about the significance of the word "Wast" written or printed on the cover of an ancient account book.

The word probably was originally "Waste," which was the old-fashioned name given to the Day Book in which original entries were made. Nowadays the book is usually called "Scratch Book" from the fact that when transfers are made to the Journal the entry is scratched over, in cancellation, from the Day Book. X. X. X.
Boston.

Billiards and Bakers

London journalists are not all concentrating what they are pleased to call their minds on the Irish question or on strikes. One asks why a billiard marker should not be called a billiards marker. "What is a billiard?" he asks. The singular is used only in com-

1.... says that in

nation. True, I learned to be true as regards English. But we have the French "billiard" or the form "billart," as in old Cotgrave's French-English dictionary: "A short and thick truncheon or cudgel; hence, the cudgel in the play at trap; and, a billiard, or the stick wherewith we touch the ball at billiards; also a baker-legged fellow." So it seems that in Cotgrave's time—we quote from the edition of 1673—a billiard cue was known as a billiard. But why "baker-legged"? Are bakers necessarily knock-kneed? It was said long ago: "He that is baker-legged, rubs his knees against one another." Here is another saying: "The unhand-some warplings of bow legs and baker feet." Much later: "Baker's knee as it is called, or an inclining inwards of the right knee-joint until it closely resembles the right side of a letter K, is the almost certain penalty of habitually bearing any burden of bulk in the right hand." Does this deformity come today from "the constrained position in which they (bakers) knead bread?" Strange to say "baker-kneed" also means effeminate; and what was the connection between "billart" and baker-legged?

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By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Nobody's Daughter," a play in four acts, by George Paston (Miss Emily Morse Symonds). Produced at Wynnham's Theatre, London, on Sept. 3, 1910. Frampton, Gerald du Maurier; Mrs. Frampton, Lillian Braithwaite; Col. Torrens, Sydney Valentine; Mrs. Torrens, Henrietta Watson; Honora May, Rosalie Toller; Christine Grant, Mary Rorke. Played at the New Theatre, New York, on Feb. 13, 1911. Frampton, A. E. Anson; Mrs. Frampton, Theresa Maxwell-Sonover; Torrens, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Torrens, Harriet Ois Dollenbaugh; Honora, Pamela Gaythorne; Christine, Helen Reimer. Christine Grant.....Diana Storm Mrs. Frampton.....Viola Roach Col. Torrens.....H. Conway Wingfield Honora May.....Elma Boyton Will Lennard.....Charles Warburton James.....Noel Leslie Mr. Frampton.....E. E. Clive Teresa Holroyd.....May Ediss Mrs. Torrens.....Jane Wheatley Tony.....Lyonel Waite Jasper Marchmont.....Nicholas Joy In London "Rache Penn" (Mrs. E. S. Willard) wrote that "Nobody's Daughter" had fundamentally the same plot as a play she submitted to Mrs. Kendal in 1901; that it formed part of the basis of her "John Malone's Love Story," produced in London early in 1908.

In New York, N. L. M. Bogert, in a letter to the Tribune, protested against the critic's commendation, asked how a woman on the stage could jest or even talk with a man concerning a lapse from virtue, and ended by saying in a fine burst: "In a world of temptation there is need, especially by the young, of influences that brace up virtue rather than break it down."

In London the play was said to point a moral; if the conventions are defied, the bill must some day be footed when a man or a woman with a dread secret marries, it is better to share that secret betimes with the one to be a life-partner. A solemn if platitudinous summing up.

Mrs. Frampton, before her marriage, made in company with Col. Torrens, then a young fellow, a mistake. This was 20 years before she had met Frampton. She and Torrens had been wildly in love, and there was a torrid love-guardian. The result of the mistake was Honora, who when the play opens is a sturdy girl of 19 years. Honora had been handed over to an old and rigidly pious nurse, Christine. Torrens went to India and found a rich wife. His sweetheart married a rich man whom she truly loved.

For 19 years Honora's companions belonged to the working class. Her parents—she believes she is an orphan—wish her condition to be raised, but she tells her "uncle" and "aunt" that she loves one Lennard, a mechanic, who has been offered a good position in Australia. They, with the nurse, strongly object. Mrs. Frampton, childless, consents to take the girl home as an adopted niece. Frampton, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, searches for Honora's unknown relatives. He begins to suspect that his wife is keeping a secret from him. At last the truth dawns on him. Here is the "scene a faire." He rages against his wife and Torrens—the families are intimate—not knowing that Honora is a witness to the row. Mrs. Torrens, who had suspected the truth, attempts to make peace. The affair happened so long ago. Frampton reproaches his wife for allowing the child to live the rough life of a poor girl, and for deceiving him. Mrs. Torrens accuses him of taking the man's view. Was not his wife's conduct inspired by her deep love for him? Honora settles the matter. It is better for them all that she should go to Australia with Lennard.

This was the seventh play of George Paston, known favorably to Boston theatre goers as the author of "Clothes and the Woman," which was her second and perhaps by certain novelists "Nobody's Daughter" is an interesting dramatic play. Though it is a critical success, it is not a hit; they are not so much interested in it as in "The City in the Sea."

and Jim were so much in love, why did each wed another in indecent haste? Was it possible to keep their secret so long, especially when the two couples were so intimate? There is the nurse, as traditional a figure as the worthy young mechanic.

But facts are not always stubborn things, and playgoers are not all like Mr. Gradgrind. That "George Paston" is a woman might be suspected from many lines of the play, as in Mrs. Torrens's defence of Helen. By the way, were not lines in this defence omitted last night? Does not Mrs. Torrens declare that motherhood is an animal instinct not understood by man? Does she not enforce her argument by physiological illustrations and bring in the case of the fecund salmon?

The play was well acted. Miss Roach played the part of Mrs. Frampton with fine gradations of sentiment and emotion. In the scenes when she feared discovery, she was not over-wrought, nor in her portrayal of anxious and joyous motherhood did she fall into sentimentalism. Worthy of praise also were the impersonations of the nurse, Frampton, Mrs. Torrens and Lennard by Miss Storm, Mr. Clive, Miss Wheatley and Mr. Warburton. A play that was worth bringing out in spite of its inherent improbabilities; a play that was acted in a manner to insure full houses.

The Army and Navy Journal recently published this paragraph:

"Officers and men of the United States army will be pleased to learn that a change in the uniform regulations of the army has been made which authorizes them to wear trousers when off duty."

This recalls an incident in the life of one of the English Phillimorees. He was a punctilious captain in the navy. Accustomed to obey orders without question, he once presented himself trouserless before a court of inquiry. Having been sternly rebuked, he quoted the regulations:

"Officers attending courts martial are to wear tall coats with epaulettes and gold laced trousers, but at courts of inquiry only frock coats and swords are to be worn."

Haunted Porcelain

We believe in ghosts, haunted houses, second sight, signs and omens, but we draw the line at haunted teeth. The story is told, in Mr. Elliot O'Donnell's new volume, "More Haunted Houses in London." This ghost took pleasure in hiding itself in a set of false teeth, some of which, swallowed, had killed the wearer. "The remainder of the set had a playful habit of pretending to choke people in their dreams, or getting perched on their plate at meal times. They continued to haunt their victim's flat in Knightsbridge long after they had been sold and melted down."

The Aromatic School

On the new cult of painting pictures to suggest smells.
Each guest perpetually sniffed—
With that inspiring nasal gift—
Suggesting nature's canine gift—
And glanced among the dishes.
Their hostess, inwardly perplexed,
And outwardly no little vexed
A maid's unwilling ear annexed,
With, "Jane, how 'high' the fish is!"

But presently the diners all
Their glances focused on the wall
Where hung a dahl that might enthrall
A masiff. Tastes so differ

That though the guests were nicely trained
They glowered while their host explained,
It was a fatiguing scene, obtained
From Danter (Görschmiller)
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

Sportsman and Scholar

A memorial tablet for Henry William Herbert was unveiled at Warwick, N. Y. Sportsmen, remembering his books dealing with horses, hounds and outdoor life, written under the name of "Frank Forester," were present on the 23d. There was a presentation speech by Mr. H. W. Smith of Worcester, the president of the Frank Forester Society of America; there was a pageant, the program also included a fox hunt and ball.

Nothing was said in the newspaper reports about Herbert's scholarly attainments. An Englishman by birth, he studied at Eton and was graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, a prizeman and scholar. For eight years he taught Greek in a classical academy in New York. His translation of "Prometheus Fettered" and "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, dedicated to Edward Everett, was published at Cambridge (Mass.) by John Bartlett in 1849. The translation, dedicatory letter and introduction are well worth reading.

"Frank Forester" was a voluminous writer, the author of novels; four or five histories; poems; the translator of novels by Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas, many books about sports. He was a frequent contributor to magazines and originated and edited for two years the American Monthly Magazine. Prof. C. C. Felton of Harvard paid a handsome tribute to his ability and versatility when he reviewed his translation of Aeschylus in the North American Review (Vol. LXIX). Herbert killed himself in 1858. His father was

the Hon. and Very Rev. William Herbert, who after a brilliant career at the bar and in the House of Commons, took holy orders and was appointed dean of Manchester.

Fashion Note

(From the London Daily Telegraph.)
Soft collars have been in vogue at Harrow School since 1915, but a notice now states: "It is expected that starched collars will be worn on Sundays."

Monarch and Monkey

Dr. Vidal says that political enemies of King Alexander of Greece, knowing that Tatos was the King's favorite pet, inoculated the monkey with germs of hydrophobia in the hope that it would go mad and bite its master—which as little Benny says in the Traveler—it did.

Years ago we read a story by some French author of a similarly diabolical trick, played with deadly results on a whole village. Is the story to be found in the volume of fantastical tales by Erekinn-Chatrian? One story in that collection is still horrid in the memory: the story of the spider-crab.

The inoculation of the monkey, if it ever took place, brings to mind many tales of Italian vengeance dear to Elizabethan dramatists: the poisoned torch, glove, bouquet, pommel, legboots, helmet. What does Lightborn say to young Mortimer in Marlowe's "Edward the Second"?

"I learned in Naples how to poison flowers; To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat; To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point; Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill And blow a little powder in his ears; Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down. And yet I have a braver way than these."

Then there is the old story of the fair maiden fed on poison that was sent as a priceless gift to an oriental monarch.

The Muse's Costumes

(Baird Leonard in the Morning Daily Telegraph.)

An editorial in a recent issue of "The Bodleian" discussing the propriety and complacency of the Victorian age suggested that even Tennyson's Muse wore crinoline. This opens up an interesting train of thought. If Lord Alfred's Muse wore crinoline, surely the mythical ladies who waited upon other bards must have been garbed in accordance with their several temperaments. Whatever the texture of Wordsworth's Muse's gown, she is certain never to have left home without her rubbers and an umbrella. By the same token, Pope's fair assistant wore tailored taffeta and that of the Cavalier poets the palest shades of orange. Browning's lyrical aide went clad in amber satin extravagantly en train; Byron's in crimson crepe interior; Longfellow's in white muslin with a blue sash. Raleigh chiffons served for the Muses of Keats and Shelley. Milton's Muse trailed clouds of black velvet, and Swinburne's wore a one-piece bathing suit.

And a Bit of a Critic

Mr. A. P. Sinott, if he tells the truth in his book "Tennyson as Occultist," just published, has recently discussed Tennyson's attitude toward reincarnation with the poet himself, who is now "on a higher plane"—possibly a jack-plane. It appears that in successive lives our Alfred was "Virgil, Omar Khayyam, Dante and Spenser before he culminated as a greater than any of these—Tennyson." All the nuts do not come from Brazil.

"It Is I That"

As the World Wags:
Both forms, "It is I who am at fault" and "It is I who is at fault" are correct, but express different meanings. The former, which should be punctuated "It is I, who am at fault" means "the person in question is I, who (by the way) am at fault." The latter means "the person who is at fault is I."

Newton. E. H. C.
Yet the fussy person would prefer "the person that" instead of "who" in the last sentence.—Ed.

MUSIC INSPIRED BY POE'S STORY

By PHILIP HALE

The symphony concerts this week should be of marked interest. Edward Burlingame Hill's symphonic poem, "The Fall of the House of Usher" will be performed for the first time; the symphony will be Schumann's romantic one in D minor; Mme. Helen Stanley will sing Mendelssohn's "Infelice" and Tatiana's letter from Tchaikowsky's opera "Eugene Onegin"; the dominating orchestral piece will be "Leonora" overture No. 3.

Poms and tales of Poe have attracted several composers. Josef Holbrooke has chosen as subjects for symphonic poems "The Raven," "Uranium," "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Bells" and written a dramatic choral symphony, "Homage to Poe"; settings of "The Haunted Palace," "Hymn," "The City in the Sea," "The Valley Nis," "Ruch-

maninoff has made an elaborate choral setting of "The Bells"; Florent Schmitt's symphonic poem "The Haunted Palace," has been praised in Paris; one of Mr. Loeffler's beautiful songs is "To Helen"; there is more than one piano accompaniment for the recitation of "The Raven." Debussy was supposed to be at work on two operas based on tales by Poe, but it is said that the rumor was unfounded, or at least he kept no sketches for them. "Israfel" as a song has tempted Oliver King and Edgar Stillman Kelley. "Eldorado" has also fired musical ambition. A complete catalogue of music inspired by Poe would be interesting.

Mr. Hill, of course, has not attempted in his symphonic poem to follow Poe's tale step by step; but rather to express the prevailing mood of the marvelous story. The two chief themes might be entitled Roderick and Madeleine; Edmund Clarence Stedman raised a question whether "The Fall of the House of Usher" with the inclusion of "The Haunted Palace" was not written as a musician might compose sonatas, to develop the utmost value of the lyrical themes. "The prose of his (Poe's) romances at the most intense pitch seems to feel an insufficiency, and summons music and allegory to supplement its work."

It will be remembered that Roderick Usher in the story improvised wildly on the guitar. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Hill is not so literal as to add this instrument to his orchestra. "His (Usher's) long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber." Many of us remember this waltz, known also as "Weber's Last Thought." It was in bound volumes with Perabo's "Bird" waltz, Beethoven's "Dream" waltz, d'Albert's "Sultan's" polka and other popular pieces in the sixties. But Weber never wrote the waltz attributed to him. The composer was C. G. Reissiger, who happened to play it to Weber's wife in Dresden shortly before her husband went to London, where he died. She asked Reissiger to give her a copy. He wrote it out, and as it was found among Weber's manuscripts it was attributed to him, until, and even after, Reissiger denied his authorship in letters to the press.

Mme Stanley is not a stranger in Boston. She took the part of the heroine in "The Jewels of the Madonna" at the Boston Opera House in March 1914; she afterwards sang here in concert with Harold Bauer and in recital; she was Mr. Laparra's companion when he gave a concert of his Spanish music in Symphony Hall. Mendelssohn's concertaria has not been heard here at a Symphony concert within our recollection. It was composed to order for the Philharmonic Society of London and first sung there by Mme Caradori-Allan, who visited Boston in 1837, gave four concerts here in December and sang at two performances of "The Messiah" with the Handel and Hayden. She was described as a beautiful woman, whose voice was remarkably sweet and pure, whose vocal art was unimpeachable. She shone in concert rather than in opera. In the scene from Tchaikowsky's opera based on Poushkin's romance in verse, Tatiana writes to Eugene, the blase Byronic dandy from the city, pouring out her passion. Having received the letter, Eugene gave her cool and cynical advice. Years afterwards he met her wedded and a brilliant figure in society. He made love to her, but she would not listen.

Mr. Arthur Bodanzky's orchestra in New York calls itself the "National." Out of nearly 100 names of players we find three or four surnames that are American.

Horse Chestnuts

Now that horse chestnuts are not needed in England for making munitions boys are playing "conkers" with them, for the seasons have their games. The question has again arisen, why "horse" chestnut? Is "horse" here used as with names of many plants and fruits to denote a large, strong, coarse kind? Or should we believe the statement in old Gerarde's "Herbal": "called in English Horse Chestnut: for that the people of the East countries do with the fruit thereof cure their horses of the cough . . . and such like diseases?" Thistleton Dyer, in his "Folk-Lore of Plants" takes the latter view: "The horse chestnut, because used in Turkey for horses that are broken or touched in the wind." He quotes one Parkinson in support of this statement. We have read elsewhere that the Arabs of the desert used to grind the nuts for mixing with food if a broken-winded horse was to be treated. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, having consulted his notes, kindly informs us that the horse chestnut was introduced to England from Persia about 1683; but John Evelyn in his "Sylva" (1664) spoke of its "glorious flower" and John Gerarde's "Herbal" was published in 1597.

...is its uses in ... carried in a pocket. ... It was considered a ... remedy for ... In England for ... troubles. In England a preparation was employed ... We have never ... but it is ... eaten in ... As an old fisherman re- ... to Frank Buckland, "there is ... that them foreigners won't ..."

We have a vague recollection of a ... played with horse chestnuts, but we did not know the term "conkers." As played in Cheshire, England, "con- kers" is thus described: "Two boys sit ... of a log, or on a piece of turf. One lays his chestnut down, and the other strikes at it with his chestnut. The nuts are threaded on a string. They go on striking alternately till one ... splits the other. The unhurt nut is 'conqueror of one.' A new nut is sub- stituted for the split one. Whichever chestnut proves victorious becomes 'con- queror of two,' and so on. The victor ... to his score all the previous win- ners. 'The chestnuts are often arti- ficially hardened by placing them up the chimney, or carrying them in the warm pocket; a chestnut which has be- come conqueror of a considerable num- ber acquires a value in schoolboys' eyes, and I have frequently known them to be ... or exchanged for other toys." This nut was also called "cobnut," "cob- nut," "coblonker" or "hoblonker." The boy that first repeated this rhyme had the first blow:

"Cobbl' co! My first blow,
I'll down your black hat,
And let me have first smack."

It was considered bad play to strike an opponent's string; nut against nut was the scientific way.

Pie for Breakfast

Mr. E. C. Billings of Brooklyn, writing to the World, flatly denies the allegation that "pie is an essential New England breakfast food." He never saw pie for breakfast but once "in the country ... about Northampton," and then it was not eaten by the farmer and his wife, but by the German hired man. Mr. Billings has seen more pie in west- ern lumber camps in one month than in Massachusetts in more than 20 years. He also speaks of a breakfast food of the seventies and eighties in New Eng- land as buckwheat cakes and syrup, "especially toothsome." This depended on the season; pie went through the year. In the early seventies we were suspended from Yale for a term (of course, unjustly) and was "tutored" at Conway in this commonwealth. We boarded at the village tavern. The breakfasts invariably consisted of beef- steak, doughnuts, at least two kinds of pie and other articles. We were young then. There was no talk of too much protein or d'ging one's grave with one's teeth. O joyous days, gone for- ever! It was a good, old-fashioned tavern, where the butcher played bill- iards every night, where there were farmers astonishingly skilful at check- ers. The bottles of strong waters were in a little room behind the office; there was no shabby, cowardly concealment of them.

And pie was served for breakfast in many houses, as it is today on Cape Cod; so Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures me. If Mr. Billings's opinion is to be believed, what becomes of Ralph Waldo Emerson's memorable reply to the im- pertinent person that said to him: "Why, Mr. Emerson, do you eat pie for breakfast?" To which the sage an- swered with Spartan brevity: "What's pie for?" We fear that Mr. Billings in the seventies and eighties did not visit the houses of good providers.

The Old Museum Company

As the World Wags:

Mr. William Gill's letter was interest- ing so far as it went, but let me add that several other members of the old Museum company are very much alive today. Josie Orton is a resident of New York; Ada Gilman is still in harness, doing character bits; George Schiller and Charles Abbe are quite active. Miriam O'Leary and her sister, Agnes Acres, retired from stage work long ago and now reside in New York city. Marie Wainwright is doing commendable work on the screen, so are the venerable Charles Kent and Charles Stevenson. Unless there are others of the memo- rable stock days whom I do not quite recall. Of the youngest and latest com- pany, we still have Marie Burress, H. G. Lowedale, E. E. Rose and Sydney Booth.

MARION H. BRAZIER.

Concerning Mr. Hodge

Typographical errors are exceedingly rare, of course, and yet who can help worrying for fear that some day a com- positor will become confused while set- ting up the new William Hodge slogan—"Holds His Audience in the Hollow of His Hand," and get an "ea" for an "an" in the last word?—N. Y. Times.

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Verdi wrote the opera 'Aida,' and Parepa sang it for the first time." Mr. Peter MacQueen in The Boston Herald of Oct. 28.

"Aida" was produced at Calro on Dec. 24, 1871. Mme. Pozzoni-Anastasi took the part of Aida, Mme. Grossi that of Amneris.

A Hardy Annual

To divert their minds, London journal- ists are debating the question whether one should say "deskfuls" or "desks full." It appears that Mr. E. F. Benson, quoting Browning's estimate of the number of lyrics he had written, wrote "deskfuls." One of the disputants says it depends on what Browning meant; whether he referred to a number of desks full of lyrics, or used a vague expression of magnitude. In the nursery rhyme, "Baa, baa, black sheep," we find "Three bags full"; and in the New Testa- ment "twelve baskets full." This brings up the old question of "spoonfuls." "Being an educated man, the doctor never directs you to 'teaspoonful,' but to 'teaspoonfuls.' Because he knows that you will not be so silly as to take two (or more) separate spoons and fill each one of them; but that you will make the same spoon full the requisite number of times. Hence the plural is in the filling, not in the spoon.

"This might apply to desks or it might not. For while one man might have enough material to fill his one desk many times, another might have several desks, each one full."

More About Tacking to Leeward

As the World Wags:

Hove to in Charlie Hutchinson's the other day, where Capt. Smith greeted me with, "Sure, we used to tack to leeward, but I've seen mighty little of it hereabouts for th' last 16 months." Later in the day Dr. Robert Swift, who at an early age beveled his feet to the crown of the rolling deck, corroborated my statement in The Herald some time ago.

As Dr. Crockett first brought up this question in regard to the International races, it may be of interest to hear what one of the after-guard of Resolute has to say concerning the way in which tacking or beating to leeward came to be used in the racing of the larger yachts.

Capt. Dennis, it seems, used this method for the first time, or at least revived it, when he sailed the schooner Elmina against Queen, which was ad- mittedly the faster boat. Upon one oc- casion when Queen was leading and had rounded the Block island bell buoy she laid her course direct for second mark off West island, with spinnaker set and main boom to port. When El- mina rounded the buoy, Dennis headed up for Newport on the port tack. At this, any of the yachtsmen who were watching, thought that Dennis had given up the race, as he was so far behind. After running on this tack for some time, Elmina was jibed over on the starboard tack and in due course crossed the finish line ahead of Queen. Dennis won several races in this manner before the other schooners got on to the trick of tacking to leeward.

In 1914, during the trial races, Resolute started by running before the wind with spinnaker set. Dennis, who was then in command of Vanitie, began tacking to leeward and Resolute followed suit. After that, in practically all the races excepting in very strong winds, both sloops almost invariably tacked to leeward.

In most of the international races Resolute ran straight before the wind with her spinnaker set, hoping, and not in vain, that Shamrock would follow suit. Adams did this because Sham- rock was supposed to be faster than Resolute in reaching. In the last race, however—windward and leeward—in which Resolute won the America cup, Adams tacked to leeward all the way home making good gains over Sham- rock. In all probability he would have beaten Shamrock had he held straight for the finish, but so much time had been consumed during the windward leg that there was considerable doubt, with the wind failing, whether the race could be finished inside of the time limit. In order to avoid another race, therefore, Adams decided to cover the distance in as short time as possible. In this race Shamrock also tacked to leeward, but as it was the first time she had done so and as it had not been tried out in England to any great ex- tent, it was not accomplished success- fully. How both sloops tacked to leeward is shown very clearly on the chart of the last race as given on page 42 of the September number of the Rudder, and my friend tells me that Adams's work on this occasion was the finest bit of tacking to leeward he had ever seen.

F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger farm.

R. W. Emerson's Opinion (1841)

"The President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appear- ance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters, who stand erect behind the throne."

That Act Drop

As the World Wags:

The title of the painting—the act drop at the Boston Museum—was "Temple of Britomartis, Island of Crete." I distinctly remember the broken column, on which a stork had huilt a nest.

I wonder how many of the old Museum habitués know that Kate Ryan (Mrs. Jas. Nolan) has written a very interest- ing book, "Old Boston Museum Days."

JAMES MADISON CHAPMAN.

Centre Harbor, N. H.

No doubt many have read Kate Ryan's book. Bostonians are not wholly given over to Mr. Oppenheim's novels and the Saturday Evening Post. Britomartis? We at first thought of Britomart, who typifies chastity in "The Faery Queen," but we never heard that she was in Crete or enjoyed a temple there. Happy thought! It occurred to us that a book of help to us in our youth, a Classical Dictionary, might still be of service. Sure enough. Consulting that invaluable work, we learned that Britomartis was a Cretan nymph, one of Jupiter's in- numerable daughters. Minos fell in love with her and chased her for nine months. Tired of this game and being a self- respecting young woman, she jumped into the sea. Great was her reward. Diana turned her into a goddess. Deep thinkers are of the opinion that Brito- martis was originally a Cretan divinity concerned with the sports of the chase; that she was later confounded with Diana. Truly this is a world of won- ders.—Ed.

Noble Reticence

In a Highland village, which contrib- uted an amazing proportion of its man- hood to war service, a striking memorial has been erected to the fallen. It con- sists of a large rough-hewn block of granite. On the only smooth side of the block is engraven

"1814—1919."

The reticence of the inscription has a dignity which may be commended to people who are now devising war memorials. That Highland glen lost most of its young men on the battle- field.—London Daily Chronicle.

Oct 30 1920

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Sym- phony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conduc- tor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Leonora Overture, No. 3; Hill, "The Fall of the House of Usher" (first performance); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Schumann, Symphony, D minor, No. 4. Wagner's music was substituted for two arias which should have been sung by Mme. Helen Stanley. She was prevented from singing by a sudden attack of tonsillitis.

Henley says in the preface to his col- lection of English lyrics: "After Keats there is no fresh note until we hear from over the Atlantic, the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe; the New Music which none that has heard it can for- get." It is a question whether Poe was ever more musical in his poems, even in "The Haunted Palace," than in his prose "Shadow" and "Silence," and in certain tales. Yet composers have been tempted to translate his verbal music into tonal. They have been greatly daring.

Poe himself said: "Give musical ex- pression any undue decision, imbue it with any very determinate tone, and you deprive it at once of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential char- acter. It now becomes a tangible and easily appreciable idea, a thing of the earth, earthy." Mr. Hill did not fall into the error of attempting in his symphonic poem to follow Poe's marvellous story scene by scene, from the visitor's first view of the house and the tarn to the final tragedy. The composer's aim was to give an impression of the mood in its terrifying crescendo. If this music had no title, the hearer would not neces- sarily think of the tale, but the music would suggest the expression of fear, of wild mental perturbation, of something tragically sinister; it would hint in the very beginning at impending doom. This Mr. Hill has achieved without descend- ing to sensational treatment. He has said that he associated the two themes with the melancholy Roderick and the slowly dying Madeline. In his use of the themes we recognize the unhappy Usher, tortured by the terror, which at first vague, becomes at last a horrid certainty; while the music for the sister, the lady Madeline, expresses admirably her ghost-like character; her shadowy apparition, even before she was entom- bed. Nor in the introduction of musical realism, the description of the house,

falling to end forever and inevitably the tragedy of the last inmates, does Mr. Hill cease to be musical.

This tone poem is to us an imagina- tive work, conceived and carried out in the spirit of Poe. It does not rival the supreme art shown in the construction of the tale itself; if it does not inspire the same feeling of mysterious horror; if the musical falls below the verbal felicity of expression. The answer is that the tale itself is music, and in this field Poe is "lonely and incompar- able," as Swinburne said of Coleridge. If there is to be adverse criticism, one might wish away a certain orna- mentation of figures, filigree, especially for the wood-wind, that seem on one hearing incongruous, foreign to the pre- vailing mood.

The performance was poetic and im- pressive. The composer was obliged to acknowledge the applause.

The interpretation of the familiar, but never too familiar, overture was exceed- ingly dramatic. Mr. Monteux gave a fine reading of the "Tristan" music. It was a pleasure to hear again the sym- phony of Schumann, with its lovely lyricism. The first movement and the finale were played in true virtuoso spirit, but the two middle movements are the ones in which the genius of Schumann is more clearly disclosed.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Nov. 5, 6, will be as follows. Brahms, Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Strube, Four Preludes (first per- formance); Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Reviews by London critics of "Herbert

Beerbohm Tree: Some memories of him, and of his art, collected by Max Beer- bohm" (Hutchinson, 21s. net), what the desire to read the book. In the way, it was Max Beerbohm, who, criticizing for the Saturday Review, a performance of Beerbohm Tree, remarked: "I have a brother who once was an actor."

The Stage says that the "keynote of this delightful work, unconventional in design, admirable in execution," is struck by Max Beerbohm, who in introducing the book, says:

"Formal and elaborate biographies of actors are apt to be not the most in- spiring kind of literature. When Her- bert Tree died, it seemed to those who knew him best that of such a biography he would not have cared to be the sub- ject. There was, however, a clear need that one who had so distinguished him- self in his art, and had been in himself so interesting a character and unusual a figure, should not go unrecorded. Off the stage, as on it, he was a man of much variety. He was many-sided, impress- ing different people in very different ways. And it has seemed that perhaps the best, perhaps, indeed, the only ade- quate book about him might be such a book as this, comprising the views of some different people who had good op- portunities for observing him."

Mr. Walkley of the Times, reading this introduction, admits that formal and elaborate biographies of actors are apt to be not the most inspiring kind of literature. "I once confessed to the late Mr. H. D. Traill that I would as soon read hooks of entomology, and that acculturated wit replied, "Same thing, isn't it?"

Lady Tree's contribution fills more than half the book. Max gives the "inside" point of view. Friends like Mr. Gosse, Sir Gilbert Parker, Louis Parker, Haddon Chambers relate their remi- niscences. Finally, there are critical "appreciations" from W. L. Courtney, Desmond MacCarthy and Bernard Shaw.

Tree's father, born at Memel, was of German and Dutch and Lithuanian extraction. The name was originally Beerboom. He became a naturalized British subject and married an English woman. The son was educated in Thuringia. He went into "The City" and did not go on the professional stage until he was 25. He was earning £20 a week in 1882 when he married Maud Holt. When he was 34 he became manager of the Haymarket. The Daily Telegraph says: "For an actor who had no connections or influence in his pro- fession this would have been a remark- able achievement. For an actor who had little training and had inherited no tradition it was amazing. And we have to add what Mr. Bernard Shaw states rather too vehemently, but with substantial truth, that he had to carry a handicap which was not a light one. Instead of that neutral figure which an actor can turn into anything he pleases, he was tall, and built like no- body else on earth. His Dutch ex- traction gave him an un-English voice which, again, was like nobody else's voice, and could not be disguised. A position in the front rank, won in spite of all this, after less than 19 years' work, is at least evidence of high ability and individual force."

Lady Tree, describing her first meet- ing with the young actor, speaks of his "gentle, compelling personality." She had a stern brother who asked: "How can Maud marry him? His shirt cuff

"I feared," he said, "that I was on serious opposition. But Tree says: 'All Herbert's friends were my friends, the theatre whether or no I acted seemed mine as much as his. I sang my existence away; hang, horse-hunted, devised clothes, collected furniture, read a little, laughed incessantly—had a silly habit of proudding through life. I write of what I did, or rather did not do, on purpose to acquit myself of any claim to all that Herbert was quietly achieving. You take things too lightly' was his gentle comment, his severest reproof. But he marvelled at the unconquerable rebound of what I called my indiarubber ball of a heart."

We quote further from the wife's story as reviewed in the Daily Telegraph:

"The only troubles seem to have been over parts which Lady Tree wanted to play but was denied, and we are permitted to guess that in the 'wailing and gnashing of teeth' there was a good deal of humor."

"We do not learn much that is new of Tree's methods and ambitions. It is no surprise to read that he was not exempt from the common weakness of enjoying what he did not do best. He was 'happy the whole time that he was acting Hamlet.' But one of his finest things seems to have given him equal pleasure. He 'grew tired less quickly of acting Svengali than he did of most parts. I dare say because he was never two nights alike in it, and because he enjoyed the riotous fun of it.' It was owing, Lady Tree thinks, to her entreaties that he rejected Brutus in 'Julius Caesar' and chose to play Marc Antony, another very popular performance. The choice was certainly wise."

"Herbert did actually study Marc Antony," spurred to this unusual effort by Louis Calvert, who urged tradition, and by me, who thought I knew every intonation that the part required. But it all ended in Herbert going his own way, and we, his would-be teachers, had to acknowledge that in the end his own way was best."

Lady Tree holds, however, that no character in Shakespeare suited him better than Wolsey, and her loyal praise is not undiscriminating. She owns to preferring Irving's Shylock. She did not think Macbeth was a part for Tree to play, and she notes of his performance: "The last act demands a soldier, and that Herbert never succeeded in portraying. We read that he was often in fault in casting, in choosing plays, and in rejecting plays—he has been known to refuse at least four of the greatest successes of the day." Yet in the ordinary affairs of life his judgment was very sound. He was extraordinarily practical, too, though the unthinking, unknowing called him vague. Having learnt or having appeared to learn nothing, he could at all events in his own profession teach every man his trade. He knew nothing of books. He read "Hall to Thee, Blithe Spirit," and amusingly said "That's lovely. I wonder who wrote it." Lady Tree protests that he read but two novels during the whole of their married life—"Tess" and "Without Dogma," an odd pair. But she says not unfairly that amid scholars, Herbert never was uneducated; amid wits he always shone. What he was in his own home may be read in every line of his wife's story. I never had a sorrow, she writes, until I had the sorrow of Herbert's death. There were troubles, vexations, anxieties, jars and frets, shadows or the sorrows of others; these were as passing clouds that darkened for an hour a sunny, glorious life; but until I lost Herbert I never knew a real sorrow. Only his leaving made me acquainted with grief."

Viola Tree writes that he was delightful to childhood, a lover of small games and simple fun, "absolutely natural and unaffected, though people who knew him only a little were inclined to think the opposite." The turn of the head and the "illuminated" look in Mr. Sargent's drawing "were normal to him before whose mind's eye processions of popes, jugglers and sinister servants holding peacocks in the leash passed continuously to the accompaniment of music sad, strange or grotesque." His "Herod" was probably built up like this while he

was driving through the streets or carrying on a polite conversation. "Miss Irish Tree tells us that he was not apt to show his personal side, and too sensitive to speak of the things that touched him most. She thought him singularly free from any trace of his environment, of the influence of place or age or color, always aloof."

Max describes his half-brother as "radiant," a man enviable for his incessant zest. "Nothing ever seemed to damage for a moment that large, wholesome appetite for life and art."

The gigantic risks of his Majesty's Theatre never so far as I could see, caused him to turn a hair. "His" is a word that attaches itself in my mind to so much concerning Herbert. His body was big, and his nature big, and he did so love big things! Mountains, cathedrals, frescoes, Shakespeare, summer skies, Wagnerian opera, his spacious temperament welcomed everything of that sort. Things on a small scale, however exquisite, did not satisfy him. I doubt whether even His Majesty's Theatre was quite big enough according to his standard."

This theatre narrowly escaped non-existence under Tree by reason of Max. He reported adversely with regard to "Tree" when he was sent to see it at

There is a scene betw

Philadelphia. If Tree himself had not seen the play in New York, six weeks later, he might not have produced it. Max said: "It was on the proceeds of his production of 'Tribby' in England that His (it was originally Her) Majesty's Theatre presently began to rise."

Tree's "vagueeness," Max says, was "a natural trick of manner cultivated into a defensive habit, hiding an acute judgment of character." He was unworlly "in so far as he lived in an imaginary world, unworlly in caring 'little or not at all for money,' yet a most capable man of the world. . . . Robust though he was in mind and body, it was not in sweeping effects that his acting was pre-eminent. The full strength of his art was in its amazing delicacy. His humor and imagination and his beautiful power for pathos found their best expression in ways that were subtlest."

It is said of Tree by Louis Parker: "I believe his ideal of theatrical life would have been six weeks of strenuous rehearsal and one performance," with a reference to the English theatre having "lost a leader, its dispenser of open-handed hospitality, as you might say, the head of its household, who splendidly did the honors on great occasions."

Bernard Shaw tells how surprised he himself was at the rehearsal of "Pygmalion" when Mrs. Pat Campbell threw her velvet slippers bang in his face. Thus he leads up to "the heart of the matter; the cure for the disease of actor-managerism is actor-authorship. The Stage describes Mr. Shaw's contribution as 'obviously mannered and 'posed.'"

Desmond MacCarthy, "who also has displayed a tendency to put on airs," has this passage of "searching criticism": "He was always better in representing weakness than strength, passivity than resolution, failure, whether of the faithful or ignoble kind, than victory. He was admirable in the expression of that irony which is the revenge of the beaten or the refuge of the helpless. He was not a good interpreter of lovers' parts, and he avoided them; but he could express an intimate tenderness extremely well."

Mr. Courtney notes that Tree was anything but a "safe" actor. "He was always unexpected, daring, original; he often gave one a shock of surprise, well come or unwelcome. . . . He was a glorified amateur. He mistrusted all talk about technique." Mr. Shaw says about the same thing: "His parts were his avatars and the play had to stand the descent of the deity into it as best it could."

"One and all," says the Daily Telegraph, "record the same general judgment in different words that the man was greater than anything he ever did, but that what he did was, all faults admitted and deficiencies allowed, fine and inspiring work; that he gave us many fascinating pieces of art, and nobly maintained a high tradition of the stage."

Let us quote Mr. Shaw once more: "He was always attended in the theatre by a retinue of persons with no defined business there, who were yet on the salary list."

The book, it is said, is full of Tree's wit. "Few men of our time have had more epigrams, good and bad, ascribed to them than Tree. Here, in the authentic record, is evidence that the wit of his acting was only, like the acting itself, a partial expression of his power. We can but string together a few good things, first from his own notebook. Epitaph for an atheist: 'J'y suis, j'y reste.' Richard II. arrived limp on the Welsh coast—he had just come back from governing Ireland. He is an old bore—even the grave yawns for him.' Here is a tale of a cabman: 'Tree got into the hansom and called up 'Home' 'Where, sir?' said the driver. 'Do you think I'm going to tell you where my beautiful home is?' said Tree. He used to tell an actor's story of a villain who was to be killed by a shot through the bars of a window he was forcing. No shot came, and yet he had to die. He cried out, 'My God, I have swallowed the file!' and fell."

These examples of wit are not so funny, to quote Hannibal known to Yale students of the seventies, as "to make a man in the woods, laugh, solitary, alone, by himself."

Mr. Warkley of the Times, in his review, sums up as follows:

"Let us admit without reserve," says Mr. Courtney, "that Tree as a personality was greater than anything he accomplished." I agree. Nevertheless, as, indeed, Mr. Courtney ably shows, he accomplished a good deal, and he accomplished it on the big scale and in the grand style. He was always, to borrow a phrase from one of Byron's letters, "magnoperating." Even his melodramatic excursions—his Svengali, his Fagin, his Captain Swift, his Macari—were "immense." In Shakespeare he carried on the tradition of magnificence instituted at the Lyceum. After Irving's death he was the acknowledged head of his profession. Like Irving, he was an idiosyncratic actor, playing with his own temperament and his own imagination, which was, of necessity, not always the dramatist's imagination. Every great actor, it may be said, plays with his own imagination. Yes, but this must be controlled and shaped by the dramatist's, not substituted for it. When

the two happened to coincide, as in Tree's case they notably did with Richard II., the result was splendid. Mr. MacCarthy makes a good point about this. He says that Tree "excelled in impersonating characters who were the play-actors of their own emotions." Richard II. is such a character, a "lyrical" character one might perhaps call it, and I think it was Tree's best Shakespearean part. There are "lyrical" moments in many great Shakespearean characters, and in these moments Tree was always good, though, outside them, he might suddenly drop to the ineffectual. That is why I spoke of him, at the outset, as a "provoking" actor. You could never be sure of him. He would provoke you sometimes negatively by slurring over some great Shakespearean moment, because it didn't happen to interest his imagination, and sometimes positively, by imaginative, always highly imaginative, but superfluous additions and excrescences of "business" and interpolated tableau. You would never have minded if he had had the one su-

preme gift of the actor, the mysterious gift for which I can only use the cant phrase of "personal magnetism," the "fire in his belly" of Carlyle's Ramdass, the overwhelming effect of "a natural force let loose." This, I cannot but hold, was denied him. But he was immensely versatile, romantically picturesque, an enthusiastic artist, a great figure, and the most amiable of men."

"Nobody's Daughter"

We have received the following letter from Mr. Henry Jewett:

"In reply to the query in your review of 'Nobody's Daughter' in The Herald. 'By the way, were not lines in this defence omitted last night? Does not Mrs. Torrens declare that motherhood is an animal instinct not understood by man? Does she not enforce her arguments by physiological illustrations and bring in the case of the fecund salmon?' I hope you will be interested to learn that no such omission was made by me. The manuscript I used in producing the play from was sent directly to me from London by the author, Miss Symonds (George Paston), with many directions and notations in her own handwriting, and we followed the text in its entirety."

We are glad to know this. Miss Symonds evidently revised her play after the production in London (1910), when the Times stated that Mrs. Torrens clinched her remarks about motherhood not being a holy sacrament but an animal instinct "with various striking physiological illustrations, including one drawn from the reproductive capacity of the salmon." The Times further said: "You suspect that Mrs. Torrens has been getting into this tremendous form of hers by speaking at some of the recent women's suffrage meetings."

Notes About Theatrical Events in England and France

Mr. A. A. Milne said of his new play, "The Romantic Age": "Anything may happen in a wood on Midsummer day, particularly if the circumstances are a little unusual."

Pierre Benoit's novel, "L'Atlantide," has been dramatized.

Nozic's new play, "Marie Gazelle," has been produced at the Montparnasse Theatre. The Paris correspondent of the Stage writes: "Like many plays by critics, it shows more technical skill than inspiration, and, as in most plays written for a star, the action follows her opportunities instead of the opportunities arising from the action. Marie Gazelle is an actress who has won notoriety as the incarnation of vice since the days when she first appeared in a small part at a music hall. Even as a star she cannot escape from her reputation. She must show her legs and appear sensuous, while in reality she is a kind-hearted woman, devoted to an adopted daughter. When the girl, jealous of the attention the actress received from a young author, bitterly reproaches her for not having allowed her to go on the stage also, the woman, who is supposed to be unscrupulous and tigerish, sacrifices herself and contrives to have the young author marry her ward. It is a made-up play, and contains many improbabilities, but it furnishes Mlle. Polaire with a novel part, in which she demonstrates her remarkable dramatic temperament. Her tense, passionate nature has a strain of pathos, and her voice the soft vibrance of the south. It is unfortunate that we do not see her more often on the French stage. She is an original artist."

Gladys Morris, for some seasons a favorite with the Copley Theatre audiences, is playing the Princess Orlandi in "La Tosca" at the Aldwych, London. We are told that she is the understudy for Ethel Irving, who takes the part of the heroine.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, having been asked for his views on this method of present-

ing Shakespeare with strict continuity of scenes and text, has written a letter to Mr. Boucher in which he says: "I went down to Stratford last Easter and saw the six productions religiously through. They removed the last doubt from my mind that the secret of making Shakespeare a popular playwright instead of the intolerable bore he has been since Garrick's time, is to play him exactly as he wrote—that is, like a cinema play with continual change of short scenes and the utmost contrast between them."

The belief in England that the passing of the war would see the end of the political censorship has been constantly queried by the skeptical. Confirmation of the pessimistic theory that the delights of controlling other people's opinions were too precious to be abandoned is furnished by a recent issue of the Athenaeum. It appears that Lennox Robinson's entirely non-political Irish comedy, "The White-Headed Boy," has incurred the censors' displeasure, on its production in London. The theme of the play is that of a son upon whom the family has fixed all its hopes, and for whose advancement great sacrifices have been made, but who refuses to live up to expectations. At one moment the hero declares that he wishes to be "free" and is met with the answer, "That's just what poor old Ireland is wanting, and we are like England, giving it everything else but what it wants."

Apparently this seditious remark was considered too dangerous for British consumption. It was suppressed by order of the censor. In Ireland, under martial law, such a suppression would at least have been logical. In England its offensiveness is such as only the bureaucratic mind can realize. Neither "The White-Headed Boy" nor any other Irish play has been censored in Ireland, except by public opinion. The authorities, when they intervene, suppress the production altogether, as was recently the case with Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon." There is no censor of plays in Ireland.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Victoria Cross will produce at Belfast, on Nov. 1, a new play, dramatized from her novel, "The Greater Law."

What is the longest speech put into the mouth of an actor on the stage? There are expansive soliloquies in Shakespeare, though these are not to be compared with the efforts of some of the lesser French dramatists. They are generally cut in acting versions. Easily first in modern plays must be the speech which Mr. Godfrey Tearle delivers in the last scene but one of the "Garden of Allah." It occupies about five minutes, and, the elocution being perfect, it supplies the first clear idea of the plot to those of the audience who have not read Mr. Hitchen's book. A cynic might say that Boris Androvsky, having decided to renew his vows of

silence as a Trappist monk, was making the most of the opportunities which were left to him.—London Daily Chronicle.

The longest speech we have heard on the stage is Don Carlos's address to the tomb of Charlemagne in "Hernani."

"La Maison du Bon Dieu"

Rodolph Darzens treated us to one of the most charming comedies I remember having seen in many months by producing "La Maison du Bon Dieu," by Edmond Fleg, at the Theatre des Arts. The play marked the opening of the second season of the Corporative des Auteurs, the authors' commonwealth society that did so well last year with such memorable performances as Francois de Cure's "L'Amie en Folle," Lenormand's "Les Lettres," etc. I must admit that I went to the premiere of "La Maison du Bon Dieu" with misgivings. What I knew of the author's former work did not attract me, and the title of the new play and the knowledge that it dealt with the war made me rather fear a hostile or satirical attack on religion. Well, before the end of the first act I was fully won. In the sunny little garden before her quaint Alsatian cottage (the scene was designed by Hansi, the famous Alsatian artist) Mme. Brion and her daughter Fabienne await the three officers whom the are to billet. (We are in the portion of Alsace reoccupied by the French troops.) Mother and daughter are devout Roman Catholics, and their house is really "the house of God" as the title suggests. Fabienne has fallen in love with Jean Cles, whom she nursed at the hospital, and who now is convalescent, but Jean is an atheist. Fabienne tries to convert him, and when he is about to propose she intimates that she could not bring herself to marry a man whose convictions were so opposite to her own. They separate and the three officers arrive, one after another.

And lo, one is a Catholic priest, one a Protestant minister, and the third a Rabbi, all three army chaplains. They are shown to their rooms, and a troupe of little Alsatian children, led by an Arab soldier, come to serenade them with old French songs. The three windows open, the three kindly heads appear, and the picture as the curtain falls is charming. In the second act we find the three chaplains living together in perfect harmony. Over their dinner they jest and talk philosophy with such kindly humor and such humanity that the scene literally carries the house. It is admirably true, whimsical, and beautiful and written with infinite tact. Often I thought of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The three kindly souls try to convert Jean, but they are called away, and Jean, who is leaving for the front the next day, finds himself alone with Fabienne, whom he has avoided for weeks. Very simply they say farewell, but the sound of the guns draws them together into each other's arms. The chaplains are horrified the

The London Daily Telegraph did not say that Bowen's violin concerto in E major was a thrilling human document. 'Its structure is a thing more of reason than of instinct or impetuosity. . . . It is unlikely to disturb the academic by any naughty excursions into avant-garde futurisms. It is strictly decorative throughout, and one's only difficulty is in discovering in it things that have not been better said in the same language by a distinguished list of com-

There were 16 proofs of debt aggregated against Sir Thomas Beecham. The meeting of creditors in London, but they were admitted. It was brought out that a man was ready to put up £1000 to assist Sir Thomas in his difficulties.

Mr. Charles Villiers Stanford, writing about Jenny Lind for the London Times, ended as follows: "Let music not forget its debt to Jenny Lind. She put the music sung before the singer who sings it, a great example for the world from one of its greatest singers. She was one of the first, to fight the battle for Bach, to bring Mozart close to the heart, to popularize Schumann, and to show her worth of sympathy by including all that was best of the Italian school in her immense repertoire. She founded the Lindesdon Scholarship. Personally she was the very antithesis of the conventional prima donna. She would have been as great an artist with no voice at all. She was often brusque, often severe, but full of humanity and kindness. A touch of homely sympathy would bring frowns to tears in a moment. She was not beautiful in the sense of the conventional feature, but she had a magnetic fascination greater than that of the most formal beauties. Occasionally too fixed in her views to be tolerant of those who differed, she was always true to justice and to sincerity. To humbug she was as merciless as to intrigue. The world was the poorer by her loss, and the world is longer, and may have longer, to wait for her peer."

A kettle drum player, Kavanagh, now with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was a member of the orchestra at the opening performance of the company 51 years ago.

...ri, Pfiztner and Georg Schumann
... appointed teachers of compo-
... at the Academy of Arts, Berlin.
... Schrader of Berlin observed
... during the summer season of opera
... the Wilmr Theatre, the most ex-
... seats were for the most part
... with "the lower classes." The
... of an orchestra chair was 30 marks.
... Weingartner has been conduct-
... ing operas and concerts in Buenos Ayres.
... New works to be performed at the
... Opera-Comique, Paris, are Bruneau's
... "Candaule" (libretto by Manrico
... Erlanger), and "Forfaiture," music by
... Erlanger (the last work of the
... composer before his death), based on an
... French screen play. Vanni Marcoux
... took part in the latter opera. "Dams
... de la Cathedrale," based on the
... story of Ponce, music by Georges Hue
... also be produced. Also "Dams
... " by the American, Fairchild.
... Dupont's "Antar" is in re-
... at the Paris Opera.

Marchesi will give a recital on Nov. 4 in honor of the 25th anniversary of her first appearance in Brancour in The Menestrel of Oct. 5 contributed a long and interesting article on the musical career of Isidore Rabaud.

Has about songs and singing have
and an unusually prominent place in
recitals of this week. Mr. Douglas
has held the way on Monday, when,
a program which he gave at the
A. N. Hall, he included a manifesto
on the interpretation of poetry
through music. This was put forward

... on whom Mr. Alcazar
... and composed a set of five songs,
... were given a central place in the

Mr. Douglas Marshall sang the songs; he also wrote the manifesto, and arranged that Mme. Adey Brunel should recite each poem before the song was sung. The song, the interpretation and the theory were all submitted to the judgment of the audience with a frankness which deserves the response of sympathetic attention. The theory, like most theories of art, seemed to us a half-truth. It laid stress on an idea which has been recurring to literary-minded musicians constantly for the last 30 years, at least—namely, that the art of adding music to poetry still requires some justification, which is found in the plea that the music interprets the poetry. But it is when we come to consider how music interprets poetry, or anything else, for that matter, that the difficulties begin. If we understood this theory aright, and Mr. Alec Robertson's practical exposition of it in the songs before us, the answer was that it is to be done by making music conform as far as possible to all the dimensions of poetry. Mr. Marshall says: "A changed accent, an overprolonged syllable to give time for a musical effect, or a volu-metric error for the sake of vocal effect, are all unjustifiable." That answer has been responsible for most of the wrong tracks which song-writing has taken, because it ignores the fact that music can only be anything when it follows its own laws and fulfils its own dimensions. "Just note and accent" are valuable accessories of interpretation, but the great song is the one which throws a wholly new light on the poem by re-fashioning it in a musical design. The more the poetry insists on its own design, the less it is likely to provide a suitable opportunity for music. Hence it comes that the majority of the greatest songs of the world have been made with inferior poetry.

Mr. Alec Robertson and Mr. Marshall, too, are very conscientious in following every verbal suggestion, and the former has been particularly successful in the conversation between a nymph and a goblin, called "Overheard on a Salt Marsh." Comparing the sung version of the poem with Mme. Brunel's spoken one, one realized that the two were doing just the same thing through the two mediums of the singing voice and the speaking voice, but one questioned whether the interpretation of the singing voice deserved to be called "song" more than that of the speaking voice. Every honest singer knows that the song is more than words plus notes, and Mr. Marshall proved his knowledge of it in singing "Cocca ridenti" with evident delight in its purely musical qualities. His tone and vocal control seem to have improved lately. He found so much to express through them that he denied his own theory in "Land of Heart's Desire," one of a selection from "Songs of the Hebrides." Indeed, it was so loaded with long-drawn vocal effect that one was tempted to search for "volumetric errors" instead of listening to a simple folksong. It should be mentioned that Mr. Aubyn Raymar's perfect accompaniment added much to the success of this recital.

Miss Ursula Greville's attempt to combine song with ideas on the following night was less stimulating because she reduced the song to a minimum, and left the ideas to some one else. Mr. Leigh Henry was her spokesman, and, armed

with an elaborate chart of song composers, which reminded one drearily of a plan for telephonic communication. In trench warfare, he proceeded to a disquisition on the history of song from primitive chant to Stravinsky. After 20 minutes of this sort of thing, to give one verse each of such songs as "Sally In Our Alley" and "It Was a Lover and His Lass," to proceed then to further disquisition is to make rather large demands on the patience of an audience which has come to hear music. Mr. Leigh Henry's warning against treating music as a literary accessory deserves to be borne in mind in considering the Marshall-Robertson theory. In this instance, however, music became an accessory to Mr. Leigh Henry, which is worse, and Miss Ursula Greville's pretty voice and finished style deserved better. —London Times, Oct. 8.

"D. O'C." wrote to the London Times: "When may we hope that artistic and dramatic interest will combine to put an end to what is painful to a large proportion of the audience, and must be, an occasion, equally distressing to the actors—the raising of the curtain after a serious or tragic situation? So far as music hall entertainments, comic opera, farces and amusing and spectacular pieces are concerned, by all means let the curtain be raised as often as the calls of the audience demand, but for serious drama surely they should be content with its fall, and should willingly give themselves time to think over the situation that they have seen, and give the actors time to recover from the mental strain that it has required of them. Could anything be more inartistic than the raising of the curtain after the death scene in 'Peter Ibbetson,' or after the last act of 'The Garden Allah?' Many other occasions of a like nature could be quoted, but these will serve to show my contention. If the actors are grateful for the applause of the

Then let the matter be known, this for them, but do not insist on a tearful actress having to pull herself together as best she can to acknowledge the plaudits of an equally tearful audience. The best 'curtain' I ever saw was after the last act of 'The Choice,' and I fled from the theatre before the scene could be effaced from my memory by seeing it filled by the actors who had played their part in bringing it about, but who had, so far as I was concerned, departed for good.

"May it not all be summed up by saying that the best way to spoil a 'good curtain' is to pull it up again?"

Yesterday afternoon Fritz Kreisler gave his first Boston recital of this season in Symphony Hall. The hall was filled, seats, stage and aisles. As usual, Mr. Kreisler showed himself a consummate artist. He was generous with encores, on which the audience insisted, repeating one number and adding three at the end. The program was as follows:

- I.
- Fantasy (for violin and piano)
C major (op. 159).....Fr. Schubert
(Andante molto, Allegretto, Theme
and Variations. Tempo I—Allegro
vivace)
- II.
- Concerto No. 4, D minorH. Vieuxtemps
(Op. 31). (Andante—Adagio religioso, Scherzo
—Finale marziale)
- III.
- (a) Introduction and Scherzo-Caprice
(for violin alone).....Kreisler
(b) Hindu Chant (from "Sadko")
Rimsky-Korsakoff
(c) Valse Caprice.....Chabrier-Loeffler
(d) Wienerisch.....Godowsky
(e) Two—Caprices.....Paganini-Kreisler
1. B minor
2. A minor

The novelty of the program was the Introduction and Scherzo-Caprice by Mr. Kreisler. It may be described as a highly chromatic opening section, with fine sentiment and luscious tones, with a following delightfully impish and happy turn of musical humor. The audience fully enjoyed it.

The concert left a listener wondering which was more remarkable, Mr. Kreisler's intelligence, his taste or his technique.

By PHILIP HALE

The People's Symphony Orchestra of Boston gave the first of a series of Sunday concerts yesterday afternoon in Convention hall, St. Botolph street. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture, "Lenore," No. 3; Tchaikowsky, Andante Contrabile (for strings); Schubert, Unfinished Symphony; Bolzoni, minuet for strings; Bizet, suite from "Carmen"; Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser." To this program is announced a minuet by Boccherini for strings, and Victor Herbert's arrangement of MacDowell's "Wild Rose" were added.

The purpose of the management is to give a series of high-class concerts during the season at nominal prices, surely a laudable undertaking. The officers are: President, I. H. Odell; treasurer, Joseph L. Bedard; secretary, Thomas H. Finigan; assistant treasurer, Harold Paresky; directors, William MacKinlay, William H. Capron, John Crowles, Charles Sullivan, Arthur Harris.

It will be seen at a glance that the program of this first concert was popular in the best sense—good music that was not beyond the grasp of anyone not acquainted with even the rudiments of the art. Music of this nature cannot be heard too often. It is a good thing to convince the doubting, those who have been influenced in music chiefly by feet-stirring rhythm and orchestral din that because certain composers are called "classical" they are not therefore unintelligible or boring. This program was well selected and of varied interest. Mr. Mollenhauer's proficiency as a choral and orchestral conductor has long been recognized. Yesterday he and the members of the orchestra gave their services.

The concert gave great pleasure to an audience of large size, which showed appreciation throughout in no uncertain manner. Mr. Mollenhauer was fortunate in his choice of tempi and in all other important matters of interpretation; attack, rhythm, musical phrasing, sense of proportion and a fine regard for dynamic gradations. The stage is rather small, not admitting so large a body of strings as could be wished, but the volume of the string choir was, after all, sufficient. The first violins led by Mr. Capron were especially good. The brass was effective, not blatant, the first horn being conspicuous of beauty of tone. The solo passages for wood-wind instruments were agreeably played.

Mr. Courtenay-Guild made a short and pertinent address in which he stated the purpose of the management. He said that the orchestra had no desire to antagonize other musical societies; that its sole aim was to provide good music on Sunday afternoons at a low price. He also said that certain citizens were ready to aid the good cause with financial support. The Musicians' Relief Association has already contributed \$500.

The second concert will take place next Sunday afternoon, when Stuart Mason of the New England Conservatory of Music will conduct. We understand that the program will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 and Liszt's "Preludes."

A few days ago Justice Bartow S. Weeks forbade the use of the word "scab" in his court room. "If you talk the language of the street here you must translate it, because the court does not speak or hear the language of the street. The court does not approve of the use of vulgar language or slang." This was said to a lawyer who asked a witness if there "had been any scabbing" in a certain strike.

The World, defending the lawyer's use of the word, says that "scab" is both a vulgar word and a word of the streets, "but it is a technical term in the vocabulary of organized labor in England as well as in this country. It has a precise meaning . . . and is recognized as such by the dictionary. It is not Oxford English, but it is English."

The word "scab" may not be "Oxford English," but it is in the great Oxford dictionary. The history of the word through the centuries is interesting. It first meant a disease of the skin in which pustules or scales are formed; next a cutaneous disease in animals; then the crust that forms over a wound or sore during cicatrization; later the word was applied to moral or spiritual disease; still later to a disease of cultivated plants, due to vegetable parasites. In the early eighties of the last century a protuberance on a casting formed by the washing away of the mold-wall was called a scab.

The word went into slang at the end of the 16th century, meaning a mean, low fellow, a rascal, a scoundrel. It is found in the writings of Lily, Shakespeare, Middleton, Cotton, Depoe, Smollett and many others. There is an amusing error under "scab" in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues," for the word "scablonians" is quoted as a synonym. The quotation is from a theological word by Thomas Hill (1600): "With the introduction of the Protestant faith were introduced your galligas cones, your scablonians, your St. Thomas's onions, your ruffees, your cuffees, and a thousand such new devised Luciferan trinkets." But "scablonians" was like "scablonies": long drawers worn under the hose by men in Queen Elizabeth's time. The quotation, by the way, is not accurate. It should read: "Did not all these new-fashioned attyes, come in with your new religion? Your Gallegascones, your Scablonians . . . and a thousand evah new devised Luciferan trinkets."

Now, the word "scab," as used with reference to strikes, is of American origin. The first quotation in the Oxford dictionary is dated 1811 (Sel. Cases St. New York): "The offending member was then termed a 'scab' and wherever he was employed no others of the society were allowed to work." So the word is venerable and to be respected.

In the slang of English tailors a button-hole is a scab.

(From Siegfried Sassoon's "Picture Show")
 "Adam, a brown old vulture in the rain,
 Shivered below his wind-whipped olive

Huddling sharp chin on scarred and
 scraggy knees.
 He moaned and mumbled to his darken-
 ing brain;
 'He was the grandest of them all—was
 Cain!
 'A lion laired in the hills, that none could
 tire;
 'Swift as a stag; a stallion of the plain,
 'Hungry and fierce with deeds of huge
 desire.'

"Grimly he thought of Abel, soft and fair—
A lover with disaster in his face,
And scarlet blossom twisted in bright hair,
'Afraid to fight; was murder more dis-
grace? . . .
'God always hated Cain.' He bowed his
head—
The gaunt wild man whose lovely sons
were dead."

The music critics of New York are in unusually fine form. To be sure, the season is young.

The Tribune says of Mr. Stokowski leading the visiting Philadelphia orchestra in Schubert's C major Symphony that he "indulged in breakneck speed in the finale, throwing poetry and confidence to the winds in order to amaze with the skill of his players—skill to emulate a tornado in its rush."

The Sun, hearing of a concert of Irish music by Cathal O'Byrne and Nora Powers, remarked: "The sole impression gained from the concert was that one line in 'The Wearing of the Green' was true: 'She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen.'"

As the World Wags:

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit
will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at
home." ALEXANDER POPE.

"Nobody at home" in the sense of "bats in one's belfry" is supposed to be modern slang; yet it was used in precisely the same sense by a great

Master O' English over 100 years old. Really, there's nothing new under the sun. J. F. POWERS.

Important, If True

The musical editor of the London Daily Telegraph quotes from a letter which he received from the United States: "If it were the case that British artists are allowed a fair field in this country, one could well understand the exodus (of English musicians from England); but the facts are that as the musical world is governed, ay, and nanned, by Russians and Germans and other orientals, the Anglo-Saxon, of either British or American stock must finally realize that he or she must make more or less a back seat."

An Ingenious Heading

Mr. Christopher Morley found in the catalogue of a book sale at the Anderson Galleries this item: "POPEIANA. Eloisa en Dishabille: being a new version of that lady's celebrated Epistle to Abelard. 12mo, boards, one back. London, 1822. "One of fifty copies printed. This very clever piece, erroneously ascribed to Prof. Porson, is so printed that the right-hand pages may be read in the arlor, but the left-hand pages are for private reading."

MISS HOMER SINGS WITH HER MOTHER

Louise Homer, contralto, and her daughter, Miss Louise Homer, gave the first joint concert in Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The hall and its standing room were crowded in every part, the stage being filled with occupied chairs. Before the concert began the audience was asked on behalf of the singers to be indulgent, because both artists were suffering from colds. That this request was sympathetically received was shown by the heartiness and fervor of the applause that greeted all the regular and added selections.

The "homey" touch given to the concert by the singing of mother and daughter in alternate numbers and duets and by the delicate yet plain suggestions of their relationship shown in the manner of both artists had a visibly enlivening influence on their hearers. This was accentuated in the group of varied songs by Sidney Homer, husband and father of the singers. These pieces were received with storms of applause, which in the case of "Mother Goose" and "Specially Jim" were mingled with hearty laughter.

Naturally in view of their disability both singers were at their best in the simpler melodies. Mrs. Homer made a particularly strong appeal by her singing of Schubert's "Serenade" as an extra number and the two scored heavily in "Last Night" as an added duet.

Nov 2, 1920

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Sign on the Door," a melodrama in a prologue and three acts by Channing Pollock. Produced at Atlantic City in December, 1919, when the chief parts were taken by Mary Ryan, Lee Baker and Lowell Sherman. The play was first known as "A Room at the Ritz." Another title suggested was "The Moving Finger," after a line of Omar Khayyam. Produced in Boston by A. H. Woods.

Hugh.....Harold Salter
Frank Devereaux.....Harry Matur
Ann Hunnwell.....Marjorie Rambeau
Capt. Burke.....Jules Ferrar
A newspaper photographer.....Charles Mather
Mrs. "Lafe" Regan.....Marjorie Rambeau
A in Churchill.....Hugh Dillman
Helen Regan.....Beatrice Allen
Marjorie Blake.....Petra Weston
"Lafe" Regan.....Lee Baker
Helen Regan.....Edward Power
Ferguson.....Robert Vician
"Kick" Callahan.....Joseph Slayton
Inspector Treffy.....Ray Walling
Officer McLoughlin.....George Roberts

Ann in the prologue, an unsophisticated stenographer, goes "Carmen" with Mr. Devereaux, and then sups with him in a private room at a restaurant, luxurious, but of an evil reputation. A waiter, who says he has daughters, advises Ann on the sly to leave before it is too late. Devereaux, not being able to win her by a declaration of honorable intentions, assaults her. Honor is saved by the entrance of the police. A flash-light picture is taken, but Devereaux buys the negative from the photographer. False names are given.

When the play begins Ann is wedded happily to Regan, who has a daughter by a former marriage. Devereaux turns up and is at his old tricks. Not knowing what became of Ann, he accepts an invitation to Regan's house. Regan at first likes him, but he hears of his pursuing the wife of a friend and forbids him further visits. The young girl, intimidated with Devereaux, plans to dine with him in his room at the Ritz Carlton. Ann finds it out and hurries to the girl. There is a scene between

Ann and Devereaux. Regan is announced. Ann goes into another room. Regan comes to warn Devereaux that he will be killed by the jealous man who has just arrived from France. He tells him to leave the city at once. (Devereaux had intended to sail the next morning, taking Regan's daughter with him.) Then Regan purposes to give Devereaux a thrashing. There is a scuffle for a revolver which Devereaux draws. Regan gets it and kills the bad man. He then goes out, pins on which Devereaux had written his wish not to be disturbed, locks the door and pockets the key. Ann comes in, knows what has happened, throws things about, shouts for help through the telephone, fires pistol shots, and when the door is forced open exclaims that she killed Devereaux because he assaulted her.

In the last scene she is questioned shrewdly. District attorney and police inspector believe in her guilt, though Regan, summoned, admits that he was the murderer. He also believes a foul charge made against Ann by Devereaux before he was shot. Then there is the photograph of the scene in the prologue. But the deus ex machina is in the room. How Ann is saved is for the future spectators to see and hear. It is needless to say that there is a happy ending for everybody except Devereaux.

This melodrama should be "thrilling," but as it is constructed and by reason of the dialogue, the audience last night evidently in joyous mood, took it for a comedy, say rather an amusing farce. The material is old, yet if the treatment and the whole performance were more authoritative, the play might hold the attention. The most natural scene is the first; the most ingenious is the one in which Regan at the end lies almost as admirably as his wife had lied before he entered the room.

Miss Rambeau was seen here five years ago this month at the Plymouth Theatre in a raw farce, "Sadie Love." Last night she impersonated a perplexed but heroic wife. She was excellent in the prologue; she was uninteresting in the first two acts. In the third she overacted and was unduly and unconvincingly lachrymose. Mr. Baker gave a good performance of the husband. Mr. Minton was a smiling but hardly a seductive villain. The parts of Ferguson, the valet, and Callahan, the landlord, were well acted by Messrs. Vician and Slayton. Miss Allen and Miss Western were wholly inadequate as Regan's daughter and her friend.

The Herald recently called attention to the paper suits, overcoats, collars, cuffs, raincoats manufactured in Germany and Austria and placed on exhibition at the Custom House. We have received the following letter:

Paper Clothes in 1872

As the World Wags:

The appended clipping from Monday's Herald brought to mind an article in the Illustrated Graphic, London, July 27, 1872, which I read this summer:

"We have long been familiar with paper collars and cuffs; and paper hats were made a few years back, but did not 'take.' In Boston, however, we are told that a complete set of clothes of Japanese paper may be had for 50 cents, cheap enough in all conscience and beautifully adapted for this hot weather, but we are afraid the material would not wear well."

I was in Boston the winter of '71 and '72, but do not remember any of these paper suits.

And in another issue of the same London Graphic under date Aug. 17, 1872, is the following:

"An American correspondent sends us the following respecting a most singular echo reflected by a factory chimney 245 feet high in Boston, Mass. 'It was built in connection with the Roxbury (sic) Chemical Works, but shortly after its erection the factory was burnt down, the chimney alone remaining uninjured. It will reflect a syllable 12 to 14 times, and when such words as 'Ha! Ha!' are uttered one would think that fiends possessed it, and the demoniacal laugh which follows is worth miles of travel to hear. A report from a pistol heard in this chimney is something never to be forgotten. It is like the loudest thunder, and as peal after peal rushes up, you fairly crouch with astonishment. The chimney is a favorite resort in the summer, many going daily to test its singular properties. Few visitors leave Boston without hearing it.'"

And this was nearly 50 years ago! One seldom, or ever, hears of the old chimney nowadays. Is it still standing?

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

For the Table

(Villanarest's Note in the Memoirs of Felice Bianzini.)
"When I was young I had a teacher of German who was a prodigious gourmand. His face was pale, and, as a rule, impassible; but it was joyous whenever he told me about a dish which I still think he invented. He said to me with the utmost joy, 'You take slices of sausage with garlic, put gooseberry jam on top of them, and then on them

a coffee with cream. It's delicious eating.'"

Not Mat Prior's Kitty

Miss Kitty Gordon has won in the supreme court of New York, appellate division, her fight to collect a judgment of \$571 against a film company. She had sued because her left leg and arm were burned by the explosion of bombs in a moving picture. We had always supposed—perhaps through the efforts of passionate press agents—that her justly celebrated back was her chief stock in trade as an actress. The choir will now sing: "Back and side go bare, go bare."

Miss Gilman

As the World Wags:

Your contributor to the As the World Wags column of Oct. 28 is misinformed regarding Miss Ada Gilman. She has been for several years, and is at present, a guest of the Edwin Forrest Home at Holmsburg (Philadelphia), Pa. Fall River. WILLARD G. FOSTER.

"J. L." asks for the whole of a quotation occurring at the head of one of Sir Walter Scott's chapters. The last part of the quotation is about:

"But when peace comes and all things righted, War is forgotten and the soldier slighted."

And whom is it by?

Scott had a trick of writing verses for mottoes of his chapters and pretending that the lines were in an old play.

A Music Note

Mr. Antonio Torello, double-bass player, gave a concert last week in New York with the singer Jose Mardones. The two are pleasantly known in Boston. Mr. Mardones, of the Metropolitan Opera Co., was formerly a member of the Boston Opera Co. Mr. Torello played in the orchestra of the latter company.

The Herald remarked: "The double-bass is a solemn instrument; and as a soloist is much given to complainings."

Why "Horse" Chestnut?

As the World Wags:

In your article this morning (Oct. 28) you say, "Why 'horse'-chestnut?" Ever since a child I have known (?) that it was because of the tiny print of the horse-shoe, with its six little nail marks formed by the leaf scars of past seasons.

GEORGINA CUSHING LANE

Quincy.

No dictionary and no book on trees, plants, flowers or folk lore, to our knowledge, gives this reason for the name, nor had we ever heard any one allude to this print with the six nails. Yet another correspondent writes: "At the 'butt' of each leaf stem is a perfect miniature horseshoe, with black spots for nails." It is strange that Dr. Robert Means Lawrence in his "Magic of the Horse-Shoe" says nothing about this print. We do not believe that the horse-chestnut was named from this freak of nature.—Ed

Dream

(By Conrad Aiken in the London Nation.)

There is a fountain in a wood;
Where waving lies a mound;
It plays to the slowly falling leaves
A melancholy tune.

The peach tree leans upon a wall
Of gold and ivory;
The peacock spreads his tail, the leaves
Fall silently.

There, amid alien sounds and wine
And music fully broken,
The drowsy god observes his god
With no word spoken.

Arcturus rises Orion, full;
The white-winged, tall, over;
Or else, he greets his fellow god,
And there in the dusk they play.

A game of chess with stars for pawns
And a silver men for queen;
Inmeasurable as clouds above
A chessboard world they leap.

And thrust their hands amid their beads,
And utter words profound
That shake the star-swung firmament
With a fateful sound.

The peach tree leans upon a wall
Of gold and ivory;
The peacock spreads his tail; the leaves
Fall silently.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Hottentot," a farce in three acts by Victor Mapes and William Collier, first produced at Atlantic City Jan. 12, 1920.

Swift.....Donald Meek
Mrs. Ullie Gifford.....Helen Audittred
Larry Crawford.....Cavin Thomas
Alex Fairfax.....Arthur Howard
Ollie Gifford.....Frederic Karr
Peggy Fairfax.....Georgia Lee Hall
Mrs. Chadwick.....Elizabeth Moffat
Perkins.....William Taylor
Sam Harrington.....Mildred Hill
Celise.....Howard Hull Gibson
Reggie Townsend.....

"When the face is over, you'll either say, 'Good boy, Sam!' or 'How natural he looks,'" said William Collier at a crucial moment last night in "The Hottentot." That phrase sums up the whole do-or-die character of Sam Harrington. For Sam, unwittingly sailing under false colors as another "S. Harrington," a famous gentleman jockey, finds that the girl he loves is "mad" about horses; she despises a man who is not equally mad.

Therefore, although Sam had lost his nerve six years before in a bad

accident, and is frightened to death of horses, he must either ride to victory with her colors, or forever be branded as a coward. Faced with such a choice, weaker men might have faltered. But not a gallant sport such as Sam. He utters the above quoted words, sits firmly on his horse's neck, closes his eyes, and, of course, rides to victory.

"The Hottentot" is a very funny play, and it owes its mirth-producing qualities almost entirely to Mr. Collier's extraordinary ability as a comedian. The situations are not new; neither are the lines particularly witty or sparkling. When Mr. Collier is not on the stage, there are many moments when the whole play sags. But let him appear, and the audience at once begins to chuckle again. His humor is not the sort that provokes shrieks of laughter; almost anyone can do that by tripping over a rug, or slipping on a banana peel.

But Mr. Collier makes one chuckle; he can make one chuckle long afterwards, remembering his laughable solemnity; his delicious expression of terror; his wide smile of blissful relief. His part in "The Hottentot" gives him ample play for all these; he is a delight from his first bedraggled appearance, to his last equally bedraggled curtain.

Donald Meek, as the butler, who was once a jockey himself, runs a close second to Mr. Collier—to continue in the racing vernacular. He is very funny, and his scenes with the apprehensive Harrington are the brightest moments in the play. Miss Moffat as the sprightly Mrs. Chadwick, is natural and charming, and very good to look at.

The other members of the company, however, are a rather tiresome lot. They are given to reciting their lines; at all times they are obviously "acting." Their voices are a strain on the ear, and the climax is reached when "Captain Reggie Townsend" is dragged in, in the last act.

He is an army officer from Virginia, and he seems to think that a repetition of "I'll tell the world" is the essence of humor. Army officers from Virginia do not usually talk with an east side accent, nor do they repeat worn-out slang.

It is a pity that the members of the company—always excepting Mr. Collier, Miss Moffat and Mr. Meek—do not realize that the English language is a good deal like the little girl with the curl down the middle of her forehead; when it is good, it is very, very good, and when it is bad, it is horrid.

"Little Miss Melody," a musical sketch, with George Whitting and Sadie Burt, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

The sketch is more elaborate than any heretofore brought out by this team. There is a lavish setting, a large company is employed and the story is unfolded as an allegory. Mr. Whitting, though handicapped by a cold, sang in his usual agreeable style, and Miss Burt, dainty and becomingly attired, sang several new songs and one of their old numbers, "When Three Play a Game Meant for Two." William Arthur Davis conducted.

One of the most interesting numbers on the bill was the acting of Laura Pierpont, a new-comer, in "The Gilding Star." The sketch affords the principal opportunity to appear as a sophisticated girl of the big city, a Salvation Army lass, a dope fiend and finally as her own self.

Other acts on the bill were Ruth Royce, the comedienne with the syncopated style, in a new program; Four Lamy Brothers, gymnasts; Walter Weems, in a monologue; the Two Rozellas, in an interesting musical sketch; Rolls and Royce, in a dancing specialty; and Nolan and Nolan, in a unique juggling act.

Let us drop into poetry, following the illustrious example of Mr. Silas Wegg. How have the poets looked on the month of November? First let us hear from one Edmund Spenser:

"Next was November; he full grown and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hog of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steam;
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting ecke he took no small delight,
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme
For it a dreadful Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight."

John Clare had more to say in his "Shepherd's Calendar." We quote only one verse:

"At length it comes among the forest oaks,
With sobbing ebbs, and uproar gathering high;
The scared, hoarse raven on its cradle croaks,
And stockdove-flocks in hurried terrors fly,
While the blue hawk hangs o'er them in the sky—
The hedger hastens from (a storm begun,

To seek a better life, a keener aim,
At foresters low, to the wind to shun,
Sorrow hear mind to strike the poacher's
muttering gun."

Thomas Hood's "No!" is more familiar, but it suits the mood of many:

No sun—no moon!
No moon—no sun!
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No far, long, were the Crescents go—
No tap to my temple—
No rattle of familiar people—
No rattles for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No going of the way—no notious—
No going to land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No news to ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility,
No warmth no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No society as usual, no butterflies, no bees,
No flowers, no daisies, no leaves, no birds,
November!

So defined the weak-lunged Hood in foggy London. An Irish woman, Nora Hopper, in England, saw more beauty in the month:

"New love me and but few I love,
Yet I am fair;
Turquoise my broad skies bend above,
In rose and coral fair to see
My sunsets die in freezing air.

I hush the birds, and last year's nest
I lay about with frosty rain,
I make upon the window-pane
A wonder of white tracery,
The stream is dumb at my behest.

I am the bringer of the snow,
I lay the old year's splendour low
Yet none of them
Whose feel I clog forget that I
Bring Advent night,
And the dear Babe of Bethlehem."

Notes on November

Some Frenchman once said that November was the month in which Englishmen went out and hanged themselves. As a matter of fact, we are informed that more kill themselves in the summer months than in any other season. A. Legoyt's "Suicide Ancien et Moderne," published in 1881, contains interesting statistics on this subject.

In the old Farmer's Almanack the cuts for the verses at the head of each month varied. Until 1804 they were not the signs of the Zodiac. November was pictured by a man driving a herd of cattle; later the Archer for November was "mainly at home in the midst of rugged scenery and defending himself against an invincible enemy." In "The Kalendar of Shepherdes" (1503) November was represented by a vintager. The killing of swine was a favorite subject for November. (See George Lyman Kittredge's valuable and entertaining, "The Old Farmer and His Almanack.")

If farmers are in search of practical advice for the month they should consult the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry"—by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman, first published in 1573—a book that delighted Washington Irving. There is a handsome reprint, edited by Dr. William Mavor, published at London in 1912. Tusser's advice is in rude verse. First comes the "Abstract," beginning

"Let hog, once fat
Lose nothing of that,
When mast is gone,
Hog falleth anon,
Still fat up some,
Till Shrovetide come,
Now pork and souse,
Bears tack in house."

(Learned men inform us that "tack" here means food or drink, though the word is used in England generally in a deprecatory sense. In the section "November's Husbandry" Tusser treats of all sorts of things to be done, slaughter time, threshing of barley, Martinmas beef, straw to be kept dry, trenching of gardens, etc. There are 25 stanzas. Here is a sample:
"The chimney all sooty, would now be made clean,
For fear of mischances, too oftentimes
Old chimney and sooty, if her once take,
By burning and breaking, some mischief may make."
To this stanza Dr. Mavor attaches a note: "The soot itself is worth saving. It is one of the greatest improvers of cold mossy grasslands; and its value is now well understood, though our author seems to have had no idea of its application as a manure."

Society Note

As the World Wags:

I am inclined to think that Miss Jane Winterbottom, your correspondent of Chestnut Hill, was in our little town last night. There was a slight frost.
PELEG STARBUCK.
Barnstable.

MARIA CONDE

By PHILIP HALE

Maria Conde (Ernestine Coburn Beyer), soprano, gave a recital last night in Stewart Hall. James Ecker accompanied her. The program was as follows: Duparc, Extase G. Faure, les Berceaux; Grovlez, Guitar s et Mandolines; Offenbach Olympia song from "Contes

and Splendid Ariette Oublier (L'ombre des Arbres), Alibeff, The Nightingale, Trehanne, Corals; Carpenter, The Player Queen, Looking-Glass River, Dansons la Gigue; Rimsky Korsakoff, Hymn to the Sun.

The refractory behavior of the electric lights in the hall delayed the concert for some time, but this gave the audience an opportunity for improving meditation, or whetted anticipation of the singing to come.

The program was agreeably varied and of reasonable length. The song by Grovlez was new to us. Although it was somewhat labored, anxiously attempting to be original. The impression made was pleasing, and the reminiscence of Debussy in a descending passage for the piano was welcome. "Dansons la Gigue"—the text of which has been used by Loeffer, Charles Bordes, and possibly others—is the most striking of Carpenter's songs. The other two are rambling and of little consequence.

Was it wise for Mme. Conde to sing Olympia's song in concert? The effect is surely diminished when the automaton is not on the stage, making mechanical movements with head and arms to Offenbach's music. Mme. Conde took the song at too fast a pace. The same fault was to be found with her interpretation of "Les Berceaux." Taking the first section so fast, there was little contrast, nor in the sections

that followed was the necessary suggestion of the automaton, either in the refrain or in the florid passages.

Mme. Conde appeared as a lyric and coloratura singer. In florid passages she showed lightness and flexibility. The extreme high notes that are a joy to any audience were of variable quality: at times they had body; at other times they were squeaks. We preferred her in the purely lyrical songs, and most of all in the beautiful group by Debussy, though her performance of "Extase" was very musical and she sang intelligently the group in English, more intelligently than Mr. Carpenter deserved. Debussy revised "L'Ombre des Arbres" and did not better the last measures. Mme. Conde sang the more difficult version delightfully. As a lyric singer, her voice has color and warmth. There were moments when in her effort to give full expression, she spread her tones.

There was an exceedingly friendly audience. Mme. Conde added to the program, even singing that tune, dear to prima donnas, known as "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Nov 5 1920

And now let us consider the weather of November.

Thunder in November, a fertile year to come. A heavy November snow will last till April. As November, so the following March.

If there's ice in November that will bear a duck,
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck.

Thunder in November on the northern lakes is taken as an indication that the lakes will remain open until at least the middle of December.

As November 21st, so is the winter.

If ducks do slide at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will swim;
If ducks do swim at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will slide.

If the leaves of the trees and grape vines do not fall before St. Martin's day (Nov. 11) a cold winter may be expected.

As at Catherine (25th), foul or fair, so will be the next February.

Wind northwester at Martinmas, severe winter to come.

Thoughtless Subscribers

As the World Wags:
Shortly after noon last Friday I chanced to ride by Symphony Hall. On the Huntington avenue steps there were scores of people waiting for the doors to open so they could get the first choice of leftover seats. To wait thus for two hours and more with the great chance of being disappointed is a sign of musical adoration that well deserves approbation, praise and the reward of a seat.

I, myself, being a very lucky individual, managed to buy one of the last season tickets left in the entire hall for Saturday night, and, consequently, when I go I expect to see every seat occupied in the house. But not so. On Saturday evening last, as I was listening to the orchestra play Schumann's "Fourth Symphony," I counted from where I sat in the balcony on the floor alone 50 empty seats. Does this not seem a pity? It means that 50 season ticket holders, for some reason or other, were unable to come, and, being so unable, failed to turn in or give away their tickets for that night. This must be so, for, certainly, there are enough true devotees of music who would only be too glad to come if they but had the chance, as the scene I saw on the steps well indicates. Such a procedure reminds one of the old proverbial tale of the "Dog in the Manger."

But not only is it unfair to those who were not lucky enough to get tickets, it is a slap in the face (if so I may call it) to Mr. Montoux and the orchestra as a whole, who both deserve every bit of commendation and praise possible for giving us such a treat as we get every week. Any one who has ever acted, recited or been in any public performance, well knows what a few empty

seats in an otherwise full house will do to mar the enthusiasm and stimulate resolved.

If the people, therefore, who cannot use their seats, will be thoughtful enough and kind enough to either turn them in beforehand or give them to some one who can use them, then they will earn the thanks of the more unlucky individuals, who have to go without, and Mr. Montoux and the whole orchestra.

PHILIP L. SALTONSTALL.

Cambridge.

That Echo Chimney

As the World Wags:

Noting a reference by Mr. Seymour to the Echo Chimney at Roxbury, I remember listening to this echo about 1874 and a number of times after that up to 1884.

It was located at what is now the junction of Columbus avenue and Centre street, on a ledge of rock behind which much later some public building, I think stables for city horses, was built. It was taken down between 1890 and 1900, but the work was not completed for a long time, some 75 feet of the chimney remaining intact. The structure was built of stone for the first 15 or 20 feet with I think four arches which were wide enough to walk through, and 9 or 10 feet high. Above the stone it was of smooth red brick and was, as far as I can remember, very beautifully laid up.

The story of its use is that it was intended and originally used as a drop-shot tower the invention of a new method of shot making rendering its further use too expensive.

The location is mentioned in Drake's "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," as the site of Hogs' bridge, which was built where Centre street crossed Stony brook.

As far as the echo is concerned, it was certainly astounding. On my first visit with my grandfather and two or three other boys we recited little bits of poetry piecemeal and had to wait several minutes after a line before the last word of the echo was over.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. SEAVERN.

Boston.

Horse-Chestnut

We have received a letter from Justice Justin Henry Shaw of Kittery, Me. He quotes from Harriet L. Keeler's "Our Native Trees" (1917), page 59:

"The name horse-chestnut, which is only a literal translation of the specific Latin name hippocastanum, has been accounted for in many ways. The obvious fact that the scar of the leaf-stem really looks like the imprint of a horse's hoof seems the most reasonable explanation of the name; many plants have been named for less." He enclosed a freshly-gathered stem.

Clara Atwood Pitts of Roxbury has written quoting from Julian E. Rogers's "Trees Every Child Should Know." "Our English cousins ask us why we put the word 'horse' before this tree's name. For answer, we pull down a twig, snap off a leaf and show the scar of the leaf's attachment to the twig. It is somewhat like the print of a horse's hoof on the ground. Even the horse-shoe nails are there, for a thread from each leaflet goes down through the leaf stem, and its fibres are buried in the twig. There are five or seven of these nail prints in the scar, depending upon the number of leaflets. Five is the usual number, though seven is not unusual."

We thank our correspondents for their trouble. We summered and wintered with horse-chestnuts in our little village, but never heard this explanation of the name. We cheerfully admit the freak of nature, but do not for a moment believe that this freak gave the name. We shall publish soon an interesting and authoritative letter from Dr. Robert M. Lawrence on this subject.

Nov 6 1920

PAVLOVA AT SYMPHONY HALL

Anna Pavlova, with her own company and orchestra, returned to Boston yesterday after a long absence. In Symphony Hall, in the afternoon, she gave the first of three performances. The program follows:

Overture, "Phedre".....Massenet
Egyptian Ballet.....Music by Verdi and Lullini

II—DIVERTISSEMENTS.
Obertass (Polish dance) Ensemble.....Lewandowski
Pas de Deux.....Drigo

Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Volinine.
Lead Solists.....Liador
The Misses Bartlett and Cabanella.....Strauss

Pastorale.....Strauss
Miss Stuart and Mr. Stowitts.
Voices of Spring.....Schubert

Miss Rutsova and Mr. Barthe.
Moment Musical.....Schubert
The Misses Stuart, M. Courtney and L. Courtney.
Garotte Pavlova.....Lincke

Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Volinine.
III—DIVERTISSEMENTS.
Jazurka Ensemble.....Monuchko
Swan (Arr. by M. Fokine).....Saint-Saens

Mme. Pavlova.
Pierrot.....Dvorak
Mr. Volinine

Arabian Dance.....Grieg
Miss Olenewa and M. Stankoff
Pizzicato.....Drigo
The Misses Bartlett, Courtney, Leggierova,
Bartlett and Cabanella.

Violons.
The Misses Saxova, Stuart, Verina, La
Francini, Stepanova and Pochenev.

Russian Dances.....Kallinkoff
Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Stankoff.

Mme. Pavlova received an enthusiastic welcome from an audience which crowded the hall and the aisles. Her dancing has lost none of its beauty and charm, its perfection of technique. Her first appearance was in a series of dances with M. Volinine in which, wearing the conventional ballet costume of white, like Shelley's skylark, she "doth float and run, like an unbounded joy, whose race is just begun." Her dance of "The Swan" and the "Gavotte Pavlova" with Alexander Volinine were received with prolonged applause. In the set of Russian dances, new to this city, with which she closed the program, she and M. Stankoff gave a truly remarkable performance. In her dancing yesterday she proved once more that she is, indeed, the "incomparable."

In her surrounding company, however, she is not fortunate. The orchestra is wholly inadequate; it is a decided drag on the whole performance. The Egyptian ballet was incoherent and poorly arranged; many of the individual dancers lack the vitality, the spontaneity and ardor which we have come to expect of the Russians. The "Pastorale" of Miss Stuart and Mr. Stowitts was exquisite; but on the whole, with the exception of Mme. Pavlova, Vol-

inine, Stepanoff and one or two others, this Russian ballet has none of the splendor, the perfect "team work" of the organization which burst upon us a few seasons ago.

The hall was crowded in the evening. After Sullivan's overture, "Di Ballo," a set of dances to music of Chopin orchestrated by Glazounoff gave varied entertainment. Unfortunately, the beautiful music suffered from the inadequacy of the orchestra, in spite of the skillful conducting of Mr. Stier. The dances introduced Mme. Pavlova, Mr. Volinine and the company. The program of divertissements was not followed. The dances were all interesting, but the enchanting Gavotte again was most conspicuous and Mme. Pavlova and her cavalier were recalled many times. Other dances that gave special pleasure to the audience were the wild Russian Gopak, the "Holland Dance," with the coquettish Miss Leggierova and Mr. Vajinsky; Anitra's Dance, by Miss Olenewa; a Grecian dance charming by reason of its classic purity; the ensemble, "Christmas," with Mme. Pavlova radiantly beautiful; the Mazurka, danced by a double quartet; also an ensemble of five girl dancers, not on the program. The ensemble was better than in the afternoon, when the dancers were not so much at home on the comparatively small stage. The place for a ballet is an opera house.

Tonight there will be ensemble dancing and divertissements. It is a great pleasure to see Mme. Pavlova, even when she and her company are handicapped by orchestra, stage and lack of stage settings.

Nov 7 1920

By PHILIP HALE

MRS. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, IN

her volume of reminiscences, entitled "Crowding Memories," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, shows keen observation, a lively sense of humor, and a pleasing power of description in her characterization of men and women she has met and in her account of scenes in which they figured. Sometimes these descriptions are what might be called thumb-nail sketches: witness our introduction to Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard: "A woman of angular slimness, perhaps 43 or 44 years old. She wore a dull brown dress, with an arabesque of white in minute pattern woven through the warp. The expression of face and figure was withered like a brown leaf left on the tree before the snow comes. No aura of charm whatever. . . . This singular woman, who possessed so strongly the ability to sway all men who came within her influence. Brilliant and fascinating, she needed neither beauty nor youth, her power was so much beyond such aids."

Her Meeting with Booth

Mrs. Aldrich's account of her association with Edwin Booth and his young wife in New York, of the meetings with Bayard Taylor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, "argumentative, alert, debonaire," Mrs. Stedman, "sketched in black and white, neutral and colorless," the Stoddards, FitzHugh Eudlow, the writer of good stories who fell victim to hasheesh, Lauret Thompson and others tempts one to quotation. There was Parke Goodwin, who at times was lacking in manner and manners. She recalls him in a theatre box. "When wholly absorbed in a subject that interested him, he took no responsibility whatever for a large body that often assumed questionable shapes, as on this occasion, when he allowed his weary limbs to rest on the seat of a vacant chair in the most con-

MME. PAVLOWA

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Pavlova and her company gave the third and last of her entertainments last night in Symphony Hall. The one-act ballet, "Amarilla," music by Glazounoff and Drigo, was first on the program. Then followed:

Dance, Greek.....Brahms
Chardaz.....Crossman
Miss Saxova and Mr. Vajinski.
Voice of Spring.....Strauss
Miss Butsova and Mr. Barte.
Pastorale.....Strauss
Miss Stuart and Mr. Stowitts.
Holland Dance.....Grieg
Miss Leggeriova and Mr. Vajinski.
Gavotte.....Linke
Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Volinine.
Bohemian Dance.....Minkus
Entire company.
Rondina.....Beethoven
Mme. Pavlova.
Brigand's Dance.....Arends
Mr. Stowitts.
Valse Sentimentale.....Schubert
The Misses Stuart, Lindovska and Messrs. Zelweski, Vajinski.
Pas de Trois.....Strauss
The Misses Stuart, Leggeriova and Mr. Barte.
Anitra's Dance.....Grieg
Miss Oliniva.
Russian Dance.....Kallinkoff
Mme. Pavlova and Mr. Stepanoff.

"Amarilla" requires for full effect an appropriate stage setting, as that provided when the ballet was performed here some years ago, proper lighting and a much larger stage than that of Symphony Hall. Last night there was not room for the evolutions, and the dancers were sadly cramped. There is some charming music, which was butchered by the incompetent orchestra. We understand that the orchestra engaged for the season in New York was unwilling to go on the road; that an orchestra was then hastily assembled for the tour; that the players were wholly unacquainted with the music until a few days ago.

In spite of these drawbacks there was much enjoyment to be derived from this ballet. If

only by reason of Mme. Pavlova's pantomimic skill. She also danced with even greater freedom and spirit than on the night before. This might be said of her company. She again enchanted the great audience in the gavotte that will always be associated with her and will pass into a tradition.

Years hence, old gentlemen, hearing some dancer praised by enthusiastic youths will shake pitying heads, and mumble: "Ah, my young friends, you should have seen Pavlova dance her gavotte." Her art and a remarkable costume were seen in the "Rondina." But it is late in the day to dwell on the inimitable grace, the exquisite taste, the intelligence of Anna Pavlova, whose academic proficiency is vitalized by brains and heart.

There were pleasing diversissements, as the fiery Hungarian dance by the imposing and passionate Miss Saxova and Mr. Vajinski; the Strauss waltz, dear to prima donnas, danced by Miss Butsova and Mr. Barte, and above all the "Pastorale," again a Strauss waltz, in which Miss Stuart, fair of face and figure, shone brilliantly. Other dances on the program excited warm applause.

We beg of Mme. Pavlova, the next time she visits Boston, to dance in a theatre and to bring an orchestra that will do justice to the music and to the conductor, the excellent Mr. Stier; an orchestra that will not stab the ears and rasp the nerves of her countless admirers.

Harvard Library Notes for October, devoted to the theatre collection, is full of interesting matter. The death of Frank E. Chase, Harvard '76, a frequent contributor to The Herald, is noted at length.

He was one of perhaps a dozen regular contributors to the dramatic section of the library, confidence in whose interest made the preparation of this number an especial pleasure. Mr. Chase's name was entered on the list of those making gifts to the library in December, 1904; he was in the building for the last time on Aug. 20, bringing a parcel of books. Between those dates, scarcely any one on the list of donors shows more frequent entries. The total number recorded by Mr. Cookin is 1163, which represents a selection from three or four times as many titles submitted, always with a modest diffidence and a loyal hope that something he had to offer might help to make Harvard stronger. Besides plays and books on the theatre, he gave all the publications of Walter H. Baker & Co., in which he was a partner, and nearly all those of Samuel French. His most notable single gift comprised a long series of collected editions of English plays.

"His letters were always a cheerful break in the routine of the order department, and a glance through the files shows many that reveal his devotion to the library. He wrote on Feb. 4, 1913:

"Dear Mr. Potter: I poke the other day to Kittredge about a lot of 'more'

written 'The Heathen Chinee' at a sitting and thrown it aside. For want of something better, it was put into print as a space-filler, and he was surprised at the success.

Boston possessed in the winter of 1871-72 a lady of towering social ambition, who, unhappily for herself, was not of the privileged order; and had never been able to force the gates that barred her from the reigning aristocracy of 'that city.' She had courage, if she was lacking in grace. She lured the Western lion to her lair, and many of the elect accepted invitations. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was asked by Harte if she would not recite for him "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She granted his request, and then sang an Italian song and an English ballad. After she rose from the piano the silence was broken by the hostess at the extreme end of the room: "Oh, Mrs. Howe, do now sing something comic."

Wilde and Others

Harte was invited by Harvard to deliver a Phi Beta Kappa poem. According to Mrs. Aldrich he did not appreciate the awful solemnity of the occasion. "He made his appearance in gaudy raiment and wearing green gloves. His poem was as inappropriate as his dress. Clothes and the man were equally disappointing to Harvard. The poet fully realized the situation and fled in dismay." We do not remember any allusion to this incident in Mr. Henry C. Merwin's admirable life of Bret

Harte, one of the best biographies in our language.

There are several entertaining pages about Oscar Wilde in Boston. During his stay Aldrich lived in strict seclusion. "No invitations to dinners, receptions or lunches were accepted, on the chance that this prodigious poseur might also be a guest." It was not until the end of a year that Aldrich and his wife met Wilde face to face when traveling. They saw a man clothed in singular fashion. "He was wearing a light brown velvet coat, a waistcoat of yellowish silk, blue tie and stockings, low brown shoes, and lemon colored gloves. The hat was large and of a different shade of brown, and from under it the straight hair reached almost to the shoulder." Some years after this encounter Aldrich met Wilde and his wife on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre in London. He had dropped his masquerade, wore the conventional dress and did not differ outwardly from his fellow-men. "Mrs. Wilde was pretty and young. She wore a canary-colored gown, so modest that probably it was 'created' on the other side of the channel. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Wilde must have been almost bride and groom. They gave the impression of congenial companionship and happiness."

There is an amusing account of the authors' reading at the Boston Museum in 1887 to raise money for a Longfellow memorial fund. Charles Eliot Norton presided. The readers were Mrs. Howe, Messrs. Clemens, Holmes, Curtis, Aldrich, Lowell, Hale, Howells and T. W. Higginson. When Aldrich, in stage fright, saw the chairs in a semi-circle, he thought of a Negro minstrel show and said to his fellow-sufferers he was sure that when the curtain went up he should address Mr. Lowell and Dr. Hale in this wise: "Now, Bret Harte, when you pray, don't pray so much in general way; pray more particular; if I pray de Lord to git me a turkey dat ain't nothin' to goin' to git dat turkey; but when I pray de Lord to git me one of Massasoit's turkeys I knows Ise gwine to git dat turkey 'fore Sat'dy night." And Aldrich was so obsessed with this idea—he had an unconquerable terror of speaking before an audience—that the uniform chairs were replaced by sofas and seats of a different form, and the semi-circle was made carelessly irregular.

It was Aldrich who gave the name "The Players" to the Actors' Club in New York. Before a year or two before the summer of 1888, when the idea of the club was seriously discussed, had bought the house 29 Chestnut Street, and the old comradeship of Booth and Aldrich was thus still closer united.

There is naturally a tribute to Aldrich's intimate friend, Henry L. Pierce. "They shared the mutual interests of two very distinct lives, and the varied interests of one were vital to the other. For a quarter of a century in which they were together, it was exceptional (if they were in the same city) if a day passed in which they did not meet; and after Mr. Pierce's death the miserable feeling of loneliness changed for a long time Mr. Aldrich's world."

These extracts, pertaining to the life of Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich in Boston, give only a faint idea of this volume of reminiscences. It would be a pleasure to quote from the writer's experiences in Europe, the early life in New York, the summers in the country, the strange story of Aldrich and the adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips.

There are 21 illustrations and an index.

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the fields, the Charles Eliot Norton, Prof. Lowell and his wife, Dr. Holmes and his wife, Howard Malcolm Ticknor and his wife, Mr. Schlesinger and Longfellow.

Longfellow called at the house in Pinckney street. The tragedy of his wife's death made him look older than he was. He, too, insisted on seeing all the rooms. Longfellow moaned in the "The Hanged Man" room. "Ah, Mr. Aldrich, it will not always be the same round table for two. By and by it will extend itself, and about it will cluster little faces, royal guests, drumming on the table with their spoons. And then, as the years go by, one by one they will take flight to build nests of their own. The round table will again recede until it is set for two and you and Mrs. Aldrich will be alone. This is the story of life, the pathetic poem of the fire-side. Make an idol of it; I give the idea to you." Aldrich did not use the theme; Longfellow wrote "The Hanged Man of the Crane," for which Bonner paid him \$200 for the right to publish it in the Ledger.

Mark Twain's First Visit

Passing over the amusing story of how Harriet Beecher Stowe, visiting at the summer home, Rose Cottage, was overcome by claret cup on a warm day: "In lying on the sofa Mrs. Stowe's skirts, like Hamlet's words, 'flew up,' revealing very slender ankles and feet encased in prunella boots, the elastic V at the sides no longer elastic, but worn and loose; the stockings were white, and the flowery ribbon of the garter knots was unabashed by the sunlight." Passing over this story, delightfully told and at length, we come to the meeting of Aldrich and Mark Twain.

Twain called in winter, a most unseasonable time, "clothed in a coat of seal-skin, the fur worn outward; a sealskin

cap well down over his ears; the cap half revealing and half concealing the mass of reddish hair underneath; the heavy mustache having the same red tint. The trousers came well below the coat, and were of a yellowish-brown color; stockings of the same tawny hue, which the low black shoe emphasized." Mrs. Aldrich was sure that he was under the influence of strong waters, "as the gentleman showed marked inability to stand perpendicular, but away from side to side, and had also difficulty with his speech; he did not stammer exactly, but after each word he placed a period." Aldrich had not mentioned Twain's name to her, nor even in the introduction. She glared at her husband, wondering why he had brought this strange being home to dinner, remembering how a few evenings before he had brought an unexpected friend and then helped himself too generously to a scanty dish of oysters or sweetmeats, which would have been ample for two, but short rations for three.

The atmosphere in the room was frosty. There was no announcement of dinner. Finally the guest departed. Aldrich asked sternly why the dinner was so late; why the guest had not been asked to stay. The answer with hysterical tears was: "How could you have brought a man in that condition to your home, to sit at your table, and to meet your wife? Why, he was so intoxicated he could not stand straight; he stammered in his speech." "My dear, did you not know who he was? What you thought was but his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies, characteristic of himself, and born with Mark Twain." There was silence for a moment; the hysterical sobs grew louder. "Mark Twain! Was that Mark Twain? Oh, go after him, go after him; bring him back and tell him, tell him—oh, what can you tell him!"

Irresponsible Bret Harte

Bret Harte was a visitor. "Notwithstanding his Hebrew blood, he was a born spendthrift," in money difficulties in the East although the Atlantic Monthly gave him \$10,000 for whatever he might write in a year. He was late to luncheons and dinners, but always arrived, when he finally did arrive, jovial and bland. He called late one night on Aldrich, saying he had come to make a night of it, and as he went up stairs he

sang "Tolly, Put the Kettle on, and We'll Have Tea." He had been to a dinner and a reception in his honor. He asked for the loan of the spare room that night; he said the hotel room was dreary. The room, with pyjamas and brushes was cheerfully loaned, "and in return he loaned us through all the small hours, until the coming of the dawn, the aroma of his host's choicest cigars. The next morning, still arrayed in his evening clothes, he went unembarrassed and airily homeward." A few evenings afterward he spoke with untrodden charm to a great audience in Tremont Temple, while a sheriff sat behind a screen and waited. Mrs. Aldrich well recalls a night when Harte told of his landing in San Francisco, a boy of 17, and described the city of his early years. "There was never a more delightful guest or fascinating companion than he was on this night." He said he had

uous part of the box." (For "limbs" and "legs.") "The fertile and futile attempts that were made to have the evening wraps accidentally fall and cover them, and the unconscious way in which he, finding them too heavy or too warm, would remove them and continue with his theme!" The story of the two deaths in Booth's life, the death of his wife and the assassination of Lincoln, is told most sympathetically, yet without sentimentalism. Mrs. Aldrich was at the trial of the conspirators in Washington. "Payne, who was sitting near the open window, watched the swaying of a tree, face and figure expressing indifference to all the transitory things of life." Herold, the druggist's clerk, had a slight and boyish figure: "The face set and colorless like yellow wax, with freckles that seemed almost to illuminate the waxen surface. The brown eyes were in expression as a fear that had been wounded; the whole body and face vibrant with anxious fear, like an animal that has been trapped and sees no escape." Mrs. Suratt was "rather a large woman, wearing a rusty black woollen dress, and most of the time held before her face a large palm-leaf fan."

The Aldriches in Boston

But today we are chiefly concerned with the adventures of the Aldriches in Boston. They were married in New York in 1865, and he was invited to be the editor of Every Saturday. Coming to Boston they met the literary lights of the city and of Cambridge. Aldrich's office was with Ticknor & Fields at 121 Tremont street. "There," to quote from Mr. Greenslet's biography, "in a commodious room, with bookshelves and an open fire, Aldrich applied himself to the editing of Every Saturday." Soon afterwards Howells came as assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

Provincial Boston

Boston, says Mrs. Aldrich, then had the reputation of being puritanical; also provincial in its attitude toward strangers. Ward McAllister had given the advice to one of the newcomers, "to swear he had an ancestor buried on Boston Common that all doors might be opened to her," but Aldrich and his wife were

instantly invited to dinners and evening parties. There is a curious story about the meeting with Justin Winsor and the ensuing friendship. When Mrs. Aldrich first met him he was "a tall man, rather slender, but was in truth but 34 years old, but a younger, much older; quiet in manner, very bookish in talk. He was dressed in black, the seams of his coat rather shiny." Aldrich, always ready to assist, asked him to translate foreign articles. "The pay would not be much, but it would be something." Winsor accepted and invited them for a drive. The invitation was reluctantly accepted, for they thought of the shining seams, and pictured a one-horse shay. The carriage came "a handsome span of horses, coachman in livery, a carriage perfect in its appointments, and from its open door stepped, with the nonchalant air of possession, the gentleman of the translations." Aldrich was instrumental in putting Winsor on the board of the trustees of the Boston Public Library. "Yet the informal bonds of friendship were soon loosened. Winsor was a seldom visitor. 'He came two or three times to the house'—31 Pinckney street, to which they moved from Hancock street in the spring of 1877—but was silent and distrustful. After a serious illness of his young friend, he sent her a huge box of roses with an affection note, and from that time there was ever silence.

"Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
Or word of tongue?"

Dickens and Longfellow

Dickens came to Boston. His first reading was in Tremont Temple on Dec. 2, 1867. He called at "Mrs. Aldrich's Workbox," as Mrs. Hawthorne had named the small house in Pinckney street. "It was mostly composed of white muslin and pink ribbons, white muslin and blue ribbons." In the eyes of Mrs. Aldrich, greatly as she admired him, Dickens was without the manner that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. As is well known, he was not a "quiet dresser." On this occasion he wore a top coat so light—"I can almost say soiled white color"; wide and short, it stood out like a skirt and it had a velvet collar. The waistcoat was of another shade of brown with brilliant red indentations. The watch chain was buttoned into the centre button of his waistcoat, and then it divided itself.

Mrs. Aldrich wondered what was at the other end of the chain. She thinks the trousers were of a black and white check. Later Dickens called again and invited on seeing the house from top to bottom. "In those happy days my vanity and dependence was an austere lady who consented to live with us for the modest sum of \$5 per week." This included the services of a 6-year-old daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich were at the dinner given by Dickens at the Parlor Room, the upper in the walking, the lower in the sitting room. The guests were

"I will send it over with the next lot
but you are kind enough to accept.
Thank you, truth to tell, since your rise in
the world of the theatre to the summit
of the late Wendell's noble pile of books,
I have small hopes of further service
to you."

Two clauses of Mr. Chase's will, dated Sept 25, 1799, read:

"Article XXI. To Harvard College
Library, at Cambridge, Massachusetts
I give, devise and bequeath such of my
books chiefly relating to theatrical and
dramatic history, biography, criticism,
philology and my collection of plays,
as they may deem desirable or suitable
for their purposes, and direct that the
cost of the delivery of these books
shall be paid by my executors.

"Article XXX. All the rest and residue of my estate, I give, devise and bequeath to Harvard College Library as a fund, the income of which is to be devoted primarily to the purchase of books relating to the theatre, the drama or related subjects, and thereafter to the general uses of the library, such purchases to be inscribed as the Gift of Frank E. Chase."

The Theatre Collection has its own endowment of about \$50,000, which was given by Mr. Shaw soon after he installed his collection in the new building. The library received \$10,000 from the estate of Evert J. Wendell, '32, whose will expressed a "desire that the income derived therefrom be used in the purchase of books, prints, pamphlets, photographs, souvenirs and the like, for the collection of dramatic literature and memorabilia, now being made by said college." The sale of duplicates, included in Mr. Wendell's bequest, gave an additional \$24,241.36, which was used to pay the cost of handling, cataloguing, binding and shelving the Wendell books.

"Mr. John Drew founded Harvard's Theatre Collection. In 1906, as an expression of his appreciation of what Prof. Baker has done for the serious recognition of dramatic art, Mr. Drew presented the library of Robert W. Lowe the bibliographer of English theatrical literature. The 338 titles in the gift include many that have held their place as treasured rarities throughout the extraordinary rapid growth of the collection.

"Another actor-manager who has paid tribute to Prof. Baker's work for the stage is Mr. John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre. A portion of his annual gift for several years, aggregating five was spent for books on this subject."

The collection has received a gift consisting of plays, prompt books, playbills, scrapbooks, etc., formerly the property of John Gilbert, the celebrated comedian. They were given to Harvard by his niece, Mrs. George Peirce of Brookline. Of the 500 separately printed plays, all autographed, some 200 were not previously owned by the library.

One of the play-bills of the Boston Theatre, Federal street, March 1, 1847, announces the first performance in America of "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "by William Shakespeare."

The Library now contains nearly 4000 plays of American plays. Among them is Barnabas Bidwell's "Mercenary" (New Haven, 1785), a play performed by Yale students. The playwright was a senior in 1783. Perhaps the earliest representative of Harvard on the American stage is "The Sea Serpent," by William Brewster, who was graduated in 1805. There is a copy of Joseph Crosswell's "A New World Planted" (Boston, 1802), in which Carver, Bradford, Brewster, and Sandwich and Massasoit appear. Pocahontas, a daughter of Massasoit, is also mentioned.

There is an interesting article "Some of the Black Face Performers and the Minstrel Troupe," by "L. A. II." who is Mrs., not Mr., Graupner, who came here in 1799 at the Federal Street Theatre "The Negro Boy." She was the first. On Jan. 6, 1796, Joseph Taylor sang "Poor Negro Boy" at the Federal Street Theatre. Mme. Gardie was here in 1796 in a comic dance. The character of a female Negro. It was one of her acts as actress and pantomimist to black her face, figure and action were enhanced. The first actor to play the Negro was Joel Walker Sweeney, who was an odd job box, cut it in half, painted it with a skin and added a fifth leg, while the predecessor made from cardboard only four. George Washington Davis, who afterward came to Boston, was the first to win eight votes of being elected Mayor of Boston, was the first to win

popularly by singing a Negro song,
"The Good Lord Bless Us."

The story of the founding of the Virginia Minstrels is agreeably told. The first program of this troupe in Boston (March 7 and 8, 1843), owned by Mr. Quincy Kilby, is reproduced. The program of March 23, 1843, "Great Olympic Circus—Present Temple," bears this announcement: "The Ethiopian Olio, by the Virginia Minstrels, who have been so liberally patronized at the Masonic Temple, will appear and give their classic and elegant entertainment, in which they defy competition." At the benefit, on March 21, there was this note on the bill: "Conundrums and explanations by Brower and Pelham." This recalls a note on the program of Artemus Ward's lecture in Egyptian Hall, London: "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens

of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand."

We have before us, as we write, a little pamphlet of 13 pages: "Songs of the Virginia Minstrels; a Correct Edition of the Celebrated Songs of the Virginia Minstrels originally composed and sung by them at their concerts," published in Boston by Charles H. Keith, 67 Court street, in 1843. The printers were Wm. White and H. P. Lewis, Minot's building, Spring lane. The songs are "Twill never do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown; Old Dan Tucker, Gwine ober de Mountain, Boatman's Dance, My Old Aunt Sally, the Fine Old Colored Gentleman, O Lawd, Gwils, Gib me a Chaw Terbakkur, and Miss Lucy Long and Her Answer. All but the last are attributed to "Old Dan Emmitt," though only the words of "O Lawd, Gwils," are stated to be his. So, in 1843, Dan Emmett, the author of "Dixie," was billed as "Old Dan Emmitt." He was then 23 years old. He died in 1904.

According to these notes concerning Harvard's theatre collection, John Crowne was "the first Harvard man who succeeded in making a living by practising a recognized form of literature." His father lived in Boston for a short time toward the end of the protectorate. As soon as Charles II. was on the throne he returned to England.

There is an annotated list of Crowne's plays. The preface of "The Ambitious Statesman," acted at the Theatre Royal, London, and published in 1679, speaks of "this play, which I think the most vigorous of all my foolish labors." And in "Caligula" (1698) there is a personal note in the dedication. Crowne is speaking of France and England: "I have suffer'd severely, and therefore may be allow'd to speak. The favor, or, rather, authority, which a mighty neighboring kingdom had in our court some years ago got my inheritance, which, tho' it lay in the Desarts of America, would have enabled me (if I cou'd have kept it) to have liv'd at my ease in these beautiful parts o' the world."

In spite of Crowne's appreciation of his "Ambitious Statesman," the "New Theatrical Dictionary" (London, 1792) says: "This play met with very indifferent success."

Prof. Spalding in France

Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard University has been asked by the French government through its minister of public instruction to give lectures during January, February and March at eight or ten leading French universities on the "Appreciation of Music." The chief places to be visited are Paris, Grenoble, Dijon, Lyons, Nancy, Strasbourg, Montpellier. Prof. Spalding writes to *The Herald*:

"The inception of this project goes back some years, for all the French musicians who have visited the country, beginning with d'Indy and Tiersot and including Rabaud, Lichtenberger and others who have visited the Harvard courses, have been much interested in our course on the "Appreciation of Music" and have said they had nothing comparable to it in the French universities and hoped that when I had leisure I would come over and Institute such a course in the French universities.

"Mr. James Hazen Hyde, who has done so much for the exchange professorships between France and America, has also taken a great interest in the undertaking and has helped generously to make it possible. The French themselves have been very enthusiastic over the scheme, as they recognize with great gratitude the strong love which there is in America for modern French music, and they feel that this undertaking will be a real means of bringing the countries and the universities therein into closer touch, for the simple reason that nothing brings people more closely together than music."

New Plays in London, Paris, Dublin:
Other Dramatic Notes

Of Laura Wildig's "Priscilla and the Profligate" (Duke of York's Theatre, London) the Daily Telegraph said it was difficult to speak about the play. "Its author evidently knows little about construction and nothing about character, and as evidently she does not care. She just goes happily on with her play, making everybody do—and say—just whatever comes into her head. The result ought to be failure, hopeless and com-

deceit, but it is not. Let us listen to what that neither is it success. It is soil thing between the two, a patchy farce. Its worst moments are incredibly bad, its average merit low; but its brightest things certainly do wring laughter from you, even though you are furiously ashamed to be amused at anything so hackneyed." The play is a variant of the Ugly Duckling story.

The coming debut of Miss Elizabeth Irving, a daughter of the late "H. B.," and grand-daughter of Sir Henry, serves to emphasize the remarkable way in which histrionic genius seems to be transmitted. As a rule actors' children seem to take to the boards, and in quite a number of famous theatrical families—as the Comptons, Farrars, Emerys and Crossmiths—three successive generations have appeared behind the footlights, whilst the Terrys have given six generations to the stage. In no other profession is hereditary talent of such common occurrence.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

Hastings Turner has altered the ending of his play, "Every Woman's Privilege," at the Globe, London, so that the heroine can answer the expectation of the audience and marry a young Socialist rather than the middle-aged suitor. And so Mr. Turner, has followed the example of a long line. It is not necessary to go back to "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet" with happy endings; there is Pinero's "Profligate," also his "Big Drum," though in book form the play has the original ending. Dion Boucicault's "Octoroon" was changed in London, for many objected to the killing of the heroine. In recent years and in Boston Bernstein's "Samson" and "Isral" and Wolff's "The Lily" have had changed endings "to suit American taste."

A new play in one act by St. John G. Ervine, "The Island of Saints, and How to Get Out of It," was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Oct. 12. He is an Ulsterman, but he views the animosities in Ireland dispassionately: "A plague o' both your houses" is his cry. The play, described as amusing, is also characterized as "less of a play than a subtly-disguised anti-emigration tract, expressed in terms of Bernard Shaw with a slight flavoring of inharmonious sentimentality. He revels in expositions of a very pretty wit at the expense of dramatic appropriateness, but one cannot find it in one's heart to condemn him on this score, so thoroughly has the aim been justified by the means. It is something in these times of tension to have written a topicality which should have brought laughter to all and offence to none."

A. A. Milne's new comedy, "The Romantic Age" (the Comedy Theatre, London, Oct. 18), is light "with more than a touch of imaginative fantasy." The heroine dreams of Prince Charming, of knights in shining armor. She finds him on a moonlit night in her drawing room, bowing and disappearing. She sees him the next morning in the woods, when he is no longer silent. He promises to carry her off, but when he comes in ordinary clothes, lo, he is only a stock broker. The armor is accounted for by the fact that motor-

from a fancy dress ball he had lost his way and he stopped at her father's house for gasoline. "A very charming play with an effective combination of the purely fanciful and the strictly practical." Could not Mr. Jewett be persuaded to bring out at the Copley Theatre one or two of Milne's comedies, especially "Mr. Pim Passes By"?

Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose literary and personal associations with the Potteries are so well known, has written an interesting and rather piquant letter to Mr. Carcy Ellis of Hanley, who sought to induce the famous novelist to give his active support to the movement for preserving the Royal-Hanley, as a dramatic house, and preventing its eventual conversion into a picture palace. Writing from 12B George street, Hanover Square, London, W. 1, under date Oct. 12, Mr. Bennett said he did not see that any useful purpose would be served by his entering into a newspaper controversy on the matter, and he added "Nothing can save the theatre except increased patronage; and if the district does not give this increased patronage, then it deserves to lose the theatre. If the proprietors kept the building open as a theatre, and by so doing deprived themselves of profits which they would obtain by disposing of it for the cinema, they would, in effect, be subsidizing theatrical enterprise in the Potteries at their own sole expense. There is no reason, artistic or economic, why they should do this. If a local theatre is to be subsidized, the subsidy should come from the municipality, and not from any individual or group of individuals."

—The Stage.

Bernstein's "La Rafale" revived at the Gymnase, Paris, with Mme. Simone as Helene, has been rewritten. Sacha Guitry's new comedy "Je t'aime," is "scarcely more than a succession of satirical scenes and dialogues."

"La Sirene" at the Apollo, Paris; music by Goublier the younger. "The scene is laid in Brittany in 1830, and there are some pretty costumes and old dances of the period. La Sirene is an opera singer who goes for a swim at midnight in very scanty attire, and is

taken for a mermaid by the sailors. She momentarily lures a young writer away from his fiancée, but he soon returns repentant. Mme. Dorska is the opera singer, Mlle. Judlo the abandoned fiancée, with appropriate voices."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage, dating his letter Oct. 17, describes Pierre Wolff's new play, "Les Allées Brisées" (Vaudeville, Oct. 9): "Perhaps if the play had been acted by M. le Barry, as had been planned, it would have moved us more; yet I doubt it. That that great artist would have lent it a charm and a power that were lacking is certain, but the play would have remained in our minds the shallow and superficial thing it appeared. The old intrigues of the father and son falling in love with the same woman, and the father abdicating his title of eternal lover, is old indeed, and M. Wolff's treatment offers little that is new. There is one strong scene, in which the father and son discover their mutual infatuation for the pretty society divorcee, but there is a lot of padding and laborious wit, to say nothing of cynical epigrams on the inconstancy of love. M. Franceen was rather artificial and lacking in magnetism as the eternal lover, but he played the big scene capitally with M. Paul Bernard. The latter is a young man of great promise. Mine. Jeanne Provost is beautiful and bewitching as the coquette. M. Joffree and Mlle. Marken are good."

The Vaudeville Theatre, which has just celebrated its jubilee, was built for a famous trio of comedians—David James, Thomas Thorne and H. J. Montague. After the run of "The Two Roses" the latter left the triumvirate, and thereby missed a fortune. For David James, as Middewick the butlerman, and his partner, Tom Thorne, netted £20,000 apiece out of the wonderful success of "Our Boys." Another jubilee in Stageland this year is that of the Royal Court Theatre. Originally a Nonconformist chapel, the Sloane square playhouse was first opened in 1870, and was known as the New Chelsea Theatre. Its seats were cheap—and its class of entertainment still cheaper. Then the house was rechristened the Belgravia Theatre, later again changing its name to the Royal Court. It is memorable to the older generation of playgoers for the Hare-Kendal management of the seventies, when all the town went to see "The Scrap of Paper" and "A Quiet Rober."—London Daily Chronicle, Oct. 16.

ber. —London Daily Chronicle, Oct. 10.
The Sunday Times of London, reviewing a performance of "Henry the Fifth," pertinently asks: "Why when so eminent a gentleman as the King of France is addressing his court, are the courtiers allowed to turn their backs most discourteously upon him and carry on an excited conversation among themselves?"

"L'Air de Paris," a play by Maurice Henequin and Henry de Gorsse, has been produced at the Ambigu, Paris. A companion of Lafayette, a real marquis, saved on an American battlefield one Jackson. In the course of the late war Sam Jackson, a descendant, enormously rich, arrives in France as a captain, wishing at any price to find the descendants of the marquis that he may pay a debt of gratitude. The play is said to be riotously amusing.

Mr. Maugham's new play is entitled "The Circle."

The lord chamberlain's department insisted that an alteration should be made in the text of "The Right to Strike": "that is the omission of an expletive with which Mr. Bernard Shaw has made the stage well acquainted; it has been used on more than one other occasion within recent years." This terrible expletive is nothing else than the word "bloody" as a qualifying adjective.

"1812" Overture on a Huge Organ; Other Notes Anent Music

The critic of the London Times heard Giorgio Corrado sing: "He has a loud,

a very loud, voice; the harmonics ran about the rafters and fell like the gentle rain upon the place beneath, making it twice blest. It was just the voice with which to celebrate peace or to welcome the Prince of Wales, or for any other occasion when 10,000 people have to be reached. What he did with it was, however, less significant."

An English army officer returning from Petrograd says that the famous singer Shalyapin is now old, thin and gray. They lunched on tea and black bread. The officer says that all the singer's property has been annexed; he sings for food, not money, and lives in a small flat under military authority.

Murlet Foster, the English contralto, has been ordered by the physicians to abandon her career.

The only decoration of Jenny Lind's tomb for the centenary was from the Royal Academy of Sweden: a laurel wreath tied by ribbons of the Swedish colors.

Alexander Siloti, pianist, played in London, after many years—he was reported dead some time ago—on Oct. 9.

"It was good to find that the anxieties and hardships through which he has lately passed have not dimmed his brilliant qualities as a pianist. One of Liszt's most famous pupils, he has a style the complete mastery of which is not perhaps very readily apparent owing to the absence of all sense of physical effort. But the power and volume of tone are there surely enough in spite of,

... it were not for the... ease with which it is all... He remains faithful to the Liszt tradition, and the playing of a couple of pieces and the 12th rhapsody was of a very high order; especially did one admire the rhythmic swing given to the Hungarian melodies, for here one had just that informing spirit which is a personal matter and beyond the reach of analysis." The Times also praised his fine sense of rhythm, "but one may also note the charm and skill of the tonal variations, their happily-managed gradations, and the perfect placing of the accents and strong lights."

"The Danish poets and composers alike make a wonderful appeal by their steadfast refusal to be subtle or complicated; and who knows whether they are not right, as far as the essence of song is concerned, and the rest of the world, if they think otherwise, in the wrong?"

"Musical sandwichmen whistling the 'Soldiers' Chorus' from 'Faust,' are today to make London thoroughfares melodious. They will recall to sexagenarian memories the days of their boyhood when 'Faust' had just taken the town by storm. Then it was difficult to walk through a London street without hearing the familiar air, and to pass the dull covered playground of St. Paul's school, which was situated then in St. Paul's churchyard, during playtime, was a lively and deafening experience. It seemed as if the whole 153 scholars were engaged in whistling the stirring 'chorus' with their shrill and penetrating young voices and stamping on the ground in time with clatter enough to wake their founder, Dean Colet, from his long repose.—London Daily Chronicle.

Dellus's opera, "Fennimore and Gerda," which, if I remember rightly, was produced at Frankfurt last autumn, has now been published in the Vienna Universal Edition, with German text only. So here we have an Englishman of strong French musical leanings, so they say, setting a German text of a Danish novel and publishing it in Austria! Art, truly, knows no boundaries.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 18.

One Austin, an Englishman, has composed "Pilgrim's Progress," described as "a very lengthy and important native composition for the organ."

The London Times said apropos of Max Bruch's death: "A broad, placid stream of melody, seemingly inexhaustible, flows through Bruch's compositions, which are always easy to understand, and often, alas, easy to forget. A few, however, of them have the distinction that should give them immortality."

A week ago, in speaking of Maj. Harvey Bathurst's huge organ at the Coliseum, we suggested that sooner or later, presumably, Dr. Westlake Morgan, the organist, would render "1812," and that the result should be terrific. Whether he took this as a hint or not, the fact remains that yesterday afternoon he added "1812" to his repertoire, and the result, as we had anticipated, was a perfect hurricane of sound. It was not "1812" as Tchaikowsky wrote it, for the whole thing had to be compressed into 10 minutes, but whatever else had been eliminated all the noise seemed to be there. It can have fallen to the lot of few individuals to produce such a volume of sound as did Dr. Westlake Morgan, for he was able to bring to bear not merely the organ itself, but all the subsidiary connections, the grand piano, the drums, a set of carillons and a glockenspiel. If only he had also had a cannon to be fired electrically in the moment of triumph he could have defied the world. As a mere feat of physical endurance the rendering of "1812" in this way was no mean accomplishment, and it certainly proved vastly to the liking of the Coliseum audience.—London Times, Oct. 19.

If good English songs are to be popularized they must be sung by singers who understand the English language on which the songs depend."

There is a scarcity of pipers in the Highlands. The Duke of Argyll confessed the other day that he could not get enough men for his own pipe band, and he intends doing what is already being done in the Island of Mull, starting a school for young pipers. The shortage was apparent at the Highland gatherings this summer, when the number of pipers entered for the various competitions fell to a surprisingly low figure.—Exchange.

New works: Five poems by W. B. Yeats, set by Philip Heseltine for voice, flute, English horn and string quartet; Bernard Van Dierens's "Schoon Rohlant," for voice and string quartet; Rhapsody for mezzo-soprano and instruments by Arthur Bliss, all produced in London on Oct. 6.

Mr. Harry Welchman: "His diction was apt to be telephonic, contrasts such as those of 'the gray streets of London' and 'the green country' in Cyril Scott's 'Song of London' being very deliberately made, and impressive phrases such as 'I am, bold and dead,' in 'My Captain' being outlined so that the hearer at a distance might be quite certain about them."

A dispatch from Prague to a London journal says that the Czech Red Cross Society has bought Kubla's castle for a nurses' institution.

Precisely what connection, occult or otherwise, Chelms's "Epilogue in A" and Gounod's "Ave Maria" have with the music and folk-songs of Hindustan is not clear, but it is a curious coincidence.

... one began a list of... the grand concert of Indian music given by Anna, Comtesse de Bremond, in Steinway Hall on Wednesday. This apart, the program was interesting, for it consisted of songs in Hindustani and Sanskrit, performances on the swarabhar, dilruba, fiddle, piccolo and jaltarang by Uday Shankar, a recitation of Indian folk-tales, a Nautch and other dances, and a demonstration of Indian magic. Each of the artists appeared in native costume, resplendent and lovely to behold, and one all the more, therefore, regretted the (more or less) bare concert platform and the anachronism of the "concert grand." Somehow one wanted illusion, and there was none here. A gallant attempt had been made by Mr. Vrinda Rani to harmonize some beautiful religious melodies in accordance with our tempered scale, but the result was not satisfying to our ears and—one rather suspects—even less satisfying to the born Indian's.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 1.

A. A. Milne's Experiment in the Film World—Screen Notes

The London Times says of Mr. Milne's work for the film:

"Time and again it has been urged in this column that the film is becoming so important and the supply of comedy is so poor that the day must come when authors of repute will find it worth their while to pay attention to the new method of interpretation and to construct comedy stories specially for this medium. There seems to be every reason to believe that that day has dawned. Sir James Barrie, Mr. Bernard Shaw and many others are reported to be at work on scenarios intended primarily for film purposes, and during the past week we have had the first actual product of this new movement in the form of three short comedies written by Mr. A. A. Milne.

"Mr. Milne's films are admittedly an experiment, and nobody is likely to suggest that in this direction the last word has been spoken. Mr. Milne is obviously working through a strange medium. As a rule he conquers his surroundings, but there are occasions when the surroundings are victorious. But his work shows what a vast field can be opened up to the writer with ideas, not merely in the film itself, but in the sub-titles, and even in the explanatory program. It is good burlesque of the screen craze for the colossal to be told for instance, that 'It is estimated that 15,973,524 books are employed in the library scenes'; that the firm's private zoo is headed by Tarzippin, the great bull ape, and that one of Mr. Milne's heroes owns an island in the Hebrides—I forget which one, but I think it is the second on the left.' One expects this kind of jest from Mr. Milne, and would have been disappointed if it had not had its place in the scheme of the films. Quite the best of the three, pictures submitted by Minerva Films, Limited, is 'The Bump' with Mr. Aubrey Smith as a strong, silent, stern-faced explorer (who on Monday would shoot a grizzly and a pazeke with two barrels, while on Tuesday he would shoot Niagara with one barrel). But on all his expeditions he had been accompanied by crowds of natives, and when a charming lady invited him to visit her at Stuccoway-terrace in a London suburb on a Sunday afternoon, he realized to his horror that he would have to make the expedition alone. His bump of locality failed him, and for three months he walked in his effort to find the house. When he arrived, unshaved and unkempt, it was to discover that the lady was just settling off on a honeymoon with a young man who had invented a new jazz step. Mr. Aubrey Smith's performance was delicious, and confirmed the impression that, given the opportunity, he would quickly develop into one of the best film comedy actors in this country. The two other comedies, 'Bookworms' and 'Five Pounds Reward,' in which Mr. Leslie Howard played the leading part, were not quite so effective because there was not that individuality which one expects to find from Mr. Milne."

The Daily Telegraph said of these films: "The series of short comedies written by Mr. A. A. Milne specially for the screen, which were shown privately last week, proved to be one of the most interesting attempts yet made to give us something better than we have been accustomed to. Unfortunately, it is impossible to say they were successful, or that they will be likely to please the public as they stand. They were both slight in texture, and too drawn out. The laughs went almost exclusively to the sub-titles, and to the 'close up' views of some of the artists, notably that of Mr. Aubrey Smith, who might become, if such were his ambition, one of the world's foremost screen actors. His physique shows up admirably."

The coronation of Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn has been enacted at the cinema producing park of the chief Berlin film company, the Ufa. One scene represented the interior of the Abbey, the other the west door. "Wonderfully faithful representations. Some 3000 people, dressed in costumes of the 16th century, bourgeoisie and proletariat, ran wild and behaved naturally while the procession passed. The procession itself was gorgeous. Emil Jennings of

the Schauspielhaus was Henry VIII; Henry Porten was a charming Ann.

It is not very creditable to British imagination and enterprise that as yet no attempt has been made to give us a really fine war film. America, it may be said, has given the world already so many versions of this theme that there is no room for any more. Is this the case, however? Practically all the American war films have been variants of one pattern. People are tired of seeing them, not because they are war films, but because each of them is a more or less slavish copy of all the others. The French idea of a war film, "J'accuse," showed us that there was as much scope for originality in this direction as in any other. Now, undeterred by the parrot-cry that "war films" are no longer wanted, one of the leading American film-makers concerns himself with the masterpiece of Vicomte Blasco Ibanez, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," into a screen play. We need not concern ourselves with the stories being put about of the enormous sums of money expended to make particular scenes or build up lath-and-plaster castles that are demolished almost before the spectator has had time to realize they are there. Such stories may or may not be accurate. In any case, they will have no influence on the ultimate failure or success of the film. The point is that an experienced American organization, conducted on purely commercial lines, is deliberately going to very great outlay to make another screen play dealing exclusively with the great war.—London Daily Telegraph.

"Tripping" Speech

William Poel wrote to the London Times apropos of performances of "Henry V" in London:

"If the elocution at the Strand is not all that can be desired, it is at least may be said to aim at reproducing the original method of delivery. Artists of the French school, whose voices are highly trained and capable of a varied and subtle modulation, will run through a speech of 50 lines not only with ease and rapidity, but with rare clarity and distinctness, and, when necessary, with emotional power. Shakespeare himself wished his lines to be spoken 'trippingly on the tongue,' and in a 17th century pamphlet an old Elizabethan actor exclaims: 'Oh, the times when my tongue hath ranne as fast upon the Scoran as a Windelbanke's pen over the Ocean!' A German visitor to England of the same period remarks, in a letter to a countryman, that the English actors do not declaim but 'merely prattle.' Shakespeare also makes use of the same word in the line 'Thinking his prattle to be tedious.'"

"But a critical and genuine appreciation of the poet's work imposes a regard for his constructive plan as well as reverence for his text. There is, indeed, no more justification for tampering with the work of a 'classic' on the stage than there is for touching up the canvas of a 'master' on the walls of a gallery. Again, Shakespeare did not divide his plays into acts and scenes, and at the opening of every scene the dialogue was spoken by characters who had not appeared at the close of a preceding scene, this being done presumably to avoid delay between the episodes. Nor were musical intervals customary at the Globe playhouse. Then there is a suggestion for the necessity of rapidity as regards both the action and the speech to be found in the contemporary saying 'the two hours' traffic of our stage.' It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that with an easy elocution and no 'waits' Elizabethan actors would have gone through half a play before modern actors can cover a third on the scenic stage."

Love and Crime Pictured on the Film; Censors' Defence of Morality

The report of the British board of film censors has been issued over the signature of T. P. O'Connor, president. We quote from the Times the substance of the report:

As regards censorship generally, the report states that the tendency is for the subjects to become of increasing difficulty and complexity. The board is guided by the main broad principles that nothing should be passed which is calculated to demoralize an audience; that can teach methods of or extenuate crime; that can undermine the teachings of morality; that tend to bring the institution of marriage into contempt or lower the sacredness of family ties. Objection is taken to incidents which bring public characters into contempt when acting in their capacity as such, together with subjects which might be calculated to wound the susceptibilities of foreign peoples. The question of religious observance is very carefully considered, also subjects which are calculated to foment violent social unrest. While it is impossible to ensure that poetic justice should always overtake offenders, the board has considered it essential that no halo should be placed round the heads of the delinquents or criminals.

Subjects dealing with the "triangle" theme are numerous, and frequently require the most careful consideration owing to the complicated nature of the

story. The report points out that there is a distinction to be drawn between errors caused by love, even if guilty love, and the pursuit of lust, and the examiners always endeavor to eliminate any manifestations of the latter character. The betrayal of young women is a question which depends upon the treatment. When the subject is treated with restraint, it seems impossible to exclude it as a basis for a story. Objection, however, is taken when the treatment is such as to suggest that a girl is morally justified in succumbing to temptation in order to escape sordid surroundings or uncongenial work.

One of the most difficult questions is that of "crime" films which make a strong appeal to the imagination of the public. According to the board, these films threaten to become a danger to the reputation of the cinema. For a while the examiners found themselves flooded with films, in some cases running to 20 episodes, in which human monsters, using all kinds of mysterious methods of assassination, were to be shown week by week over a long period. The board found the evil assuming such proportions that it was decided that no serial dealing with crime should be examined except as a whole; that no serial in which crime was the dominant feature and not merely an episode in the story would be passed by the censor, and that no film should be passed in which the methods of crime were set forth and formed the chief theme. This rule is to be applied even in cases where at the end of the film retribution is supposed to have fallen on the criminal, and equally when the detective element is subordinate to the criminal interest, or when actual crime is treated from the comic point of view. Stories dealing with "costume" crime, however, such as cowboy films and Mexican robberies, are placed in a different category and regarded simply as dramatic and thrilling adventures with no connection whatever with the lives or possible experiences of young people in this country.

In endeavoring to check indecorum in dress, no figure is passed in which the dress appears to be meant to be indecent or suggestive. With regard to films dealing with venereal disease and the white slave traffic, the board has decided to withhold its certificate from all such subjects, even when they have

been dealt with on the stage or are matters of public discussion at the moment.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Convention Hall, 3 P. M., second concert of the People's Orchestra of Boston. Smart Mason will conduct. The Larghetto and Finale of Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 and Liszt's "Preludes" are on the program.

SYMPHONY HALL, 3.30 P. M. Concert by Titta Ruffo, baritone, and Leta May, coloratura soprano. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Hoffmann quartet (Jacques and Ernest Hoffman, Louis Arlauer, Carl Barth). Beethoven, quartet, op. 18, No. 4; Leclair, Sonata for violin and viola (Messers. J. Hoffmann and Arlauer); Dohnanyi, Quartet, D flat major, op. 15. Haydn, Quartet, G major, op. 54, No. 1.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Chiffon Wood, baritone, Handel, Honor and Arus and Where'er You Walk; Goring Thomas, Le Baiser; Schubert, Aufenthal; Scarlatti, Gio II solo dal Ganke; Tchaikowsky, Pilgrim's Song; Bizet, Air from "Carmen"; Tosti, A Sera; Verdi, "Eri tu"; Handel, "But Who Shall Abide?" Harris, Song from Omar Khayyam; M. H. Brown, Like Stars in Heaven; Macdonald, The Sea Serpent; Time Enough; Macdonald, The Song That My Heart Is Singing; Beethoven, Nature's Adoration.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Piano recital by Jessie Eleanor Shaw. Grieg, Ballade; Bach, Prelude, E flat minor, Loure from third suite for violincello; Cavotte, L'immortel; Gluck, Sinfonia, Capriccio on the death of Cleopatra; Lohard, Venetienne, The Swallows, The Pipes of Pan; Dett, Suite "In the Eastons" (Prelude, "His Song," "Money," Barcarole Dance (Dubai), Dunce, The Rainbow; Hope Kirk, Monnet, Zueria, Iguala; Frlin, Drifting; Liza, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8.15 P. M. The Schina, tenor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Miriam Benson, contralto, Secchi, L'uni dal caro bene; Veracini, A Pastoral; Ponchielli, Voce di donna o l'angelo from "La Gioconda"; Folk songs, Dubinskaja (Russian), O No John (English), Hushina Birdie (Scottish), Frog Went a-Courtin' (Kentucky), Javacotti, In the Sun, God (Zulu); Handel, Hear Me Ye Winds from "Scipio"; Reinberg, The Turtle Dove; St. bella, Villanella; Mana-Zuen, Rachen; Maclean, Hold Me with a Charm; Buzzi-Pecora, Brown Birdie; Tchaikowsky, Why Are the Roses so Pale? Ware, Hush Slumber Song; La Forge, Song of the Onon; Rogers, In Chains from Omar Khayyam; McKinnon, Hymn to the Outdoors, In My Soul's House, De Samman's Song; S. W. Hubbard, The Lights of Home; Georges, Hymn to the Sun.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. George Ferguson, baritone, Lally, Bois Kapis; Gretry, Rachele Song; Monteverdi, Monologue from "Urfel"; Galuppi, Son Troppo vezzoso; Chausson, Chanson de Clowende, Le Colibri, Le Temp des Illes; Rheine Baton, Tendresse; Dupare, Le Manoir de Rosanonde; Tchaikowsky, No Words My Beloved; Borodin, Arabian Melody; Gretchnineff, My Native Land; Moussorsky, Interieur, The Mistral, Serenade, Hopak; Mendel, Sea Fever; Arpentier, May, the Maiden; H. W. Davies, When a Soldier Plays; Chadwick, The Good Samaritan; F. Bridge, Isobel.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Fifth Symphony concert. Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Operatic concert by advanced pupils of N. Onikanooff, baritone and teacher of singing. Music by Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Gretchnineff and others.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3.15 P. M. Violin recital by Josef Stopak. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

Superbly gowned, with a beautiful diamond necklace, and carrying a handsome pink ostrich fan, Miss Geraldine Farrar, with her accompanying musicians, gave the following program in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon.

1. a) Prelude.....Castelm
- b) O tu Palermo.....Verdi
- c) Mr. Edgar Schofield, baritone.
2. a) Marche.....Bach
- b) Pastorale.....Schubert
- c) Le trait une Bergere-Le petit Roi d'Yvetot.....XVIII Century
- d) Miss Ada Sassoli.
3. a) Le desolou.....Schumann
- b) Desolou.....Schumann
- c) Messages.....Schumann
- d) La May.....Franz
- e) Serenade.....Richard Strauss
4. a) L'air de Mol.....Old French
- b) L'air de Mol.....Puget
- c) L'air de Mol.....Brelou Folklore
- d) L'air de Mol.....Arr. by Bourgault-Ducoudray
- e) Le Cor.....Flegley
5. Reclatue and Aria, Battl, Battl (Bon Giovanni).....Mozart
6. a) Miss Farrar.
7. a) May, the Malou.....J. A. Carpenter
- b) Lesle Lindsay.....Arr. by Kresler
- c) Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....Arr. by H. T. Burleigh
- d) Tactus.....Bruno Huhn
8. a) I Love Thee.....Greig
- b) None but the Lonely Heart.....Tschakowsky
- c) The Garden.....Wolf
- d) Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Dvorak
- e) The Snowdrop.....Gretchanoff
- Miss Farrar.

Though the program contained songs which are all too seldom sung on the concert stage, one could not help wishing that some one besides Miss Farrar had sung them. For they were not suited to her kind of ability, and some of them suffered severely. In the first set her accompanist unfortunately played with so loud and unimaginative touch that Miss Farrar's voice had slight chance to do itself justice. Even so her high tones were often hard and constrained and tightened the throat of a listener in the wrong manner.

One could not help wondering why she should have placed a song by Franz upon her program, because his genius

is so unlike the kind for which her temperament is fitted as interpreter that only a detestable rendering could be expected—and it was given. The song by Strauss, on the other hand, with its dramatic appeal, was sung with a verve and fire and a beauty of tone that were quite charming.

The operatic aria came off much better than the songs. Without straining at all for effect—a fault too often characterizing her singing of songs—Miss Farrar used her fine voice to admirable effect.

Miss Sassoli's Fine Work

Miss Farrar was generous with encores, in some of which she played her own accompaniment.

Mr. Schofield sang with sensitiveness and intelligence. At times his tones were too nasal, and his voice was hardly strong enough for the demands of Henley's "Invictus" in Huhn's setting, especially when the accompanist paid no heed to anything but the noise of his instrument. The audience warmly applauded Mr. Schofield's singing.

So far as artistic interpretation went, forgetting the personal element and attempting only to set forth the meaning of the music scheduled, Miss Sassoli was the finest musician of the concert. Her selections were admirably chosen and as well played, and even in her encores she did not stoop to be merely catchy and popular. Perhaps the fact that she need no accompaniment from the piano helped her.

about Judge Chute in Albany, N. Y. to ask the name of a shabby individual brought before him. "Fitz-Roy Montessor, your Honor." "I didn't ask you for the name you are known by in the resorts," said the judge. (We have softened the judge's remark.) "What is your real name?" To which the man before the judge replied: "Percy Beauregard."

There are entertaining books and essays on the significance of surnames. The celebrated Mr. Bayle in the second volume of his "Diverse Thoughts on the Occasion of the Comet That Appeared in the Month of December, 1680. Written to a Doctor of the Sorbonne" argued against the idea that there was a fatality in certain names. It was then believed that "Henry" was fatal to kings of France. "Valois" was supposed to have a malign influence. Brantome knew noble names whose names incited them to dissolute behavior. This superstition went back to the ancient Romans. The censors numbering the common people chose first a "favorable" name, Valerius, Salvus, etc. In later time, and in France, glaziers recommended themselves to St. Clair, deaf persons to Saint Ouin, the gouty to St. Genou, and so on.

There are curious remarks about Christian names and surnames in Southey's "The Doctor." He maintained that names were serious things. One of the names of the King of Dahomey meant when interpreted "Wherever I rub, I leave my scent." Some of the South American tribes took their names from beasts, birds, plants; abolished on the death of every individual the name by which he was called, invented another for the thing from which it was taken.

Some months ago Joan Benedict of the New York Evening Post argued that fashions in women's names "plainly calendar their age." Thus "one knows to a dot when most of the Dorothys were christened and also the Gladyses and Katherines; Elizabeth owed favor to a book that for fully three weeks everybody was reading a number of years ago." There was a time when Gwendolen was the only name for a new baby girl. "The name of the present moment is that of her who launched the thousand ships. Always a beautiful name until very lately it had distinction as well. Now you may count Helens by the hundred. Schools, short stories, movie-plays—all have a share in commemorating the name. A recent stage review called attention to the fact that there were at least a dozen Helens playing prominent parts in Broadway productions. Probably if all those in minor parts were counted in their other name would be legion."

Horse Chestnut Lore

We have received letters from Kate Pierce Thayer of Weymouth; E. D. M. Tucker of the Arnold Arboretum; H. M. Dunham of East Dedham with regard to the cleatix of the horse chestnut's leaf resembling a horse-shoe; hence the theory that the name was given to the tree and nut. There are quotations from Richard Folkard's "Plant lore, legends and lyrics" (London, 1884); "Tree-Book" by J. E. Rogers; Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes"; and Harriet L. Keeler's "Our Native Trees." Correspondents have kindly sent us twigs to convince a doubting Thomas. We now take pleasure in publishing a letter from Dr. Robert Means Lawrence of Boston, the author of "The Magic of the Horse-Shoe, with other Folk-Lore Notes" (Boston, 1899).

Dr. Lawrence's Letter

As the World Wags:
As mentioned in a communication which appeared in The Herald on Election day, the scars on the leaf-stems of the horse-chestnut tree resemble the form of a horse-shoe. And popular fancy has attributed the source of the name to this fact. What seems a more plausible theory was advanced by Pietro Mattioli, or Matthiolus (1500-1577), a learned Italian physician and botanist. According to this authority the horse-chestnut tree was so-called because the nuts were used by the inhabitants of Constantinople as palliatives in certain respiratory affections of horses. Later writers confirm this theory. John Evelyn (1620-1706) stated that the name was adopted because horse-chestnuts were used on account of their therapeutic value in treating "broken-winded horses and other cattle."

George B. Emerson, in a "Report on the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," wrote that these nuts are employed in veterinary medicine in Turkey and Germany; whence the name. John Claudius Loudon (1783-1843), a well known landscape gardener and writer on horticulture, stated that the name in question was popularly believed to have been given this tree ironically, inasmuch as the nuts, although they have the appearance of sweet chestnuts, are fit only to be used as food for horses. Following a definition of horse-chestnut in the Century Dictionary, it is remarked that the word "horse" occurs in many plant names; in some without obvious reason. But in this case it may be intended to convey the idea of large size.

ROBERT MEANS LAWRENCE, M. D.
Boston, Nov. 4.

The first mention of the nut in English literature is in Cotgrave's Dictionary of French and English (1611). We now quote from James Howell's edition

of this Dictionary (1658): "Chastanor-chestnut, or a kind of great black chestnut, rounder and sweeter but less savoury than the ordinary one." The first mention of the tree in English literature is in Gerard's Herbal (1597). Oxford Dictionary, vol. V, H to K (1901): Horse: "In names of plants, fruits, etc., often denoting a large, strong or coarse kind. Compare similar use of 'Rosz' in German, in 'Rosveichen,' etc." A long list is given from "horse-mint" to "horse wood." Horse-chestnut is a translation of the obsolete botanical Latin, "Castanea equina"; compare the German "Roszkastanie." By the way, in English dialect a large, coarse woman is known as a "horse god-mother."—Ed.

Add "Dickensiana"

St. George's Workhouse in the Mint, Borough, has been closed and the inmates transferred to other institutions. It is the workhouse described by Dickens where Oliver Twist asked for more. Has any enthusiastic reader of "Oliver Twist" identified the oyster shop that supplied Noah Claypole?

SECOND CONCERT BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Stuart Mason Conducts Orchestra in Convention Hall

The newly-formed People's Symphony Orchestra of Boston gave its second concert in Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, yesterday afternoon. Stuart Mason of the New England Conservatory of Music conducted. In an encore number, "Meditation from Thais," in which the first violin part predominated, Concert Master William Capron was called on twice to repeat his performance.

Rameau's "Air pour les salons" introduced a duet for two flutes which was played by M. E. Packard, first flute, and C. W. Sullivan, second flute. In the "Minuet," also by Rameau, M. De Yeso and A. R. Rosenbaum carried parts in a duet for two horns. A symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," by Liszt, depended particularly on the horns and wood-wind instruments for its interpretation.

The program follows:

- Overture, "Patrie".....Bizet
- Larghetto and Finale from the Second Symphony in D major.....Beethoven
- "Sarrabande".....Couperin
- "Minuet".....Rameau
- "Les Preludes".....Symphonic poem after Liszt
- Lemartine.....Liszt

Emil Mollenhauer will conduct next Sunday's concert at 3 o'clock in Convention Hall.

RUFFO AND LEITA

MAY GIVE CONCERT

Titta Ruffo, assisted by Miss Leta May, soprano, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience as large and as enthusiastic as those that greeted Mr. Ruffo here last season.

Mr. Ruffo sang with his usual exuberance and intensity, and his audience expressed its appreciations by vociferous applause and cries of approval. Special favor was shown for his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci." Others of his popular numbers were: Aria, "Patria," Paladilhe; a Mozart serenade, and the "Largo al Factotum" aria from "The Barber of Seville."

Miss May, who made her first appearance in Boston at this concert, sang with refreshing sweetness and purity of tone. Her voice is somewhat high, but more than usually even in tone. She uses it with pleasing vivacity. Her selections included: Aria, "No Voce Poco Fa" from "The Barber of Seville"; the "Caro Nome" aria from "Rigoletto"; "Where the Bee Sucks," Dr. Arne, and "A Memory," Borowski.

"Our Mr. Hepplewhite"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Our Mr. Hepplewhite," a comedy in three acts by Gladys Unger. Produced at the Criterion, London, on April 3, 1919; Mr. Hepplewhite, Arthur Wontner; Lady Bagley, Mary Moore; Jane Bagley, Mary Merrall; Marchesa di Candia, Kate Cutler; Adela Hucks, Violet Graham; Earl of Lamberhurst, Dawson Millard; Mrs. Appenzell, Joan Pereira.

- A Curate.....Noel Leslie
- His Flankee.....Phyllis Cleveland
- Mr. Mother.....Leonel Watts
- The Marchesa di Candia.....Elma Royton
- Mr. Herbert Hepplewhite.....Charles Warburton
- Mr. Larper.....Chester H. Parsons
- Mrs. Appenzell.....Jane Wheatley
- Pritt.....Harold W. Bates
- The Hon. Adrian Dalglish.....Nicholas Joy
- Lord Bagley.....E. E. Clive
- Adela Hucks.....May Edies
- Ernestine, Lady Bagley.....Diana Storm
- Granger.....Noel Leslie
- Sir Nicholas Parrott.....H. Conway Wingfield
- Countess of Lamberhurst.....Ingrid Dillon
- The Earl of Lamberhurst.....Robert Noble

This comedy was performed at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Feb. 27.

1920 by The American Academy of Dramatic Arts and the Empire Theatre Dramatic School. Mr. Hepplewhite, Walter Durant; Jane Bagley, Margaret Hollinger; Lady Bagley, Judith James; Adela Hucks, Theresa Colburn. Gladys Unger (Coleman) has written 10 or more plays since she came before the London public in 1903 with her "Edmund Kean," and she has translated and adapted from the French for the English stage. In "Our Mr. Hepplewhite" she rails at the English aristocracy and their snobbish attitude toward tradesmen, low persons, practical persons, who, like the objectionable husband in Artemus Ward's "Marion: a Romance of the French School," pay their debts.

Mr. Hepplewhite was the right-hand man of Bolland Brothers, high-class furnisners. At the sight of customers he seemed, like Sir Jacob Kilmansegg: "Washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

An oily talker, shrewd, he had a taste for political debates, but he was first of all a shopman. The Hon. Jane Bagley fell in love with him. Her mother, thinking to show him at disadvantage, invited him to Bagley Towers for a week-end. The aristocratic family was hard up. A mercenary crew, they were yet proud of their blue blood. Hepplewhite charmed them all, from the old grandmother to young Bagley; he even at last won the heart of Lady Bagley by preventing her from being swindled in the sale of a Holbein. Little Adela Hucks, the visiting daughter of an Australian millionaire, worshipped him from afar.

Yes, Hepplewhite won over the family by his tactful conduct, his readiness to aid them, his promises, but he lost Jane. She, longing to get away from her family and to lead a simple life, was distressed because her betrothed confessed that he enjoyed luxuries. His assurance that he had a favoring star, that he would provide suitably for her station in life, disconcerted her. He was not the man she thought him. At last he himself, after he could not believe Jane's confession that she loved another, was glad to be released when the pompous Lamberhurst made it a condition in family council that he should go into Parliament. Never, heart would he forsake the shop. Yet Adela ready to fall into his arms. And then, there was his star.

The play is amusing, though the construction at times creaks, though the ending is obvious as soon as Hepplewhite's photograph, which he had given to Jane, is found in Adela's workbasket. The dialogue is brisk, often witty, now and then would-be witty. The dramatist shoots her arrows at the aristocratic snobs, at their lack of principle in money affairs, at their narrow views of life, at their mean quarrels and frank revelation of their contemptible natures in every day conversation. But is not Hepplewhite himself a bit of a snob? If he had not shown the shouman's admiration for "our best people" and the luxurious life, Jane would never have let him go. The moment her family approved because he flattered their weaknesses, she rebelled. But even the socialistic Adrian might have said when she turned towards him, "This is so sudden."

The performance was a lively one; considerable skill was shown in the portrayal of character; and if occasionally persons of flesh and blood became caricatures, the fault was with the dramatist, not the players. While the performance in general was praiseworthy, certainly impersonations stood out boldly, as the consistent and strongly marked portrayal of Lady Bagley by Miss Storm. We liked Miss Roach better in her quiet, contemptuous, moments than in her hysterical outbursts. The character itself is unreal.

Mr. Warburton gave an uncommonly good representation of the shop-keeper, a carefully considered yet apparently spontaneous portrayal of the man of trade and the friend of everybody. We have known Hepplewhites in real life. Miss Boyton spoke delightfully her humorously malitious lines. Mr. Clive was very amusing, nor was his young Englishman like others of an inherently similar type played by him on former occasions, for Mr. Clive has the gift of differentiation, also of sinking his own personality. The others contributed to the unmistakable enjoyment of the large audience.

Two months ago the attention of Americans was called to the fact that in a small restaurant in Bird-in-Hand court, Chapside, London, where a "Fish Ordinary" is served as it was served in 1733, grace is always said by a courtly old man of 86 years, one Henry Shelton, before the 1 o'clock meal begins. He raps on the table: "Ladies and Gentlemen, grace please"; and then says with bowed head, "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful." After the meal: "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful." It is said that this is the only restaurant in London where the old custom is observed. At Clifford's Inn, in London, which was up for sale some time ago, grace was in dumb show. The chairman raised a cross of four loaves baked together, and struck it on the table three times. "The four loaves were then silently passed to the end of the table, as a sign that the remnants of the feast were to be given to the poor."

HEARTS OF ERIN

ARLINGTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Hearts of Erin," a comedy, with incidental songs, in three acts, by Charles Bradley and Lorin Howard, featuring Walter Scanlon in songs of his own composition.

The cast:
 Paddy.....Dorothy Single
 Barry.....Lawrence C. O'Brien
 Martin Burke.....Charles W. Dingle
 Lucy Selvia.....Greta Sherman
 Nora O'Malley.....Olivia Moore
 John McAllister.....Dan Kelly
 Barry Boyne.....Walter Scanlon
 Some will say that the piece is Sinn Féin propaganda, for Ireland of the present day is treated, and Barry Boyne is an Irishman who went to America, enlisted, and fought the fight for democracy, and returned to Ireland to continue the fight." The talk is often direct, incisive, there is no beating around the bush.

The piece has the advantage of getting away from the drama of knee breeches, of Galway "sluggers," of the shillelah. To be true there is a Michael Feeney, two of them, in fact, but they furnish much of the enjoyable comedy. And then the main idea is foreign to the themes usually employed in Irish comedy drama.

Barry Boyne, a ready wit, typical of his kind, is seen about the lodge of Dromana castle. There is gossip, for Nora, who has sheltered the wail, Paddy, is supposed to have no other companion. Martin Burke, aided by his stools, seize upon this gossip to rid the lodge of Nora and Paddy, that they may get much coveted papers of the squire. Their plan has some success till they are frustrated by Barry. A second attempt is frustrated by the youth. Nothing daunted, they make the third attempt after kidnapping Nora and Paddy, and are about to make away with their loot when Barry, as the "Squire," steps out of the picture at the head of the grand staircase, deftly and ceremoniously relieves the thieves of the strong box, and majestically sweeps down the staircase to the consternation of the bewildered conspirators. Incidentally he comes into his own, for he has wooed and won Nora through three interesting acts.

The situations are good, the dialogue is at times uproariously funny. Walter Scanlon's voice is a beautiful tenor. He sings with ease, with significance, and his notes in the upper register were firm. There is also the ardor of youth and an evident enjoyment in his work.

His songs, too, were above the commonplace. Among the his original numbers were: "Norah," "No Fools in Paradise," "Daddy's Dhudene," "Will She Ever Be Mine?" "On Sweetheart's Shore," "Songs of Yesterday," and "The Harp That Once Thrilled Tara's Hall Will Soon Be Heard Again." For encores he added "Mother" and "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Others of the cast gave pleasure, notably the Norah of Olive Moore, who affected a delightful brogue and knew just how far to go.

Nov 10 '20

MRS. SHAW

By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. Jessie Eleanor Shaw, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Grieg, Ballade; Bach, Prelude, E-flat minor; Suite from third violoncello suite, Gavotte in G Minor, Gluck—Saint Saens, Caprice on airs from "Alceste"; Godard, Venetienne, The Swallows, The Pipes of Pan, Dett, Suite "In the Bottoms" (Night, His Song, Honey, Barcarolle, Juba), Dennee, The Rainbow; Hopewell, Menuet; Zueria, Igualada; Friml, Drifting; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

It may be that Grieg wrote his Ballade "with his heart's blood in days of sadness and despair." It may be that Mr. Walter Niemann was right in calling it "the most perfect musical embodiment of Norway and the Norwegian people, of its agonized longings for light and sun, and at the same time the most perfect embodiment in music of Grieg the man." It may be that close study will reveal its "recondite and subtle charms"; it may be all this and more too, but, however well it may be played, the hearer finds more pleasure in recalling the Grieg of less pretentious piano pieces, a few songs, a movement or two of his string quartet.

Some time ago Mr. Percy Grainger played Mr. Dett's "Juba." The recollection of that piece incited curiosity concerning the Suite from which "Juba" was taken. Great was the disappointment. With the exception of passages in the first movement—and here, as in the second, the influence of Grieg was felt—there was hardly anything in rhythm, mood, or expression that suggested the Negro, his gaiety or his sadness. "Honey" and "Barcarolle" are examples of salon-music that might

have been written by any white man engaged in turning out pot-boilers. It is strange that the composer of "Juba" could have fallen so easily into musical commonplaces.

Not often is the name of Godard seen on programs today. A month or so ago a commemorative tablet was put on the house in Paris where he lived for many years. A journalist there expressed his regret that the music of

Godard was now neglected or ignored. The fecundity of this composer was fatal to his abiding reputation. The pieces chosen last night are not without a certain grace, but are for the parlor, where there are active conversationalists, rather than for the concert-hall.

Mrs. Shaw has evidently worked industriously to gain a certain facility. She should acquire a more commanding mastery of rhythm and of dynamic gradations. The audience was warmly appreciative, especially after Mr. Dett's Suite.

CLIFTON WOOD

Mr. Clifton Wood, baritone, sang the following program in Steinert Hall last evening, accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Gorham Glaser at the piano:

"Honor and Arms" (Samson).....Handel
 "Whisper You Walk" (Semle).....Handel
 Le Raïser.....Goring Thomas
 Aufenhalt.....Schubert
 Gloria.....Gange.....Sgarlati
 "Fidelio" Song.....Tschakowsky
 "Con vol ber affe m'ha caro" (Carmen).....Bizet
 A sora.....Tosti
 "Erling" (Un Ballo in Maschera).....Verdi
 "Reel".....Macdonald
 "But Who Mar Abide the Day of His Coming" (Messiah).....Handel
 Song from Omar Khayyam.....Harris
 Lake stars in heaven.....Mary Helen Brown
 The Sea.....Macdonald
 Time enough.....Nevin
 The song that my heart is singing.....Macdonald
 Nature's adoration.....Beethoven

The range of the program was large in both emotion and kinds of writing. It called for a singer with range in voice and imagination. Mr. Wood sang conscientiously throughout, with great care to enunciate properly and to give the emotional value which each selection called for. His voice was generally pleasing and well handled, in both the more heroic passages, where he showed large volume without shouting, and in the more delicate sections, where he sang with restraint and skill.

Bizet Selection Pleasing

Most pleasing of all was the selection from Bizet, so well known as to leave an audience sometimes unmoved unless sung with fire. In this selection Mr. Wood let his own emotions conduct his voice more freely than in some others. The same freedom appeared in the Schubert song and in the one by Nevin. The effect was thoroughly pleasing.

Too often he sang with mental constraint, with a heroic determination to follow the directions which composer and teacher had placed with the music. The effort was so apparent as to cramp Mr. Wood's own abilities. One wished that he would sing as he wanted to and let directions go to the winds. His art did not enough conceal itself. Now and again he pushed the call for pathos too near the edge. But the program was not the easiest and was calculated to call on a singer's resources.

The accompaniment was thoroughly efficient throughout.

Nov 11 '20

SCHIPA CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

"Tito Schipa, tenor, gave his first recital in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. Federico Longas was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Glordani, Caro mio ben; Wolf-Ferrari, Florindo's aria from "Le Donne Curiose"; Caccini, Amarilli; Lalo, Aubade from "Le Roi d'ys"; Bemberg, Aime-moi; Calcavcechia, Suzanne; Schipa, Ave Maria; Franck, Panis Angelicus; Renato Bellini, Canzonetta and La Rosa; Tirindelli, Amore; Massenet, Ossian's song from "Werther"; Padilla, Princissima; Perez-Freire, Ay! Ay! Ay!; Barrera, Granadinas.

Mr. Schipa was first heard here as Alfredo in a performance of "La Traviata" by the Chicago Opera Association on March 2 of this year. He then made a most favorable impression as a lyric tenor. He was heard later as the Duke in "Rigoletto" and Ernesto in "Don Pasquale." The beauty of his voice and the purity of his art gave rich promise of his success on the concert stage. This promise was fulfilled last night.

It is not given to many operatic tenors, however imposing they may be in the theatre, to shine in concert. It is not easy to think of Mr. Caruso in a song recital, any more than it was possible to imagine Tamagno, de Lucia, or even Jean de Reske with a program of songs. The Bonells and the Bonells are very few.

A few years ago the old custom of giving thanks and giving thanks is the duty even in the country. In the olden village "the blessing" was asked before each meal, whether the meal were sumptuous or simple. If the father of the household was away the mother asked the blessing. If a minister was present he was asked out of compliment. Those were the days when there were family prayers morning and evening, when children read from the Bible with their parents; when David and the giant, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Solomon Joshua, Samson were as familiar to them as Dea. Kingsley, the superintendent of the Sunday school, and Caleb Strong, the sexton of the Old Church. This familiarity with the Bible enriched the children's speech; it helped them in after life, if they devoted themselves to literary work.

Sometimes the formula was: "Will you ask the blessing?" Sometimes, a host would say to a reverend guest: "Will you say something?" Hence the old New England story: A hired man sat down for the first time at a farmer's table and began to help himself. "Hold on," said the farmer; "we usually say something before we eat." "Go ahead," said the hired man. "Say anything you like. You can't turn my stomach."

We know a Virginian plantation where the lady of the house, her children, and any guest—there are always guests in that hospitable house—rises and blesses the food.

Some, having read Charles Lamb's essay, or in ignorance of it, may condemn the hallowed custom, either because they are impatient at the sight of food, or are vexed at the outrageously high prices of meat, fish, vegetables and fruit; or some may feel like hurling a malediction at the insolent and incompetent cook—whose extortionate import is carefully fostered by the extortioner at the head of what is ironically known as an "intelligence office." We regret, however, the passing of the blessing. In these times one should be thankful for a basin of gruel, let alone a dish of ham and eggs.

In the old French Court and at houses of high estate the chaplain blessed the table; in houses of the bourgeoisie, a priest, if one was present, otherwise a child. Mercier in his "Tableaux de Paris" (1788), says that the custom had long been discontinued except in convents, monasteries and schools. Long before his time the giving of thanks after the meal was often forgotten, when the dinner had been long and unvaried. In the book by Erasmus on civility, the reader was told to wash his hands and see that his nails were cut before he sat down. If his belt was too tight, he should loosen it; for it would be rude to do this at table. While he washed his hands he should drive away all melancholy thoughts, not to bore or sadden his flow-guests. "If one orders you to ask the blessing, compose your face and hands devotionally, and, looking at the most distinguished member of the company, or on the image of Jesus Christ, if by chance there is one, make a humble bow at the utterance of the name of Jesus or of the Virgin his mother. If this office is given to another, lend an ear with like devotion, and respond at the proper time."

The form of the blessing was as follows: The child began, "Benedicite," and the others responded: "Dominus." The child continued: "Nos et la quae mus sumptus benedicite dextera Christi. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti." "Amen" was said unanimously by the others at table.

Robert Herrick wrote two graces for children. One begins:

"What God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ his sake.
 Be the milk of beanes and peas,
 And be thank'd for those and these;
 I have we flesh or have we fish,
 All are fragments from his dish."

Lists and Speeches

As the World Wags:
 Holt's list of clergymen and college professors who were against Harding reminds one of a similar class of men that Lincoln made out in Springfield as against him in 1855 when he was a candidate for senator; also the longer list by one of his opponents, including the statement of the Rev. E. E. Hale that "only one man in Harvard knew of him when he was nominated for the presidency in 1860." Yet Lincoln had made in Boston and vicinity 10 speeches in 1848, 10 more in the New England states in March, just after his great speech in the Cooper Institute in February, 1860. Of these speeches the one in New Haven created in anticipation of his coming the most notable excitement. Delegations came from several of the neighboring villages and cities, like Waterbury, Meriden and Bradford, and from more distant towns. I knew a physician who rode 30 miles in the morning to hear the speech and to see him at night. The Yale students

were in a crown, and the citizens could hardly get into the hall. Meriden people were not content and Lincoln was urged to go and did go there to give them more of his opposition to the spread of slavery. These New England speeches gave needed help to wavering Republicans and made his election surer. His address at Norwich was historically happy and is today spoken of for many reasons. It was especially arranged by that famous newspaper writer, "Ike" Bromley of the Bulletin of that city. After the speech which, as some confessed, made old Democrats "believe what he said in spite of themselves," Lincoln and a noted story-teller from Westernly entertained a select number at the hotel, swapping stories until the morning hours. T. H. BARTLETT.

Jamaica Plain.
 Ada Gilman
 M. H. B. writes in answer to Mr. W. G. Foster that Ada Gilman has not been in the Forrest Home for "several years." "She was there only a short time up to July last, when she became discontented and returned to New York in search of an engagement. She had been out of harness only two years, and went to the home when discouraged, underestimating her ability and strength to continue on the stage. Hotel Normandie is or was her address when last heard from."

HOFFMANN QUARTET GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Newly Organized String Group Is Highly Appreciated at Jordan Hall

At their first concert in Jordan Hall, last night, the newly-organized Hoffmann quartet played the following program: Beethoven, Quartet Op. 13, No. 4; Leclair, Sonata for violin and viola, with figured bass arranged for piano-forte (Messrs. J. Hoffmann and Artieres and E. Hoffmann as pianists); Dohnanyi, Quartet Op. 15; Haydn, Quartet Op. 54, No. 1.

The large, musical audience present gave evidence that Boston appreciates the high artistic value of a resident string quartet. Such an enterprise is its own musical reward, entailing much labor and devotion for the small glory that is in it. That chamber ensembles should spring from the Boston Symphony Orchestra is as it should be.

Thus the Kniesel quartet came into being, and the former Hoffmann Quartet, which is so well remembered. Of the latter, Messrs Jacques Hoffmann and Barth remain, imparting the authority and steady power of long experience. The younger pair facing them have the equally essential zest of youth. The ensemble has the truth and euphony, the restraint and shading, of fine musicianship.

For the ingratiating quartet of Haydn, and for that of Beethoven in the manner of Haydn, their abilities were more than adequate. The Sonata of Leclair was always graceful, if sometimes vacuous. Dohnanyi's striking Quartet has a direct appeal, out an enduring beauty as well.

The style, neither ahead of us all, nor antiquated, shows an instinct for the form gratifying in this orchestral day. It is characterized by its grotesque themes—how much individual and how much Magyar is hard to say—by its chains of sustained chords, and by its rhapsodic melody. A Quartet with a peculiar charm and flavor which makes it cherished by many.

SONG COMPOSER HEADS KEITH BILL

Writer of "End of a Perfect Day" Sings Home Songs

The headliner at Keith's this week is Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of "The End of a Perfect Day," making her initial appearance in vaudeville. Assisted by Miss Lois Bennett, Mrs. Bond plays and sings some of her "home" songs. In a humorous little monologue she tells how she came to write "The End of a Perfect Day," which song Miss Bennett sings as a closing number.

Sarah Padden scored in "The Cheap Woman," a rather conventional but not displeasing bit of melodrama, picturing the struggle between a woman, overwhelmed with mother-love, and an idle philanthropist.

Beth Berl, new dancer from the West, is featured in a musical revue, assisted by Jay Velle, who supplies the songs, and Paul O'Neill, dancing partner. Sampson and Marion, in "The Bachelor's Vision," enlivened a gymnastic act. Frank Mullane, with his "Musical Scales and Humorous Tales," gives a pleasing collection of jokes. "Pedestrianism," featuring George N. Brown, champion walker, introduces amusing comedy and some novelty by means of a pair of treadmills. Kramer and Boyle furnish a song and "patter" act. Novel methods of self-defence are displayed by Johannes Josefson and his leclander "Glima" company. Marguerita Padula gives a song study of boys that amuses.

Mr. Sarg's part of all is not operatic in the least. Simple, modest in manner, with an attractive personality, he knows full well that a song, however beautiful it may be, is not therefore in itself the operatic sense. Throughout the evening there was no attempt to compel applause by any sensational display.

We have seldom heard in recent years so finished, so pure, so intelligent singing from man or woman in the concert hall. Mr. Schipa's breathing, attack, phrasing, command of expressive nuances, comprehension of the sentiment of the poet and the purpose of the composer deserve the highest praise. And in his interpretations there is the certain indefinable elegance that we are accustomed to associate with such artists as Clement and the lamented Charles Gilbert.

Especially noteworthy was the noble and classic simplicity which characterized his singing of old Caccini's beautiful "Amorilli." Here, indeed, was a sort of vocal art and aesthetic understanding. Equally praiseworthy was his reading of Giordani's familiar air, familiar, but a stumbling block to many singers who rashly essay it. The "Aubade de Lalo" and "La Rosa" of Relato Bellini were sung with delightful lightness and delicacy, as was the pretty "Suzanne" of Calcevecchia. Nor was the smooth and long line of the

cantilena in his own "Ave Maria," and the religious fervor of Cesar Franck's "Pan's Angelus" be soon forgotten.

The large audience was quick to appreciate the art of the singer, who was recalled many times. This gave us an opportunity of hearing a charming interpretation of "The Dream" from "Manon." As we heard this intimate singing, we remembered Mr. Muratore, facing the audience in the Boston Opera House and shouting the music as if it were a call to battle.

Mr. Longas played discreet accompaniments.

Miriam Bernson Has Exacting Program at Jordan Hall

Miriam Bernson, a contralto of Boston, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Edith E. Torrey was the accompanist. The program included an air from "La Gloconda," an air from Handel's "Scipio," songs by Secchi, Vorceini, Bemberg, Sibella, Maria-Zucca, Maclean, Buzzi-Pecola, Tschalkowsky, Ware, la Forge, Rogers, McKinney, S. W. Hubbard and Alexandre Georges; also an interesting group of folk songs—"Dubinushka" (Russian) arranged by Bromberg; Ono John (English) arranged by Sharp; Iush-Aba (Birdie) (old Scotch) arranged by Moffat; Frog Went a-Courting (Kentucky Mountains) arranged by Brockway, and Invocation to the Sun-God (Zuni Indian) transcribed by Troyer.

Miss Bernson has by nature a voice that should repay further study. Her chest tones are of fine quality. At first evidently nervous, she gained in confidence until she was more disposed to do justice to herself. She made commendable efforts at interpretation, and these efforts would have borne fruit if she had had a greater command of technical resources. Perhaps McKinney's "De San Man's Song" showed her to best advantage. The impression made by her performance as a whole was that she is as yet hardly prepared for so exacting a program. An audience of fair size showed interest and appreciation.

Tony Sarg's Comedians

By PHILIP HALE

Tony Sarg's Marionettes gave a performance in Steinert Hall last night of "Rip Van Winkle," the story told by Washington Irving, arranged for puppets by George Mitchell. The performance was in aid of the Simmons College Educational Fund and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. There was a greatly amused audience.

Mr. Sarg and his well-trained comedians, who never feel the need of a prompter, were pleasantly remembered by the performance of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," last March. "Rip Van Winkle" is even a more ambitious undertaking. The characters introduced are Rip, his scolding wife, little Judith, his daughter; Wol, his dog; Nicholasadder, Van Brummel the schoolmaster, a one-legged soldier that carries Judith; a sailor that gives his pet, named "Profanity," to Rip in exchange for a pig that should have been sold in the market; three Christmas children, and his crew, and various kinds, not forgetting Rip drinks, his wife scolds him out in a storm; he goes to the mountains, where he does the bidding of the goblins.

He learns the secret of the fountain, and he is made to drink a

when acted on the stage of the

The marionettes, admirably designed and clad by Mr. Sarg, were as admirably managed by the many workers behind the curtain. There was no inter, no accident, nothing to impair the illusion.

One might ask in surprise: "What? Can puppets be pathetic?" Yes, and they may be tragic. The history of the marionette theatre is long and honorable; it has been written by many learned enthusiasts. Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far as Anatole France went when he found marionettes in Paris, showing more intelligence than the actresses of the Comedie Francaise, or to agree wholly to the theories of Mr. Gordon Craig; but Mr. Sarg's little theatre would, surely, excite the admiration of the Parisian master of lambent irony and of the Florentine extremist. To deny the art of Mr. Sarg would be impossible; even to find it trivial would be the height of folly.

Mr. Sarg talked agreeably for a few minutes before the performance, explaining the complexity of what apparently was simple in the management of the comedians, of whom the remarkable dog was certainly not the least. To show a curious optical illusion, he came on the stage at the end and by the side of those comedians he was as Gulliver among the Lilliputians, whereas during the play the puppets had seemed of good size.

"The Rose and the Ring" will be performed tonight. There will be a performance this afternoon. Tomorrow forenoon there will be an "Olla Podrida" for children.

FERGUSON SINGS AT JORDAN HALL

Baritone's First Recital Since His Return from Europe

George Ferguson, baritone, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening, the first since his return from Europe. Alfred De Voto was the accompanist. The program included arias by Lully, Gretry, Monte Verdi, Galuppi, and songs by Chausson, Rhene-Baton, Duparc, Tschalkowsky, Borodin, Gretchaninoff, Moussorgsky, Ireland, Carpenter, Walford Davies, Chadwick and Frank Bridge. The songs by the Russian composers were sung in Russian.

Mr. Ferguson, who has long enjoyed an international reputation, prepared an interesting program. He has a good voice of a rather short range; his intonation was pure, and he showed taste and intelligence in his interpretations. At times, although his voice as a whole might be called a "covered" one, he forced upper tones. He sang with fervor, occasionally overdoing expression. He was especially fortunate in his treatment of Chausson's "Temps des lilas," Tschalkowsky's "No words, my beloved," Gretchaninoff's "My native land," Moussorgsky's "Interludium," and the group of songs by American and English composers; while his singing of "I'm wearin' awa'," which he added to the program, will not soon be forgotten.

Symphony in Fifth Concert Gives Composition of Respighi and Strube

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4; Strube, Four Preludes for orchestra (first performance); Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," symphonic poem (first time in Boston); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Mr. Strube, who has been the teacher of composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore since 1913, when he left the Boston Symphony Orchestra, modestly describes his Preludes as "little." It is true that they are short, but he employs as great an orchestra as if he were writing a symphonic poem portraying the reign of Anarchy or the Last Judgment. It is hardly necessary to add that the Preludes are ultra-modern in spirit and expression.

Mr. Strube started out 25 years or more ago to write serious music in the approved German conservatory manner. He then followed orthodox routine. Some years later he was fascinated by the music of Cesar Franck, Vincent d'Indy and other Frenchmen, regarded as heretics by the conservatories of his fatherland, the more so as these composers were then merely names in Germany, but as they were French, it was only reasonable to suspect them of atrocious, criminal debauchery in music. Mr. Strube has a receptive mind; his horizon broadened; his taste grew more fastidious; he experimented boldly,

and he, too, without losing his head and requirements, joined the ranks of the ultra-moderns.

These four Preludes are interesting, especially to those who have followed the development of the composer. Of the four, the second, which is of a pastoral nature, and the third, in minuet form, have the most decided character and are the most engrossing. There are charming melodic and orchestral effects in the pastorate, while the minuet has the requisite delicacy and grace. The other movements made a less favorable impression. They seemed less spontaneous, vaguely impressionistic.

Respighi's purpose in uniting his symphonic poem was to express "sentiments and visions" suggested to him by four of Rome's fountains, "contemplated at the hour in which their character is most in harmony with the surrounding landscape, or in which their beauty appears most impressive to the observer." It was a daring undertaking. How easy it would have been for him to fall into aqueous monotony! He has triumphed gloriously. Not only has he given a particular effect of color and atmosphere to each fountain; he has without any attempt to "Biederize" music, given unity and continuity to Italian impressionism. He has not been literal or too realistic; he has heard, seen and written as a poet enamored of his city.

Modern in his harmonic scheme, a master of ultra-modern instrumentation, he has not forsaken melodic figures, the melody that is the Italian's birthright, and still makes a universal appeal. The harmonic devices are as his natural idiom; nowhere do we see him deliberately girding up his loins, and with knotted brow and sweat starting at every pore, saying: "I, too, will show them how modern I can be." His instrumentation is now effectively discreet, now gorgeously rich, never wildly and incongruously fantastical. Throughout the work there is the revelation of marked individuality. It is a pleasure to add that the superb performance and the worth of the music itself were fully appreciated by the great audience.

What a pity it is that Brahms in his fourth symphony did not stop after the second movement! The triangle and the piccolo do not relieve the clumsy dreariness of the Scherzo; the Finale, with the exception of a few variations, as the solemn passage for trombones, is a sad falling off from the first Allegro. Mr. Monteux gave an admirable reading of the work, bringing out clearly the innumerable details—and more than once Brahms is found treading water—sparring for wind—if the phrase

may be allowed—without checking the musical flow. It was good to hear "Till Eulenspiegel" again. Would that Strauss had always written in this spirit of the true artist! The brilliant performance, as brilliant as any we remember under any other conductor, brought an end to a brilliant concert, a concert that was not too long. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for the concerts of next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major (K. 425); Mason, "Russians," five songs for baritone and orchestra (Reinald Werrenrath, singer); Ravel, "Couperin's Tomb," suite for orchestra (first time in America); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody in A major, op. 11, No. 1.

BALLADE OF OLD NEWS

(After W. E. Henley, with a chance that Henley will be after Me.)

Where is the news of yesterday,
That clogged each paper's foremost page,
With headlines spread in bold array,
Discussing stars of screen or stage;
Rare raises on the Narrow Gauge;
Strange deaths from wood-bee alcohol;
Proud dames flattered to sufferage?
Off the front page go one and all.

Where are the breaking-jail exploits,
Rank stimulants to calloused youth;
The low-price F. O. B. Detroit;
The Soviet's cruelties uncouth;
Campaign assertions, shy on truth;
The baseness of World Series ball;
The home-ly qualities of Ruth?
Off the front page go one and all.

Where are the races, sea or air;
MacSwiney's fast, the League of Nations;
Rent profiteers, the coal-strike scare;
Astounding banking revelations;
Society's supreme sensations,
With march from "Lohengrin" or "Saul";
The lack of auld-lang-syne libations?
Off the front page go one and all.

ENVOY.

Prince, from their petty pyramids,
The Ponzi and the Polaris fall,
As gas escapes, as flivver skids,
Off the front page go one and all.
Brookline.

QUINCY KILBY.

Symphony Tickets

As the World Wags:

In regard to the disposing of Symphony tickets when not used by the owners. It is a simple matter to offer the seats to a friend by telephone, or, if this fails, the tickets may be sent to Mr. Ralph L. Flanders, manager, at the New England Conservatory of Music on Huntington avenue, where there are score of pupils who are only too glad of a chance to go. It is a shame to let seats stand empty to save the trouble of a telephone call or the price of a postage stamp.

WM. STURGIS BIGELOW.

Boston.

"To Thole"

As the World Wags:

Months ago I saw to your
A discussion upon the verb
"To thole." It is a word I always used
when I was a boy in Scotland. Burns
says to the mouse: "To thole the
winter's weary drizzle an cranreuch
cauld." I do not know whether the
word is Teutonic or Celtic.

PETER MACQUEEN.

East Boothbay, Me.

"Thole," the verb, is old English from
the old high German; old Teutonic. But
compare the Latin "tol-erare" and
"tol-ere." ED.

Some Old Songs

As the World Wags:

I was much interested some time ago
in the letter asking for information
about "Simon the Cellarer." I heard
Barnabee sing it, almost his last
appearance in public. It was also a prime
favorite of my father's, who used to sing
also "John Barleycorn," of which I have
forgotten the words. He was particu-
larly good in some of the old English
marching songs, some of which are sung
as a regimental song. One, I don't know
the regiment, is a hunting song:

"Have you seen John Pell, with his coat so
gay;
Have you seen John Pell at the breaking of the
day?
Have you seen John Pell when he's far and
away.

With his horn and his hounds in the morning?"

Then there is the old poacher's song
of the Lincolnshires: "As me and my
companion were getting of a snare."

The song of a Yorkshire regiment is
perhaps worth preserving.

"Oh, fare thee well, grandfather; fare thee
well, Nan.

I'm going to Ouldham as fast as I can,
And I'm going to Ouldham and that what I
told him.

As I'd have a battle with the French."

Ouldham is in Lancashire, but the song
was adapted as Yorkshire. "In the
Merry Month of May" was another song
I remember.

To the student of American folk lore
I can recall one song that I have never
seen in print, though it must have been
printed at the time of its popularity.
It was a marching song of the Lincoln
Wide-Awakes, and referred particularly
to "Bleeding Kansas." It was sung to
the tune of "Parting for Syria," written
by Queen Hortense. One verse was as
follows:

"Our watch fires gleam from shore to
shore,

And our echoing song shall be
We will this land forever, ever con-
secrate

To blessed liberty."

Another song was "The Land of the
Brave and Free." The music was a
fife and drum piece also written by
Hortense.

Westminster

S. H.

The words and music of "Partant pour
la Syrie" are attributed to Hortense,
but the tune was probably written by
Drouet, the celebrated flutist, who was
the musical secretary of Hortense.
Drouet served in a similar capacity
Pauline Bonaparte, who, composing ro-
mances, did not know how to put them
in notation. Drouet has told how he
constructed "Partant pour la Syrie"
from a few notes sung by Hortense.
We do not see how the words "Our
watch fires gleam," etc., could go well
to this tune. ED.

In the Circus

(From the Burlington Hawkeye in the
eighties)

Here rests, his head upon the lap of
earth,

The brave young man that rode the
brindle mule.

He learned when meek Asinus burst the
girth,

Too late, the lesson of life's harshest
school.

Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of
brain,

Thought that has drank at the Plerian
spring;

Grand depth and height of culture he
must gain

Who safely rides the trick mule round
the ring.

"Rose and the Ring" Delights Steinert Hall Audience

Tony Sarg's Marionettes last night in
Steinert Hall played Thackeray's de-
lightful "Rose and the Ring," described
by him as "a fireside pantomime for
Great and Small Children." The per-
formance was for the benefit of Sim-
mons College endowment fund. Some
in the audience had forgotten no doubt
how Thackeray came to write this little
masterpiece of drollery. He happened
to be in a foreign city at Christmas.
There were many English children there
and for their amusement he drew a set
of Twelfth Night Characters, and then,
with a governess, composed a history
about them, narrating the surprising
adventures of Prince Giglio and Prince
Bulbo, Rasalpa, the Countess Gruffa-
nuff, King Padella, and others. And
Thackeray thought that, as those chil-
dren were pleased, others might be
also.

Mr. Sarg showed his marionettes in
this play last March. Fortunately mar-
ionettes do not show the lapse of time.
They keep their hair, teeth and com-
plexions. Rheumatism does not come
near them; a sudden drop of the mer-

STOPAK MAKES

By PHILIP HALE

Josef Stopak, violinist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His accompanist was Rudolf Gruen. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Nachez, Concerto in A minor (with organ and piano); Desplantes-Nachez, Intrada; Bach, Prelude in E major for violin alone; Mozart-Saint-Saens, variations on a theme of Corelli; Nieuxtemps, Concerto No. 5; Tschalkowsky, Serenade Melancolique; Rode-Thibaud, Caprice; Guiraud, Melodie; Wienlawski; Scherzo-Tarantelle.

Mr. Stopak is a young violinist, born and brought up in New York, as we are informed. In recent years he has studied with Jacques Thibaud. Last summer he played with him a double concerto in Holland, and on Oct. 16 gave a recital in New York.

Concertos with only a piano accompaniment are usually rather dreary affairs, no matter how skilful the violinist may be. One misses the pompous orchestral introduction during which the violinist endeavors to assure the audience that he is wholly at ease, holding the fiddle to his ear, or at arm's length, looking intently at the fairest woman near him, or striking an æsthetic attitude. One misses also the orchestral ritornell, which seems to say to the hearer: "What do you think of that? Isn't he worth while. Wait a minute and he will have something even better to tell you." The Vivaldi concerto gains by the introduction of the organ, but a concerto by Nieuxtemps needs the orchestra.

Mr. Stopak has a fine tone, warm, but not lush in emotional passages. His technique was wholly adequate for what the program demanded. He displayed a purity of intonation and of musical taste. His phrasing, his general conception of the composition was worthy of a talented pupil of the admirable master, Mr. Thibaud; but Mr. Stopak's performances were not at all mimetic; not merely an echo; he had a mind of his own; he played as if he thought for himself, as one to whom the music had made a personal appeal. Not for a moment was there any cheap attempt to incite the steady applause that follows any sensational exhibition.

Darius Milhaud's second orchestral Suite was produced at a Colonne Concert in Paris on Oct. 24. The music was written, it appears, for Paul Claudel, "Protee," who asked for music to illustrate the repast of seals, a nocturnal Bacchanale, "Made of Silence" (etc) and other things. Rene Brancour in his review of the concert was moved to say: "Would to the gods that silence had replaced this hurly-burly without analogy—perhaps it represented the seals throwing up their dinner. I shall not give this pitiable insanity the honor of an analysis. It is a low, trivial, vulgar din. With the exception of a couple dozen of applauders, the audience showed vigorously its exasperation by hissing and howling. Naturally I was in the first rank of those protesting, and a zealous but courteous inspector nearly handed me over to the secular arm whose duty it was to put out all heretics. The brave intervention of my eminent colleague, Mr. Paul Souday, insisting energetically on the indisputable right of a hearer to express his opinion, appeased the police."

Mr. Brancour poked fun at the program notes for Debussy's "Iberia" played at the same concert: "The violin that pants laconically . . . a shadow going into demi-silence . . . melodies swooning with the progressing dawn . . . a trumpet that snorts."

Patriotic societies at Magdeburg have protested against the scene "Sedan Day" in d'Albert's opera: "A Marriage Under the Revolution."

Mme. d'Alvarez sang, before her departure to this country, in Westminster Abbey in behalf of the Abbey restoration fund, but she was not the first woman to be heard there. Mme. or Dame—as she is now entitled—Clara Butt has sung more than once in the Abbey to a "select congregation" in the evening when the building was closed to the public.

The Paderloup concerts are now given at the Paris Opera. The inaugural matinee, given before an enormous audience, was very fine and very well received, but the disposition of the instrumentalists, in front of the lowered steel curtain and on a staging covering the pit of the usual orchestra, left much to be desired. The curtain displacement amplifies the sound of

the brass instruments, and the staging acts as a sounding board, which rather confuses the tones of the basses and the violoncellos. The result is that while certain pages such as the "Danse des Sylphes" in the "Damnation de Faust," Debussy's "Prelude a l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," or the "Procession Nocturne" of Henri Rabaud, the new director of the Conservatoire, lose nothing at all of their well recognized nuances, the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline" or the "Marche Hongroise" of Berlioz, for example, suffer by the brutal expansion of the sonority of the percussion instruments. It is to be hoped that M. Rhene Baton, the excellent conductor, will be able to remedy this state of affairs, which is capable of seriously compromising the execution of works which require the employment of every available instrumental force."

Cecil Fanning sang Iago's "Credo" from "Othello" at a Symphony concert in London Oct. 23, "with a success which was only marred by the fact that his voice was apt to get lost beneath the orchestral tone at certain important points, particularly in the last climax."

The Rev. Cyril Winn of Blackheath, talking about church music said the question was a moral one. As many hear only church music the churches are responsible for their level of taste. He thought "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," had had its day. The English Hymnal edited by Vaughan Williams, was warmly commended. A bad tune was too much dependent on harmonies; it meandered and did not go to any particular place; the part writing was generally stagnant and the rhythms monotonous. Vaughn Williams, the chairman at the meeting, said that if a man were "sloppy minded" he would be still more sloppy if he "wallowed in a miasma" of poor church music.

Sir Frederic Cowen intends to resume musical activity—as an accompanist, also as a conductor.

Schumann is suffering just at present from his position between the classics and the moderns. The younger generation of pianists is apt to force him to its own ways of thinking, the older generation is not ready to realize that interpretation must grow, or, at any rate, change, with the interpreters and their hearers. . . . The fewer the notes, the greater is the player's responsibility."

Maggie Teyte will take the leading part in a new operetta, "A Little Dutch Girl," to be brought out at the end of this month by Seymour Hicks in London.

Josef Hofmann gave a recital in London on Oct. 21. The Times said: "There was too little music of the first rank in his program, and the only work of that kind—Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111—with which the program began, did not produce a great performance. It showed a pianist with a wonderful pair of hands, a power of executing details perfectly, but as a whole it suggested no big conception of Beethoven's work. Mr. Hofmann was more thoroughly in his element in the Rubinstein version of the march from 'The Ruins of Athens,' which followed. Here every device which could give color and glitter and convey the impression of what used to be called 'Turkish music,' but is now called 'Kitchen' in the orchestra, was cleverly used, and the whole showed the pianist's complete control of rhythm."

Edouard Risler and Arthur Rubinstein, the pianists, have been playing with great success at Montevideo. The music for two pianos included "Jeu de plain air," by G. Taillefer. Is it worth while, Messrs. Maier and Patterson? The visitors also played three "Romantic" waltzes by Chabrier, Liszt's "Rhapsodies," the familiar "Nocturne" of Saens and the inevitable sonata of Mozart.

Richard Strauss, after his concerts in Brazil, went to Uruguay.

Henri Rabaud, as director of the Paris Conservatory, has issued this notice: "The directors of the Conservatory, having heard the protestations of members of various juries against recommendations addressed to them, have made the following decision: At each competition, at each examination, the director will ask the members of the jury to name to their colleagues the pupils who have been so indiscreet as to have had themselves recommended."

Jean Pouelgh of Comœdia criticised adversely Miss Borge in "Aida" at the Paris Opera. She now sues the critic, the editor and the proprietor for £100,000 damages. The menestrel is pleased because its critic in his review of the performance did not even mention her name. "After all, silence is an opinion."

Ravel has written a new piece for violin and violoncello.

The Festspleisshaus of Salzburg announces for next year a Mozart cycle and Calderon's "Great Theatre of the World," staged by Max Reinhardt, with music by Richard Strauss.

Someone in Munich is about inventing an artificial hand to tune pianos, for the benefit of those mutilated by the war. The spread of the fingers measures the intervals of a fourth, a fifth and an octave; the bending of the wrist is worked by a key.

A symphony by Auguste de Boeck,

which had been on the composer's table for 24 years, was produced last month at Brussels with great success, although it is in the classic form.

Frank Van Der Stucken will conduct in Brussels the Ysaye concerts this sea-

son. The series will be devoted to Beethoven, in celebration of his centenary, but there will be one concert for Belgian composers.

Max Fiedler has been conducting concerts of the Concertgebouw at Amsterdam. Mengelberg has been away from his post on account of sickness.

A "Musica Nuova" society has been founded at Bologna for the encouragement and diffusion of modern Italian music. A committee will examine manuscripts of young composers and bring about performances. The first concert will be in December.

Georges Enesco has completed a string quartet for the Flonzaley quartet.

Mme. Genevieve Vix, whose sour, wiry voice is well remembered here, has been applauded at Buenos Ayres. One critic described her as "graceful, diaphanous, with an angelic smile." As Manon in the Saint Sulpice scene of Massenet's opera she evoked "the vision of Satan; she was amorous with all her flesh, with all her nerves." Hot stuff! What?

The Dutch critics reviewed Elgar's compositions coldly when he conducted at a concert of the Concertgebouw at Amsterdam.

The municipal council of Dresden has granted a subsidy of 30,000 marks for a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony.

At Berlin it cost 18,000 marks to give a Philharmonic concert; a hall for a recital costs 1000 marks, yet there are many concerts. At the first Sunday Philharmonic concert, despite the raising of the price of seats from 60 pfennigs to 4 marks, several hundred could not get into the large hall.

The municipal council of Leipzig is aiding the Gewandhaus concerts. A new concert society, sustained by the Grottrian-Steinweg firm, promises 10 concerts this season with soloists of the first rank.

London Stage Notes

John Galsworthy's "extravagant" play "The Foundations," was performed at the Everyman, London, on Oct. 21. The play was first seen at the Royalty Theatre on July 14, 1917. "Some of the post-war things he pictured while the war was still in full blast have already been realized. True, the Marseillaise has not been chanted by revolutionaries in Park Lane, but all the economic topsy-turvydom is here, and the camaraderie of the trenches has given way to social bitterness born of profiteers, the high cost of living and increasing unemployment. Mr. Galsworthy treats these really very serious matters from the detached standpoint of the intellectual laughing philosopher; but one thinks deeply while one laughs. The moral of it all is that more kindness and understanding is necessary between man and man if anything like a decent state of society is to be secured." The title of the play is thoughtfully explained by a London journalist: It "indicates the obscure tollers at the roots of the social tree." Mr. Galsworthy's farcical morality "The Little Man," followed "The Foundations."

"Seven Nights in London" was produced at Malden-head, Eng., Oct. 25. The play depicts London life "as it really is, with all its tragedy, pathos and humor." The story concerns the adventures of a Cockney girl named Birdie Brown. A valet is responsible for her "early ruin." There is a hunchback named Napoleon Triggs. We should like to see this play. It's of the old, genuine, stamped on the blade variety.

Cyril Harcourt, author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and "In the Night," has written a new play, "Fifty-Fifty," a familiar term in theatrical circles descriptive of the shares commonly agreed on by a lessee and the manager of an ordinary company touring in the provinces. But in Mr. Harcourt's piece it stands for the percentage of profits between a notorious crook and the members of his gang. The heroine of the story is a Cockney model who eventually blossoms into a fine lady, and the hero a kind of Raffles who is also a painter of no mean ability. The dialogue, I am told, is exceptionally witty, and the action moves awfully from beginning to end.—London Daily Telegraph.

The property of Chung Ling Soo, the illusionist, who was accidentally killed on the stage during his performance, was sold at auction on Nov. 3 in London. The sale included the whole of the illusion apparatus, including "lantern levitation, disappearing, and other fakes." There were papier-mache life-sized lions and elephants, the Holy Bible printed in Chinese, four volumes of an English-Chinese dictionary, painted Chinese street scenes, a set of marionettes, a heavily-carved Chinese lacquered mantelpiece, a "death-chair illusion" (in deal box), a "bridal chamber illusion" (in crate), a "nicely-made and japanned vanishing bench girl" in wood case, and "a Pretty Polly illusion," with wooden cage. There was also included in the sale some property of the "Great Lafayette," who was killed in the music-hall fire at Edinburgh. This consisted

of three crates, containing, among other things, "well painted profile horses, surmounted by guardsmen," and "a large quantity of soldiers' heads and shoulders, with bayonets."

There are not many cases in stage magic where we imagine, in which a father is greatly impressed by the act-

ing of his son. Sir Henry Irving did not think his sons great actors, and we doubt whether Edmund Kean would have been among the enthusiastic admirers of Charles Kean. There is a case more recent of a father and son who were very good friends—except when they appeared on the same stage—and some of the most successful of actors have fought hard against filial determination to take the boards. On the other side there are several well known cases of actresses taking the keenest interest in the stage fortunes of their daughters.—London Daily Telegraph.

For years we have deprecated the practice of cross-talk between the low comedian and the conductor. I am speaking more particularly of the variety theatres, as it is neither prevalent nor easy in the theatres. Variety man-

agers, I know, have done their best to put an end to the evil; but, in many cases—where, for instance, the delinquent happens to be a highly-priced artist, one not too fond of playing provincial or suburban halls, it is rather a difficult matter to settle. Frank Tinney, the American, was really funny at it, and made it a feature of his act; but he confined his gags to the conductor. There are others who make indiscriminate remarks to any member of an audience who may happen to come in late. Most people object to being brought into undue prominence when out for an evening's entertainment by such remarks as "Oh, Alice, you are late!" It may get a cheap laugh, but it is unwarrantable and should be stopped. A new law in Brussels places the sole power of regulating this class of act in the hands of the police. I don't see how this is going to add to the dignity of the artists' calling. Perhaps they will now take a hint from Brussels and drop the objectionable practice. It would be rather awkward for an artist to be liable to be hauled up at a moment's notice by a possibly ignorant or over-zealous police official.—The Stage.

A prominent American dramatic au-

thor complains that when he writes for the pictures he is not allowed to tell his own story. The "child of his brain" becomes a horrid, squint-eyed, crippled changeling. His story is accepted and paid for, his work is done. He has only to wait to witness the first "run" at the "Splendiferous" Palace or other glided film theatre. With nervous suspense he follows the program until his picture is flashed into view—and then—what has happened to the offspring of his imagination? The story is not being told as he told it. There are scenes in it that he never dreamed of even in his wildest moments of creation. It has lost all directness. He can't follow it. Does the audience know what it is all about? He looks round to see. Help! Some are going out, others are going to sleep, and he—he is following them, dissatisfied and disappointed! Who has maltreated this "child of his brain"? who are the guilty ones? The scenario editor of little imagination is the first criminal and the man who performs terrible operations in the "cutting room" is the other culprit. They have labored diligently, but not well. They have mauled his carefully-planned construction; pulled a girder out here and lifted a corner-stone there, until the structure fairly wobbles before the view! Why not let the author tell his own story and stand or fall by it? Because, presumably, the author, as a rule, is regarded as a negligible "duffer" who don't know his business!—The Stage.

The report comes from Italy that Mine, Duse will return to the stage. Slotti, giving recitals in London, is praised to the skies, witness this article in the Times of Oct. 25: "M. Slotti is a Compendium artis Musice. He combines in his own person virtues which, singly, make their possessor proud. The technique which he showed us at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday was ample and was not obtruded. He created long levels of equable tone, maintaining them through easy and difficult moments alike, from which he made any emphasis stand out at will without force. The bulk of his tone was mezzopiano and mezzoforte, but he can play the game of the piano-smashers, too, and beat them at it. For in the first place he smites even harder than they do, and in the second it still sounds musical, since he is either maintaining his level or deliberately departing from it, and there is nothing haphazard and therefore unmeaning. The agitated passage in Chopin's Fantasia in F minor was a notable instance—immense volume of tone without noise and complete freedom of rhythm without caprice. Liszt's 'Au Bord d'une Source,' which had come just before it, was amazingly limpid—wimpy, as the poets say; a child might have done it; the difficulties never seemed to come his way. Mozart's 'Ah! Vous Dirals-je, Maman,' which followed, was played like a mock music-lesson, only without the pupil's mistakes, deliberately emptied of all sentiment and made to sound as if 12 dozen deers had not passed over its head. At the end came seven preludes of Bach, one for organ and one from the fourth Violoncello Suite, both magnificent, and the rest from 'The Well-tempered Clavier,' interesting choice, which

entertainment at all. In the early days of the war one film was made on somewhat similar lines by a British manufacturer. It was called, I think, "A Munition Worker's Romance," and combined an ordinary love story with a number of pictures showing the making of shells and other munitions of war. It is a branch of film-making that ought to receive national encouragement.—London Daily Telegraph.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In the passing of Ernst Perabo the world loses an honest man, the ranks of art a devoted follower, and every living thing a friend. Endowed by nature with an intense love of the beautiful, he was enabled to bring to the art in which he devoted his life an appreciation of musical values born not only of study, but for a soul attuned to everything noble and beautiful. He had to the end the heart of a child in its sincerity, its purity of thought and its outspoken frankness, coupled with the infinite sympathy and tenderness of a nature which had deepened and broadened through suffering. His covenant of good will was with every living thing, animal or human, and his clientele of beneficiaries included alike rich and poor, learned and ignorant, good and bad, while the names of his friends were familiar in the world's aristocracy of wealth, learning and art.

Those who have profited by his bounty are legion, and there was grief in many a humble home when the news of his passing was received. Along the streets which for many years he frequented come tales of kindness and generosity, and the hand of the street sweeper was never too soiled for him to grasp.

It is difficult to speak dispassionately of the man in his art. Suffice to say of his natural endowment that at 9 years of age he memorized the fugue for the well-tempered clavicord. A product of the best classical school as represented by Moscheles, Plaidy, Wenzel, Hauptmann and Richter, he was able to ma'n'tain and live up to his convictions amid a storm of criticism and the defection of pupils and friends who could not altogether share in his opinion that music is, after all, harmony and not discord. Conservative he undoubtedly was, but if we trace the history of art we shall be forced to conclude that those who have been first to discover a new epistle, and to cry out that a great prophet has arisen have not been able either to improve upon or to supplant the classic models of Ra-

pael or Michael Angelo; Bach, Beethoven or Schubert. There are performances of his, both in this country and Europe, which will linger in the memory of those present, accustomed though they were to the world's greatest artists. He had to a supreme degree the power of self-effacement, losing himself in the perfect ensemble which his fine sense of adjustment enabled him to conceive. He toiled to secure technique as few have had either the patience or the physique to do, and the delicacy of structure which was his inheritance never thoroughly recovered from the strain of practice in early years. He expected much of pupils, but he also supplied from the wealth of his own nature the inspiration which forms so large a part in a teacher's mission. If music like the other arts, only in greater degree, is the God consciousness in the soul seeking expression through the medium of form, color or sound, then was the life career of Ernst Perabo a distinguished success. When he laid his hands upon the keys there was, to quote a remark of the builder of one of Europe's great organs, "no suggestion of material origin." To sum it all up "he thought God's thoughts after him," and entering into their depths translated their message with a faithfulness as unique as it was beautiful. It was, indeed, fitting that his life should end amid the scenes endeared to him by the presence of the devoted and beloved mother, who, up to her death, was his constant companion, and equally appropriate that the last rites should be solemnized and the weary garment laid to rest in the soft twilight of an autumn evening.

ELLEN BEALE MOREY.

Hardly anything has yet been done to show British industries to the world in a systematic and intelligent manner. There are very few American films in which this aspect of the picture is entirely neglected. So imbued, in fact, is the American film maker with the necessity of emphasising this feature that, when he makes a film here, it is one of the first things he thinks of. When Mr. Jesse Lasky was here a few months ago, he told me that in the film they had then started to make in their new Islington studio they had introduced a scene taken in the most perfectly-equipped steel works they had been able to find in this country. Such a scene adds, of course, very considerably to the value of the film, regarded merely as a film, but, incidentally, it also serves as an excellent advertisement to the whole universe of the scale on which Britain conducts her industrial operations. It carries a far more convincing message, because the spectator does not realize that it is an

SUNDAY—Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, at 3 P. M. Third concert of the People's Orchestra of Boston, Emil Moltenhauer, conductor. The program will include Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia, Coleridge-Taylor's "Bamboula," two pieces by Grieg for strings. Symphony Hall 3 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall 3 P. M. Alexander Gunn, pianist. Bach, Italian Concerto; Ravel, Sonatine; MacDowell, Kellie Sonata; Grovlez, Les Marionnettes, L. Pastour. Chanson de l'Escarpolette, Petites Litaines de Jesus; Ravel, Rigaudon and Minuet from "Coupure's Tomb"; Debussy, Volles; Stanford-Grainger, Irish March—Jig

TUESDAY Jordan Hall, S. P. M. Apo'n Club,
 With season. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.
 Part songs: H. Stenart, Hiss Sleep;
 More; Avery, Song of the Timber Trail
 (baritone, W. H. Klöder); Baldamus, In the
 Streets of Rome; Gerfick, The Autumn Sea;
 Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell, D. D., Praeclara
 Custos Virginitum (tenor, J. J. Shanbessler);
 Biddimus, Benediction of the Alps (baritone,
 E. R. Lunzer); Hymn of the Pilgrims, Mac-
 Dowell; Forsyth, Mr. Alphabet's Holiday;
 Svensson, Omnipotence (Mrs. Alexander and
 the Girls); Goering, Autumn Sunset; Mohr, In
 the Temple of Music; Mrs. Elvson, Song of
 and will sing Bel Raggio from "Scenes
 amid," and songs by Alexander, Rogers,
 Manua-Zucca and Densmore.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall 3:30 P. M.
Birgit Engell, soprano, Gluck, *Larissas*
Alr from "Il Trionfo de Clelia";
Gollai, Nina; Paradies, Quel Ruscicello;
Caccini Amarrilli, Franck, The Proce-
sion; Saint-Saens, Le Bonheur est Clos
leger; Leonormand, Quelle Souffrance;
Mclartin, Krism parnes Vaggsang, Vaka-
na Min Syster, Sibellus, Plickan Kom
fransin skilings; Brahms, Vor Kom-
fester, Schumanns; Strauss, Freund-
liehen Vision, Scherchen, Rybner, A
Slav Cradle Song; Pastorale, Watts,
Pierrot; Deismore, A Spring Faery.
Jordan Hall 8:15 P. M., Dal Buell,
pianist, Mozart, Fantasia in C; Chaus-
son, Some Dances (first time); Ireland,
The Holy Boy and Fire of Spring from
Preludes (first time); Scriabin, Etude;
Gus-Ropartz, Scherzo (first time); Four
Le Pieces by Borodin, Rimsky-Kor-
sakov and Modest Mussorgsky, a cha-
teau with a Prelude by Liszt; Mac-
Kellie Sonata; Mendelssohn, Song With-
out Words No. 37; Tiltcomb, Zanies
(ms.); Schlozer, Etude.

Phonon:
Symphony Hall 8:15 P. M. Concert by
Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Rich-
ard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston
Symphony orchestra in aid of the Na-
tional Civic Federation. See special no-
tice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Loyal Phillips Shave baritone. L. Angus Winter, accompanist. Handel, Where's Your Walk; Strauss, Love's Pleading; Wagner, Among the Stars; Gretchaninoff, Hushed the Song of the Nightingale; Rachmaninoff, In the Silence of the Night; The Isle, God Took from Me Mine All; Bantock, The Song of Tra-la-lal-la, Serenade, Will o' the Wisp, (over the Rose), Song of the Genie; Dobson, Breakfast Time, Seumas Beg, Westland Row from the cycle "The Rocky Road to Dublin; Christ, Into a Ship; Constantine Hreshoff, Diogenes; Densmore, Roadway.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. 6th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.
Repetition of Friday's Symphony con-
cert.

Mar 15 1920

As men closely associated grow old together they are more and more interested in the physical welfare and the personal habits of their mates. Some one mentioned the fact at the Porphyria Club last week that the Greco-Roman baths of the United States Senate were being cleaned for the enjoyment of the members, new and old, when they assemble. Mr. Augur ventured the remark that some of the senators should be cleaned before they enter the thermæ and are shown by the balneator to the tepidarium or frigidarium. This led to personal confessions, apologies and boasts. Mr. Herkimer Johnson said he had given up sea-bathing on account of his sensitive nature and a weak heart. Mr. Golightly likes the water hot, and then a shower bath—a sturdy man, noting that fire water is costly. Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly, a non-resident member, but in good standing, bathed only twice a week. The doctor so ordered it he says, but Mr. Bolivar is notoriously lazy—he has not contributed to this column for many weeks.

Mr. Poseidon Hicks, Jr., who writes verses and sends them to his friends for Christmas and birthday gifts, wondered if there is any anthology of poems about baths and bathers. It should include verses about Bathsheba on the roof, Poppaea Sabina, Nero's dauntless dame, who used commonly "to bath her asses milk and devised whole balnes to swim there with—and ever as shee rode in progresse, or remooved from place to place, she had her curle of she asses in her traine attending vpon her for no other intent, but onely to wash and bath her body in their milke"—how

could Nero kill this gorgeous creature? Yet he did kill her with a kick of his heel, for "she had reviled him, and given him shrewd words, for coming home so late" one night, after his running with charlotts." There should be odes or sonnets of a complimentary nature to the actresses that have poured into the tub champagne or milk, always with some odoriferous gum or essence; also to the noble creatures of France, who, in the good old days, bathing in water so colored that it veiled them, received their courtiers for a pleasant chat. The few lines in which Homer describes Nausicaa and her maids washing the clothes and then themselves should not be missing. Thomson's "Damon and Musidora" should be printed in full. Mr. Marcellus Graves would admit the prose concerning the merry adventure of the Porter of Bagdad, told with gusto in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" as Englished by Sir Richard F. Burton.

Each Porphyrite made his suggestion, but no one mentioned some verses of Thomas Hood. We went to the library and pulled down the third volume of Hood's poems, the third in the New York edition of 1861.

Composed in a Shower-Bath.

(“Drip, drip, drip—there’s nothing here but dripping”—
“Remorse” by Coleridge.)

Trenbling, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk before the Fall,
So stand I here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call:
How like our predecessor's a luck!
'Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck!

Still thoughts of gasping like a pup
Will paralyze the nervous power;
Now hop! it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling shower;—
But, ah! The shrink! the body loathes,
Without a parapluie or clothes!

"Expect some rain about this time!"
My eyes are sealed, my teeth are set—
But where's the Stoic so sublime,
Can ring, unmoved, for wringing wet?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them go the whole cold pig!

As the World Wags:

I remember as a small boy in the 60's being taken to see the "Echo Chimney" in Roxbury, which stood on a ledge just west of the present city stables on Marcella street. I was told that it had belonged to a chemical factory, previously destroyed by fire, but do not recall seeing any trace of the building. It was a very tall and graceful chimney. The upper part was taken down on account of danger from falling bricks, leaving about 50 feet of the base which stood there for many years after. It has all disappeared now. I have heard that the late Professor Ordway, for many years in the chemical department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was formerly connected with this chemical factory. Another point of interest in this vicinity was the old revolutionary fort on the hill to the north; which with very poor judgment was levelled when the present water tower was built.

WINTHROP ALEXANDER.
Roxbury.

As the World Wags:

I think that Mr. John A. Seaverns must be mistaken when he says that he remembers listening to the echo in 1874 and a number of times up to 1884. The chimney was built in 1846 to carry off the gases from the chemical works at its base and was in use about 10 years. Its height was 242 feet from the street level, the diameter at inside of base 13 feet. A staging was built inside 110 feet high and seven slots 18 inches wide cut in the walls, at that point 12 inches thick, and 21 holes were drilled about 18 inches deep and charged with black powder and set off with 50 feet of fuse about 4 o'clock P. M., Sept. 16, 1873. The charge failed to have any effect on the chimney or staging. After the rubbish was cleared away five kegs of powder were placed in position, braced and exploded at 8:45 P. M. the same day. The brick nearly all fell within 50 feet of the base. The farthest away was 90 ft. The remaining part was taken down 10 or 15 years ago, when clearing the lot. It then belonged to the heirs of Gen. Horace B. Sargent. I have never heard of a shot tower in that vicinity.

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald I noticed a reference to some attempts to explain the meaning of the word "horse-chestnut." The explanations given are purely fictitious and without foundation. The horseshoe- or crescent-shaped leaf-scars can be found on almost any tree or shrub with stout branches, and there was no reason to single out the horse-chestnut to be named after the shape of its leaf-scars. Neither is the name a translation of the Latinized Greek name *hippocastanum*, which is much younger than most other versions of the name of the plant. It was first mentioned in 1581 by Matthiolus in his *Commentarii in Dioscoridem* (p. 183), as *Castanea equina*, which means horse-chestnut, and the author states that this is a translation of the Turkish

name which was given to the fruit because it is used in the Orient for curing various sicknesses of horses, chiefly cough and shortness of breath or broken wind. Clusius, who had introduced the tree from Constantinople into western gardens in 1576 makes the same statements in his *Rariorum plantarum historia* (1601, p. 8), and gives its Turkish name as *atcestanesi* or *adcestanesi*, which means horse-chestnut. The English herbalists Gerard in his *Herbal* (1633, p. 1412), and Parkinson in his *Theatrum botanicum* (1640, p. 1401), make about the same statements and are responsible for the English name of the tree. ALFRED REHDER.

Capacity Audience Applauds Her Recital at Symphony Hall

Mme. Gall-Curci gave her second concert of this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled the hall to its capacity. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist.

To those who previously had not heard Mme. Galli-Curci the opening numbers on the program may have proved disappointing, as the singer showed such repression both in voice and manner that the audience seemed to share the same feeling, but with the third number, "Echo Song," by Bishop, with flute accompaniment, she gave full play to her wonderful voice, and the tremendous burst of applause at the close of the song was spontaneous. "Nuit d'étoiles," by Debussy, gave much pleasure, both for the vocal charm of the song, and for the unusually beautiful accompaniment.

Mr. Beaugue played "Romance," and "Scherzo" by Widor, and also the flute obligato in "Qui la voce," from "Puritani," by Bellini, accompanying Mme. Galli-Curci. One of three songs, in English, was "My Shadow," by Samuels, and this was received with such enthusiasm that it was repeated. In response to the continued applause Mme. Galli-Curci delighted her audience with the old-fashioned ballads: "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," and "The Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall." At the close of the program she added "Home Sweet Home," singing to her own piano accompaniment.

Large Attendances Warrant Arrangements for Full Season

The second concert of the People's Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Convention Hall to an appreciative audience that filled every seat in the auditorium. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. William MacKinlay, one of the directors, declared in an address during intermission that the attendance at the first two concerts had proved to the satisfaction of the orchestra members that there were enough persons in Greater Boston interested in good music to warrant a full season.

The program was as follows: Overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky; two melodies for string orchestra, Grieg; ballet divertissement from "Henry VIII," Saint-Saens; Siegfried idylle, Wagner; and rhapsodic dance, "The Bamboula," Coleridge Taylor.

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Gunn, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Italian Concerto; Ravel, Sonatine; MacDowell, Celtic Sonata; Grovlez, Les Marionnettes, Le Pastour, Chanson de l'Escarpolette, Petites Litanies de Jesus; Ravel, Rigaudon and Menuet from "Le Tombeau de Couperin"; Debussy, Voiles; Stanford-Grainger, Irish marchings—fig (Maguire's Clock).

Mr. Gunn gave a recital in Jordan Hall last February and then pleased by his performance of pieces by Bach, Daquin, Debussy, Chopin, Brahms, MacDowell and Chabrier. This pleasure was

renewed by the performance of yesterday. Again his program was devoted to modern composers, for surely Baoh is modern, ultra modern by his harmonic schemes. The program included unfamiliar pieces by Grovlez and, besides the Sonatine of Ravel introduced here 11 years ago by Mr. Platt, excerpts from "Couperin's Tomb," the two pieces performed here by Mr. Robert Schmitz last April. (Orchestrated by Ravel with two other movements, they will be played at the Symphony concerts of this week.)

Mr. Gunn is an excellent exponent of the modern school. He plays this ma-

not as one, who thinking it the fashion, rambles through it without understanding and without the peculiar and indispensable technique, but as a pianist that has made the new speech his own and shaped his technique for the full expression of it. That he has true strength was shown in his impressive performance of MacDowell's sonata; but he has also the delicacy, the charm of touch that are requisite for setting forth tonal impressionism.

Thus he gave a delightful reading of the dainty little pieces by Grovlez, catching the spirit of "The Marionnettes" and the brilliance of "L'Escarpolette"; nor was the artful naïveté of the "Litanies" foreign to him. He was equally pleasing in Ravel's exquisite Sonatine and in the movements from the Suite that Ravel dedicated to the memory of his friends killed in the war; for Ravel himself, the witty and poetic Ravel, did not shrink his duty as a Frenchman and a soldier.

Mr. Gunn has various and essential acquirements as a pianist. Fortunate man, he has the gift of imagination.

THE NIGHT BOAT

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Night Boat," a musical comedy in three acts derived from "Le Controleur des Wagons-Lits," by Alexandre Bisson. Libretto and lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, Feb. 2, 1920, by Charles Dillingham. Last night Anton Heindl conducted.

Minnie.....Jean Felmig
A Workman.....Carl Judis
Mrs. Maxim.....Ada Lewis
Barbara.....Louise Groody
Mrs. Hazel White.....Stella Hoban
Freddie Ives.....Wellington Cross
Inspector Dempsey.....John Kennell
Bob White.....John E. Hazzard
Capt. Robert White.....Ernest Torrence
The Steward.....Hansford Wilson
Dora De Costa.....Lillian Kemble Cooper
Florence De Costa.....Lydia Scott
Mrs. De Costa.....Mrs. John Pindlav

Bisson's farce, produced in Paris at the Nouveautés on March 11, 1893, was performed 339 times that year; when it was revived at the Palais Royal in 1907 there were 57 performances. "The Night Boat" had similar good fortune in New York, for there were 317 performances during the 39 weeks. In Bisson's farce, which was originally "L'Inspecteur des Wagons-Lits"—the title was changed because one of the two functionaries in real life was about to be married—Georges Godefroid, played by Germain, passes himself off as the "Controleur" as an excuse to absent himself from his wife. Far from Paris he courts a girl, although his wife is a charming woman, who bores him by reminiscences of her first husband. Alfred Godefroid, the veritable "Controleur," a man of wit—"the greatest enemy of love is security," takes advantage of Georges's deceitful conduct. It is easy to imagine what the ingenious M. Bisson, also the author of "Madame X," did with these situations; portraits discovered and substitutions made; a mother-in-law who is psychic and believes that Saint Michael orders the divorce of her daughter; a farcical luncheon at which a phonograph keeps shouting "Godefroid repent!" Raoul whose so-called wife has a pretended nervous affliction so that she cannot help winking at every passer-by. Georges repents of course; Alfred marries the girl far from Paris. The French farce has been Americanized, Dillinghamized, deodorized. The young husband now gives out that he is the captain of a night-boat on the Hudson. Whenever there is a chance of the plot escaping, a sextet of young women appears to explain matters to the audience; their appearance was always welcome, and they delivered their lines with the appropriate malice. The winking wife has been thrown overboard. The mother-in-law, it is true, consults the cards, but she is anything but psychic. It would have been a pleasure to have seen Miss Lewis in the part as originally conceived. The adapter was not kind to her, but she was very amusing with what was left to her.

The comedy is handsomely staged. The lines are often funny, often witty, but the success of the piece rests in the hands of Miss Lewis, Mr. Hazzard and Mr. Torrence. Mr. Hazzard is delightful with his dry humor, his discreet facial play, his artistic restraint, his absurd readiness in trying scenes. Mr. Torrence is a capital co-mate, though his

part is not so rich in opportunity as that taken by him in "The Only Girl." Mr. Wilson, the steward on the night-boat, should not be passed by with his broad fun and his grotesque dandling.

The chorus girls were young, fresh, pretty. Accomplished female dancers were missing. Little Miss Groody was busy throughout the evening, but her dancing consisted chiefly of more or less graceful kicking. An important feature was the dancing of the Can-can brothers in Spanish costume, now with tambourines, now with castanets. Mr. Kern's music, well played by the orchestra, is fluent, rhythmic, and not melodiously conspicuous. The dancing of the women principals and

the mixed chorus did justice to what Mr. Kern provided in, for him, a rather niggardly manner. Among the male singers Mr. Torrence shone by his operatic, well-trained voice.

The audience was greatly pleased. Many songs and dances were repeated.

Mr. Theophilus Augur is not at all distressed by the short skirt which, if newspaper reports are to be believed, irritate professional and amateur reformers. He admits, however, that the shortness of the skirt should depend on the native fitness of the wearer for outdoor and indoor exhibition. As is well known, Mr. Augur is of an antiquarian turn of mind. While he does not accept the wild preposterous theories of John Bellenden Ker, Esq., concerning the origin of nursery rhymes, he has amused his co-mates at the Porphyry by seeing in one of these old tales a forecasting of the present styles. He is inclined to believe that the pedlar was in reality a fashionable woman's tailor of the period who, with his foolish old lady customer was thus satirized. As the children of today read only "improving" books and hold the Alice of Wonderland and the Looking-glass, as well as all fairy stories in contempt, we publish the immortal verses for the delectation of the gray-haired that they may renew their youth. There was an old woman, as I've heard tell, She went to market her eggs for to sell; She went to market all on a market day, And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout, He cut her petticoats all round about. He cut her petticoats up to the knees, Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake, She began to shiver and she began to shake, She began to wonder and she began to cry, "Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be, I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me; If it be I, he'll wag his little tail. And if it be not I, be loudly bark and wail!"

Home went the little woman all in the dark, Up got the little dog, and he began to bark; He began to bark, so she began to cry, "Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

Gaby's Grave and Villa

It will be remembered that Gaby Deslys left her large fortune to the poor of Marseilles. A letter from that city, dated Oct. 13, to a Bostonian from an intimate friend of the actress, gives an interesting account of Gaby's villa and her tomb. We quote, in part:

"It is a beautiful grave outside the city, high on a hill, and overlooking Marseilles. She is not in the earth at all, but has a little marble vault, very dry and nice, though temporary. In two years she is to have a marble crypt, where we can go down and stand by her coffin, with a little altar there. Then, on top, there is to be a life-size monument of Gaby lifted up by an angel. The city of Marseilles has given a big plot of ground for it, adjoining the family plot. It will be most beautiful when it is completed; but even now her grave looks very sweet."

There are these words about Gaby's villa: "Her bedroom is very large, with three great windows opening on to a balcony overlooking the terraced garden and the sea. The room is rose color with light-colored furniture; the adjoining boudoir is pale green and has a little old harpsichord which Gaby played on. The rest of the villa is a dream of beauty, with that sort of intimate and golden charm which goes with real villas; the garden is so wonderful, all terraced down to the sea, with white balustrades, and white statues set in among the flowers and pine trees."

Gaby's mother, Mme. Calre, and a little sister, Mathilde, survive her.

November and the Stage

As the World Wags:
Referring to the "Notes on November," in your column today, I cannot refrain from adding a mite of praise to the glories of the month, up to date.

But apart from the weather, and politics, and sport, the month bears a special significance to us—the theatrical profession—for on Nov. 2, 1837, John McCullough was born; on Nov. 7, Lotta; on Nov. 11, Maude Adams; on Nov. 13, 1833, Edwin Booth; on Nov. 13, 1853, John Drew; and on Nov. 15, 1815, E. L. Davenport. I presume many others of our guild are Novemberites, but the above are in my intimate category—and what a nucleus of a dramatic company they would make if assembled under one managerial banner. I may add that, almost knocking at the door of this month, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was born Oct. 22. The chroniclers usually give 1845 as the year, but I was told—by one who knew—that her birth year was really 1846, for, in order to enter the Theatre Français, and being one year under age, she (Mme. Sarah) assumed the birthday of a sister, and thereby added a year to her age. (It may have been the Conservatoire she was to enter.) Only a woman like Sarah Bernhardt would have made herself out a year older than she was.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury, Nov. 4.

The "Dictionnaire des Laureats" of the Paris Conservatoire, in which the dates of birth are taken from the birth certificates, states that Rosine (called Sarah) Bernhardt was born at Paris on Oct. 22, 1841. She took the second prize for tragedy in 1861; the second prize for comedy in 1862, and the first prize for opera in 1863.

Truth Always Hurts

As the World Wags:

I was interested in The Traveler's report of Judge Hammond's words in halting court session to observe Armistice day: "This court will pause for two minutes in contemplation and to let its wind dwell upon the past." Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Makers of Music

As the World Wags:

New fields of interest are easy to cultivate but hard to discover; one such I have chanced to stumble into and so blaze the way so that others may follow. "Child-Music," by William Platt, published in London not long since, is again called to my attention by his recent article in a scientific journal: "Two Examples of Child-Music." The second of these examples he rightly calls "quite the most remarkable that I have ever noted; it is, in fact, the most interesting specimen of a child-tune ever published." It was repeatedly crooned by a four and a half months old babe, lying contentedly at his mother's breast. It was absolutely in tune, but with a sequence so difficult that when I showed the printed phrase to an accomplished musician, he had to try many times before he could get it right.

While none of the half-dozen persons, to whom I have casually showed this article, seemed willing to join the sect of "true believers" without further examination, I have been given two items of interest, viz: (1) A parrot, whose history was sufficiently known so that it could not have been a case of imitation, habitually hummed an original lullaby just before falling asleep; (2) a cultured musician, in addition to what he composed at times when he could put the result on paper, often made tunes in his sleep which he was vexed at never being able to remember on waking. Lately, however, he was awakened so suddenly that he could gather the tune and thereupon communicate it to his son, sleeping beside him. Between them they were thereafter able to preserve this tune which later was furnished with words and taught to a party stormbound for days on a rugged mountain side; these pupils have since then spread this song in spots, over much of New England. Doubtless sundry readers could supply parallels to these two items.

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAR.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"The

Champion," a comedy in three acts by Thomas Loudon and A. E. Thomas. First performance in Boston. Cast in part:

Jane Burroughs.....Lucy Beaumont
Mary Burroughs.....Lydia Bernard
John Burroughs.....Arthur Elliott
George Burroughs.....Frank Westerton
David Burroughs.....Gerald Hamer
Lady Elizabeth Galton.....Ann Andrews
Lord Brookington.....Gordon Barry
William Burroughs.....Grant Mitchell

Grant Mitchell is so abundantly able to stand on his own feet no matter what "vehicle" his managers may have for him, that there is hardly need for the phrase, "of 'A Tailor-Made Man' fame," which follows his name on the program. Least of all is it needed with such a sprightly and delightful comedy as "The Champion." No one who saw him is in danger of forgetting Mr. Mitchell as John Paul Bart; no one will forget him in his present role.

William Burroughs, the prodigal son of an English family, whose father is respectability, returns to the bosom of his family after an absence of 15 years. During that time he has had sundry adventures in the United States, the land, where he truly observes, "All you need is the gift of gab" to get ahead. William had that gift; he had the further gift of being able to deliver a swift right to the jaw at a crucial moment. This ability in time placed him in the position of champion lightweight boxer of the world. Although he has retired from the ring eight years before his return to his home his secret is discovered; an exuberant Irishman lets the cat out of the bag. His father and elder brother are scandalized, until the neighboring nobility make a hero of William, when he is forgiven and the fatted calf is killed, the fatted calf in this case taking a liquid form.

This play does not give Mr. Mitchell a chance to answer the question as to whether he can stop being Grant Mitchell on the stage and become a different character. His audience doubtless does not want him to; they liked him to be himself in "It Pays to Advertise"; they liked him better as himself in "The Tailor-Made Man," and again in "The Champion" he is the same Grant Mitchell. He does not fit the part; the part fits him. His is a delightful personality; the authors of the play have provided him with an equally delightful play to fit that personality. The situations are fresh and amusing; the lines natural and witty.

Furthermore, it is a pleasure to see a "star" surrounded by such a capable company. We have seen too many acts, of late, shining pitifully all by themselves. Every member of "The Champion's" large cast is capable. Mr. Gerald Hamer as the champion's younger brother, a meek little clerkman, gave one of the best performances we have ever seen; he handled with a light and facile touch a part that might

easily have been overdone. Miss Andrews as Lady Elizabeth Galton was delightful; what a relief it is to see an actress who does not try to make a tragedian's role out of a light comedy part! Mr. Elliott and Miss Beaumont, as, respectively, the champion's father and mother, gave an excellent performance. In "star" and supporting company, an unusually good comedy is given an unusually good presentation.

GLOBE THEATRE—"Erminie," comic operetta in three acts, by Harry Paul-ton; music by E. Jakobowski; first produced by Rudolph Aronson at the Casino Theatre, New York, May 10, 1886; revived in 1894, 1898 and 1903, always with Francis Wilson as Cadeaux. The present cast:

Cadeaux.....Francis Wilson
Ravenes.....DeWolf Hopper
Marquis De Pomvert.....Robert Broderick
Chevalier De Erabazon.....Alexander Clark
Eugene Marcel.....Warren Proctor
Capt. Delaney.....Madge Lessing
Dufols.....Richard Malchen
Simon.....Adrian Morgan
Vicente De Brissac.....E. John Kennedy
Sergeant.....John H. Reed
Benedict.....John E. Douglas
Erminie.....Irene Williams
Princess De Gramponne.....Jennie Weathersby
Cecile Marcel.....Alice Hanlon
Marie.....Angela Ward
Javotte.....Rosemond Whiteside

Boston has had a number of first nights of more than passing note; seldom one which breathed the honest, resounding welcome which this audience bestowed on this remarkable company of players and singers. Revivals of successes of other days are not invariably happy or remunerative. The piece itself may lack ability to stand on its feet before a latter-day audience, despite the loyal support given it by a certain number of original admirers. This was true, to a degree, with the recent revival of "Florador," both book and score failing to catch the fancy of the present generation of playgoers.

"Erminie," we are bound to say, comes to us under far more favoring auspices. It still has that personal element which made for its astounding career of more than three decades ago. It still has Francis Wilson, as agile, as droll as he was 34 years ago, when he first created Cadeaux, that prince of pickpockets, with his cockney accent, his prison patter, his cringing cowardice in his relations with his mentally superior companion, Ravenes, his buffoonery, his awkwardness of speech and manner when thrust among the gentility.

What an entrance that was last night, for Wilson and Hopper, two of the best comedians of the American stage. For minutes they stood there, unable to break in on the applause, which had gathered momentum from the greeting bestowed on Madge Lessing, of "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. And the subsequent scene in the courtyard of the Lion d'Or Inn, with Caddy and Ravvy as the giant comic figures!

Never was it played as Wilson and Hopper played it last night. They were still finely amusing in the ballroom scene, in their borrowed plumage, and even to the denouement where the two wily thieves are exposed and cast out; their impromptu curtain speech, sparkling with personal badinage, was funny; but it is the memory of that courtyard scene which will stay longest with those making last night's audience.

With such a splendid, all-round performance, it would be straying far afield to invoke figures and comparisons of past performances of this rather simple operetta, obvious in story, dull in action, noteworthy in score solely through a certain daintiness and airiness which first impelled the redoubtable Aronson to produce it years ago. It likewise would be ill-timed to recite the names of those who were the Erminies, the Javottes, the Delaunays, of other days. Perhaps their friendly ghosts were present last evening, at least to those who had come after these many years to renew their youth, to vitalize faded memories.

Rather, it was the new cast, given strength and poise and confidence by their elders, which deserves unstinted approbation. Miss Williams was a winsome Erminie, demure, beautiful and of appealing voice. Miss Whiteside's Javotte, albeit a trifle jerky, evinced at least a shade of the pliancy with which Marie Jansen or even the hoydenish Glaser once invested the young lady.

Miss Lessing's two main assets, clear in boyish blue in the olden days, were none the less striking in silken white. Miss Weathersby—dear soul—as a princess, a role she created immediately following the original, Mary Stuart, was again an amusing figure in extravagant hoops. So, in similar fashion, were Messrs. Clark, Broderick and Proctor wholly adequate, indeed distinctive. And the chorus had voices—knew how to use them intelligently. There is a genuine singing chorus for any quibbler. Sell Simonson conducted with discretion throughout, realizing perhaps that many encores were inevitable. The scenery and costumes by Norman Bel-Goddes were worth study, the former for simplicity of coloring and construction, the latter for richness and brilliant contrast.

Whether Messrs. George C. Tye and

PROLOGUE

PLAY

'LOVE FLOWER' FILM

The real thrill of the play is characteristically Griffithsian. It occurs when he "bad man," who has tracked down and arrested the heroine's father, decides to take a swim. The girl, seizing an opportunity, plunges beneath the surface, swims an astonishingly long distance under water and, seizing him by the legs, drags him under. We are given the under-water struggle with startling clearness. The grapple looks noble in deadly earnest and quite justified. Mr. Griffith's assertion, in his current speech, that some of the performers "lost their lives in filming this

Kelth's this week has a bill for music lovers.

Marguerite Sylva was starred in the bill, but she was most completely eclipsed by Mary Haynes, who followed her. The former had much make-up, the latter had much personality, putting her songs across with an irresistible zip. Mme. Jewell's mannikins closed the show. The children enjoyed that act.

pieces—Dedication, Sarabande, Pavane.

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That Drop Curtain
As the World Wags:

That Drop Curtain

As the World Wags:

Once more a few words about that interesting act drop used at the Boston Museum previously to 1870. I believe that Mr. William Gill, whom it is a pleasure to hear from, must be in error in thinking the subject was "The Isle of Crete." Mr. James Madison Chapin seems to be nearer the mark in calling it "The Temple of Britomartis, Isle of Crete." I am sure the subject was not that, and, like Mr. Chapman, I remember vividly certain details which, as a student, I used to study intently while the orchestra played. Mr. Gill thinks this drop, painted by Thomas Glessner, was a copy of a picture by Turner; I do not find either subject among the Turner plates or mentioned in any of the Turner catalogues. I doubt it painted the original picture. Charles Stanfield or David Roberts may have done it, though I do not find either subject among their published works. The act drop representing a Venetian scene was subsequently used at the Museum. The original of this was by Stanfield and an engraving of it may be found in the London Art Journal for 1843-1850. Who can settle this important question? Who painted the original "The Isle of Crete?"

DANISH SINGER

Mme. Birgit Engell, a Danish soprano sang for the first time in this country yesterday afternoon in Jordan. Conraad V. Bos accompanied her. The program was as follows: Gluck, of Larissa from "Il Trionfo di Cleopatra," "Pergolese," Nina; Paradise, Quel-
celleto; Caccine, Amarille; From La Procession; Saint-Saens, Le-
heur est chose legere; Lenormand, Quel Souffrance; Erkki Melartin, Carnets Vagtsang and Vakna m-
ster; Sibelius, Flickan Korn Ifra-
alskldings; Brahms, Vor den Fe-
and Sand Man; Strauss, Freun-
Vision and Staendchen; D. C. B. R.
A Slav Cradle Song and Past-
Watts, Pierrot; Densmore, A
Fancy.

The program was an unusual Gluck's opera, composed the year his "Orfeo," was written to celebrate the opening of the new opera house in Bologna. He conducted it there at Weimar, where he lived, and at Bayreuth, where he died. He was a very interesting person, and his life is told in a very amusing account of the journey by the composer's son, the late Countess of Salm-Reifferscheidt-Ronsburg, in her "Autobiography." The orchestra was inefficient that 17 rehearsals were necessary. "Nina" was not written by Pergolesi, although it is attributed to him. The composer was probably a man of the name of Ciampi, and the song, instead of being sentimental, is satirical. He was a Finn, born in 1875, who studied in Helsinki and at Vienna, known as a composer and a conductor. He has written an opera, symphonies, and other music, and also some epic and lyric poems, a violin concerto, and a number of other pieces, choruses, and songs.

The program and the singer were unusually interesting. Mme. voice is a lyric soprano of fine even throughout, with notably low notes, not often found in a of this class. Her intonation was her phrasing and her diction, and whatever the language she chose sang Franck's "Procession" with unity and a nobility that might be expected from a dramatic soprano. Occasionally her warmth of temperament leaped over her vocal boundary a few tones were forced, but on occasions were rare. The songs of this were worth hearing, while

MISS DAI BUEL

BY PHILIP HALE

Miss Dal Buel, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Fantasia in C minor; Chausson, Some Dances (first time); Ireland, the Holy Boy and Fire of Spring (first time); Scriabin, Etude; Guy-Ropartz, Scherzo (first time); Four Little Pieces from "Paraphrases," with Liszt's Prelude, Polka, Marche Funebre, Berceuse, Cortege by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Lladoff; MacDowell, Celtic Sonata; Mendelssohn, Song without words, No. 37; Tieleph Zanes; Schlozer, Etude.

Miss Buel has the courage to arrange unconventional programs. Chausson's pieces—Dedication, Sarabande, Pavane,

Positively the Last

As the World Wags:

Your article (Horsechestnut) leads
to my notebook. If the "open door"
prevails, I would like to submit to your
consideration a few brief notes which
carry the lineage of the prefixed title
of a translation rather than is assigned

as interpreted by her was a feature of the recital. It is hardly necessary to say that she was most sympathetically accompanied. Miss Engel will always be a welcome visitor.

DE GOGORZA AT SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Richard Burgin, the concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert last night in aid of the National Civic Federation. The program was as follows: Songs, Six Basque songs arranged by Santesteban, Sanchez Villar and Laparra; Rachmaninoff, In Silent Night; Moussorgsky, The Goat; Cyril Scott, Old Loves; Elgar, The Pipes of Pan; Massenet, Aria from "Le Roi de Lahore" (by request); Alvarez-La Parida, En Calera, El Celeso. Violin pieces: Tartini, Sonata "The Devil's Trill"; Wagner-Wilhelm, Album Leaf; Juon, Valse Mignonne; Pugnani-Kreisler, Prelude and Allegro; Mendelssohn-Aebron, On the Wings of Music; Bizet-Sarasate, Carmen Fantasy. Miss Helen Winslow accompanied Mr. de Gogorza; Mr. de Voto was Mr. Burgin's accompanist.

The songs of Blacay introduced by Mr. Gogorza have marked individuality, an exotic flavor. They were well contrasted, now wild, now tender, now maliciously humorous—all in true folksong spirit. It would be interesting to know how far the "arrangers" went in preparing them for concert use; whether they were tempted to turn native melodies into art songs. Mr. de Gogorza, who was fully in voice, sang with fine discrimination and as fine appreciation of the contents. He gave a dramatic interpretation of Moussorgsky's bitterly satirical song, "The Goat." The songs by Rachmaninoff, Cyril Scott and Elgar were hardly worth his attention, though by his warm and sonorous voice and by his rare art he gave them temporary importance. It is always a pleasure to hear him sing the air from Massenet's opera and the Spanish songs of Alvarez.

Mr. Burgin, who appeared here for the first time as a soloist, gave a sound performance of Tartini's noble sonata, playing it in the grand style, not attempting to give undue sentiment to the beautiful Largo. He was especially happy in his dainty interpretation of Juon's pretty Valse and his brilliant reading of the "Carmen" fantasia. His tone was full and firm; his phrasing that of the accomplished musician; his interpretations were thoughtfully considered, devoid of sentimentality and sensational effects. His technical proficiency was tested in many ways. He met all demands. The purity and accuracy of his flageolet tones were noteworthy.

The audience was enthusiastic. Each artist added to the program.

LOYAL PHILLIPS SHAW SINGS AT JORDAN HALL

Baritone Shows Many Excellent Qualities

Loyal Phillips Shawe, baritone, assisted by J. Angus Winter, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Handel, "Where E'er You Walk"; Strauss, "Love's Pleading"; Wein-gartner, "Among the Stars"; Gretchaninoff, "Hushed the Song of the Nightingale"; Rachmaninoff, "In the Silence of Night"; "The Isle," "God Took from Me Mine All"; Bantock, Four Jester Songs and "Song of the Gentle"; Dobson, "Breakfast Time," "Seumas Beg," "Westland Row"; Crist, "Into a Ship," "Dreaming"; Constance Herreshoff, "Diogenes"; Denmore, "Roadways."

Mr. Shawe has a good voice; many excellent qualities as a singer. His intonation is pure; his breath control sure; his phrasing intelligent; his dic-

tion significant. It was more to be regretted that in forte passages he forced middle and upper tones so that the effect of a song was nearly ruined, as one by Rachmaninoff, and the "Song of the Gentle" by Bantock. In quieter work he gave great pleasure. He sang throughout in English, and was clearly understood, which is seldom the case. An audience of good size was duly appreciative.

WERRENRATH SINGS SONGS BY MASON

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conducted, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C (K. 425); Mason, "Russians," five

songs for baritone and orchestra, Ravel, "Couperin's Tomb," Suite for orchestra (first time in America); Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, A major, op. 11, No. 1. Reinold Werrenrath was the singer.

The music by Mozart had not been played at Symphony for 20 years. The neglect is surprising, for although this work was written hurriedly and before the famous three symphonies with which we are all familiar, it still has life and beauty; it is still a proof of Mozart's delicate sense of proportion; melodically it is eminently Mozartian. Mr. Montoux did not double the wind instruments; he employed those indicated by Mozart and reduced the string choir, a sane proceeding, for thus the music did not lose its character, nor did it lack strength.

The performance was in fine taste, and most euphonious. Strings and the oboes sang; melodic passages of Mozart must be sung as the old Italians understood that word. And of all the masters before Beethoven and of many down to the present time, Mozart demands perfection in performance: he gained beautiful effects with the utmost economy of means.

It is not easy to forget the singer in speaking of Mr. Mason's songs. Mr. Werrenrath was the first to sing them; he has made them his own. What would other baritones do with them? Mr. Mason chose verses of Mr. Bynner and endeavored to emphasize their meaning by the employment of a huge orchestra. A huge orchestra may be used discreetly in the accompaniment of a song, but it is not necessary either in accompaniment or in a symphonic work to have all the instruments at work all the time, as some composers think, especially the young men of symphonic poems and the post-Wagnerian composers of Germany. Mr. Mason has some lucky strokes in his instrumentation, but too often the voice was covered, nor was this the fault of the singer or of Mr. Montoux.

While the voice part is written frequently as if it were an orchestral instrument, with a disregard for easily sung and effective intervals, there are times when, with a simpler accompaniment, it would be sufficiently dramatic. Mr. Werrenrath's diction, as we all know, is unusually clear and significant, but such taxing demands are made upon him by Mr. Mason, that more than once the text was not intelligible.

Without question, the composer comprehended the spirit of the verses; he was able to differentiate; but the expression of his musical translation was too often labored, and even inconsequential, in spite of the stress and storm, the shouting and the orchestral fury. Mr. Werrenrath's part in the performance was worthy of the highest praise; so, too, was the orchestra's led by Mr. Montoux. The singer re-created Mr. Mason's music; he almost persuaded the hearer that it was inherently dramatic and eloquent. Especially noteworthy was Mr. Werrenrath's interpretation of "A Drunkard," and "A Revolutionary"; while in "A Prophet" he was as fanatical as any Hebrew in the desert or in a voluptuous city, trumpeting the Lord's approaching day of wrath.

Ravel wrote a Suite for piano; a Suite in six movements; each inscribed to the memory of a comrade killed in the war. He transcribed four of these movements for a small orchestra, and with what exquisite art! It was unfortunate for Mr. Mason that the display of this art followed the performance of his orchestral accompaniment. Is it possible that Ravel, giving the title "Couperin's Tomb" to this suite in the ancient manner, or as that great master of the clavichord might write for orchestra today, if he were a colleague of Ravel, infused a peculiar melancholy in two of the dance movements, remembering his dead friends?

The Forlane, for example, was a very lively dance of the gondoliers in Venice; but no one hearing the Forlane of yesterday, played in accordance with Ravel's indication, would have believed this. Charming music is this Suite and it was charmingly performed. It deserved heartier appreciation than it gained, for, musically considered, it was the feature of the concert.

The performance of Enesco's rhapsody was extraordinarily brilliant. It was the fifth time at these concerts, but yesterday the rhapsody was played with a sweep and a dash, with a sense of color and a spirit of rhythmic intoxication that caused all previous performances to seem pale and phlegmatic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is announced as follows: Mendelssohn, Octet in E flat for strings, Op. 20; Franck, symphonic piece from "The Redemption"; Stravinsky, orchestral suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka."

We have received a surprising letter from "J. S. T." dated New York, Nov. 16: "As the World Wags:

"Your recent denunciation of the movie charge d'affaires who inhabited marble halls demands an attack upon a few cherished movie traditions.

"The first to go should be Dolores, the frigid Spaniard (?) who kneels in prayer for whole hours prior to inserting her dagger between the ribs of her brother's supposed defamer. Like Miss O'Neil's Malgueda, she requires whole minutes to align herself.

"Then, too, is the wailing debutante whom we see literally opening her eyes amid pink and lavender surroundings. Why is she always served immediately to sit in the shape of pearls and

coffee? Are soap and the toothbrush quite out of date?

"Not long ago I saw flashed on the screen the message, 'Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness—' This was followed by the picture of a dozen young ladies sliding down a varnished banister, clad in the thinnest and best of all possible lingerie."

"We say that this letter is 'surprising,' because we have never denounced film plays. (Threats of the infliction of rack, strappado, the scavenger's daughter, Scottish boots, thumb screws, the Nuremberg virgin, or even a kettle of boiling oil would not persuade us to say 'movie.') 'J. S. T.' must have had some correspondent of The Herald's 'Film Editor' in mind. We are fond of film plays, especially when they are wildly improbable, absurdly melodramatic. One Pearl White, in her earlier reels, is worth a thousand Elsie Fergusons. The future of theatrical art may be in either the film or the marionette play. In either delectable form of entertainment, the ear is not shocked by atrocious pronunciation of the English language and by slovenly diction. Furthermore, the young lovers in film plays are much more manly and attractive than those we are so often forced to see in the spoken drama.

Ziegfeld and Rouge

That stern censor of morals, Mr. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., will not tolerate on or off the stage the use of rouge and other cosmetics. "No one can improve upon nature," said Mr. Ziegfeld in a fine burst. "That has been proved time after time, and why heedless young women will attempt it with dabs of paint and powder is beyond understanding. Women stop on the street corners and apply rouge and powder, which is not necessarily immodest, but is in bad taste. Rouge, cheek, shadowed eye, and camouflaged lip are things that give beauty the look of hardness. I believe that the time will come when rouge and powder will not be tolerated in the higher social levels. They will stand as a sign of vulgarity—and rightly so."

Mr. Ziegfeld should read Mr. Mat Beerbohm's "Defence of Cosmetics," which was first published 16 years ago in the first number of the Yellow Book, a brilliant magazine, whatever prigs and prurient prudes may say. He should read this article instead of the story of Jezebel, no doubt a much abused woman by Hebrew fanatics.

The Sad Case of Mme. Boyer

And all this reminds us of an improving anecdote. Marie Boyer, a pretty girl of 14 years, did not wish to marry, but her father was a severe man, so she wedded Michel Tambonneau, president of the Chambres des Comptes, although before the altar she was a long time in saying "yes." In summer she would walk in the sun till high noon, dressed in a yellow shirt with rosy-red ribbons at the wrists, a collar of Genoa lace with a ribbon of the same color, wearing a mask, and on her head a cap. She was not tall, but she chose to be comfortably shod, without high heels or the patterns that were often worn in the middle of the 17th century, for she said that the pleasure of walking was greater than that of appearing to have a beautiful figure.

Now a terrible adventure, as an old chronicler described it, befell her at a ball. As her color was red for some reason—she consoled herself by taking many lovers—she put on rouge; this rouge ate the natural redness, so that it was necessary to continue the application. One night she fainted at a party and remained fiery red, for she rouged extravagantly.

A warning to our young misses and to our matrons, who, if they had walked in the streets of Boston even 30 years ago, would have been looked at askance by our "best people," to use the phrase dear to haberdashers, interior decorators and such. Mr. Herklmer Johnson has promised us to compile a little handbook of shopkeeping talk.

Grace at Table

As the World Wags:

I read with interest your commentary on the custom of saying grace before meals; indeed, the custom is passing, but not wholly gone; it is still observed in at least one branch of my family. I come from Quaker stock, and it is not so many years ago that "silence" was observed at our table out of consideration for Philadelphia cousins who were visiting us; the audible expression of thankfulness, however, I do not remember of hearing in our home.

My brother is the only member of the family who has had the honor passed to him. I was not present on the occasion; it was wholly unexpected, but his wife tells me that he did it creditably, although he was somewhat stronger at the start than at the finish. My brother told me he would have preferred a few moments of preparation. Furthermore, if he had known how to decline the honor he would have done so, but he was quite at loss for any suitable phrasing that would fit the situation. All of which brings me to the point in question. If one is asked to say grace, can one decline it by merely saying "not prepared"? This was a formula used at school when our lessons had been neglected, and it smacks of the schoolroom. It would never do, of course. My own inclination would be to say, "After you, sir." But, on consideration this would hardly suit the occasion.

The host would be disconcerted and the guests discouraged. It is difficult for me to think of a phrase appropriate to the situation. If one is asked to say grace, is there no alternative—must he say it? G. S. W. K. Newtonville.

Good Reading

(William Hazlitt)

For myself, I should like to browse on folios, and have to deal chiefly with authors that I have scarcely strength to lift that are as solid as they are heavy and if dull, are full of matter. It is delightful to repose on the wisdom of the ancients; to have some great name at hand, besides one's own initials always staring one in the face; to travel out of one's self into the Chaldee, Hebrew and Egyptian characters; to have the palm trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the camels moving slowly on in the distance of three thousand years. In that dry desert of learning, we gather strength and patience, and a strange and insatiable thirst of knowledge. The ruined monuments of antiquity are also there, and the fragments of buried cities (under which the adder lurks) and cool springs, and green sunny spots, and the whirlwind and the Mon's roar, and the shadow of angelic wings.

Anecdote for the Day

A gentleman of the le Jau family at Paris constructed his tomb at Chambergot in the 17th century. From time to time he would lie down in it to see if he would be comfortable. He would say to a workman: "One more stroke of the chisel just here, my shoulder hurts."

'THE HOLY LAND'

Mr. Newman gave the first Travel Talk of this season last night at Symphony Hall, choosing for his subject "Jerusalem and the Holy Land." It has been said that Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad," set himself to satirize the slush that had been written by many tourists dubbing themselves "pilgrims," rhapsodizing sentimentally over holy places, indulging themselves in mawkish sentimentalism. The war, following what is called the march of civilization has brought about a change in the scenes and the life of the east that might invite a melancholy, not a humorous, satirist to prose or poetry of disillusionment and regret.

Last night Mr. Newman, with interesting pictures, many of them unusually beautiful, even for him, made the journey with the audience from Port Said to Jaffa, speaking of the head of the Bahai cult, showing modern agricultural methods as opposed to the antiquated methods, Bedouins and town-dwellers, the charity work, the bridged Jordan. Naturally the pictures and Mr. Newman's lucid description of Jerusalem were a leading feature of the evening: the British soldier safeguarding the streets, the strange sights, the curious types, the Walling Wall, and again the work of the American colony.

This travel talk of absorbing interest, richly illustrated, deserving a longer analysis than the one here given, will be repeated this afternoon at 2:30. Next week, "Damascus and Syria."

"Rachel," a play in three acts,

Angellina W. Grimke, is published by the Cornhill Company, Boston. "All the characters are colored." The publishers' cover makes this statement: "Never before has the pathos and the tragedy of the black man's burden been more vividly portrayed than in this play when in a modern Rama a voice was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted because they are not." Rachel is in love with John Strong. He wishes to marry her and describes the flat that is waiting her in terms almost as glowing as those in which Claude Melnotte spoke of his villa on Lake Como; Thomas had even bought the pins on the little birds' eye maple dresser; not to mention "a beautiful piano, that I leave open sometimes, and lovely pictures of Madonnas," not forgetting a red, blue and gold Turkish rug for the sitting-room, and all kinds of knives and forks and spoons and on the kitchenette door a roller towel. But Rachel will not marry John because, if she should have children, big boys would chase them in the street and call them "niggers." Rachel remembering southern persecution and outrages says to her mother that in those states there are "hundreds of dark mothers, who live in fear, terrible, suffocating fear, whose rest by night is broken and whose joy by day in their babies on their hearts is three part pain. . . . It would be more merciful to strangle the little things at birth. And so this nation, this white, Christian nation, has deliberately set its curse upon the most

the first time in life.
W. H. H. makes you doubt
God."

"Holding the Reins," a play in four acts by James Ray, is published by Brent's, New York. It is a zealous tract directed against men who, having acquired wealth by doubtful means, give largely to hospitals in order to save their consciences. There is an amusing description of hospital life. The description will be enjoyed by laymen rather than by physicians and surgeons. The heroine, if the term is not extravagant, is the daughter of wealthy parents. Bored at home she becomes the secretary of one Peter Storm, who is put on a board of hospital trustees because he is supposed to be rich. He makes things lively at the meetings. There is a good young doctor, Robert Brent. Of course, the girl marries Peter and the rich parents are consenting, even the foolish, snobbish mother having undergone a change of heart.

Various Notes About Plays and Music in London

Mr. Walkley was amused by "Fedora," as produced at the Globe, London, by Marie Loehr. "Mechanical toys may be very amusing, while sincere studies of human life may be very boring. If we call 'Fedora' amusing, we shall be misunderstood only by the slaves of the cheap dictionary. Of course, it is amusing in their sense, too. You are amused, almost to smiling, at the elaborate imagination of the plot, at the accuracy with which detail is dovetailed into detail, at the careful economy with which revelations are postponed, against all probability, until the best theatrical moment for making them—in short, at the nice adjustment and balance of the mechanical toy."

Herbert Trench, whose "Napoleon" will be played in Dutch at Amsterdam, is working on two plays, one dealing with the 18th century in France, the other with an eastern subject.

The London Times described (Nov. 1) Jacques Thibaud's performance of a new concerto as "ideally sympathetic." Speaking of a tenor, Joseph Hislop singing arias by Puccini, the critic wrote: "The spasmodic rubato of these pseudo-Italian singers, a rubato which means nothing because it does not grow out of the shape of the musical phrase, as the rubato of M. Thibaud, for example, invariably does, is next to impossible to accompany accurately."

Eugene Goossens, the composer, has published a book, "Modern Tendencies in Music."

Cyril Harcourt's new play, "Will You Kiss Me?" is an adaptation of E. J. Rath's novel, "Too Much Efficiency." It was announced for performance on Nov. 16.

The Daily Telegraph of Nov. 1 had this to say about Siliti and Liszt: "Of the younger generation of Londoners there can be few who have heard Liszt played as he was played at Wigmore Hall on Saturday; and fewer still can have had any familiar acquaintance with the 'Concerto Pathétique' for two pianos—the one Liszt work on the program. The occasion—alas, for us—was Siliti's last recital this season. For the concerto he had chosen as his coadjutor Mr. Ilmari Hannikainen, a brilliant young Russian of whom we are pretty certain to hear more in the future, and the performance of the two artists—themselves representing the older and the younger generation—must surely stand as the last authentic word of the Liszt tradition. That the tradition has been all but lost in this country we know, and the reasons we know; and it is not proposed here to reopen a subject that has been discussed lately in these columns. To those who on Saturday were listening for the first time to the 'Concerto Pathétique' it must have been obvious that here was a work of a very great creative mind, a serious and lofty mind, at once imaginative and intellectual; it had nothing in it of the virtuosic stuff of the Rhapsodies, by which unfortunately Liszt is generally known in this country. Liszt, to the commentator, had a dual personality; the religious and the theatrical; but some of us would go further and admit that he had a multiple personality and that of his prodigious output a good deal is as well forgotten. Even Beethoven has his Scotts songs as a bad mark against him, and who cares? It was the Liszt who gave us the tremendous Faust Symphony who gave us this concerto: superb outline massive in form, alternately brilliant and majestic and tender. Chiefly we were impressed by the inevitability of its rhythm and by its color—and in absolute music, mark you—the latter quality he had mastered long before the 19th-century impressionists were in their cradles. Only great playing can bring out the great qualities such music possesses, and criticism is dumbed after such a performance as that heard on Saturday. After the Liszt, Mozart, the Sonata in D major for the same instruments and here again we had a revelation of a true perceptiveness. Later, Mr. Siliti—happily reversing the order of things at public recitals—played Bach to us, solo, including an extraordinarily

impressive transcription of the Prelude from the Suite No. 1 in G major alone."

"An account of the Nottingham Repertory Theatre which is controlled by Mrs. Edward Compton and her daughters, Miss Viola Compton and Miss Ellen Compton, has just been issued in book form. It gives a history of the Compton company, an account of its past productions, and a series of messages of good will for the success of the repertory theatre from leaders of the dramatic profession. One of the most interesting is from Mr. Granville Barker, who urges the need for local pride in the theatre. With the passing of the stock company, he says, English people have a little lost the true theatregoing

habit. Losing the true theatre and having but visiting companies in its place, they were bound to lose that. However entertaining the stranger may be, he cannot take the place of a friend, and the spirit of the theatre is dependent for its life on friendship between the players themselves and between them and the audience."

Mr. Stewart Wilson had written his own translations of Schumann's ten songs, and his singing of them stood as a plea for translation in general. It was a test case, for Helne, like Horace, has defied translators. But he has defied them because the translations were intended to be read; and that is a different matter. Translation to be sung stands in a different category. The poet's message must be kept, of course, but neither the exact substance nor the form of his thought, nor in most cases his rhyme; on the other hand, the composer must be implicitly obeyed. Such song translations are not to be judged by the printed text, and if, as in Mr. Wilson's case, there is no difficulty about getting the words heard, it would be better to print the original language because the English may look irregular to the eye, when to the ear it is sounding perfectly right. They are to be judged by the way the song sounds as a whole, whether it moves with life and conviction; and as the singer knows best how he feels the song, it is best that he should write the translation. We must confess that, with the exception of a line here or a word there, which could easily be put straight, Mr. Wilson decidedly proved his point.—London Times Oct. 27.

There was a very large audience for Mr. Heifetz's second violin recital at which the two principal works were Cesar Franck's sonata and Daganini's concerto in D. They formed a curious contrast, for while from the technical point of view the violin playing was faultless in both, the technical elaborations of the latter seemed to stir the player to emotional intensity, while Franck for the most part seemed to leave him entirely unmoved. The third (recitative) movement of the Franck, which one has been used to think of as one of the most eloquent rhapsodies in the whole of music, sounded strangely tame, because the phrases never led inevitably into one another, but stood apart in isolated perfection. The rhapsodic central section of the Paganini, on the other hand, commonplace as it is in musical design, was infinitely more successful, because its bravura was thoroughly comprehended. The Franck sonata was evidently regarded primarily as solo work, which it is not. Mr. Crotzloff who played the piano part, seemed to concur in this view, and the result, especially in the finale, taken very fast, was disappointing.—London Times.

Gilbert Miller brings out in English Louis Verneuil's "Daniel" at Manchester, Eng.

Speaking of James K. Hackett's "Macbeth" in London, the Times says: "It is rather a remarkable fact that Mr. Hackett's father made his first London appearance at Covent Garden as long ago as 1827, when he was a young man of 27. Mr. Hackett was born when his father was 70 years old, and there is on exhibition at the Aldwych Theatre a playbill of Mabready's farewell appearance in the United States in 1847, under the management of Mr. Hackett's father. During his visit to this country Mr. Hackett also hopes to appear, for the first time in his career, as Falstaff. His production of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' has already been seen in the United States, but owing to his accident he was unable to appear in it."

The critic of the London Times, hearing three songs by Busoni, found one influenced by Schumann's "weaker moments of sentimentality; the other two 'singularly dry and empty.'"

The European Continent

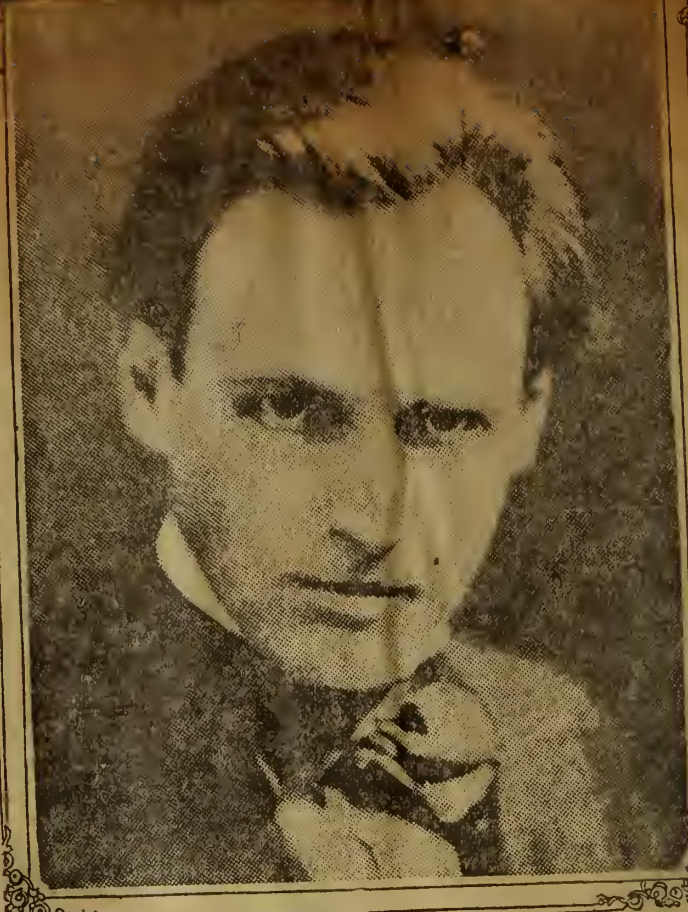
New works heard in Paris: "La Mort de Sainte Almeenne" for orchestra, Colonne concert; "Triptyque" for piano by Brzenski; Songs, Rôses du Soir, Nuit Mauresque, Lettre by Louis Aubert

Lamoureux concert; Lied for cello and piano by D. Sangra; Sonata for piano by Darius Milhaud.

Who is Leo Nodon, "American tenor," whose program in Paris on Nov. 8 included songs by Chadwick, Burleigh and Busch?

The Gewandhaus orchestra of Leipzig celebrates the 25th anniversary of Arthur Nikisch's conductorship of that body.

The tenor Jadlowker, known in Boston, has signed contract with La Scala in Berlin for a night.



CYRIL SCOTT, ENGLISH COMPOSER AND PIANIST, AT JORDAN HALL MONDAY NIGHT—HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON

Let's see; how much is the mark today in American money?

The centenary of "Der Freischütz" will be celebrated next year.

Adolph Schreier of Berlin, friend and champion of Gustav Mahler, has committed suicide on account of poverty.

Among the posthumous works left by Max Bruch are a concert piece for violin, two quintets for strings, and an octet.

Arnold Schoenberg conducted some of his works at a concert of the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam. He purposes to sojourn in Holland, where he will discuss and analyze in public Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord."

The Bohemian quartet is making a tour in celebration of the 26th anniversary of its foundation.

Francesco Gergo-Salice has composed "Sonata del Poeta," the first of six great sonatas for Italian performers.

Franco Bisazza is writing an opera, "Re Lear." Verdi thought of this subject.

Serge de Diaghileff's transformation of two old works by Cimarosa and Paisiello into "Russian" ballets is in the repertoire of the Costanzi Theatre in Rome for this season.

Battistini, the famous Italian baritone, is now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

A volume of "Les Chants Populaires Yougo-Slaves," collected by Ant. Dabronic, has been published at Zagreb.

Cyril Scott

Cyril Scott, composer, pianist, and writer about music, will play some of his compositions in Jordan Hall tomorrow night. There should be a large audience, for whatever may be thought of his music by the conservatives and the reactionaries, there is no denying his prominence in the musical world.

Although he will make his first appearance here tomorrow, his name has long been familiar. His name has been on programs for 13 years. Mr. Fox played his "Lotus Land" for the piano as far back as Nov. 25, 1907; Mr. Buonamici played "Pierrot" in 1909; and in that year Mrs. Gains sang "Sorrow," also "And so I made a Villanelle." His sonata has been performed here by Mr. Ornstein and by Mr. Granger. The latter contributed a flaming eulogy as a program note.

Mr. Scott was born at Oxtou, Cheshire, Eng., on Sept. 27, 1879. His father was a noted Greek scholar. The boy, it is said, played little tunes by ear when he was 3 years old. At the age of 12 he was in the Hoch Conservatory at Frankfurt, where he studied the piano with Uzielli. Going back to England, he soon returned to Frankfurt, where he studied composition until he was 16 years old with Ivan Knorr. He made his first appearance as a composer with a symphony at Darmstadt when he was 20 years old. Soon afterward Hans Richter brought out his "Heroic" Suite, Henry Wood and Landon Ronald brought out other compositions. It is said that Mr. Kreisler was instrumental in introducing Scott's Piano Quartet in England.

The list of his compositions is long and varied. It includes a symphony and Aubade for small orchestra, "Christi-mas" overture; "Princess Maleine" (after Maeterlinck); "Aglavaing" (after Selvetsette) (after Maeterlinck); overture

to "Pelléas and Melisande"; vocal pieces with orchestra, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," for soprano, baritone and orchestra; "Helen of Kirkconnel," for baritone and orchestra; a piano sextet; string quartets, a piano quintet; two thapsodies for orchestra; two Passa-caglias for orchestra; a violin sonata;

the "Tallehassee" suit for violin and piano, which has been played here more than once; a piano trio; Suite in the Ancient Style; incidental music to "Othello" (1920); many pieces for piano, violin; many songs.

Mr. Scott has already this season played his piano concerto and conducted his two Passa-caglias at concerts of the Philadelphia orchestra in Philadelphia and New York.

Much has been written in his praise. Claude Debussy hailed him as one of the most interesting musical apparitions of recent years. "The choice of his rhythms, his technic, yes, his whole manner of writing, may be called eccentric, and at first surprise, but the results attained by him with this aesthetic equipment show his individuality. His music develops in the manner of Javanese rhapsodies, unhampered by preceding forms, in full play of fancy and with countless arabesques. His gift is so important that one can surely predict a great future for him."

The Edison Prize

The most meritorious research on the effects of music submitted to the American Psychological Association before June 1, 1921, will be awarded a prize of \$500.

This sum has been placed at the disposal of the association by Thomas A. Edison, Inc. It is the wish of Mr. Edison and his associates to direct attention toward the importance of research in the psychology of music. They point out that we have today all too little scientific understanding of the effects, both affective and volitional, which contrasted sorts of musical selections produce on listeners of differing native en-

dowment and training, under varying conditions of mood, season and physical condition.

Researches brought to completion during the present academic year may be submitted in competition for the Thomas A. Edison prize. Manuscripts may be sent at any time before May 31, 1921.

The following topics are suggested as suitable, but the choice of subject is not limited to this list. The committee will welcome any research bearing directly on the nature music and the way it influences people.

Classification of musical selections according to their psychological effects. Individual differences in musical sensitivity.

Types of listeners. Validity of introspection in studying affective responses to music.

Modification of moods by music. Effects of familiarity and repetition. Emotional durability of various types of selections.

Effects of contrasting types of music on muscular activity.

Other objective (physiological) measurements of effects of musical stimuli.

An extensive study of music as an aid in synchronizing routine factory operations.

Film Censorship; Temptations of the Chorus Girl

In discussing the question of film censorship yesterday morning, we mentioned that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the president of the board of film censors, had laid down a set of rules for the guidance of his board. In view of the existence of these rules, we shall be interested to see how the board deals with the new Samuelson film, "The Honeypot," which was shown to the members of the cinematograph industry for the first time yesterday morning.

In the report for last year Mr. O'Connor and Mr. J. Brooke Wilkinson, the secretary, say: "The betrayal of young women is a question which depends upon the treatment; when the subject is treated with restraint, it seems impossible to exclude it as a basis for a story. Objection, however, is taken when the treatment is such as to suggest that a girl is morally justified in succumbing to temptation in order to escape sordid surroundings or uncongenial work." It is from this aspect that we suggest the board of film censors should give "The Honeypot" their most careful consideration. In our opinion, the whole tone of the story is unpleasant, and an unjustifiable attack on that part of the theatrical life of today which is concerned with musical comedy. The efforts of bodies like the Actors' Association, the Theatrical Ladies' Guild and the Theatre Girls' Club have done so much to improve the conditions under which the chorus girls work that it comes as a shock to find a story dealing with theatrical life of the present day which suggests that immorality is rampant and that the honest girl has practically no chance of success unless her voice is something out of the ordinary. One is shown a stage door, and the sub-title thrown on the screen is, "The stage door of the Diamond Theatre, where voices and figures are bought and virtue is sold," and that suggests the whole tone of the picture. Incidentally, we wonder whether the actor-manager whose stage door is used for the purposes of the film appreciates such an advertisement.

We are to believe that the manager of the theatre sits in the stalls during rehearsals in the company of a black-guard, who decides which of the girls in the chorus he will make his mistress, apparently with the full connivance of the manager, who sends the innocent girls of the chorus on tour and orders them to return when they have learned "experience." We confess that the girl—presumably she is officially described as the heroine—is a very willing victim to the tempter's wiles, for she at once accepts dinners and dresses from him, and when she is taken ill and removed by the tempter to a flat in the West End she does not seem to have the slightest reluctance to staying on there and to sharing the late hours between the man and herself. Therefore, we suggest that "objection should be taken when the treatment is such as to suggest that a girl is morally justified in succumbing to temptation in order to escape sordid surroundings or uncongenial work."

Eventually, of course, the girl is east adrift by the tempter, who proves to be a married man, and, after trying to commit suicide in a moment when there is only one vehicle in sight, she promptly gives her hand in marriage to a member of the House of Lords, who knows of her past and is willing to take the risk. By the way, a sequel to the film is announced, so possibly married life was not such smooth sailing as had been hoped. On the whole, the nobleman is fairly respectable, though in some way which it was difficult to fathom he was present at the deathbed of a lady who was separated from her husband, a popular matinee idol. But an earl's eldest daughter, who also happened to be the tempter's wife, is another strange individual, who greets a woman she has never seen before with the remark, "I am Mr. —'s wife. Are you the other woman?"

Repulsive also is the idea that a girl who has been in the chorus is given a bigger part directly she appears in fine clothes, because the manager believes that a lord is buying her clothes for her. As for humor of the kind which is contained in epigrams like "Marriage is an institution for the protection of women who wear flannel petticoats" little need be said; but we do suggest that the board of censors might give their careful consideration to the whole production. Admittedly it is difficult to reject a picture wholly on the ground of its unsavory atmosphere, but a film like

"The Honeypot" is not going to help the British industry and it does not give the spectator a fair impression of the life of the chorus girl of today.—London Times, Oct. 28.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

FRIDAY—Coronation Hall, St. Botolph street, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the People's Orchestra, Boston.

Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of the People's Fund. Mr. Monteux, conductor; Guy Riddell, soloist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Carl Scott. His first appearance in Boston. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Richard Bowen, baritone, and Raymond Havens, pianist. Songs: Massenet, O Promise of a Joy Divine from "The King of Lahore"; Tannhauser, November; Hillemacherl Separation; Roloff, La Mia Bandiera; Tschalkowsky, Pizzini's Song; Chabot, Devotion and Harvest Moon; Rogers, The Time for Making Songs Has Come. Piano pieces: Bach, Adagio in C major; Brahms, Intermezzo in E flat minor; Debussy, Poissons d'Or; Schubert, Lied, The Girl-King; Chopin, Barcarolle, Waltz in A flat, op. 42, Etude in A flat major, Scherzo in B flat minor, James Eckert, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 7th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice. SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Messrs. Maier and Pattison play for two pianos. Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Handel; Saint-Saens, Scherzo, op. 87; Franck, Prelude, Fugue, Variation; Monssorgsky-Pattison, Coronation Scene from "Boris Godonoff"; Debussy, "Afternoon of a Faun"; Casella, Paganini; Mahler, Two Little Pieces; Hutschel, Rakoczy-March.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Pupils of Tommaso Giallozzi, Mascagni's "L'Amore, la Musica," Ida Zambelli, Betty Duffee, Agnes Crehan, Vincenzo Riggi, John Denihan, Puccini's "Il Tabarro," Juliet McIntyre, Betty Duffee, Vincenzo Riggi, John Denihan, John Vinci, Rocco Landisio, (Midnight), the Misses Kleinberg, Reynolds, Harper, Koehn, Kennedy, Siegel, Venditore di Canzonette; John Vinci, Mr. Giallozzi, conductor.

—222— 920

Since the publication of a letter signed "W. S. B." concerning the use of the verb "thole" on Cape Cod, meaning "to lure," we have received several letters concerning the true meaning of the verb. "Thole" was discussed at length in this column some time ago; it is not necessary now to repeat what was then said. Nevertheless, we thank Miss E. B. Chase of Lynn, who quotes two Scotch songs in which, as she says, "thole" stands for "know."

In "Huntingtower," Jennie says to Jamie: "I will pray they ne'er may thole a broken heart like mine, fiddle."

We thank Mr. Charles M. Leslie of Jamaica Plain, who quotes Robert Burns, addressing the mouse turned up in her nest by his plough:

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nible!
Now thou'st turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But hose or hold,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranachans.

Yes, "thole" means undergo, endure, suffer, also permit; not "know," as Miss Chase suggests.

"Thole" for "Toll."

"H. T." writes: "It occurs to me that your correspondent (W. S. B.) was confused this word (thole) with the old English verb 'to toll,' which he will find in the Oxford and other dictionaries as meaning to lure or to decoy. The old custom of tolling birds is still used in England and is occasionally practised in this country. The verb 'to thole' has quite a different meaning and derivation, as he probably knows."

The Oxford Dictionary gives this note to "toll": "In literary use in England down to 1690, in 18-19th century in midland and southern dialects, and United States literary use." Thus Milton: "By that lure . . . they be told from parish to parish." Thomas Jefferson: "To toll us back to the times when we burnt witches." Thomas Hardy: "'Tis all done to tell us the wrong way." Howells ("Silas Lapham"): "'I'm not going to have 'em say we . . . tolled him on.'"

And so in the United States "toll" means to lure or decoy wild animals, especially to decoy ducks by means of a trained dog, a toller, or to attract fish by means of bait thrown into the water. The dog is described in Long's "American Wild Fowl" as small and white, or liver colored. Toll-bait in mackerel fishing was composed of chopped clams often with a mixture of menhaden.

A toll bird was a trained decoy-bird or a stuffed one. In English dialect toll-boy; goods sold cheap to attract custom; anything given to coax a person to take unpalatable food.

"Toll" was used with "down": to render food more palatable. "Hev a bit o' cheese, to toll the bread down wi', will 'ee?"

All up for Wrentham

As the World Wags:

Within the borders of New England there is to my mind no more attractive spot than the site of Wrentham. It lies midway between Boston and Providence, nestled in an alluvial semi-valley beside Lake Archer. The richness of the interval soil and the picturesque charm of its surrounding hills, crowned with primeval forests of walnut, chestnut, maple and evergreen, is unsurpassed throughout our state. Wrentham is noted expressly for its simple colonial beauty, enhanced by the broad streets bordered by towering, venerable elms.

"Jans proximus ardet Urculegon," says the overwise Hubbard: "He that will not help quench the fire kindled in his neighbor's house may justly fear to lose his own." Had this aphorism been known to the firemen of Foxboro it could not have spurred them on to greater effort recently when they responded to a call from Wrentham. A blaze of alarming proportions was

started at 10 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock, at 1 A. M., and was extinguished in 30 minutes, due largely to Foxboro's efficiency.

Living as I do, quite a distance from the centre of Wrentham, I gained a promontory about three miles away in time to get a bird's-eye view of the fire. As I stood, half-clad, in the first gray of the coming day, and noted the flames and listened to the sounds of activity before me, I was impressed with the thought that less than 350 years ago (1676) our forebears may have stood on the same site, silent witnesses to a similar spectacle. For Wrentham was one of the innocent hamlets chosen by Philip of the Pokanokets to pillage and burn.

Imagine the shrieking and predatory band of Nipmucks bound to Pawtuxet, Wickford and Narragansett, firing the peaceful villages and leaving in their wake the smouldering ruins; a veritable cloud of smoke by day and pillar of fire by night. Killing, stealing and torturing; blazing a way to their own ultimate destruction and extermination. And as the colonists in those days banded together to mutually protect one another from the common foe; so we see today the living example of this loyal spirit of America, springing up once more in Foxboro and Wrentham.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN.

Yes, the Nipmucks were a bad lot. We are glad to say that the Narragansetts did not join them on these raids. They were a feeble folk like the Conies of Holy Writ, perhaps for this reason, amiable.—Ed.

Sparta and Shays

As the World Wags:

I see by this morning's Herald that the village of Sparta, N. Y., is now owned by one man, Frank A. Vanderlip, having lately been bought by him, and that Mr. Vanderlip finds that the village is "filled with some undesirable citizens." The town of Sparta is the place to which Daniel Shays, the leader of the insurrection in Massachusetts known as the Shays Rebellion, retired soon after the collapse of his rebellion, where he lived for many years of the latter part of his life, and where he died and was buried. Shays was what would, I suppose, be generally regarded as an "undesirable citizen," and perhaps some of the present inhabitants of Sparta Village who are so classified by Mr. Vanderlip are descendants of that prominent old-time "undesirable citizen." Shays is said to have been born in Hopkinton, Mass., in 1747, but none of the printed sketches of him give the exact date of his birth, so I suppose that the exact date of it is not known.

37TH PENSION FUND CONCERT

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Symphony orchestra gave its 37th Pension Fund concert, the first of this season.

The program was: "Scheherazade," symphonic suite, Rimsky-Korsakoff; "The Youth of Hercules," symphonic poem, Saint-Saens; concerto in E-flat No. 1, for piano and orchestra, Liszt; "Rienzi" overture, Wagner. Guy Maier, pianist, was soloist.

The hall was filled. The orchestra was on its mettle. The conductor was in his best mood to take advantage of the skill and the special aplomb of his men. The audience was keenly curious to see how Mr. Monteux and the musicians would play the "Scheherazade" suite, as they were to give it for the first time together. Spontaneous enthusiasm greeted the suite at every break in its course. The concert was a splendid success.

A dominant note ran through the whole program—spectacular and glorious employment of conquering might. It was as if the selections had been made for the celebration of some great triumph. Perhaps Mr. Monteux and his men are mainly Republicans and took the chance to glorify the sweep of Nov. 2. At any rate, the whole program and the playing of it sounded like that from the surging victory of the sea over Sinbad's ship, shattered against the rock on which the bronze warrior stood, through the suggested power of young Hercules. In the triumphal strains of the concerto and down to the blaring pomp of "Rienzi."

The interspersed lyric beauties that served by contrast to make the impression of glory more vivid were exquisitely portrayed by Mr. Burgin in Scheherazade's tale-telling, by the orchestra and by Mr. Maier in the concerto.

The pianist and his characteristic manner fitted perfectly the general scheme of the concert. He seemed the animating centre of the whole machine. He played with all there was in him and with his whole body. Head, neck, shoulders, arms, legs, feet took part in the rhythm and the feeling. Mr. Maier is a two-fisted pianist and holds nothing in reserve. It is not posing. He just means everything he does. And he does it all superbly.

Late in June of this year Mr. Yameo Kajiama, a Japanese, amazed the audiences in the London Coliseum by an exhibition of his "quadruple mind concentration": reading, writing, talking and listening at the same moment.

He wrote sentences with both hands—at the same time on a blackboard; he wrote headings from the morning journals from right to left and with his back to the board, while he explained the meaning of Japanese symbols and shot verbal arrows of wit and wisdom as: "Onions can build you up physically, but pull you down socially"; "Happiness consists of being content with what you have, but never ceasing to acquire more." He asked for four hard words. The audience gave him Carotacus, Eucalyptus, Zachariah and Victoria. He at once wrote a jumble of letters, and when they had been sorted out the four words were on the blackboard, two written in the ordinary way, two upside down. He did other surprising things.

We were reminded of him yesterday when Mr. Herkimer Johnson assured us that he was reading serial stories in at least six magazines and was able to keep track of all the characters during the period between publication. He also had in mind, he "visualized"—a horrid word; one sadly overworked—the scenes and situations described in, say the November issues, so that when the December issues appeared, it was as though he had been reading continuously, the stories in book form.

A man of constant surprises and remarkably endowed by nature is this Mr. Johnson. We urged him—for we did not like to doubt his word—to make a circuit in vaudeville, even if the world should suffer through delay in publication of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription).

De Senectute

(Celestina speaks in the tragic-comedy of Fernando de Rojas.)

They desire to live to be old; because by living to be old, they live. And life (you know) is sweet; and living they come to be old. Hence it is that your children desire to be men and your men to be old men; and your old men, to be more and more old; and though they live in never so much pain, yet do they still desire to live. For (as it is in the proverbs) Fain would the hen live, for all her pip; she would not be put out of her life, to be put out of her pain. But who is he that can recount unto you the inconveniences of old age? The discommodities it brings with it? Its torments, its cares, its troubles, its infirmities, its colds, its heats, its discontentments, its brawls, its janglings, its griefs, which like so many weights lie heavy upon it?

"A Horse on Me"

As the World Wags:

Is not E. W. S. riding the high horse with his assortment of Greek words beginning with "hippos"? And may he not get a fall, as I did when interested in Hippocrates and the costumes of his time? Weiss, in his "Kosmunkunde," seemed to supply some surprising information in his "Hippocrates' breeches"; but it turned out that he thus translated "chausse d'hippocras," which really means a strainer for hipocras or hippocras or spiced wine. Thus I had another cruel reminder that all roads lead to "rum."

Boston. CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

"Age Could not Wither" Them

As the World Wags:

The old woman of the nursery rhyme "who lived in a shoe", in the matter of children had nothing on the mother of Lord Frederick Hamilton, an Irish nobleman, who has just written a book of reminiscences called "The Days Before Yesterday," in which there is an excellent photograph of the old lady in her 91st year, with her grandson's grandson in her arms.

At the time of her death, the book tells us, she had no less than 169 direct living descendants—children, grandchildren, great-grand children and great-great-grand-children—in addition to 37 grandchildren and great-grand-children by marriage. With all these descendants, we are furthermore informed, she kept in constant touch, and was able to give them the benefit of her shrewd outlook on the world. (In this way she was superior to the nursery rhyme woman who, as we know, was quite helpless and "didn't know what to do.") At the age of 86 she was discovered perambulating the garden on stilts for the benefit of a tiny great-grandson who could not manage stilts and who had to come to his great-grandmother for lessons in the art of stilt-walking!

In this book there is also a delightful glimpse of Gladstone when he was prime minister of England. Once, staying at a house where the young people were singing, the prime minister asked if they would allow an old man to sing bass in the glee with them. He had still a resonant bass and read quite admirably. It was curious, the author notes, to see the prime minister reading from the same copy as the Eton boy of 16, who was singing alto. As it was Sunday, they went on singing hymns until nearly midnight; there was no getting Mr. Gladstone away. Mrs. Gladstone confided to the author next day that her husband had not so enjoyed himself for many months.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Re "Thole"

As the World Waxes:
 "You don't find a word of Sandy's in the story, do you?" After a long gulped breath, the droll of raw Scotch hissed, "No, ma, mon! I can thole it, I can thole it!"

What we didn't see "thole" in a good, old, glass-bottomed mug, if they would let us? Yes, in sorrow, C. S. Boston.

He Should Stay Put

As the World Waxes:
 In the Rural New Yorker of Oct. 30, 1914, I find the following advertisement worthy of your attention:

"First Class Married Man desires better position: Thoroughly reliable... only those that keep their word need answer." JOHN ROMER, Warwick, New York.

The choir will now sing:
 "He never cares to wander from his own fireside." R. W. H. Boston.

For Diarists

To those who keep diaries and publish them for general reading, heedless apparently of the feelings of people who were not aware when they opened their hearts that they were being turned into "copy," the following passage from an earlier book of "Reminiscences" might well be marked, learned and inwardly digested.

Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, was not regarded as a man of great delicacy of feeling. But in "Life" he wrote, apropos of some private theatricals at Knebworth in which he took part: "There were many ladies, some of the greatest distinction, but without the leave of those who were their immediate relatives, which I have no time now to obtain, I forbear to mention their names in this work."—London Daily Chronicle.

CYRIL SCOTT

By PHILIP HALE

Cyril Scott, composer and pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. It was his first appearance in Boston. He played these compositions of his own: Ballad (composed around an old Troubadour song), Lotus Land, Bells (from "Poems"), In the Forest (from "Visitas"), Rainbow Trout, Pastoral No. 2, Caprice Chinois, Sonata, Treatments of Folk Songs: All Through the Night and Cherry Ripe, Sea Marge (Meditations by the Sea), Passacaglia, Ode Heroique, Pastoral No. 3, Rondeau de Concert.

We have now heard Mr. Scott's Sonata three times. Five years ago it was played by Mr. Ornstein when he was in his most maniacal mood. A year ago it was played by Mr. Percy Grainger, who furnished the program with a long note of frenzied admiration, declaring the sonata to be "the greatest single composition in large form for the piano by any living composer." (Mr. Scott, by the way, has written in warm appreciation of Mr. Grainger's music.) Last night Mr. Scott gave, what may be reasonably supposed, an authoritative interpretation. Only a rash mortal would question the judgment pronounced on this sonata by Arthur Eaglefield Hull, Mus. Doc.: that it is "an adumbration of that phenomenon which Carpenter calls Cosmic Consciousness." Is it not the part of wisdom to smile on the learned doctor, saying: "Righto, old

top!" Is it not pleasant to do this man to say that we have thrice found the sonata, as a whole, to be a futile and tedious work?

There was much to enjoy in the recital; much to confirm the opinion that Mr. Scott was endowed by Nature with poetic fancy; that his acquisitions are many and solid; that he has his own idiom—an idiom not borrowed, not affected. It is the easiest thing in the world to say that he, like many other of the younger composers, has been influenced somewhat by Debussy; but to be influenced and to imitate are not the same thing. Even in the pieces played last night his individuality was often revealed. If the opening phrase of "Pastoral No. 2" called to mind the memorable figure in "The Afternoon of a Faun," the treatment of it reminded one of a figure in "Tristan"; but the resemblance in either instance was only fleeting. It has been said that "Rainbow Trout" is a recollection of Debussy's "Goldfish." We fail to see any close resemblance. As for the lively movement of fish musically expressed, Schubert was long before these moderns in his accompaniment to that song with many strophes, "The Trout."

The "Ballad," like Grieg's is practically a theme with variations, which are interesting and effective. The "dissonances" disturbed some of our colleagues in New York, if they were accurately reported by linotypes and proofreaders. Audiences in Boston have summered and wintered with dissonances for many years; some have

known them with a "dark" ear, and hearing them are not thrown into a violent state of perturbation.

It was by his lovely "Lotus Land" that Mr. Scott was introduced in Boston by Mr. Fox in 1907. "Bells" is a fascinating musical expression, artistically, not aggressively realistic; not vaguely impressionistic. The paraphrase of the old melody, "All Through the Night," was beautiful in its appropriateness, in the simplicity of the treatment. "Sea-Marge" is a fine example of restraint in suggestion. The Passacaglia, brilliantly conceived, shows that Mr. Scott knows when he has said his say. And it should be remembered that the theory of Poe concerning poetry may well be applied to music as far as this: A short composition may be a perfect work of art; a symphony or a sonata is not necessarily a more important work because of its form, orthodox or heretical, or because it is longer in performance by half an hour.

Mr. Scott's technical proficiency is suited to his music. He showed himself a colorist, rhythmically sure, and with range of dynamic gradations: from poetic delicacy and refinement to harsh and metallic force. This force that was not musical was noteworthy in some of the variations in the "Ballad"; it went well with the shrieking, jarring dissonances.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Although there were some vacant seats on the floor, there were hearers on the platform. It is to be hoped that Mr. Scott will be heard here again; that in a second concert, he might have the assistance of a singer for his songs, as he had last Saturday in New York.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Clever Ones," a comedy in three acts by Alfred Sutro, first produced in London on April 23, 1914. Produced in New York on Jan. 23, 1918.

Thompson.....Robert Noble
 Athene Settle.....Jane Wheatley
 Irene Mable.....Diana Storm
 Peter Mable.....H. Conway Wingfield
 Doris Mable.....Elma Royton
 Harold Mable.....Lyonel Watts
 Wilfred Callender.....Nicholas Joy
 Rose Effick.....Viola Roach
 David Effick.....Charles Warburton
 Martin.....William E. Watts
 Mrs. Small.....May Ediss
 Brown.....Barry Whitcomb
 Pipkin.....E. E. Clive
 James.....Noel Leslie

Mr. Sutro has found a theme that interests the public, for to want to ridicule one's neighbors on the score of their foibles is a common weakness. Like Moliere in "Les Precieuses Ridicules," Sutro hits off a human trait, in this instance, poking fun at those who, with a limited fund of purely technical knowledge, take up each "advanced" idea that comes along.

Starting in the midst of an interesting and vastly amusing situation as a comedy, "The Clever Ones" quickly develops into farce, and during the second act becomes burlesque. The first act is rather brilliant and sparkles with a happy and spirited wit; but the second act tames into artificiality and loses its spontaneity, and the third act gives one the uncomfortable impression that Mr. Sutro has said all he wants to and is looking about for a suitable place to bring down his final curtain. The occasional flashes of humor and satire, however, quite counteract the slowness of the piece and lack of action in the third act.

Peter Mable, a prosperous hop merchant, has married an "intellectual" woman. She, her sister, her daughter, Doris, and her son, Harold, are "the clever ones," as Peter dubs them, who "lead" in each new fad. Doris becomes engaged to Wilfred Callender who pretends to be an Anarchist in order to win her affections. He proves to the enraged Peter who he really is, and together they plot to sicken "the clever ones" of socialism by giving them an overdose of it. Rose Effick, however, a "sane" girl, is in love with Wilfred, and to get him back from Doris, outplots them both, proving that, after all, it takes more than "intellect" to make cleverness.

Nicholas Joy gave a capital performance as Wilfred, the pseudo-Bolshevik, while H. Conway Wingfield as the explosive Peter whose scorn for Russian authors, Swedish authors, and Cochinchina authors was too great to give utterance to, and Viola Roach as the amused Rose, played with spontaneity and competence. The honors of the evening, though, went to May Ediss and E. E. Clive for their character work in the colorful roles of Mrs. Small, the "charlady" and Hannibal Pipkin, respectively. Miss Ediss's make-up was a bit of artistry and her portrayal was splendid.

BOWEN-HAVENS

Messrs. Richard Bowen and Raymond Havens gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall with the following program:

O Promise of a Joy Divine.....Massenet
 (From the opera "The King of Lahore")
 Mr. Bowen.
 Adagio in G major.....J. S. Bach
 (Toccatto in E-flat minor.....Brahms
 "Polka".....Debussy
 "The Erlking".....Schubert-Liszt
 Mr. Havens.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE John J. MacArthur presents the Royal English Opera Company in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." Emil Sturmer conducted. The cast:

The Mikado.....Sam A. Burton
 Nanki Poo.....Ralph Brachard
 Ko Ko.....Jefferson DeAngellis
 Poo Bah.....Detmar Poppen
 Pish Tush.....Edward Quinn
 Yum Yum.....Hana Shinozumi
 Pitti Sing.....Eunice Ghuan
 Peep Bo.....Charlotte Ellette
 Katisha.....Mildred Rogers

There was only a fair sized audience, but the theatre should have been crowded. The performance was a creditable one and the interpretation of the Japanese prima donna, Hana Shinozumi, was engrossing.

While there was evidence of recent recruiting in the ranks of the ensemble, its work on the whole was pleasing, and there was the spirit of the town of Titipu in pleasing illusion. The settings were heightened with the broad expanse of the Opera House stage and Ko Ko's garden charmed the eye.

Much interest was manifested in the first appearance in Boston of Miss Hana Shinozumi, in the role of Yum Yum. Witnessing her performance there was the wish to hear her in other roles, to hear her in florid song, for the role of Yum Yum is not an exacting one musically. Her tones were always musical, and she sings with marked fluency; there is no diminution of tonal beauty as she soars. Dramatically, her performance gave the greater pleasure. She not only lent the proper atmosphere to the character, but she was a bewitching Yum Yum, a giggling, gushing, elfin like girl after the best Gilbertian traditions.

Mr. DeAngellis played Ko Ko without being too conventional and there were many nice bits of "business." It was a pleasure to again hear a topical song sung in the manner of the comedians of a few years back. Thus "It Never Will Be Missed" was localized and there was a timely allusion to prohibition.

Detmar Poppen was vocally and dramatically pleasing as Poo Bah. Ralph Brachard sang the role of Nanki Poo acceptably. Others of the cast were excellent.

A large orchestra responded eloquently to the conductor, Emil Sturmer, who gave an authoritative reading.

Next Monday evening Balfie's "Bohemian Girl" will be the attraction, with Edith Benmin singing the leading role.

Keith's offers a show full of fun and dancing this week. Annette Kellerman was first in slow motion pictures, which gave the audience a chance to see just how all the difficult dives are executed.

Bob Leo has a dog named Tip. The usual stunts are omitted and Tip favors with a vocal concert, which was well received, though hardly musical. Shelton Brooks, whose company "Jazzbo" weighs at least 300 and has a sweet tenor voice, entertained with about 15 minutes of humorous song, which snacked of the days when minstrelsy was in its prime.

Emmet Devoy headed a one-act play, in which a man reported dead by the government returns to his home and finds his wife about to marry again. Part of the act is dramatic, most of it is mirth-provoking.

Edith Clifford has a jazzy voice, a good back and some attractive gowns. The audience heartily applauded all three. Jessie Brown and Effie Weston danced. Hendricks and Stone furnished five laughs a minute.

Hyams and McIntyre returned with "Maybloom." Boston knows many lines in the playlet by heart, but that doesn't prevent full enjoyment. Innes Brothers danced. A Bally Hoo Trio closed the show.

"November".....Trenisot
 "Reparation".....Hillemacher
 "Mia Sposa sara la Mia Handera".....Rotoli
 Mr. Bowen.
 Barcarolla.....Chopin
 Waltz, Op. 42.....Chopin
 Etude A-flat major.....Chopin
 Scherzo, B-flat minor.....Chopin
 Mr. Havens.
 "Pilgrim's Song".....Tschakowsky
 "Devotion".....Chaloff
 "Harvest Moon".....Chaloff
 "The Time for Making Songs Has Come".....Rogers
 Mr. Bowen.

Ploughing through such rain as last evening sent should have its reward. It did, for the concert was really pleasing. Mr. Bowen handled his voice with skill throughout, and often with fine effect. Mr. Havens played with much delicacy and intelligence.

The concert was pitched in a more quiet mood than one would ordinarily expect from so youthful performers. But the reticence of the program and the nicety of the rendering made an impression of both fine taste and vigor.

Mr. Bowen was at his best perhaps in the Rotoli selection, which he sang with judgment and skill and fire. Mr. Havens played throughout with more than mere efficiency; he displayed a quality of imagination that was moving. The music lived not alone in his brain but also in the brains of his hearers. If he played with a bit clouded utterance at times, so that one could not find except with difficulty the various strands of the harmony, he showed a singing tone of great beauty in the Chopin selections and made both Bach and Brahms eloquent.

So Mr. Androa de Seguro is betrothed to Miss Anna Fliziu. Bass will wed soprano. Many of us remember Mr. de Seguro pleasantly. He came to Boston as a member of the San Carlo opera company, with Mr. Constantino and Mr. Fornari. Miss Nielsen was the leading soprano. The success of "La Boheme" as sung by this company at the Park Theatre, and later at another theatre, led directly to the establishment of the Boston opera company. Mr. de Seguro with his rough, rumbling, cavernous voice, had dramatic ability and was a master in the art of "make up" and costuming. For a long time associated with the Metropolitan Opera House Company, he now purposes to be a manager in Havana. As he is entertaining, amiable, half-fellow-well-mot, a man keenly alive to all that is artistic, curious and interesting in the routine of life and outside of it, let us wish him good luck in his next adventure. Miss Fliziu, the New York World assures us, was married when she was 18 years old to a Dr. Harty, an auspicious name. She was reported as saying when she sued for divorce: "I don't dislike my husband—when I am away from him." She also said that her father-in-law took a dislike to her because she served him a plate of soup so hot that it burned his tongue. As he was a member of the Canadian Parliament, his dignity was thus grievously injured, and he was possibly prevented for a time from speaking on important matters of internal and foreign policy.

Dress and Behavior on the Stage

Miss Ann Pennington, a deep thinker, has expressed the opinion that women in the audience are more responsible for the scanty attire of women on the stage than men. The World has published a symposium on this subject; it invited the testimony of actresses, dancers, medical directors, presidents of leagues, the president of the Daughters of Ohio and Mr. F. Ziegfeld, Jr.

We are old enough to remember the outcry against "The Black Crook," which in these days would be regarded as a singularly modest show, one that might be given in aid of a charitable fund, with a list of patronesses from the ranks of "our best people." Fulsome or scantiness of costume is not the main thing; the personality and the behavior of the woman on the stage is more to the point. A woman like Ruth St. Denis or Dorsha may be practically stripped and yet be as chaste to the eye as a statue, while a dancer in a skirt and corsage up to her chin may be indecent. Swinburne may here be quoted:

"And all her body was more virtuous
 Than souls of women fashioned otherwise."

We should advise Miss Pennington, the inquiring and disputing medical directors and presidents, male and female, after their kind, to read diligently "Le Nu au Theatre," by Drs. G. J. Witkowski and L. Nass, and they should not fail to examine carefully the 253 illustrations. (The ingenious authors do not fail to consider the undressing in the audience, the "decolletage" this side of the footlights.) And if they think that the exposure of the body is now more common than in ancient days, let them read the description of the Empress Theodora's behavior on the Byzantine stage in the gossiping book of Procopius, quoted with a snicker by the pompous Gibbon.

The word "nudity" is freely used by these disputants in New York. Now, "nudus," besides denoting absolute nakedness, was also applied by the Romans to any one who wore only his tunic. In this state of nudity the Romans ploughed, sowed and reaped. Cincinnatus was found "naked" at the plough when men called him to be dictator; he sent for his toga in order to appear before the Senate. As the tunic was only a sort of shirt, originally without sleeves, later and usually with sleeves covering only the upper half of the arms, why are not some of the dancers eligible for admission to the illustrious Society of the Cincinnati?

There are sensible remarks about nudity on the stage in the "Epilogues" and the "Dialogues des Amateurs" of Remy de Gourmont.

George Giddens

George Giddens died last Sunday in New York at the age of 75, having been on the stage nearly 60 years. He first visited this country with Charles Wyndham in 1871. He came here again in 1877, and it was not until 1878 that he made his appearance in London. His next visit to America was in 1893; it was by no means his last. He was an admirable comedian, a man brilliant in many and varied roles. His Tony Lumpkin and his walter in "You Never Can Tell" will not soon be forgotten; if he played parts in the old comedies with marked distinction he also shone in modern plays. We see him now as the Admiral in "Pomander Walk." When he was on the stage in recent years his co-mates, in comparison, seemed almost amateurish. The man himself was a delightful companion; quiet, modest, free from envy and jealousy, sweet-tempered but not forth-putting, never unduly anecdotal.

Grace Before Meat

As the World Wags:
May we not suggest to the gentleman embarrassed by his host's invitation to say grace before meat, that he should murmur modestly to indicate his disinclination for the ceremony, "I'll sink."
BOSTONIAN.

7TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Octet, E flat major, op. 20 for the string choir; Respighi, "Fountains of Rome," Symphonic poem; Stravinsky, Orchestral suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka," (first time at these concerts).

Mendelssohn wrote this Octet when he was 16 years old. It was at the time an astonishing feat for so young a man; the Octet still commands respect by the workmanship displayed; the fantastical Scherzo is still heard with great pleasure; the other movements have aged. Would that Mendelssohn had always written in the vein of this Scherzo and of another early work, the overture to "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream!" What might he not have accomplished if he had been poor; if he had not been flattered by adoring family and friends; if he had been knocked about the world and had not been wrapped in cotton-wool? There is the Mendelssohn of the works already mentioned, also the "Hebrides" overture, "The Walsburgs Night," the Scherzo in F sharp minor for the piano; then, unfortunately, there is the mass of music by Mendelssohn, the ineffable prig. His music too often brings to mind the portrait in which he is shown with a billowing ruffled shirt and a huge shirt-pin, already to step into an English parlor or to play for the Prince Consort; or as in the caricature by Aubrey Beardsley with pen in hand, probably about to write to some one about the shocking ballet of nuns in "Robert the Devil," or to express his horror at the sight of poor little Zerkina undressing and singing before the looking glass in "Fra Diavolo."

The Octet had not been heard at a Symphony concert for many years. It tests the strings and is good practice for them. The performance yesterday was excellent. The city may well be proud of this string choir.

It was a pleasure to hear Respighi's beautiful music again, and Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for answering so graciously the request of many. As a rule, an unfamiliar piece is played once, then put on the shelf and not taken down again for many months, or even some years. This is not fair to the audience or the composer, especially when the idiom of the latter is novel. Mr. Monteux is bringing forward many new works by the younger composers of various countries and various schools, while he does not neglect the old masters. This is wise; this is necessary, unless knowledge with appreciation of music becomes stagnant. Undue familiarity with the great works of the old masters is injurious to them. We hear the symphonies of Beethoven so often that it is not easy to recognize the beauty and the grandeur of the better ones. Haydn, a man of many symphonies, is represented from year to year, only by a few that we knew as children by playing them in four-handed arrangements with a teacher or a maiden-aunt. Weber wrote other overtures than the everlasting three. For many years the younger men have not had opportunity to be heard. How woefully scanty, for example, is our acquaintance with the young orchestral composers of Great Britain! But hearing of an important new work at long intervals is not enough to form a judgment; to confirm a sane opinion, favorable or unfavorable.

Great is Stravinsky, writer of ballet music, and Mr. Monteux is his prophet. No wonder that he wished to perform the music of "Petrouchka," for, intimately associated with the composer, he has conducted the first performance of many of his works and many performances thereafter, and with the composer he chose the pages for concert use.

But the music of "Petrouchka," remarkable as it is with the ballet on the stage, is not so well suited for concert performance as is the music of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird." It is as closely connected with the action, as inseparable, as the music of "Pelleas and Melisande" is with the situations, the dialogue and the emotions. Many pages that amuse or thrill when Petrouchka, the Moor and the Ballerine are playing out the tragedy have no significance in the concert hall; they merely excite surprise, or possibly the indignation of the peevishly conservative who roll their eyes in ecstasy at the mention of him, and would loudly applaud a interpretation of Hummel's piano rto in A minor. Nevertheless Igor in ky is a man to be reckoned with

and his music should be heard—heard more than once. The performance yesterday was brilliant.
The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week; the orchestra will be away.
On Tuesday Dec. 7, Thursday Dec. 9, and Friday Dec. 10 at 4 P. M. the Young People's Concert will take place. The program of the Symphony Concert on Friday afternoon Dec. 17 and Saturday evening Dec. 18 will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Preciosa"; Brahms, violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist); Bax "In the Faery Hills," Symphonic poem (first time in America); Balakireff, "Islamey," Oriental Fantasy for piano, orchestrated by Alfred Casella (first time in Boston).

Mr. Gabriele d'Annunzio is in fine form. He is "agin", all treaties and settlements and says in a clear, bell-like voice that he is Gideon. The choir will now sing:

"If you belong to Gideon's band, Here's my heart and here's my hand."
We are told in the Book of Judges that the spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon and he blew a trumpet. Mr. d'Annunzio has blown his own trumpet for many years. No one has suggested that the spirit of the Lord came upon him as poet, novelist or dramatist. Will this fiery Italian, following the example of Gideon, otherwise known as Gerubbaal, the son of Joash, provide his soldiers with lamps and pitchers against the hated foe?

Mr. d'Annunzio was in former years a luxurious person, of too exalted a nature to pay his debts. When he was declared a bankrupt, an inventory of his personal effects showed that he had something like 70 pairs of trousers, over 100 cravats, florid waistcoats, and other articles of clothing in proportion. How he must envy Gideon, who, having conquered the Ishmaelites, took from them gold earrings amounting to 1700 shekels of gold; "besides ornaments, and collars, and purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian and besides the chains that were about the camels' necks." The Gideon of old was indeed a mighty man; he had "three score and ten sons of his body begotten, for he had many wives. And his concubine that was in Shechem she also bare him a son." Here, it is better not to pursue the parallel between the Israelite and the Italian.

Mr. d'Annunzio, even if he should ultimately triumph, should bear in mind the verdict pronounced on Gideon by a deep thinker, commenting on the Book of Judges: "He prepared the way for a new declension of the people."

Ungracious

As the World Wags:
I was interested in reading what G. S. W. K. had to say regarding the custom of saying grace before meals. His query, "If one is asked to say grace, is there no alternative—must he say it?" reminds me of an episode, told by my mother, which shows one avenue of escape for the uninitiated or unprepared.
My grandfather was a Scotchman of the good old-fashioned kind, who always said grace at table as well as holding family prayer. On one occasion when a fellow-countryman was visiting he was asked to say grace. He got out of it very gracefully by saying: "Ye maun a' say your ain grace—I say mine in Gaelic."

At another time another Scot was there at evening prayer, a "deur" man. I should say. When asked to offer prayer he grunted, "Ah'm no' in the prayin' mood"—which, if true, is a very sensible reason for refusing.
Merinack, N. H. W. N. ALLAN.

As the World Wags:
I notice a desire on the part of one of your correspondents for a suitable formula to say "grace" if one is unexpectedly called upon.

An acquaintance of mine who found herself in this predicament later appealed to a Harvard divinity school student, who supplied the following:

Good bread! Good meat!
Good God! Let's eat!

This seems to me to have merit; it is short, to the point, and doesn't seem to require anything farther. B. G. W.

Information Wanted

As the World Wags:
A monument to Maj.-Gen. Richard Montgomery in New York city on St. Paul's Chapel, facing Broadway between Fulton and Vesey streets, shows the date as follows:

CBBCLXXVII
This evidently means the year 1777. But how do they make it out?
It has been suggested to me that the Romans once used two C's, one reversed, separated by a vertical line, thus:

CIO
for 1000, and that this combination and the following D were corrupted into CIII. This would show the original

CIDCCCLXXVII
However, this seems very strained and far-fetched. Can you enlighten me in any way? I can find no case of the letter B appearing in Roman numerals.
Worcester. I. W. G.

A Puzzler

As the World Wags:
Isn't it strange that a majority of professional writers, perhaps four out of five, including the best American and English, have never mastered the simple but vital distinction contained in the following sentence: If John was or were late, what harm?

Possibly if the writers understood that it is in no better taste to say "If he were" for "If he is" than to say "If he are" for "If he is," they would take a tumble to themselves.
Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

Show, or Service?

As the World Wags:
I read that Herbert Holmes is to be the coach for Technology swimmers. I think he is a good man in a good position. Just here I wish to ask a question of Boston experts and the world at large. What should be the lesson? The most desirable one? There is a reason for this question. All swimming contests, or nearly all, are for a short distance and speed. This seems to be the feature with all clubs. Should one learn to swim for show, or for service?
DR. W. E. CROCKETT.
Boston.

Concerning Holland

(By Gabriel Peimot, 1808.)
Holland is a country where the demon of gold is crowned with tobacco, dressed in spices and seated on a throne of cheese.

Newman Traveltalk Leads Audience Through Syria

Mr. Newman's subject last evening in Symphony Hall was "Damascus and Syria." With his clear descriptions, his sane and shrewd comments, the pictures of this traveltalk were doubly interesting. The audience was shown street life in Nabulus, the sacred town of Nazareth, the Galilean hills, and the once famous Tiberius and Capernaum. The pictures and the talk about Petra were impressive. Petra the marvelous city that was lost for 15 centuries. (If Mr. Wells and others are to be heeded, great cities of Europe and America may share the same fate. It would have been hard to persuade Herod, Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar that their proud towns would one day be in ruins for the benefit of archaeologists.) The Bedouins were seen as they live. The life and scenes at Damascus, the bazaars and the homes were shown.

Especially interesting was the account of Emir Feisal, of whom there has been so much written in that excellent magazine, Asia. The allusions to the Druses and Lebanon brought to mind a fantastical novel of Disraeli, also the thought of Lady Hester Stanhope and Kinglake's sojourn at her home. Aleppo—"her husband to Aleppo's gone," as the witch in "Macbeth" remarked. The work that Americans are doing for the relief of the near East was vividly portrayed.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next Friday night and Saturday afternoon the subject will be Constantinople and Turkey.

IN 'FANNY LEAR'

"Fanny Lear," play in five acts by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy. First played at the Gymnase, in Paris, in 1868. The cast:

Le Marquis de Noriolls.....W. P. Scott
Birnhelm.....Edgar Scott
Frondeville.....Hardinge Scholle
Cailleres.....D. Audolent
Risley.....John Bolssevain
Bredif.....Leonard Opdycke
Un Domestique.....Robert H. Thayer
Pierre.....Daniel La Farzo
Turquet.....A. E. Taft
La Marquise de Noriolls.....

Mrs. Charles Sumner Pitt Jr.
Marie de Frondeville.....Berthe Braggiotti
Genevieve de Noriolls.....Francesca Braggiotti
Niquette.....Rosamond Adie
Madame Bredif.....Helenka Adamowska

In giving "Fanny Lear" for the annual production, the Cercle Francals of Harvard University made an unwise choice, for to present a piece of this sort one needs a tried company of performers who have made character study and character delineation a study of years. Although written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy, writers of comedy and farces, "Fanny Lear" tends quite the other way. It is a strong drama written around a cool, well-balanced and frightful woman.

The story tells of Jean de Frondeville, who, separated from his wife, lives in the country. His wife, Marie, arrives unexpectedly with the plea that he protect her from Cailleres, a young man whose attentions she feels she can no longer resist. Her 18-year-old cousin, Genevieve de Noriolls, who stayed with her in Paris, has fallen in love with Cailleres, and as a happy solution Frondeville and Marie persuade him to marry her.

Genevieve's uncle, the 70-year-old Marquis de Noriolls, has married Fanny Lear, an English actress and adventuress, whose ambition is to have high social position. She knows

she can't acquire it solely through the Marquis, therefore she plans to marry Genevieve to a prominent Parisian. The plot deals with the straightening out of the various problems presented. Fanny Lear is a bizarre character. She is not cruel and hard-hearted simply for the sake of making others cower and of asserting her dominance, but simply as a method—unusual, it's true—of working along definite lines to a definite end. She is quiet, studied and coldly polite as she proceeds about the horrible task of subjecting her husband, Genevieve and those with whom she clashes. Originally played in Paris by Mme. Pascal, it was considered the most powerful and the most vivid of her career. She made the other players, and they were all players of note.

seem mere puppets and marionettes whose only acting force was in the hand of the one who held the strings. Presented by a group of amateur players, exceptional work was done by W. P. Scott as the decrepit, half-insane Marquis de Noriolls. An intense and violent role, he had it well under control all the time. Another interesting performance was given by Edgar Scott as the volatile Birnhelm, purely a comedy role. A highly dramatic and strongly emotional play, it is a difficult one for amateurs to stage.

TWO PIANISTS

By PHILIP HALE

Guy Maler and Lee Pattison gave a concert of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Saint-Saens, Scherzo, op. 87; Franck, Prelude, Fugue and Variations; Moussorgsky-Pattison, Coronation Scene from "Boris Godounoff"; Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Casella, "Pupazzetti"; Hahn, two little pieces—"pour bercier un convalescent"; Hutcheson, Rakoczy March. The program was well contrasted and interesting. The Variations of Brahms are more familiar in the orchestral version, which probably was the first, though this is not certain. The orchestral stands first in thematic catalogues of Brahms's compositions, but the piano version was published first. It was in August, 1873, when Brahms was attending the Schumann festival at Bonn, that he played the piano version with Clara Schumann to a few friends.

Saint-Saens, writing for two pianos, is best known by his Variations on a theme of Beethoven. The Scherzo was written 15 years afterward. It has the elegance and brilliance characteristic of this composer, and is most grateful to accomplished virtuosos.

Back in the forties Cesar Franck wrote two pieces for two pianos; one on "God Save the King"; one on Grets's opera, "Lucile." They were out of print long ago. It would be interesting to hear them. The Trios composed in the forties show somewhat the influence of Meyerbeer, though there are more than hints at the later Franck. However adroitly orchestral works may be transcribed for the piano, the result is unsatisfactory. The charming orchestral colors and tints of Debussy's "Prelude" cannot be reproduced on the piano. In the transcription of an operatic scene the stage effect is wholly lost.

Casella's "Pupazzetti" are supposed to represent this musician's ironic side. Guido Gatti says that as humor is not understood in Italy, and as this composition belongs to a type of humorous representation of which there are many examples in English literature, the "Pupazzetti" necessarily excited discussion and made enemies. The little march, the lullaby and the polka were played by these pianists last February in a concert for young people. The march, polka and serenade are frankly humorous; we fail to see any irony in them. One might say they were written to make the startled bourgeois sit up in his seat, or in a spirit of dissonant bravado; but the lullaby and the little nocturne are poetic and imaginative, beautiful with that excellent beauty, which as Bacon says, hath some strangeness in the proportion.

The performance gave unalloyed pleasure. Seldom is such perfect ensemble heard in the concert hall. These pianists in this respect might be likened to the Flonzaley Quartet. There is much more in the playing of Messrs. Maler and Pattison than the indispensable accuracy and mutual musical understanding. In concerts of this nature the hearer is usually conscious of two pianists earnestly endeavoring to keep together; but yesterday the personality of each player was not to be recognized. One mind, one soul interpreted. And in each instance the pianists caught the spirit of composers who differed widely in their musical thought and expression.

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There are also notes about his taking the part of the "Emperor of China" in Percy Mackaye's "A Thousand Years Ago"; in "Over There," with Mary Shaw

and Amelia Hingham, and as Jumpero Sotta in the Mission Play at San Gabriel, which in 1919 ran for 16 consecutive weeks.

"I have told the story in my own way. The object has been to gratify the expressed wish of many friends. . . . It is a plain, unvarnished tale of a life's drama that, happily, is not yet ended. New scenes will be set, new incidents occur and new characters appear before the last word is spoken and the final curtain falls."

It is a pity that the volume is not provided with an index.

Dramas of Temperament

Two plays, "Roderick's Career" and "Game" by Katharine Searle, are published by the Four Seas Company of Boston. They are agreeable reading. How they would go on the stage is another matter; we are inclined to think that the latter would be amusing. "Roderick's Career" is a study of character. Roderick, an artist, weds Ann, a singer, willing to live with any man, ring or no ring, who is rich and influential enough to put her on the operatic stage. Of course the marriage is an unhappy one. The artist's career is checked, he is obliged to teach; the wife frets and scolds and finally leaves him. There is a little daughter; also Roderick's aunt, who, it is suggested, unhappy herself has more than a relative's tenderness for Roderick. The wife leaves her husband; is successful in Europe; returns to New York. Visiting Roderick she rails against the musical taste, manners and life in this country. She wishes her daughter to live with her. The little girl is at first tempted, but she decides to stay with her father. The dialogue is brisk, natural and at times witty; the portrayal of the two leading characters is shrewdly designed and carried out.

In "Game" the wife of an American scientist sojourning in Europe views humorously the attempts of Sonya of Volhynia to win the affection of her husband, or to use the slang of the screen, to "vamp" him. Sonya, who boasts that she comes from a wild passionate race, is the wife of an English diplomatist, who is accustomed to her eccentricities and finds the American woman an agreeable relief. The American insists that Sonya should take the scientist on a vacation to Paris. He goes with Sonya, who declares her love for him in no uncertain tones; incidentally, she lends money to the uncle of the scientist, the Rev. Ezra Simpson, pastor of a church at Georgetown Corners, Mass. As was to be expected, the scientist resists temptation and reads the wild woman a lecture. His wife and the diplomatist rejoice that the experiment did not fall, though the American wife was doubtful when she took a bit of bright velvet from Clarence's bed in the Parisian hotel. It's all amusing. Following the example set years ago by Mr. Shaw, there are long descriptions of the scenes and characters on which the curtain rises. Thus there are five or more pages before a character speaks in the first act of "Roderick's

Career." Here is a sample: "The younger women feel no need of looking young because they are young. They have no bloom. And the paint they wear only gives them a hard, tired look which is very unflattering did they but know it. The young girls of today are too apt to leave the 'ingenue' stuff to the chorus girl. The young girls of today rarely sleep. They study as well as dance all night, and by day are in constant motion. Granted that 'hey' exercise and wear sensible clothes, all that they do takes the form of rivalry of some sort, and their usual ambition is to appear in the public press in one way or another. Their bodies get no rest. Perpetual motion makes women passionate, but does it make them kindly or restless?"

This endeavor to write in the manner of Mr. Shaw should not prejudice the reader against the plays themselves.

James Forbes's Plays

"The Chorus Lady," "The Show Shop" and "The Famous Mrs. Fair" by James Forbes, are published in an attractive volume by George H. Doran Company of New York. "The Famous Mrs. Fair," which has not been performed in Boston, is ranked by Mr. Burns Mantle as one of the best plays produced in New York during the season of 1919-20. Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, in his introduction to Mr. Forbes's plays, alludes to the discussion raised by this comedy. He argues that Mrs. Fair never knew she was commonplace. To understand the meaning of this, let us read Mr. Forbes's summing up of the play: "A woman actuated by duty engages in war work, winning honors and the loving admiration and encouragement of her family; but when on her return, she actuated by selfish vanity, again leaves them, the realization is brought home to her tragically that a wife and mother can have a career, but not at the expense of her obligations to her home and family." Mr. Eaton continues: "The woman who, under normal conditions, can look after a 'career' and a family at the same time doing justice to both is exceptional; she cannot be common-

for she had got to know her the same something similar that she had previously learned to the fact that Mrs. Fair, under normal conditions, was too shallow and vain a woman to do it, and by a set of almost tragic circumstances he brought the woman home to her and put her on the possible road to finding an ultimate solution."

"The Chorus Lady" was brought out in 1906; "The Show Shop" on the last day of 1914. The former was enormously popular, but the latter is the better play and its good-natured satire of American stage life is delightful reading today. Mrs. Dean, the mother of Betina, is worthy to stand by Halcyon's immortal Mme. Cardinal. All the characters are deftly drawn. "The Chorus Lady" is essentially theatrical and of the theatre, depending wholly on the acting, and, without the sight and hearing of Miss Rose Stahl, read in cold blood, it seems made to order, rather crude, and with a conventionally melodramatic villain.

New Plays by Capus, Magre and Others Produced in Paris

The Comedie-Française is a house where classics and high-brow works alternate, and now and then a little plain humanity, usually disguised (as in *Le Sourire du Faune*), creeps in. In France the average theatre audiences are better instructed and more intelligent than in England. They will put up with miserably bad production and stage management, because they have trained imaginations that can overleap these obstacles. But they demand good acting, and they have a merciless way of requiring, rather than permitting, that every play shall have a central idea, unless it is frankly intended "merely" to amuse—in which case it is scorned by everybody and plays to crammed houses. The Française has just produced a three-act piece, *La Mort Enchaînée*, by a poet whose subject, on the author's own statement, is "the struggle of man against the gods." It may be said at once that the struggle of M. Maurice Magre against Euripides, Sophocles, Wagner and one or two other gods is gallant, almost magnificent; but that it does not produce a particularly interesting or inspiring play.

The sorrows of Sisyphus are well known. M. Magre has invented some new ones for him. Sisyphus chains Death to a rock, which is excellent, but allows her to be taunted by the crowds, and by his wife, who, incidentally, is in love with her stepson. A jealous slave lets Death free upon the world again, and then there are alexandrine end the devil to pay. Every now and then a breath of grandeur sweeps through the verse; but for the most part we have a queer salad of classic tragedy and the demon scene from *Drury Lane*. And De Max cries a great deal, and very loudly and tearfully, and in a strong Roumanian accent. He tries even his French auditors high, and of course chills the very spine of Anglo-Saxons, save in the moments when his real strength expresses itself in quietude. But every now and then comes Pan with his flute, dancing like a feather (in creaking shoes—that is French production all over), and blowing through the turgidities and absurdities of men and gods the cooling, wooing breath of Nature's little tune, half-tender, half-ironic.

Alfred Capus has produced a new play, "La Traverse." It is by no means the counterpart of "The Crossing," still less of that uncomfortable play, "Mid-Channel." It is not the most dramatic of the works of Capus, and is said to have been written for book form rather than for the stage; but it yields to none of his previous works in sparkling wit, and shows an increase in depth and power of observation. On the surface, the plot has little new in it—the theme is that of one woman with a guilty secret who wishes to remove another one who knows it from a position in which the latter might wish to make use of it. On the surface, also, the treatment has little new in it. We have seen before—and oh! how often!—on the French stage

man who marries a lady who has a hidden secret, but has not told him so. We have also seen—and more than once—and not only on the French stage—that the man who marries that kind of lady may find himself involved with a subsequent rival. But the kind of play which these premises suggest we are not usually given to see, at least that Capus gives us. First of all, we must concede that his wit would be rich and make palatable even the most donnicie I have mentioned. And then he has given us the figure of his wife, the serious, hard-working, loyal, tender little thing, deceived by her husband, persecuted as a widow that husband's mistress, and finally going to rest in her natural place as a courageous and faithful helpmeet to the ruined and disappointed friend that husband. The play is well acted. It is one of those actors England does not—the middle-aged man just as is. A serious Hawtrey, Mlle. Maille, of those who have fled from the theatre, is admirable in the part of the mother and implacable woman who is for herself. And Mlle. Ludger, as the little wife, is well within the mark, so that one never has for

one instant that horrid sense of insecurity which accompanies the "brilliant" actor.

One of the most interesting plays of the moment is *Le Retour*, by Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset. M. de Flers is fortunate in having found a collaborator to fill so well the vacant place of De Caillavet. The theme of the piece is the return of a husband from the war. He is only too anxious to get into muff, to talk about cabages and kings sooner than the war; but his young wife has expected a uniformed hero, full of stories, wearing heroism on his brow. So, of course, she twists her disappointment into a flirtation with a satisfactorily heroic young man. He and the husband are left to explain themselves to each other. They discover they were both at Dixmude—Do you remember So-and-So?—What a good fellow the colonel was—and so, and so, the little wife, waiting in terror in the next room for news of the challenge to a duel, has her fears for nothing. The two men are shaking hands. Do you wonder that she suffers a moment's resentment when she finds that this battle of stags has terminated in an utter forgetfulness that such a thing as a doe had ever existed? So she kisses her husband and swallows as she can the conclusion of the authors that "women have gone down 30 per cent. in value."—*London Times*, Nov. 2.

Mr. Hayes in London

If only Mr. Roland Hayes, the colored tenor, who gave a recital at Wigmore Hall on Thursday, would sing everything as easily and as naturally as he sang the Negro Spirituals, which formed the most interesting feature of his program, how delightful a singer he would be! It was, indeed, a very curious sensation that he gave the listener last night. Throughout the first part of the program, which consisted of modern songs by American composers, by French and Italian writers of opera and by Coleridge-Taylor, he gave one the impression of being a tenor with a fine voice and good ideas. In his singing, however, there was always an element of artificiality and strain. His upper notes suffered especially. His mezzo-voice was invariably beautiful, but he seemed to have nothing between that and a rather forced and hard fortissimo. But when he came to the Spirituals the case was entirely altered. It is, of course, perfectly natural that these should be more akin to his nature than are the writings of Puccini and Massenet. What we would suggest to him, however, is that there is really nothing forced or artificial in the musical expression of these composers, and that it is as easy and as natural as are the Negro songs which he, T. Burleigh, Nathaniel Dett and Mr. L. R. Brown, Thursday's very excellent accompanist, have arranged so well. We could wish for nothing more natural, more sincere, more completely free from artificial dramatic effect or misplaced sense of humor than his interpretation of these wonderful songs, which are, if ever songs deserved the description, the inspired outpourings of primary human emotions. Let him apply the same outlook to the music of the white writers and he will be a most admirable singer. —*London Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 30.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Tetrazzini, prima donna; Francesco Longe, pianist; Max Gagna, cellist; J. Henri Bore, flutist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Lora May Lampert, soprano, assisted by Annie Louise David, baritone. Songs with piano: D. Lohengrin, Macbeth, accompanist: Handel, O. had I John's Lullaby; Hakenam, At the Well; Hyde, Beautiful Art Thou; Maria Zucca, Rachman; Cyril Scott, Blackbird's Song and Lullaby; Arensky, Autumn; Rachmaninoff, Floods of Spring. Songs with harp: Lohengrin, Sky of Dreams; Salter, I Breathe Thy Name; MacDowell, Lily; Ware, Fairy Bells; Harp pieces: Busch, Schumann, Schell, Harp, Zabel, Marguerite au Ronet; Tedeschi, Battaglia; Sognaglia; Arensky, Russian Barcarolle; Grandjean, Le Bon petit roi d'Yvetot; Donizetti, Prelude; Ravel, Fireflies.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Frances Nash, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E minor; MacDowell, Eroica Sonata; Chopin, Nocturne, E major, and Scherzo, C sharp minor; Granados, Goyescas, No. 4 (La Valse); Liszt, Liebestraube; Saint-Saens, Study in the form of a Waltz.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Joan Manen, violinist. Steiner Hall, 8 P. M. John Pelree, baritone; J. Angus Winter, accompanist. Schubert, Falth in Spring, The Troni, Restless Love; Ross, Cantil Liriel (The Heart's True Home); Serenade, O Faithless Little Maiden; To Nerina, Under the Trees, A Song of April; Echoes; Gretchaninoff, My Native Land and Silent Now are the Nightingales; Arensky, Revery; Rachmaninoff, God Took from Me Mine All; Bantock, Six Jester Songs (Travelling); The Jester, In Time of Old, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Under the Rose, Serenade; Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harrison Keller, violinist, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Engel, Triptych (first performance); Brahms, Sonata in A major; Brahms, Sonata in D minor.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. George Smith, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, E flat major, op. 27; Debussy, Petite Suite; Chopin, Preludes in A minor and D minor, Nocturne in F major, Fantasia in F minor, Valse in G flat major; Elton John, C minor (Revolutionary); MacDowell, The Eagle, and Nocturne in D major; Cyril Scott, In the Temple of Memphis (from "Egypt"); and Lento; Grainger, Country Gardens, Sequenza, Salsanza; Dett, Jubla.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Posva Elisha, soprano. Songs by C. E. Bach, Borodin, Debussy, Lohengrin, Chausson, Liszt, Paderewski, MacDowell, Schumann, Sibelius, and Grieg. The program will include by request MacDowell's "Chambre des Enfants." This will be the only recital of Mme. Tetrazzini in Boston this season.

TETRAZZINI

In a conspicuously and memorably enjoyable concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Mme. Tetrazzini charmed her audience and showed that the boast of the billboard, "Queen of Song," is far from unmerited. In spite of the popularity of her younger rivals she swept her audience with her from her first notes in unrestrained admiration. And the admiration only increased as the concert progressed.

Mme. Tetrazzini did what few singers are ever able to do—make the florid passages of the Italian style of opera so alive with real emotion and dramatic power that they really stir the listener. They were more than mere loops and spirals of vocal sound; they took on the pulse of life and passion. And throughout the concert Mme. Tetrazzini sang with such large, distinguished and pleasing musical intelligence that her performance can hardly be soon forgotten.

Adapts Voice to Requirements

Not only the operatic selections pleased, but the perhaps banal "Some-where a Voice Is Calling," which entered the program as an encore. It was especially interesting to see how the singer adapted her style and her voice to the different requirements of the two

strain and elevated the song to a level which it hardly deserves of itself.

Technical mastery was in every selection perfectly apparent. More than that, so great was the ease with which she sang and so pleasing her personality that one quite forgot the less fine notes of the lower register and gave up to complete enjoyment.

Madame Tetrazzini enjoyed the afternoon as much as her audience. She made the moments of rest, of introduction, of interlude the occasion for delightfully humorous coquetry with her listeners. She made even the squeak in the stage floor contribute to her pleasure—and theirs. And her generosity to her assisting artists, whom she marshalled, patted, and led by the hand, was quite delightful.

The program was as follows:

Valse from "Nutcracker Suite".....Tchakowsky
Mosses, Longe, Gagna and Bore.
Caro Nome, Aria from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Madame Tetrazzini.
Symphonie Variations.....Boellman
Mr. Gagna.
Complets du Mysiul from "Perle de Bresle".....David
Madame Tetrazzini.
Serenade.....Levinac
Valse.....Chopin
Messrs. Bove and Longe.
Rhapsodie.....Popper
Mr. Gagna.
Grand Aria, including the Mad Scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti
Madame Tetrazzini.

Mr. Longe presided at the piano with skill and intelligence throughout. Mr. Gagna pleased with his selections, especially with a Chopin Nocturne which entered as an encore. Mr. Bove, who also gave a Chopin Nocturne as an encore, showed fine handling of his flute, especially when he accompanied Mme. Tetrazzini in parts where voice and flute are in duct.

This concert was a real occasion. If Mme. Tetrazzini's whole American tour is characterized by equally fine success, she will be a most under obligations to make a second "final."

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, will give a concert this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Convention Hall, St. Botolph street. The program will be as follows: Chadwick,

Melpomene overture; Blasser, Serenade for strings; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Caucasian Suite; Chabrier, Espana. W. H. Capron will play a solo for violin.

Nov 30

ESTHER HOWARD

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Sweetheart Shop," a musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell; music by Hugo Felix. Produced by Edgar J. MacGregor and William M. Patch at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 12, 1920. Fred Wolz conducted the orchestra last evening.

Gideon Blount.....Roy Gordon
Freddie.....Daniel Healy
Peggy.....Marion Saki
Julian Lorimer.....Joseph Lertora
Mildred Blount.....Mary Harper
Frederic Potter.....Harry K. Morton
Minerva Butts.....Esther Howard
Nathalie Blythe.....Helen Ford
Daphne.....Zella Russell
Mr. Hyllo.....Clay Hill

It is not necessary to describe the story, for it is of the filmiest. It introduces an eccentric character, fortunately for the success of the piece, as

Miss Esther Howard portrays it. There is a mild attempt to satirize the Greenwich Village pseudo-Bohemianism, and the hifalutin of the villagers. The music is almost always commonplace. The one tune that has character is "My Caravan," and that has a familiar rhythm, melodic line and color. Out of respect for Miss Caldwell, we hope that the lines which are inane and vapid—and there are many of them—were introduced by the comedians.

The play is beautifully mounted; the stage settings and costumes are in fine taste. The girls are young, pretty,

dancing most of the time, though their "dancing" is frequently only the Kralffy kick. The performance is spirited, except for the fact that there are dreary stretches of foolish dialogue, while the humor of the leading male comedian is of the sort that is associated with the slide-walk talkers in a strolling variety show in a village town hall. Mr. Morton is an agile and eccentric dancer; he has decided acrobatic talent; but an experienced manager should be slow to entrust him with a speaking part.

Miss Howard, who has played several seasons in stock companies and been associated with leading actresses, was seen at the Wilbur Theatre in May, 1913, as Pinky Smith in "High and Dry," a comedy that was soon shelved for a singular reason. Short as was the life of the play Miss Howard then showed a delicious sense of humor though the part was a caricature rather than the portrait of a type. In "The Sweetheart Shop" she has a greater opportunity. Minerva is, indeed, eccentric, but not monotonously so; she has her stages of development. The first scene in which she wishes to have a husband that from this springboard she may leap triumphantly to adventures in love outwitting the Pompadour and Dubarry was delightfully acted, in a spirit that was now effish, now demoniacal in its restless vivacity. She has a light touch; she can hint volumes; her facial play is always significant. She shuns overemphasis. In her art she reminds one of the Parisian soubrette. In the second act she did not overstep the limits of burlesque; nor did she at any time deliberately play at the audience. Having acted the part for a long time, she is still spontaneous. It is surprising that mannerisms have not encrusted her. The only trace of one is the abuse of her peculiar laugh; the laugh that was amusing in "High and Dry."

Mr. Lertora sang acceptably, and was at ease. Mr. Gordon made the most of a part that had little character. Mr. Healy distinguished himself in the last act by his dancing. Miss Saki was light on her feet. Miss Harper and Miss Russell added to the pictorial effect.

The large audience was evidently pleased by it all. Tiresome repetitions of songs and dances lengthened the performance. The feature of the show is Miss Esther Howard.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Humming Bird," by Maude Fulton, a play in three acts. First production in Boston. The cast:

Henry Smith.....William Morse
"Billie" Newman.....Lea Tomman
Phillip Carey.....Harold Tucker
Henrietta Fleish.....Gertrude Matland
Lisa Latham.....Marie Walcamp
"Toinette".....Maude Fulton
A Shopper.....Virginia Watkins
Brutus J. Finn.....Frank Sylvester
Mme. Burque.....Grace Travers
Charlotte.....Dan Walker
Julius Le Ferrier.....Luis Alberni

Amateur dramatists will some time learn, we hope, that when Murger, in his "La Boheme," gave us a picture of Parisian artist life, he did it for all time. Nothing else has touched it save, perhaps, Du Maurier's "Tribly." Both are exquisite—bathed in the glory that always surrounds the remembered past. Why, therefore, do modern dramatists think that all they need for a romantic play are a few allusions to "Montmartre," to its little cafes, its Apache life? Miss Fulton evidently suffered from that delusion when she wrote "The Humming Bird." She stages her play in the Latin quarter of New York, and her characters spend most of their time talking about the Latin quarter of Paris.

The central character in "The Humming Bird" is Toinette, a Parisienne, who like the midnights of old in her native city, works for a costume in the day, and spends her evenings mending and cooking and otherwise ministering to her next door neighbors, one a struggling artist, the other an equally struggling reporter. The reporter is on the trail of a famous French thief, known as "the humming bird." After nearly three acts of much ado about nothing, the audience gets a hint that Toinette is really the thief; that she reformed during the war when she learned that Paris was in danger. Just why this should have brought about such a change of heart in an accomplished criminal is not explained. At any rate, after the change of heart, and after the armistice, she came to New York to begin life anew. The young reporter is in love with her, of course, since his friend the artist aspires to "society," and the play ends happily every one, after a good deal of

There is a goodly supply of comedians, some overworked and others with little to do. This Robert Emmett Keane and Maurice Diamond, two agreeable comedians, are merely tacked on to the cast. No doubt these two capable actors will be soon put to work, for the show is only a few weeks old, has been christened three times, first "From Piccadilly to Broadway," afterwards "Here and There," and finally its present title.

Johnny Dooley, Anna Wheaton and William Kent appeared in nearly all the sketches. Mr. Dooley gave pleasure in his rugged style of burlesque, in the athletic touch to his entertaining dances, in a style of comedy that is free from any suggestion of artificiality. Anna Wheaton worked industriously throughout the entire performance. Whether in her singing numbers, which were sung with the art of a well-trained comedienne, or in her dancing specialties, she excited the admiration of the audience, and she was always fresh and eager for her task.

William Kent, only recently seen here as the principal comedian of "Pitter Patter," was one of the pleasures of the evening. A "neat" comedian, he played

ARLINGTON THEATRE—*"June Love,"* a new Rudolph Friml musical differentiation. An entertaining comedy in two acts; book by W. H. Dancer, he was unusually funny in his Post and Charlotte Thompson; lyrics perilous steps when he simulated a Brian Hooker; produced by Russell "Jag" Janney. The cast:

Geoffrey Chadburne.....Averell Harris
Alys.....Olga Treskoff
Charlotte.....Marie Benedict
Tiny Golden.....Queenie Smith
Bobby Foster.....John Cherry
Eileen Chadburne.....Doris Mitchell
MacIntyre.....Jessie Ralph
Georgianna Chadburne.....Elsa Alder
Harry MacNeal.....Charles Meakins
Tom Williams.....Charles Jefferson
Patterson.....Ralph LeFree
Belle Bolton.....Zoe Barnett
Hako.....T. Tamamoto
Mrs. Sally MacNeal.....Louise MacIntosh
Tompson.....Charles Brown
Jack Garrison.....John Rutherford
Leonora.....Carolina Calli

In *"June Love"* a number of familiar personages returned to Boston last night with a production that is pretty and one that is filled with music of the whistling sort.

After it gets under way, *"June Love"* is a pleasant evening's entertainment. In brief, the story is one of the loves of a "flapper," a young widow and a "vamp." These are three individuals, not a single party. The "flapper" and the widow win out, of course.

Zoe Barnett was the "vampire," Elsa Alder was the young widow, and she is decidedly acceptable in that role as in her former roles. Miss Alder combines an excellent singing voice with a pleasing personality and a keen sense of musical comedy technique. She was in first-night form last night.

Then there was Queenie Smith, of whom Boston is destined to see much hereafter. Miss Smith, late of the Metropolitan Opera, is a pretty little pink party who probably is the peer of any feminine dancer in musical comedy. And not alone is she a dancer. She sang well and she acted equally well in her part as the temporarily-jilted "flapper."

Charles Meakins is in the cast but he was dealt a poor hand. Meakins is sturdy enough to carry the entire comedy end of any musical production. But in *"June Love"* he is on the stage only long enough to let one know he is with the production.

There are a number of Friml's new tunes that were remembered and that were whistled on the way out, "Someone Like You," is the best of the lot. Then there are "Lonesome Little Girl," "June Love," and "But I'm Not in Love With You."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of *"Vogues and Vanities,"* a musical review of revues, in two acts and 16 scenes, by Glen MacDonough and E. Ray Goetz. William Merrigan Daly conducted.

It is obviously impossible to print the casts, for the principals appeared now in this, now in that scene. The principal performers were Johnny Dooley, Anna Wheaton, William Kent, Edith Hallor, Clifton Webb, Robert Emmett Keane, Helen Broderick, Lester Crawford, Evelyn Law and Maurice Diamond.

The scenes were Class Room of Prof. Fakir, Outside of the Hat Bazaar, The Eternal Triangle, As the Englishman Imagines It Happens in America, On the Rialto, The Children's Hour in a Modern Nursery, Everywhere, An Iridescent Symphony, A Chinese Fantasy, Marriage a la Mode, The Corridor of the Hotel St. George, Rest Room at Hotel St. George During a Costume Ball, Wiley Guile's Real Estate Agency, The Roof Tops of New York, Keystone Beach.

The first scene is in reality a prologue. Prof. Fakir's class of aspiring playwrights is assembled in cap and gown and each in turn tells enthusiastically of a brain child. Their endeavors are crowned in the form of the succeeding fifteen scenes.

The music is light, now and then pretentious, but in the main inconsequential. The story begins and ends in the first scene. Each of the succeeding scenes is a burlesque, now mildly interesting and again uproariously funny. The scenes not only arrest the eye, there are

also a feast for the ears, a feast for the eye and beauty of the colors employed.

There is a goodly supply of comedians, some overworked and others with little to do. This Robert Emmett Keane and Maurice Diamond, two agreeable comedians, are merely tacked on to the cast. No doubt these two capable actors will be soon put to work, for the show is only a few weeks old, has been christened three times, first "From Piccadilly to Broadway," afterwards "Here and There," and finally its present title.

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William Kent, only recently seen here as the principal comedian of "Pitter Patter," was one of the pleasures of the evening. A "neat" comedian, he played

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—*"The Bohemian Girl,"* an opera in three acts. The cast:

Count Arnheim.....Edward Quinn
Thaddeus.....Ralph Brainerd
Florence.....Sam Burton
Devilshoof.....Detmar Poppin
Captain of the Guard.....Harry Delgado
An Officer.....John Ellis
Arline.....Edith Benmin
Buda.....Charlotte Elliott
Queen of the Gypsies.....Mildred Rogers

Balfe's opera, which has delighted audiences for more than three-quarters of a century, was warmly applauded when presented by the Royal English opera company at the Boston Opera House last night. Edward Quinn as Count Arnheim was specially pleasing in *"The Heart Bowed Down,"* which he sang with dramatic feeling.

Ralph Brainerd, who made a favorable impression last week as Nanki Poo in *"The Mikado,"* sang pleasingly. Mildred Rogers as queen of the gypsies has a voice in keeping with her physique, full and powerful.

Edith Benmin, the new prima donna, has not so robust a voice as Miss Rogers, but it is smooth and sweet and remarkably clear in the higher notes.

The orchestra was under the direction of Max Bendix and interpreted the music sympathetically.

BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

In the hodge-podge of mediocre vaudeville acts at Keith's Theatre this week, Eddie Leonard, the headliner, stands out as an entertainer of exceptional merit. His great popularity is not undeserved, for his minstrelsy and clownishness are tinged with a sentimentality that wins for him the sympathy of his audience. His singing and dancing have softness, rhythm and ease. He has with him a clever dancing pair, Stewart and Olive, who lend the jazzy strain apparently so necessary to all up-to-date acts. Stewart, the "dancin' man from Tennessee," deserves mention for having found some dance steps that are new—even on a vaudeville stage.

Another act which stood out was "Pills," with Rena Arnold and Harry Lambert. Miss Arnold, strongly reminiscent of Marie Dressler at her slangiest, has the knack of changing her personality quickly and pouncing on each opportunity for a bit of fun. Her casual spontaneity is her great charm. The Three Belmonts opened the bill with unique juggling and were followed by Ed Morton in a singing act, Florence Roberts and Frederick Vogeled in "Blindfolded," a one-act comedy with several bright lines. Miller and Bradford in a song and dance revue, "Typical Topical Tales," Carson and Willard with a burlesque act, Burns and Frabito in "Shoo's," and "Pinkie," a musical sketch presented by Billie Burke complete the bill.

By PHILIP HALE

As Miss Frances Nash, the pianist, is sick, her recital announced for this evening is postponed.

Joan Manen, the Spanish violinist, who will give a recital in Jordan Hall tomorrow afternoon, is a composer as well as a virtuoso. He was born at Barselona in 1883, and was first known as a piano player, touring as an infant phenomenon. Becoming a violinist, having studied the violin with Alard, he won a commanding reputation. He has composed at least three operas which have been produced, a symphonic poem and other orchestral works of importance, violin concertos, a piano quartet, etc. His playing in New York the 16th was warmly approved by critics, who have not so far this

season been easily pleased. Tomorrow he will play Mozart's concerto in D, pieces by Bach, Schubert, and his arrangements of Porpora, Bach and others.

The "Triptych" for violin and piano by Carl Engel of this city will be played

tomorrow night in Jordan Hall for the first time. Messrs. Keller, violinist, and Gebhard, pianist, will also play sonatas by Bach and Brahms. Mr. Engel, editor and adviser for the Boston Music Company, is a composer of fastidious taste, a modern of the moderns. He is also known as a brilliant writer on musical subjects. His "Triptych"—published this year, attracted the attention of the Chesterlan, the London organ of the ultra-modern movement. The reviewer found the three movements "different aspects of the same violently tormented soul," and said that imagination is the distinguishing mark of the work.

"Fanny Lear," by Melhac and Halevy, will be performed again by the Cercle Francalse of Harvard University at the Copley Theatre Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

SINGER AND HARPISIT IN JOINT RECITAL

Last evening in Jordan Hall Lora May Lampport, soprano, and Annie Louise David, harpist, gave a concert.

Miss Lampport's voice was beautifully clear. She sang "Racheni" with a fine dramatic appeal, somewhat spoiled, perhaps, by a tightening and hardening of the voice in the louder passages. A tendency was apparent to reach double forte rather early in "crescendo passages and to use the full power of the voice at too slight invitation. But the softer tones were uniformly sweet, clear and beautiful, notably so in Cyril Scott's "Lullaby," which she repeated in response to enthusiastic applause. She sang two other encores.

Mrs. David was a skilful and charming harpist. She is to be congratulated for including on her program not only the usual decorative zepners but several selections that had real individuality.

The art critic of the London Times, writing about caricatures by M. Dulac exhibited in the Leicester Galleries, described the artist as giving "fantasies, as it were, fairy stories about his victims, in which they are part of a Beardsleyan design, and in which the caricature is sometimes lost, sometimes heightened." He also said: "The first essential of a caricature is that it shall be, if possible, more like the victim than he is like himself. We have, for instance, seen a victim looking at Max's caricature of himself, and felt what a feeble, inadequate likeness he was of that living extravagance."

In other words, when the caricature is by a Max Beerbohm, a Dulac, a Kirby, as in times past by a Nast, Keppler or Davenport, the man caricatured should endeavor to live up to it; not be unduly puffed up, not vainglorious by reason of the publicity. We know that Boss Tweed hated Nast. That Mr. Conkling was annoyed by Keppler as Mr. Blaine was angered by Gillan, but on the other hand Mark Hanna, according to report, kept a scrap book of Davenport's pictorial attacks on his use of money in politics. And so in times past the great Napoleon wished to lay hands on James Gillray; not without reason, for he had drawn outrageous caricatures of the Emperor's sitters, who wore light skirts, it is true. Napoleon himself was often vexed by their loose conduct, but they did not deserve the terrible savagery of the caricaturist.

Mistaken Accuracy

There are times when a proofreader may have a reasonable excuse for a correction that is wholly wrong. An Englishman was recently described as "a noil merchant." Nine out of 10 readers would at once say that there was a misprint for "an oil merchant." But "noils" are short pieces or knots of wool separated by combing from the longer fibres; short wool combings.

TRANSLATION FROM THE CHINESE
To His Serving Maid, Whom He Discovered Throwing Perfectly Good Food Into the Garbage Pail, e. g., Remnants of Lotus Salad, Pickled Snails, and Fragments of Birds' Nests Which Might Have Been Made Into Nourishing Soup

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)
Transfixed with anguish
(O Daughter of Iniquity)
I stood when I saw the sarcastic moonlight
Gild the contents of your
Unthrifty garbage can.
O wasteful and slackminded offspring
Of a cheese-witted peasantry,
Fallen in evil ways
While in service to the Peking profiteers.
When half the world is starving,
You would toss away
A practicable mouse-patty
Or an undamaged rice-cake—
When you die
And your miserable wrath
Approaches the Pagoda of the Immortals
May even that lean and grisly portion
Of your spirit

When is worth saved.
He tossed without hesitation
Into the purgatorial incinerator.

In Order, Please

We recently read an article about the "scandal and tragedy" that marked the careers of five presidents of France. How many young gentlemen who have "enjoyed the advantages of a college education" can name the presidents of France in order after the fall of the Second Empire?

A List of Words

As the World Wags:
Here are a few words in everyday use in the north of Ireland:

Thole means to endure, and nothing else. The old granny's prescription for toothache (other people's) is "Thole weel."

Snoko is also reek.
A cow house is a byre.
A poorhouse is a union.
To remember is to mind.
A river meadow is a hoam.
Infectious is smittle.
A manure heap is a midden.
A brook is a burn.
A sleigh is a sledge and a sled a sleigh.

A bundle of hay or straw is a bottle. Kitchen is that part of a dish which dresses the rest. Meat is kitchen to potatoes and butter to bread. They have a saying, when a good thing is overdone, that butter to butter is no kitchen. "No kitchen" by itself means humble fare.

A fox is also a lod.
A party wall is a march wall. The march wall between two country houses is the precinct of each demesne.

A boy is a weechal and a girl a cutty. The plural of cow is 'cuy, but I do not insist upon the spelling.

A married soldier is on the "strength" when his rations are increased one-half for his wife and one-quarter for each child.

These words and a hundred others in common use in Ulster are not slang, and they are certainly not Irish, but one never hears them in America in the sense indicated, if at all.

Over there any petty swindler is a trick-at-the-loop.

One of our correspondents is puzzled by an ancient "wast" book which he has discovered among his effects. I think a letter in the name has become obliterated by time and that his find is merely a waste book as the day book is called in British school and counting house.

A queer usage in words is that on an English ship the master is the first officer, the chief officer is the second officer, and the first officer is the third officer.

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

The Glossarist

Nearly all of the words, if not all, mentioned by "L. X. Catalonia" are not peculiar to the north of Ireland. They are found in the dialect of English provinces and in Scotland. "Reek" is still used in English literature, especially when the smoke is thick and pungent. "Mind" for "remember" is common and we have heard it in New England. "Hoam," usually spelled "holm," is an orthodox English dictionary word. "Bottle" for "bundle" of hay has long been an English term; there is the old proverb, "a needle in a bottle of hay." "Toil" for "fox" is very common; so is "march wall." "Kitchen" is anything eaten as a relish with bread, potatoes, or other plain food; also milk and beer; also an allowance given to servants in lieu of certain delicacies. "Smittle" is common in Great Britain for "infectious."

The plural of "cow"—"kue," "ky," "kye," not "cuy" is familiar to all. "Cutty" is a short, stumpy girl; or, as in Sir Walter Scott's novels, a term of reproach for a worthless woman. "Cutty" means short, as in "cutty (pipe)," and in Burns's "Tam o'Shanter" "cutty sark."

No, the "wast" written on the blank book of our correspondent was not due to the obliteration of an "e." The term has already been explained in this column.

"Weechal" seems to be unknown to the compilers of dialect dictionaries, nor do we find any explanation of "trick-at-the-loop."

A Note on Taxation

(By Thomas Hobbes.)

For all men are by nature provided of notable multiplying glasses, (that is to say, Passions and Self-Love,) through which, every little payment appeareth a great grievance; but are destitute of those prospective glasses, (namely Moral and Civil Science,) to see a farre off the miseries that hang over them, and cannot without such payments be avoyded.

MANEN PLAYS
GEBHARD, KELLER,
AT JORDAN HALL

BY PHILIP MADE

Joan Manen, a Spanish violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His accompanist was Francis Moore, not Rafael Navas as the program stated. The program was as follows: Mozart, Concerto in D major, No. 4; Bach, Adagio and Allegro in C major for the violin alone; Porpora-Manen, Sonata in G major; Bach-Manen, Rondeau and Badinerie; Manen, song; Schubert, The Bee; Sarasate-Manen, Capriccio Vasco.

This is not the first appearance of Mr. Manen in Boston. As a boy-wonder, Juanito Manen, played in Steinert Hall on March 1, 1897 at Miss Marguerite Hall's concert. (He had played in New York in 1894 and 1895). In 1897 he showed in a modest manner a technique surprising for his years—he was born at Barcelona in 1883—and a finer taste, a more serious purpose and less extravagance than are usually associated with the performance of an infant phenomenon. Furthermore, we remember him as a normal, healthy boy.

He developed seriously as a virtuoso and a composer. His operas have been applauded; his important orchestral and violin compositions have been performed at European concerts; his reputation as a virtuoso is firmly established.

Yesterday he showed brilliant technical proficiency, pure intonation, a musical comprehension and taste in phrasing that are not always displayed by violinists of high reputation. At times his performance might have been called deliberate; perhaps, too studied, and while one constantly admired, one was seldom deeply moved. His performance on the whole was a welcome relief from the exhibition of the young Russians who have come to this country in swarms.

The program was for the most part of a classical nature. The concerto of Mozart is frankly a virtuoso piece, one that is not seriously injured by the substitution of a piano for an orchestra. For the orchestral part has a wholly accessory role, serving chiefly as an accompaniment. It is a concerto that admits of free and long cadenzas even in the Andante. Mr. Manen gave a delightful reading of the melodious work. The manner in which he interpreted the long, curiously varied and joyous finale was worthy of the highest praise. Yet he reached perhaps his full stature in his performance of the movements by Bach that are not often heard in the concert hall and in the noble music of old Porpora.

At night and in the same hall Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, and Harrison Keller, violinist, played Carl Engel's Triptych—it was the first performance—Bach's Sonata in A Major and Brahms' Sonata in D Minor. Mr. Engel is known as a musician of fine, even fastidious taste, wholly in sympathy with the ultra-modern composers, yet not so enthusiastic a bigot as to think that there was no music before Moussorgsky, Franck and Debussy. His keen sense of humor keeps him from parochialism. This Triptych is on the whole of an elegant nature, as is fitting; for the composition is "In Memoriam." The elegiac strain is too uniformly maintained for a work of its length. There is almost a luxury of woe in the long melodic lines and in the pervading mood. There are poignant passages which would be more effective if they were relieved by contrasting measures. Too often the melodic lines do not seem to rise by necessity from the harmonic structure, and there are times when they and the harmonies apparently are dissociated, not even co-partners in sentiment; when there are purely extraneous thoughts introduced, extraneous at least in the mind of the hearer, though in the composer's mind there may be subtle relationship. There are beautiful and individual movements, as in the tranquil andante of the second section, where contemplative, almost mystical, chords for the piano are punctuated by the strings pizzicato. It is an unusual work, showing perhaps in the first section, but not slavishly, the influence of D'Indy; a work to be heard more than once to be fully grasped and appreciated. Mr. Engel should have been pleased by the performance.

BARITONE RECITAL
IN STEINERT HALL

John Peirce, baritone, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. J. Angus Winter was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, Faith in Spring; The Trout and Rostelli's Love Song; Even Cantil Lariet; Gretchenlohnoff, A Native Land and Silent Now Are the Mountains; Arensky, Reverie; G. H. R. R. R., God Took From Me My Love; R. B. K. R. S. Jester Song. The program was interesting, if far from brilliant. It recalls the fact

that this composer, who has been influenced in his choice of musical subjects by Omar Khayyam and Browning, Swinburne and Dowson, the composer of "The Hebrides" symphony that Mr. Montoux purposes to bring out this season, once visited Boston as the musical director of Hall and Jones's "Gaiety Girl," which was produced at the Hollis Street Theatre late in 1894. If Bantock can be pseudo-Oriental and pseudo-Greek in his music, he can be honestly English, as in the "Jester Songs."

Mr. Peirce has a good, resonant voice which he uses freely. His enunciation is unusually clear for a singer of songs in English. He has a definite idea of what should be done, and how it should be done. His voice is too manly for him to cultivate sentimentalisms. Recalled, he added to the program, singing after the group of Russian songs Stephen Townsend's "Thou Art Like a Flower."

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GEORGE SMITH

By PHILIP HALE

George Smith, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata in E flat major, op. 27; Debussy, Petite Suite; Chopin, Prelude, A minor, Prelude, D minor, Nocturne, F major, Fantaisie, F minor, Valse, G flat major, Etude C minor (Revolutionary); MacDowell, The Eagle, Novelette in D major; Cyril Scott, In the Temple of Memphis from "Book of Impressions: Egypt," and Lento; Grainger, Country Gardens; Sequelra, Sardana; Dell, Juba Dance.

The program was not disagreeably

conventional. Due respect was paid to the relentless conservatives by the admission of a sonata by Beethoven, not one of the romantically great ones. Nor was the Suite of Debussy, written originally for four hands, of a disconcerting nature. There is nothing in it to hint at the Debussy of the original and influential later works. It might have come from the amiably melodious Frenchman, who had an eye on an applauding salon. The Prelude of Chopin that was chosen is seldom heard in concert. Critics have said harsh things about it; called it bizarre, grotesque, exasperating to the nerves, breathing "depraved melancholy." Mr. Humecker went so far as to say that in this music Chopin is a "true lycanthrope." "Lycanthrope" is a good word, an impressive word, meaning, as we understand it, a man that has the remarkable faculty of turning himself into a wolf; also an insane person fancying himself a beast and disporting himself as one. To us the Prelude is a marvelous expression in a few measures of the deepest gloom. The waltz is the one that by its middle section recalls the Viennese dances of Schubert and the Strauss family.

MacDowell made a great effect by his playing "The Eagle." No other pianist seems able to reproduce it. The hearer was not awed by Mr. Cyril Scott's impressions on viewing the Temple of Memphis. As far as Egypt is concerned, Mr. Scott might have stood in Memphis, Tenn. His Lento, less pretentious, has truer character. Sequelra's Catalonian Dance was well worth the pianist's attention.

Mr. Smith gave pleasure by his interpretation of the various compositions. It is true that his playing of the sonata was matter-of-fact, but the sonata itself hardly admits of any other reading except in the first movement. In the other selections, the beauty of his touch, the clarity and color displayed, the rhythmic feeling, the poetic quality, were again noteworthy. Chopin's minor Etude might have been played with more demoniacal fury, but a pianist that storms his way through this Etude and excites the applause of those who regard sound and noise as synonymous terms, would probably make a mess of the other pieces on Mr. Smith's program.

Richly Illustrated Lecture
Proves Interesting

The subject of Mr. Newman's richly illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony Hall last night was a fascinating one, appealing alike to the student of history and politics and the lover of romance. Constantinople and Turkey; but the audience first saw and were told about Smyrna, Ephesus and the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians, the Turkish army in the field, famous islands, the tragedy of Gallipoli. Stamboul then held the attention by the representation of street life. No longer does the veil hide the beauty of the Turkish woman. Victor Hugo could not write today his dramatic poem in "Les Orientales." Not only were the wonders of Constantinople with its superb mosque displayed; not only was there a view of allied battleships in the Bosphorus, but there was much to be learned concerning the present political situation in Turkey; what Americans have done in humanizing the Turk; the intimate life and the homes of rulers and subjects. Nor did Mr. Newman stop with this; the audience was enabled to realize the horrors of war in Serbia from the lecturer's graphic descriptions.

MME. FRIJSH

A not large but a thoroughly enthusiastic audience listened to Mme. Povla Frijsh in Jordan Hall last evening. No audience that was seeking the merely popular would long have kept its enthusiasm, because the merely popular received cavalier treatment or perhaps almost entire ignoring. But an audience that wished dramatic emotion found its want supplied.

There was passion in the program and in the singing; there was variety; there was beauty; but there was no peace. Even in the songs that in themselves commanded tranquility only a thin veil defended from the pressing powers of unrest and misery. In many ways the program was a mirror of the modern spirit.

Audience Shares Emotion

And with what verve and fire Mme. Frijsh sang! She strode to her position like a tigress; she almost, at times, browbeat her audience with her emotion. She never sang without passionate utterance.

Yet she commanded her voice perfectly. Nowhere did the loud, unrestrained, unguided burst of noise that so often troubles the concert hall appear. One felt that whatever the voice did was exactly what Mme. Frijsh desired it to do. And she asked some difficult things of it, too.

Perhaps the most natural medium for her spirit seemed to be songs of violence and passion like the "Chanson de la Foret Noire" of Borodin and "La Caravane" of Gaultier with music by Chausson. The scarlet whirl of de-

fiance, the drawing of daggers, bruised flesh, and over all the triumphant voice of most skilful singing—yet in "La Pluie" she was equally charming in a quite different medium, and she made the ladies at Trianon most dainty, most coquettish. Her singing brought the house about one's ears and queerly disturbed, and pleased.

Made Lasting Impression

And perhaps she didn't care whether we liked the concert or not—though she hoped that we had the sense and the taste to enjoy and approve. It was not like the pretty concert that is soon or at once forgotten; it made too gashing an impression and bore too imperious a command.

The program follows:

- Gloire a la Nature.....C. P. Em. Bach
- Air de Poppée.....Handel
- Chanson de la Foret Noire.....Borodin
- Choeux de Bala.....Debussy
- Ton Souvenir.....Loeffler
- La Caravane.....Chausson
- Lettre a Une Espagnole.....Laparra
- La Hula.....Alin
- Les Enfantines.....Moussorgsky
- Syrella.....Sibelius
- The Ballplay at Trianon.....Grieg
- Rock Ye Waves.....Sibelius
- I Greet You, Beautiful Ladies!.....Grieg

Mr. Frank Blbb, who played Mme. Frijsh's accompaniment, deserves a word of praise for the admirable way in which he made the piano an integral part of the songs, unobtrusive but essential.

SWEDISH SINGERS
IN 25TH ANNIVERSARY

Harold Lindau Prominent Among Those Participating

"Harmoni," Swedish singing society, held the first of its 25th anniversary concerts in Jordan Hall last evening. Among those who appeared were Harold Lindau, who is hailed by his compatriots as the Swedish Caruso; Miss Gladys Hedberg, soprano; Miss Alice Gustafson, violinist; William Haddon, pianist, and Thule Singing Society of Worcester, under the leadership of Ernest Francke, who is president of the American Union of Swedish Singers.

The society, of which C. A. Linstrom is president and Pehr Pearson director, was organized in 1895, and since then has sung in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. The second part of the anniversary concert will be given this afternoon in Jordan Hall at 3 o'clock.

Dec 5 1920

"The Best Plays of 1919-20 and the Year Book of the Drama in America," edited by Burns Mantle, is published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston; 474 pages.

This volume will be a help to reviewers of plays and it should interest students of the drama and careless, casual playgoers. Mr. Mantle, an experienced and capable critic, has written an introduction and an elaborate review of the season, discussing the most prominent plays produced in New York. He then selects the best plays ac-

cord to his judgment. They are Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," Forbes's "The Famous Mrs. Fair," Zoe Aikens's "Declassee"—the publishers might have allowed an acute accent; Ervine's "Jane Clegg," Benelli's "The Jest," Salisbury Field's "Wedding Bells," Rachel Butler's "Mamma's Affair," Bolton and Middleton's "Adam and Eva," Tarkington's "Clarence."

Of these plays only "Adam and Eva" was well performed in Boston. The choice might well excite discussion and dissent. Other critics have not been so warm in praise of "Declassee." Mr. Mantle gives the history of each one of the dramas and comedies he has chosen, and reprints long extracts from the dialogue.

The reviewer will find the long list of plays produced in New York with the dates, names of theatres, casts and a short summary of indisputable value. There are lists of plays produced outside New York, but they are of little assistance. There are statistical pages; also pages telling where and when actors and actresses were born, and who died during the last season. There are also short reviews by foreign correspondents of the season in London and Paris.

Mr. Mantle says of his selection of the 10 best plays: "No more is claimed than that they represent the best judgment of the editor, variously confirmed by the public's indorsement. The intention frankly has been to compromise between the popular success, as representing the choice of the people who support the theatre, and the success with sufficient claim to literary distinction of text or theme to justify its publication." Surely Mr. Mantle knows that the "public indorsement" or "popular success" is of little weight in the determination of a play's worth.

"The Study of the Viola d' Amore," by Paul Shirley, with an historical preface by Frederick H. Martens, is published by Carl Fischer of Boston, New York and Chicago. Mr. Shirley, a prominent viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is known as an enthusiastic lover of the old instrument that has of late years taken a more important part in orchestral and chamber compositions. He believes that "it may well be included in the circle of contemporary string instruments." He first describes the viola d' amore in detail with special attention to the tuning of it. As Mr. Martens says the tuning has been of great disadvantage to the instrument. There is a story that when "The Huguenots" was to be performed at Covent Garden the player of the viola d' amour obligato to Raoul's romance in the first act began tuning his instrument shortly after breakfast. There are nearly 40 pages of technical exercises, a bibliography and a handsome frontispiece picturing a viola d' amore made by Johann Anton Stauffer of Vienna in 1779 and owned by the author. Mr. Shirley concludes his valuable treatise by saying: "When the author first made the acquaintance of the viola d' amore, its beauties, freshly revealed from day to day, seemed to him inexhaustible and, as years of constant labor have established the boundaries of its individual possibilities, his affection for its olden

music has been renewed and confirmed. On the other hand, he has come to the conviction that the receptive nature of the individual is the source of the eternal youth enjoyed by so ancient an instrument, as well as of the renaissance of all beauty in general. A new spirit, a new individualism, will continue to draw on the rich fund of material at hand, in order to recreate it with new values."

Among the modern composers who have employed the viola d' amore in operas or orchestral works are d'Albert, Charpentier (not "A." Charpentier as the text has it, but "G."), Massenet, Puccini, Bossi, Loeffler and Heckscher. The text of the treatise is in English, French and German.

People's Orchestra
To the Editor of The Herald:

Surely there should not be any antagonistic feeling on the part of the friends of the Boston Symphony orchestra towards the People's Symphony orchestra organized by the Musicians' Mutual Relief Society. The latter orchestra is intended to fill a long-felt want: the need of a Symphony orchestra for those who cannot afford to pay a high price, or who cannot afford to take the day from their usual occupations to hear the Friday concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

The People's Symphony orchestra give their concerts on Sunday afternoons. The price of all tickets is 50 cents, and, with the contemplated series of Saturday morning concerts for children at 25 cents, the movement is something that should have the hearty support and indorsement of all people, music lovers, public-spirited people, and educators. We are helping to build a love for the best music and creating a public for all symphony orchestras.

In almost all large cities of the United States there are two symphony orchestras. In Baltimore the city pays the sure deficit. Such orchestras are never known as money-making propositions

Some cities already recognized the value of orchestral music at a reasonable charge for admission. However, houses cannot begin to pay all the expenses, and unless the great city of Boston and the state of Massachusetts will lose something of considerable value to the community and municipality.

The People's Symphony Orchestra must have the unanimous support of the people as audience. The orchestra must have the financial support of the great many public-spirited men and women as its patrons. With this combination to urge the players and the management, nothing can keep the city of Boston from its long acquired position as pre-eminent in the land of the symphony orchestra.

Up to the present time, the musicians, 60 of the finest obtainable, have volunteered their services and are to be very highly commended for their admirable spirit. But they cannot be expected to continue to give their services for any great length of time. I. H. ODELL, Boston

Victoria Cross's Extraordinary Play; Other Productions in London

The dramatization by Victoria Cross of her novel, "The Greater Law," after the production at Belfast, Nov. 1, finally reached London and the Kennington Theatre. The Daily Telegraph declared it to be about the worst seen at any London theatre of repute for a long time, but considered as a burlesque it is a gem. "It tells a preposterous story in preposterous language about preposterous people. Never for one moment does it make the supreme blunder of becoming the least degree like life. Never for an instant can you by any knowledge of human nature divine what any one of the characters will do next. Take Dr. Harrington, for instance. This admirable medical man keeps a lunatic asylum—therefore, of course, is

something of a rogue. He is running his establishment, we gather, on the fees paid by two rich patients. These he is perfectly ready to put through the tricks to which their particular forms of insanity render them subject for the benefit of his friends' sense of humor, and incidentally, of the audience. He is equally ready to certify one of them as sane in order that he may marry a girl to save her reputation (this is getting complicated, but so is the play) and when the girl suggests that the lunatic may recover, he offers to throw in as a wedding present a little bottle whose contents will stop any such catastrophe from occurring." Although he is in the play a villain, the audience hailed him joyfully as chief comedian, "an eyebrow contortionist of no mean order."

"The Woman and the Apple," a one-act play by Herbert de Hamel (the Duke of York's Theatre) is one of the Grand Guignol order. A hanging judge, his wife and her lover are at dinner. The dessert is served. The judge is defending a death sentence he recently passed. The other two regard him as hard hearted. He goes upstairs to see his little daughter. The lovers have a passionate scene. The lover, a doctor, urges elopement. He injects poison into the remaining apple in the dish. The judge comes in and proceeds to rare the apple. The child is brought in to say good night. Her father offers her the apple. The truth comes out, and the judge tries himself and the lover for the wife's affections. She serves as jury and decides for the lover, but the child reappears. She turns towards her husband and is forgiven.

"Will You Kiss Me?" founded by Cyril Harcourt on the American novel, "Too Much Efficiency," by E. J. Rath, was produced at the Comedy. "A somewhat heterogeneous play, which passes from being a typical American farce full of complications and overcrowded with detail into a regulation Duel of Sex."

Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native," made into a play by Alderman T. H. Tilley, was performed at Dorchester, (Eng.), on Nov. 17 by the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society. The Masque of St. George was of course, an important feature.

Elsie Janis calls her new entertainment for the Queen's Theatre in London this month, a "revue-comedy." She coined the word from revue, music, and comedy.

Robert Ganthony is the author of "Modern Ventriloquism," published by W. J. Goldston, Ltd., London. The Stage says: "In this Mr. Ganthony has striven to show how the interest and effect of a ventriloquial entertainment may be enhanced by the adding of a dramatic theme to the scenery and appropriate costumes now generally used. As he says, 'The ventriloquist suitably attired to his environment becomes an actor, to which dialogue must also be sympathy, and the story or theme written like a good play, with a beginning and a finish. In this little volume Mr. Ganthony has put together some 15 sketches of various sorts, each of these preceded by a commentary. He deals only with secondary ventriloquism, and advises the beginner to start with one figure.'

"Chin Chin Chow" on Dec. 29, will have reached the 2000th consecutive performance at His Majesty's Theatre, London, for a fortnight from Dec. 27, there will be two performances daily.

Notes About Music, Concerts and Musicians in London

Mr. Ratskovic, violinist. He is one of a very small number of violinists who play every note in tune—every essential note, that is, for it is only machines that level the unimportant up to a meaningless perfection. He has that exceptionally fine ear which is not content with being in tune, but must be in the "middle" of the note; and that inspires confidence from the first.—London Times, Nov. 19.

Gervase Elwes: His recital was described

as his last appearance before his American tour, and his program of 24 songs, all by living English men and women, showed him prepared to carry abroad a strong representation of our modern song-writing. There is no one better fitted than Mr. Elwes to show our ideal of song to other people and to convince them that there is something worth having in it. It does not concentrate on one quality like the big melody of the Italians, the harmonic subtlety of the Germans, and the literary exactitude of the French. It is an ideal of accommodation in melody and heightened by instrumental decoration. In this program John Ireland's resetting of the old ballad of "The Three Ravens" expressed it most completely.—London Times, Nov. 19.

An inlaid harpsichord, made by Job Kirkman in 1766 for Queen Charlotte and given by her to the Princess Amelia was sold at auction in London for £310.

ACHMANINOFF

Sergel Rachmaninoff gave his first concert of this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before a very large audience. The hall had been sold out several days before the concert. All available standing room was taken. Mr. Rachmaninoff evidently does not approve having his hearers too near him, and the large platform was bare except for his imposing figure at the piano.

The program included Mozart's Sonata No. 9, five of Mendelssohn's songs without words, three Chopin pieces, three of Mr. Rachmaninoff's own compositions, two études-tableaux being played for the first time—and Liszt's Spanish rhapsody.

It would be difficult to name any numbers that were more pleasing than others. The entire program was played with the power and expression, and the marvellous technic which this pianist possesses. The two studies of his own, which were played for the first time, were Slavic in character, and weirdly effective. Mr. Rachmaninoff responded to the long-continued applause with encores after each group on the program, and at the close.

SWEDISH SINGERS GIVE THEIR SECOND CONCERT

The second of its two 25th anniversary concerts was given yesterday afternoon

by Harmoni, Swedish singing society, in Jordan Hall. The soloists included Harold Lindau, tenor; Miss Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto; Paul Hultman, pianist, and E. Algot Jonason, baritone. Miss Edith Eklund accompanied the artists on the piano. The Harmoni male chorus, under the direction of Perh Pearson, rendered pleasing Swedish selections. The first concert was given by the society in Jordan Hall Saturday evening.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Overture, Magic Flute, Mozart; Suite of Strings, Herbert; Ballet Music, Queen of Sheba, Goldmark; Serenade for woodwind, horn and tuba (first time in Boston), Strauss; Scherzo and Finale of Fourth Symphony in F minor, Tschalkowsky; Rhapsodie No. 1, Liszt.

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Acquittal," a play in three acts by Rita Weisman. Produced by Cohan and Harris at Atlantic City, June 29, 1919. Having had a long run in Chicago, the play was brought out in New York on Jan. 5, 1920, at the Cohan and Harris Theatre.

Barton..... Franklin Hall
Nellie..... Violet Pearl Mehan
Madeline Winthrop..... Chrystal Herge
Dr. Hammond..... William Walcott
Edith Craig..... Ann Mason
Joe Conway..... William Harrigan
Kenneth Winthrop..... George Parsons
Robert Armstrong..... Pierre Watkin
Cliff..... Arthur V. Gibson
McCarthy..... William F. Eager
Ainsley..... John Rowan
Wilson..... Otto Nemeyer
Jeddes..... George Bedell
Burke..... Edward Harrigan

"The Acquittal" is an excellent melodrama. Curiously is awakened as soon as the reporter Conway talks in a strange

manner about the verdict of acquittal in the case of Winthrop, who has been tried for the murder of an aged philanthropist but even at the very beginning of the first act, with the return of the wife and her friend Edith from the court room, the spectator is conscious of something mysterious to come. The nervousness of the wife, her tremors, her shuddering, her changes of facial expression when she hears the comments on the verdict—all this is not merely the reaction from the long strain of the trial, where she had showed uncommon courage in her loyalty. Is it possible that Conway has just cause to question the verdict? Is it possible that she did the deed, that her hand administered the poison? Winthrop comes in as a victor. Even the Governor of the state has telegraphed his regret that the outrageous charge had brought him to trial. Surely, Winthrop, manly, calm, speaking from his heart to the reporters whom he has invited to his house; this man, evidently devoted to his wife, cannot have been the murderer. Note also the momentary strange behavior of Edith, who lives with the rejoicing couple. Why does she faint when Winthrop promises Conway to aid him in detecting the guilty one? Is it possible that she was the one, or knows? What is the nature of the hastily-scribbled note that Conway puts in the bag he is told belongs to Mrs. Winthrop? What does he say when he whispers to Nellie, the maid? Why does he go upstairs, a stranger in a strange house? The curtain falls and the audience is pleasantly excited. "Who was the murderer?" is the theme of the conversational buzzing during the wait.

Ah, ladies and gentlemen, the power of the press! the lever that moves the world. Job printing done with neatness and dispatch. Terms invariably in advance.

Murderers detected in a day or two. Mr. Joe Conway puts Dupin, Monsieur Lecoq, Sherlock Holmes and the rest of 'em to confusion. And do not think that the respectful Nellie is merely a maid in service.

The talk between Mrs. Winthrop and Edith sheds no light; it darkens the mystery. But the husband enters Madeleine's boudoir. Husband and wife are alone. She in a hysterically dramatic scene accuses him of having brought into his home his mistress Edith, who had been befriended by the murdered man. Old as he was, the philanthropist was jealous; he gave the wife letters written by her husband to this woman. Fearing exposure, her husband poisoned the old man. Yes, he is the murderer. How can she, the devoted wife, live with him in the future? He in turn accuses her of having the reporter for a lever. He has the letters which she foolishly handed to him in her rage. Ah, but she has the proof of the poisoned

powders. He threatens her life. "Kill me," and she hands him a pistol. Conway to the rescue; he has been listening at the door of the next room. Having apologized gracefully to Mrs. Winthrop for eavesdropping, he says that he has the letters; those in the husband's hands are only the envelopes; he has the powders, too. He will keep still for \$1,000,000, which Winthrop recently made in steel. Winthrop's lawyer is summoned to draw up the agreement. Here one might think the play is at an end.

Not at all. There is still another surprise, and it would be a pity to inform future spectators concerning it. Yet we may say that Mrs. Winthrop turns the voluptuous Edith out of the house, assuring her that she would end in the gutter. Winthrop leaves—and what is his ending? Whispering between the doctor, the lawyer and the remarkable young reporter, and the curtain falls for the last time.

An excellent melodrama, shrewdly contrived. The atmosphere of mystery is adroitly preserved till near the end. Trifles as light as air assume a portentous meaning. One has no time to argue concerning possibility or impossibility. And the crowning glory is that the drama is not spun out. Everything happens in the theatre within two hours.

The four chief parts were well-played. Miss Herne portrayed without exaggeration a woman, tortured by her secret knowledge, on the verge of a breakdown, yet roused to fiery indignation and withering scorn. Miss Mason, whose personal attractiveness would almost have excused Winthrop's outrageous behavior towards his wife, if the wife had not happened to be Miss Herne, refrained from turning Edith into an adventuress or a "vamp." Mr. Harrigan, the son of the unforgettable, beloved Edward Harrigan, played the reporter with refreshing ease and coolness, with an unobtrusive but genuine sense of humor. As for Mr. Parsons, he was strong in an unthankful part, one that in the good old days would have been fiercely hissed by gallery gods: there was no higher compliment, yet Mr. Parsons made Winthrop a human being, unlike the wicked, silk-hatted baronet in an English melodrama. Mr. Hall, as the butler, was also worthy of notice.

Not till the end of the play did the actors and actresses acknowledge by standing a curtain call. Thus the illusion was preserved throughout.

In the 70's at New Haven, Ct. we had the honor of knowing a poet. His name was Root. He had a melancholy face, but although he was on the staff of a newspaper, he did not bore one by talking about Pegasus in pound, or the Muse chained to a desk. His poems were often of a gloomy nature. He had evidently studied the Swinburne of the defiant choruses in "Atalanta in Calydon" and could imitate neatly the form of "Dolores," but in private life he enjoyed beer and tobacco. At times he wrote in a comparatively cheerful vein. Witness his

ODE TO DECEMBER

No more the festive bite,
Mixed with the infernal midnight monotone,
The emphatic scratching of the match to light
The gas, and find the attenuate horror flown.

No more the odorous breath
Of summer nights that, every time it blows,
Suggests, not Araby, but shapes of death,
As every member of our health board knows.

No more the industrious fly,
The mosquito's morning supplement, to map
The upturned face with exquisite agony,
Of him who loves his early morning nap.

Put days of quiet peace;
The stove-pipe cometh to the front again,
Its anxious joints slip into place like grease,
And blasphemy sleeps on the lips of men.

The patient plumber sees
The full fruition of his summer's dream;
Again the clothier flingeth to the breeze
His garments false of wool and frail of seam.

Whereat the coal man smiles,
And rubs his hands, and sayeth, "Even so
My harvest cometh." And his hours beguile
With chants and pious psalms in praise of snow.

And we, in joy profound,
Just hibernate, unmindful of our cares;
Oblivious that the coal man doth abound,
Forgetful of the plumber man down stairs.

"Vieux Moustache"

Men of 60 years or more may have read carelessly that Clarence Gordon died last week at Sharon. Perhaps they looked to see how old he was, whether his age corresponded with theirs; or they were curious about the disease that removed him from the earth, for after men have reached the firing line the diseases and the deaths of even the unknown have a peculiar interest. Some remembered that Clarence Gordon had pleased their boyhood by his books signed "Vieux Moustache." We once asked in print why he was thus ungrammatically French, why he mixed genders, not thinking that he would see the paragraph, not knowing whether he was alive. He wrote a long and delightful letter in answer, admitting the masculine and incongruous adjective and saying that he deliberately chose to be wrong. What good books they were. If we are not mistaken he wrote frequently for the Riverside Magazine for boys and girls. There were engrossing pages about coasting and other winter sports. We wish that we owned the books today. To read them we would drop Margot Asquith's memoirs in a minute or even the treatise explaining Einstein's theory; but, alas! the books of "Vieux Moustache" disappeared long ago with the "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk" in blue boards, the English edition of "The Boy's Own Book," and that improving story, "Dick and His Friend Fidos." Fortunately we still have some of the Rollo books; the Marco Paul series; also "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," by old Doc Watts. Even now we pick up "Rollo's Travels." Note the simplicity of the beginning, and the knowledge of human nature displayed: "Rollo's father was going to take a journey, and he was considering whether it would not be a good plan to take Rollo with him."

"You will find such a boy a great deal of trouble," said his mother.

"True," replied his father: "I expect that."

"And the expense will be considerable," she added.

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "there will be some additional expense. They generally charge half price for a boy."

Fifty-Fifty

So Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein purposes to give the New York public and the gaping and auriferous strangers within the gates opera, grand, medium and small, in German. It is a pity that Oscar is not alive to express his opinion of the plan. He made a great name for himself and the Manhattan Opera House and awoke the Metropolitan from its lethargy by producing French opera in French.

Stage Suppers

(Margot Asquith)

"Everyone has a different conception of Hell and few of us connect it with names; but stage suppers are my idea of Hell, and, with the exception of Irving and Coquelin, Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, I have never met the hero or heroine off the stage that was not ultimately dull."

Stones, Flip, Swizzle

As the World Wags:

Before all worthy tipplers have passed away, I should like to ask whether any have ever resorted to stone-boiling, especially when they were mulling a stomachic. I have known several men who sometimes heated their drink with a red-hot poker. I have known only one that had recourse to the more primitive stone-boiling. This man often remarked that he relished toddy only when 'twas stone-boiled. He always had in his club locker two or three grayish pebbles which he would order heated on the grill. I shall never forget seeing him quaff his stone-boiled liquor and nibble at namekins.

TARBELLUS.

Flip, ale and spirits, sometimes spiced, and always heated with a red-hot poker, was not unknown to us in the good old days, but we never heard of stone-boiling. We believe that a tribe of North American Indians, the Assinaboins, not the Narroprats, were called "Stone-Boilers" in English, though they heated water not spirits. Reading the letter of Mr. Tarbellus we recalled the recipe for the Manor Swizzle, a beverage that, Thomas Hoggson, Esq., first drank at the end of the 18th century at a white stone inn in the town of Fredericton, in this province of New Brunswick.

"To eight bottles of a light Rhenish wine, add two bottles of Arrack and enough white sugar to suit the taste. Add a few sticks of cinnamon, a few whole cloves, and mix the concoction well in a metal vessel. Then heat a mulling stick (preferably one made with canister shot fastened to the end of a bent iron rod) until it be red hot, and plunge it into the mixture. This will burn off some of the alcohol and at the same time heat the punch. Care must be taken to place the metal vessel where the flames will not set fire to anything. This swizzle should be served in goblets while it is still hot."

"Goblets"! Good, old days! Flip, by the way, was in England also called Sir Cloudesley, after Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

"If He Were"

As the World Wags:

I respectfully urge "L. X. Catalonia," who says it is never in good taste to say, "If he were," to study an English grammar with special reference to the subjunctive mood. He may then think it best to modify his categorical assertion in *The Herald* of Nov. 27.

K. B. E.

COPLEY THEATRE—Fanny's First Play, a comedy in three acts, a prologue and an epilogue, by George Bernard Shaw. First played at the Little Theatre, in London, on April 12, 1911.

Mr. Moran.....Morris Carnovsky
Mr. Savoyard.....Harry Whitecomb
Count O'Dowda.....H. Conway Winfield
Mr. Trotter.....Hugh Dillon
Mr. Vaughan.....Noel Leslie
Mr. Gumi.....Chester H. Parsons
Plummer Ransal.....Clifford Turner
Mr. Gilbey.....Leonard Watts
Mrs. Gilbey.....Robert Noble
Mrs. Gilbey.....Diana Storm
Mr. Knox.....Nicholas Joy
Mr. Knox.....May Ellis
Mrs. Knox.....E. E. Olive
Margaret Knox.....Viola Roach
Mr. Duvallet.....Elma Royton
Bobby Gilbey.....Charles Warburton
.....Paul Hansell

George Bernard Shaw must have enjoyed himself hugely when he wrote this comedy. With his observant humor and quick satiric thrusts, he "slaps" at the heads of any he may spy rising above the crowd, then, when least expected, he leans over and indiscriminately slaps the unsuspecting heads that are laughing hilariously at the discomfiture of those already slapped. The critics are the first targets for the shafts of his ironic wit. Shaw once said: "Produce me your best critic, and I will entitle his head off." In the prologue he stands in a row like so many lead soldiers and proceeds to knock them down one by one. It is Shaw at his best. The play itself is witty and clever, but not altogether without faults. If its dialogue is at times long drawn out and its action a little lagging, it is always vast, amusing, and every word counts—how never fails to say something real, though one is loath to apply it personally. It is human nature to sit back and comfortably reflect that it's "the other fellow" whom Shaw is "slapping." In fact, what one most enjoys about Shaw is that he says the things that we think, but have too much fear of convention to say.

"Fanny's First Play" is a splendid thing piece. Each character is clear-cut and sharp. Count O'Dowda, who is Byron and detests Wagner, Beethoven and the entire 19th century, is a little sketch of the modern who lives the romance of the "good old days," comfortably ignoring the sunny side of the times. It was interesting to hear at he behaved rationally on the street. Viola Roach's Mrs. Knox, "reluctant cheerful," gives a well-thought-out performance. Miss Roach shines particularly in characterizations of this sort. Mr. Knox, with his "nerves," was aptly played by E. E. Olive. Especially good was he in the third act—seemingly "talky" one, by the way—when he showed a tendency to "broaden out."

Elma Royton as the newly-awakened Margaret, whose religious ardor led her to such tempestuous ways, supplied the only real action in the play with her "educating" young Charles Warburton and

in a role that is in itself inconsequential. As M. Duvallet, Margaret's partner-in-crime, he gave a smooth and colorful characterization. It seemed strange, however, that a man who claimed but a slight knowledge of the English tongue could burst out with such a rhetorical and glowing harangue as this Frenchman did. This, though, is scarcely Mr. Warburton's fault.

There is little question as to why the Copley Players' revivals of "Fanny's First Play" are popular. In Mrs. Knox's words, "You may call it preaching, if you like"—in this case comedy—"but it's the truth for all that."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Thee Gondoliers," a musical comedy. The cast: Duke of Plazatoro.....Sam Burton
Casilda.....Greta Drew
Duchess of Plazatoro.....Mildred Rogers
Louis.....Hugh Williams
Tessa.....Eunice Gilman
Gionetti.....Edith Benmin
The Inquisitor.....Jefferson de Angellis
Giuseppe.....Ralph Brinard
Antonio.....Edward Quinn
Francesca.....Charles Lewis
.....Robert Vernon

The cast and chorus numbered nearly as many as the audience at last night's performance. The stage settings and costumes were excellent, and the music under the direction of Max Bendix of high quality.

Jefferson De Angellis was agile and amusing in the principal comedy part, and his performance called for an encore. Mildred Rogers had one solo in the last act which suited her strong, smooth voice. Ralph Brinard and Edward Quinn, the gondoliers, who have temporary joint occupancy of the throne of Barataria, sang pleasingly in solos and duets, and Eunice Gilman and Edith Benmin, their wives and expectant quechs, were charming in their songs.

This opera will be repeated Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and "The Pirates of Penzance" will hold the stage for the remainder of the week.

LEO CARRILLO HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Former Star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," Scores with Dialect Stories

Leo Carrillo, recently star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," leads Keith's bill this week with his inimitable dialect stories of Chinese, Japanese and Italians.

Stepping out of the movies and recalling her musical comedy success, Fay Marbe wins her audience by the charm of personality put in songs, dances, smiles and kisses. Paul Decker's company stages a one-act comedy of the rich man's son's come-back at father, and Tom Patricola, assisted by Irene Delroy, mimics an idiot almost too realistically in original dancing.

The Caninos were gracefully responsive to the rhythmic and rapid whirl of the Spanish dance. Harry Stephens and Louise Brunelle combined the operatic and hula-hula; Carl Enmy's dogs knew they were individual stars; and McIntosh with his musical maids played airs of Scotland on a variety of instruments.

We read of mince meat being seized in a Texan town because it was polluted by a trace of alcohol; that the flavoring of home-made Christmas plum pudding and mince meat, also brandied cherries and peaches, are in violation of the prohibition enforcement law. And so we turn to "Hudibras";

"All plety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin,
Rather than fall, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince-pies and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge."

Sir John Birkenhead went so far as to query whether Mr. Peters did justly preach against Christmas pies the same day that he ate two minced pies for his dinner. Aro there no Peterses among these stern enforcers of the law?

James Means

We recall the time when James Means was regarded as a visionary because he believed in the possibility of flying machines. His belief was so firm that he was not ruffled by the good-natured chaff at the club he frequented. The Aeronautical Annual, which he founded and published, was classed by many with comic almanacs. He was enthusiastic in all that he undertook, thoughtful of others, a generous man. Some may remember that in his political idealism he endeavored to establish a "Columbian party" and thus subjected himself to sneers and insults. He had the honor of being derided editorially by the New York Sun. Mr. Means was fortunate in this; he lived to see his theories and beliefs about aerial navigation vindicated and was thus happier than Samuel Pierpont Langley, who died broken hearted, because his "air ship" was generally thought to be a failure.

Beclouded

(Emily Dickinson)

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow,
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

At Table

The question of grace before meat was recently discussed in this column. Running through a volume of "Noctes Ambrosianae" the other night we came across this speech of the Shepherd:

"I dinna mean to say, sir, that poverty directly thanks God every time it takes a drink o' water or a mouthfu' o' bread. That's impossible; though it's a custom that should aye be countenanced among a' ranks, askin' a blessing on every meal folk eat sittin'—if it be but shutting the een, muvin' the lips or hauden' up a haun."

Here our correspondents come to the rescue.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the discussion regarding graces at table, I would remind those fearful of being caught unprepared for that ceremony of the verse said by Robert Burns at the request of the Earl of Selkirk and entitled "The Selkirk Grace":

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And saq the Lord be thankit."

H. G. CRAWFORD.

As the World Wags:

Let me remind you of the Rev. Rowland Hill's famous and unrivalled grace, "Forasmuch, O Lord, as many have food and no appetite, and many more have appetite and no food, we thank Thee that we have both."

WALTER J. CLEMONS.

"Queer"

As the World Wags:

Apropos of "thole," a recent book of St. John Ervine's: "Foolish Lovers," has the following passage—on the second page: "In this way this reporter pleased the harmless variety of the lower, the middle and the upper classes of Pickie; and for a time they were 'ill to thole' on account of the swollen condition of their heads."

In this book also the use of the word "queer" is striking: e. g. "I love you queer and well, uncle!" murmured John shily. "Your da was a strange man, John, a queer strange man," or "My da would be queer and proud of you, Uncle William."

E. M. QUINBY, M. D.

Brookline. "Queer and" means "very." There are other uses of the word in dialect. In "Tam o' Shanter" the souter told his "queerest" i. e. most humorous, stories. In certain English provences "queer" means ill-tempered, capricious, unsociable. "Queer-gotten": of uncertain parentage. "To dis queer" is to kill oneself. "Queers," the plural, means anything strange, also news. "This Lord kens it's queers to Archie Simpson, that there's any harm in kissing a lassie." "Queerly" or "quarely" means considerably, extraordinarily. In old cant "queer" was a generic deprecatory: criminal, base, counterfeit, add. There is a long list of outlandish phrases under this head: thus a "queer-plunger" was a cheat working the drowning man and rescue dodge.—Ed.

The Thankful Contributor

As the World Wags:

Many thanks to you and H. T. for setting me right on the "Thole-tole-toll" question.

There seems to be a penumbra in pronunciation, however. Is not thole-pin always pronounced tole-pin?

W. S. B.

The Roman Numerals

As the World Wags:

I invite the attention of your Worcester correspondent, inquiring about "the letter B appearing in Roman numerals," to Lane's Latin Grammar (Harper & Bros.), sections 246, 247, 249.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

YOUNG LISTENERS SHOW APPRECIATION

By PHILIP HALE

The first of the young people's concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rossini, overture to "The Italian (woman) in Algiers," Bach, Bourree Polonaise and Badnerlo from the suite in B minor; Dvorak, Largo and Scherzo from the symphony "From the New World," Ronsky-Korsakoff, "The Story of the Kalandar Prince" from "Scheherazade," Bizet-Guilraud, Farandole from the suite "L'Arlésienne" No. 2. For the concert of yesterday and the one tomorrow afternoon all the tickets were distributed through 90 schools and 10 settlements of Greater Boston.

The audience yesterday was especially musical, for the first preference was given to the pupils that are members of school orchestras, bands or glee clubs.

clubs, also to pupils that are studying music outside of the schools but are being credited for it in the schools.

The program was arranged so as to acquaint in a measure the young listeners with the quality of several solo instruments. Thus in the odd and once popular overture of the light-hearted Rossini the florid passages for oboe were played delightfully by Mr. Longy. Mr. Laurent's skill and taste were displayed in the movements from Bach's suite, while the English horn solo in Dvorak's Largo was played by Mr. Mueller. The movement from "Scheherazade" brought into prominence solos by violin, harp, bassoon, oboe, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone played by the admirable virtuosos of the orchestra.

The young listeners were greatly interested and pleased. They were warmly appreciative. They watched the players attentively and heard them intelligently. When they talked, the subject was the music of the orchestral instruments.

These concerts will do much to arouse and maintain genuine interest in good music, music that is melodious and strongly rhythmed, whether it be by an Italian, Frenchman, Russian, German or even an American. Mr. Monteux arranged, as he did last season, an excellent program for the purpose; he conducted and the full orchestra played as if the concert were in the regular subscription series.

In order that students of the schools that did not come in the allotment may have an opportunity to hear the orchestra, a third concert will be given the afternoon of Dec. 10, for which tickets at 25, 35 and 50 cents are now being sold at the Symphony Hall box office. This concert will also accommodate pupils of the various private schools. Adults will be admitted only as escorts.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Mr. Rachmaninoff's piano recital. See special notice.

Convent Hall, St. Botolph street, 3:30 P. M., Concert by the People's Orchestra of Boston, Mr. Mollenauer, conductor. Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Herbert, Love Songs from Suite for strings; Goldmark, Ballet music from "The Queen of Sheba"; St. Strauss, Sonatas for wood-wind instruments and horns (first time here); Tschalkowsky, Scherzo and Finale from Symphony No. 4; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

MONDAY—Stelner Hall, 11 A. M., Mme. Helen Hopekirk's piano recital. Barratt, Scottish Tone Picture; H. H. A. Beach, Scottish Legend; Macdowell, Celtic Sonata; Chick, Aria and Gavotte; Ireland, Towing Path and Merry Andrew; Hopekirk, Sundown, Shadows, Minuet and Rhapsody; Debussy, Serenade Interrompue, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Chopin, Andante Spianato and Polonaise in A flat.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M., Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert for young people. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Song recital by Mme. Estelle Liebling.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Song recital by Mme. Eva Gauthier. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., Helen Jeffries' violin recital. Brahms, Sonata, A major, Op. 109; Beethoven, Concerto, D minor, No. 2; Alexander, The Foggy Day; Paganini-Kreisler, Caprice, No. 20; Rachmaninoff, Romance; Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois; Satie—Sous la Hayanalse.

Symphony Hall, 4 P. M., Repetition of Symphony concert for young people.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 4 P. M., Repetition of Symphony concert for young people.

MME. GAUTHIER

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Eva Gauthier gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. Her songs were as follows: Georges, Chanson Flamande; Ravel, Chanson Française; Vaughan Williams, L'Amour de Moy; Sinigaglia, Maria Cullina; Hughes, Bird's Courtin' Song. After these poet songs came a group of American: Griffes, Walkk; Ornstein, the Raindrop; Engel, A Sprig of Rosemary and Opal. The Italians were represented by Malpiero, Stream; Casella, Il Bove; Tommasini, La Fontaine des Gazelles; Respighi, Nevicata; Castelnuovo, Stella Cadenti (No. 9); Pizzetti, San Basilio. The eccentric Erle Sattle was represented by Le Statue de Bronze, Daphne and Le Chapelle. Then came the turn of the British: Ireland, Penumbra; Goossens, Chanson de Barabrine; Holbrooke, O, Gloomy, Friendly Trees; Poterkin, Hours of Idleness; Cyril Scott, An Old Song Ended; Frank Bridge, Thy Hand in Mine.

Mme. Gauthier had purposed to add Stravinsky's Berceuse du Chat to the program, but the three clarinetists necessary were not available, so she substituted Crist's amusing Japanese and Chinese songs.

In 1861 the excellent Jabez Jenkins published in London a dictionary of "all except familiar words." Mme. Gauthier's program recalled to mind this little book. The ultra-moderns had the floor. It was a pleasure to know what they are doing, or in some instances, trying to do; to note their desire to be original at any cost, their wild endeavor to shun the obvious. The group of Italian songs was disap-

Only Respighi had a sure grasp of an idea and remained the Italian beauty of vocal expression. Cavelli wrote an imposing mass for his "Ox," and sustained a mood in the closing measures; but the song of Respighi, beautiful throughout, was a feature of the program. The other songs that were conspicuous were the folk-song "L'Amour de Moy," Carl Engel's "Sprig of Rosemary," sung to his "Opal," which the singer repeated. John Ireland's "Penumbra," Carl Scott's "Old Song Ended," which went much to Mme. Gauthier's quietly emotional interpretation; and the musical jests of the strangely gifted Erik Satie.

It might be of interest to discuss the tendencies of the "advanced" writers of songs, but space now forbids.

As for Mme. Gauthier, her interpretation of the various moods, sentiments, emotions, was an unflinching delight. Vocal difficulties were easily sur-

mounted; tones were artistically colored at will; the voice was the supple and sympathetic voice of each composer. The versatility of Mme. Gauthier is surprising. It seems that nothing pertaining to humanity is foreign to her musical expression. The singer that felt the simple charm of "L'Amour de Moy," and brought to the heart of the hearer the deep pathos of "An Old Song Ended," was now dignified, now passionate, and she sang an interpolated and delightful waltz by Satie with the dash, the reckless brilliance of a concert favorite.

Mr. Shield played remarkable accompaniments in a remarkable manner, vying in art with the singer. The large audience was enthusiastic.

MISS LIEBLING

Miss Estelle Liebling, soprano, at her recital yesterday afternoon, presented the following program: Cavalli, Canzone; Stradella, Aria di S. Giovanni; Gaffi, Minuetto Allegro; Fesch, Tu fal la superbetta; Hahn, Le Rossignol; Debussy, Clair de lune; Ravel, La Flute Enchantee; Saint-Saens, Le Bonheur est chose legere; Golde, Sudden Light; Taylor, the Rivals; Max Liebling, Love came in at the door; H. Osgood, On Erlberg Isle; Quilter, Song of the Blackbird; Poldowski, Dimanche d'Avril and Serenade; d'Erlanger, Chanson legere; Fouldrain, La Papillon. Walter Golde was the accompanist.

Miss Liebling comes from a very musical family: Georg Liebling, known throughout Germany and in London as composer, pianist, teacher, director of music schools; Emil Liebling, pianist, and a brilliant writer on musical subjects; Sally Liebling, esteemed in Germany as pianist and teacher; Max Liebling, composer, pianist and teacher; Leonard Liebling, musician, teacher, composer, librettist and the editor of the Musical Courier.

Of the composers on the program Bernardo Gaffi is the least known to confertgoers. He was a composer of the Roman school, living in the 17th and 18th centuries. He wrote a cantata for solo voice, also cantatas for solo voice with accompaniment for strings. The song of Ravel is the second in his "Sheherazade," dating back to 1903. (The three songs have also an orchestral accompaniment.) d'Erlanger, best known here by his song "Morte," is often confounded with the late Camille Erlanger.

Miss Liebling, born in New York, has sung with marked success, according to foreign critics, in opera and in concert in various European cities. In this country she has sung from coast to coast. Yesterday she was heard in Boston for the first time. Her voice is of very fine quality and of adequate power and range. The medium and low tones, as produced, are more pleasing than those of the upper register, which is uneven, although the piano passages in this register were beautiful. She has a sure legato, pure intonation, clear enunciation, firm breath control. Her singing of slowly moving legato phrases is more to be commended than her florid work. There was little subtlety in her interpretation. She was more fortunate in songs of a contemplative nature than in those demanding vocal agility or dramatic force. Mr. Golde accompanied well.

We have received a letter that suits the last month of the year.

The Great Question

As the World Wags:
We are on the verge of Christmas again, with its announcement of eternal life; but what hope or encouragement for such a man as I was talking to the other day, who says flatly that he does not want eternal life, but eternal unconsciousness? I told him, of course, that it was very wrong in him to want it; to which he said, simply, "Prove it!" JOHN ROE, Boston.

Let us first consult a grave, yet humorous and learned physician: Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich.
"In our study of anatomy there is a certain venerable philosophy, and such

as reduced the very heathens to divinity; yet, at almost all those rare discoveries and curious pieces, I find in the belief of man, I do not so much content myself, as in that I find not—that is, no organ or instrument for the rational soul; for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the crany of a beast; and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the 'mortality' of the soul, at least in that sense we usually so receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that if hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

"Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh; nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death; the devil hath, therefore, failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it: there is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery."

Socrates to his judges: "Now, if there is no consciousness at all, and it is like sleep when the sleeper does not dream, I say there would be a wonderful gain in death. For I am sure, if any man were to take that night in which he slept so deeply that he saw no dreams, and put beside it all the other nights and days of his whole life, and compare them, and say how many of them all were better spent or happier than that one night—I am sure that not the ordinary man alone, but the King of Persia himself, would find them few to count. If death is of this nature, I would consider it a gain; for the whole of time would seem no longer than one single night. But if it is a journey to another land, if what some say is true and all the dead are really there, if this is so, my judges, what greater good could there be?"

Boswell: "I said I had reason to believe that the thought of annihilation gave him no pain." Johnson: "It was not so, sir. He had a vanity in being thought easy. It is more probable that he should assume an appearance of ease than that so very improbable a thing should be as a man not afraid of going (as, in spite of his delusive theory, he cannot be sure but he may go) into an unknown state and not being uneasy at leaving all he knew. And you are to consider that upon his own principle of annihilation he had no motive to speak the truth."

Boswell: "I mentioned Hawthornden's 'Cypress grove,' where it is said that the world is a mere show; and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the showroom after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out and give place to other spectators." Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he is sure to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the showroom and never to see anything again; or if he does not know whether he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a showroom. No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all."

Milton's Moloch:

"What doubt we to incense His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd, Will either quite consume us, and reduce To Nothing this essential; happier far Than miserable to have eternal being."

Milton's Belial:

"To he no more; Sad cure! for who would lose, Though full of pain, this intellectual being, Those thoughts that wander through eternity, To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost In the wide womb of uncreated night, Devoid of sense and motion?"

Swinburne in "The Garden of Proserpine":

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the wisest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

"Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night."

Walt Whitman:
"I know I am deathless;
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by
the carpenter's compass;
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue
cut with a burnt stick at night."

"My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite;
I launch at what you call dissolution;
And I know the amplitude of time."

"And as to you Life, I reckon you are the
leavings of many deaths;
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand
times before)."

Constantine about to sit on the throne again told a reporter that Tuesday is regarded in Greece as an unlucky day, for the fall of Constantinople in the 15th century took place on a Tuesday. The father of Constantine put faith in the superstition; he would never swear in a new minister on that day. It was on a Tuesday that Constantine himself mounted the throne for the first time.

It is not prudent, it is not the part of wisdom, to laugh at the old superstitions or to disregard them. All nations, barbarous or civilized, have believed in lucky and unlucky days. More than half the days in the year are unlucky in Madagascar. Any child born on those days would be a parricide, wicked in every way, and so he was exposed. The old Japanese fixed on the five most unfortunate days in the year for their five great festivals, in order by universal mirth to propitiate the people in the air.

The ancient Egyptians, old Hesiod, the Brahmins of Laristan, the natives on the Gold coast, the Emperor Augustus, the Slavese sportsmen, the poet Horace, the Mexicans whom Cortez slew and plundered, all believed in lucky and unlucky days. Not only profane writers, but the sacred Scriptures mention good and evil times.

Certain days are unlucky for certain individuals. Thomas a Becket's bad day was Tuesday, as Wednesday was propitious to the illustrious Pope Sixtus Quintus. Thursday was fatal to Henry VIII and his posterity: He died on Thursday; Edward VI on Thursday; Elizabeth on Thursday.

The Temple of Jerusalem was taken on Saturday by Pompey, Herod and Titus in turn.

"Astronomers say that six Dayes of the year are perillous of death; and therefore they forbid men to let blood on them, or take any Drinke: that is to say, January the 3rd, July the 1st, October the 2nd, the last of April, August the 1st, the last day going out of December." The latter three are the worst: "And if they take any Drinke within fifteen dayes, they shall die; and if they eat any goose in these three Dayes, within forty dayes they shall die; and, if any child be born in these three latter dayes, they shall die a wicked death."

Surely William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, trusted by Queen Elizabeth and known as the English Cato, was a wise and learned man. Note this advice to his son:

"Though I think no day amisse to undertake any good enterprise or business in hande, yet have I observed some, and no meane clerks, very cautionarie to forbear these three Mundayes in the year, which I leave to thine owne consideration, either to use or refuse; viz., 1. The first Munday in April, which Day Caine was born, and his brother Abel slaine. 2. The second Munday in August, which Day Sodome and Gomorrah were destroyed. 3. The last Munday in December, which Day Judas was born that betrayed our Saviour Christ."

A boy or girl cannot be too careful in the choice of the day of the week to be born.

Daniel Shays

As the World Wags:

The report which the printed "proceedings" of the Massachusetts Historical Society gives of the society's annual meeting of April 20, 1865, contains the following in reference to Daniel Shays: "The president (of the society, Robert C. Winthrop) read a letter from L. L. Doty, dated 'Albany, March 17, 1855,' stating that Daniel Shays, who headed the rebellion in Massachusetts in 1787, died at Scottsburg, a little village in western New York, in the county of Livingston; that he lies buried in the graveyard there, and that there is nothing to indicate his grave to a stranger. 'A simple three-cornered piece of slab, say nine or ten inches square, without inscription, overgrown with weeds and grass, is the only thing that marks it at all.' The writer hopes that this society may feel inclined to appropriate means for some simple memorial to be placed over the grave. If so, he would undertake to have the remains reinterred and a fence erected about the spot."

"Voted, That the society decline to make an appropriation for the object stated. The president was requested to reply to the letter of Mr. Doty, which was addressed to him." OBSERVER.

Brookline.

The Disputants

As the World Wags:

Appropos of Mr. John Roe's letter in The Herald of this morning, let me quote a little poem by Emily Dickinson:
Death is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust.
"Dissolve," says Death. The Spirit: "Sir,
I have another trust."

Death doubts it, argues from the ground.

The Spirit turns away,

Just laying off, for evidence,

An overcoat of clay.

Boston, Dec. 9. PAUL HARCOURT.

An Improving Anecdote

The great and amiable Pope Benedict XIV related to the Cardinal de Rochecourt the following story of an occurrence that took place at Bologna when he was legate. Two senators quarrelled over the question which was the greater poet, Tasso or Ariosto. The one that espoused the side of Ariosto received a sword thrust from which he died. "I went to see him on his death bed. 'Is it possible,' he asked, 'that I must perish in the flower of my age for the sake of Ariosto, whom I have never

read? And if I had read him I should not have understood him, for I am only a stupid fellow.'"

Burns Again

As the World Wags:

There is another Burns grace, regretfully remembered since the day of Mr. Volstead:

"O Lord, since we hae supped sae well
Which we sae little merit,
Let Jock now tak away the flesh
And Meg bring in the spirit."

Boston.

JACKSON.

Royal English Co. in "Pirates of Penzance" at Opera House

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Royal English Opera Company in "The Pirates of Penzance," a comic opera in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan, directed by Max Bendix. The cast:

Richard	Detmar Toppin
Samuel	Edward Quinn
Frederick	Ralph Bralnard
Edward	Sam A. Hurton
Maj.-Gen. Stanley	Jefferson de Angells
Mable	Edith Benmin
Kate	Charlotte Elliot
Edith	Eunice Glinan
Isabelle	Vivian Russell
Ruth	Mildred Rogers

"The Pirates of Penzance" is the one of the series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas in which the librettist fairly outshines the composer and the company at last night's performance did not miss a point or a shade of the Gilbertian drolery throughout.

Mr. De Angells fitted the part of Maj.-Gen. Stanley as perfectly as his uniform fitted him and the subtle Anglicization of his lines, not in the least overdone, was delightful. Mr. Brainard as Frederick, the pirates' apprentice, was heard to very good advantage in his songs. Mr. Burton's cockney version of the sergeant of police was out of the conventional line but made a hit, nevertheless. Mr. Toppin was as formidable and fine a pirate king as has been seen in these parts for many a day.

Miss Benmin, as Mable, sang with remarkable purity and sweetness of voice, her duet with Frederick in the second act being a gem, and Miss Rogers, as Ruth, "the practical maid of all work," gave an appreciative rendering of the part. The chorus work was excellent.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Dragon," a play in three acts by Lady Gregory, presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club. First given at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, April 21, 1919.

The King	W. V. M. Fawcett
The Queen	Catherine MacLarnie
Nuala	Dorothy Googins
The Tall Girl	Joseph Skinner
The Nurse	Mildred Ellis
The Prince	J. J. Collier
Manus	W. B. Leach, Jr.
Fintan	Burke Boyce
Talg	Philip Wardner
Sibby	Elizabeth Gatlin
Gatekeeper	F. C. d'Elaeux
Two Aunts	Eleanor McCormack
	Marjorie Toland
	M. A. Best
Foreign Men	H. G. Lodge, Jr.
The Dragon	J. M. Brown

A few hours of rare Irish charm, which made one forget for the time that there is such a thing as trouble in Ireland, were given at the Copley Theatre yesterday afternoon when the Harvard Dramatic Club gave Lady Gregory's fantastic piece, "The Dragon." More artistic and less down-to-earth than most of her plays, "The Dragon," tells of a story of the "Never Never Land." It is an Arabian Nights' tale peopled with Irish; Bagdad in Ireland.

Fintan, the astrologer, prophesies that on her 18th birthday the Princess Nuala will be devoured by a dragon. This prophecy is a source of worry to everyone but the King, whose meals—he takes one every half hour—constitute the beginning and end of his thoughts. The Queen, his second wife, is a managing woman, who decides to worst the dragon by marrying off the Princess Nuala, but the latter has decided ideas of her own and refuses to marry. The King of Sorcha, disguised as a cook, thereby winning the King's heart, after many difficulties defeats the dragon and wins Nuala. As a particularly satisfying ending, Lady Gregory has the dragon turn vegetarian.

It is excellent comedy excellently produced by this company of amateurs. The dialect is hard to retain, but the players did very well with it. W. V. M. Fawcett, as the King, gave a well-sustained and unforced performance. Catherine MacLarnie was good as the over-managing Queen, and Dorothy Googins made a delightful picture as the Princess Nuala. She gave her mischievous traits well, though her tomboyishness was scarcely pronounced enough to cause the Prince's aunts to shudder. Mildred Ellis, as the nurse, gave an effective portrayal, particularly in the second and third acts. The rest of the company handled their roles ably. A word should go to William Littlefield, who designed the settings, and to D. M. Oenslager, under whose direction they were painted. They were simple and graceful in design and warm in coloring.

"A. W. S." interested in the boys' books and the identification of the late "Vieux Moustache," writes:

"I wonder if you knew the particular book that thrilled me, perhaps the only one I read, 'Two Lives in One.' The hero, I think, was Robert Trulyn, or does my memory play me false? The small boy was thrown from his pony over a cliff, receiving a blow that brought oblivion. His only tie to the past, his daily prayer that ended with 'God bless papa and mama and little sister.' Picked up, I think, by circus folk (possibly gypsies), he afterwards became a famous circus rider. One evening when his family are at the circus and his sister seems to recognize him, he is providentially thrown from his horse, receiving another blow on the head, which brings back all the early memories and happily unites the family.

"Yes, it would seem good to read that book again after nearly 50 years, even if it brought that disillusion so cleverly told in that modern novel of the man who tried to renew all his boyhood loves and acquaintances.

"I wonder if you could name another book of those days which is lost to me, all save the weird scene at night on a drear mountainside and the name of the hero, Dirk Hieldrover?"

"As a winter evening devotion, I am re-reading 'Nicholas Nickleby' with my family. On the fourth page of chapter IV is an allusion to the 'Beggars' Petition.' If this refers to the old poem of that name republished in some American paper of 40 years ago, I wonder if you know it. I well remember my father reciting it to the children as a sort of character sketch, beginning, 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!'"

Backward, O Backward

We are sorry to say that we know not "Two Lives in One," but we do remember a preceding book for children about circus life, a book that was thumbed in the Sunday school library of the Old Church in our little village. The circus girl was a sweet, pious little creature, treated abominably by the cruel ring-master and jeered at by the rank and file of the circus men. We are under the impression that the clown was kind to her. She was thrown from her horse while doing a daring feat. On her death bed she converted the tyrannical ring-master; he wept copiously and expressed a distinct desire to meet her in a better and happier life beyond the tomb. Would that the book were now at hand! Nor did we ever read the story with Dirk Hieldrover as the hero. Our boyhood was misspent for the most part, and we neglected to improve our mind, so that today we bitterly regret wasted opportunities.

We have read and heard recited "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," but we do not know the name of the author. No doubt one of our well educated readers, a graduate of Harvard University, can name the gifted poet, the inspiring cause, the date and place of publication. We searched vainly for the poem in Dr. Ebenezer Porter's "Historical Reader" (22d ed. 1836), "The National Reader" by John Pierpont (1833) and B. D. Emerson's "Academic Speaker" (1835), volumes that are a constant delight.

"Death at the Toilet"

Exercise 57 in part 2 of the "Rhetorical Reader" should be reprinted here in full, for it would be a salutary lesson, an awful warning to the young women and older ones of today. Note the dramatic opening:

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" inquired her mother. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three-quarters of an hour!"

It was a stormy night in March, but the physician braved wind and rain when he was informed that Mrs. J. needed him. He "repaired to the scene of death," for, alas! Miss J. was stone dead, seated in an arm chair drawn to a table, on which was a looking glass hung with a little white drapery; there were various paraphernalia of the toilet scattered about. But the sight of Miss J., her left hand hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling irons.

"Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned toward the glass, which by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy, fixed features, daubed with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw, and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold stare that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision, and the skinny, yellow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the 'vain show' of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life! Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of

sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity!"

It appears that Charlotte J. had a weak heart. Moral, which the excellent Samuel Warren did not add in this harrowing chapter of his "Diary of a Physician." If you have a weak heart, Arabella, don't adorn yourself for a ball, and, above all, don't curl your hair.

"The Rhetorical Reader" fought valiantly the Demon Rum. There is a pathetic interest today in "The Victim," which begins:

"Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,
He said—"twill rouse my mirth";
But conscience seized his trembling hand
And dashed the cup to earth.

"Death and the Drunkard" is on pages 68, 69, 70:

"Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair;
With shaking hand the bowl he clasp'd.

Drink's Divers Disguises

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the substitution of candy shops for rum shops was not such an unmixed benefit after all. A paper, by a local doctor before a special medical society this week, is reported to have said on the "candy craze": "We are making alcohol in our stomachs. Many of our enthusiastic prohibitionists are intoxicating themselves in this way, unknown to themselves." This is in line with what is urged by an advocate of prohibition (Dr. Jules Goldschmidt of Paris, France), in Medical Review of Reviews, November, 1920, pp. 579-583, under the title, "Alcoholism Without Alcohol: Intestinal Saccharine Fermentation the Source of Pathological Disorders Identical to Those Originated by Abuse of Alcohol." His grounds for proving this, and his methods for prevention, seem so reasonable that the article itself should be read. These papers give additional foundation for the belief: The Demon Rum—"I'll catch yer if yer don't watch out."

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Seward: "There is one mode of the fear of death which is certainly absurd, and that is the dread of annihilation, which is only a pleasing sleep without a dream." Johnson: "It is neither pleasing, nor sleep; it is nothing. Now, mere existence is so much better than nothing that one would rather exist even in pain than not exist. . . . It is in the apprehension of it that the horror of annihilation consists."

Cowper to Newton: "I feel—I will not tell you what—and yet I must wish that I had never been, a wonder that I am, and an ardent, but hopeless, desire not to be."

TALK ON SPAIN

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony Hall last night was Spain, the country whose fall from great power in the world to a lethargic state moved Buckle to eloquence in a famous passage. But as Mr. Newman showed, Spain is no longer to be regarded as a dead or even slumbering nation.

Mr. Newman began by showing views and describing San Sebastian, the famous resort, where Mr. Arbos, for a season the concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducts each season brilliant concerts.

Burgos with its famous cathedral was visited; also the gloomy but impressive Escorial so vividly described by that cynical traveler, William Beckford. There were many pictures of life at Madrid with glimpses at royalty. Then came Toledo, that strange city whose secret Maurice Barres discovers in his study of El Greco, the painter; Toledo, once famous for the auto da fe and the Toledo blade; the scene of a novel by Ibanez; Seville, with its gorgeous cathedral and its association with the Barber of Beaumarchais and Rossini, with the Carmen of Merimee and Bizet.

The glories of the Alhambra were seen and described. Nor did Mr. Newman forget the breeding of bulls for the arena, the cork industry, the making of Spanish lace, the gypsies with their wild or graceful dances. At last Barcelona was seen, the home of commerce, socialism and strikes.

This fascinating Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week, the last, the subject will be Ireland.

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"Draws: Four Poetic Plays," by John Drinkwater, make a volume of 95 pages published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Jack R. Crawford of Yale University has written an introduction in which he asserts that the dramatist's point of view is that the sum of the world's beauty is a great majority of the total; if we choose to live with the minority of ugliness, we alone are to blame. "Beauty, peace and quiet may belong to our lives if we desire them as much as we seem to desire more ugly things."

"X-O" is the most deeply moving, he thinks, for it deals with war, the greatest of all evils. "The God of Quiet," reminds us that we forget one essential of living: "If men are to think and do things—and they can do things only if they think—they must have that leisure that quiet brings. . . . The world's uproar need not disturb the contemplative mind." But would either Mr. Crawford or Mr. Drinkwater praise Goethe's standing apart in Olympian indifference during the stormy years? Mr. Crawford thinks that it might be straining a point to interpret "King Cophetua" as a treatise on democracy. He says nothing about the first play in the volume, "The Storm," and concludes by saying that the plays are dramas expressed in poetry, "the utterance of simple truths which we know beforehand, for of such are the materials of poetry and drama." Thus far Mr. Crawford.

It is true that these plays have all been adapted at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and "X-O" has been played in London. They require a special audience, a sympathetic few who are prepared to meet the poet half way. As a play for purely theatrical purposes, we find "The Storm" the most effective. The gloomy, prophetic talk of Sarah, the old neighbor woman, as Alice in the mountain cottage waits for the return of her husband, reminds one by its mood, and at times by the expression, of Synge's "Riders to the Sea." The play is admirably written, concisely, grimly, tragically. "X-O" or "A Night of the Trojan War," produced in April, 1917, is beautifully poetical in its expression of sadness over the waste of young life in war; of the premature cutting of laurel boughs; of loss to art and the world by the playing. The young Greek, Salvia, dreams only of lyric song; Prometheus of building at Athens a clearer state:

"Three years of Trojan dust
Have taught me but to pray at night for sleep,
And am no stronger in cunning than my sleep."

And on the Trojan wall Capys on guard dreams of his statues, his rusted metal, his broken mallets.

"The Cophetua" is far from Tennyson's lines, far from the old ballad in which the King, disdaining women, was shot by Cupid's dart when he saw from his window the beggar maid, Penelopeon, in gray. Drinkwater's King is nagged by marriage by his mother, the wise queen and the captain of his host. He is haughty and will not brook entreaties or advice. He laughs at the threats of the soldiery and the clamor of the people.

"I wait the call
Of my soul and none else beside:
I will bring to the hall of their Kings a bride
When my choice unbidden fall."

Beggars come and hold out hands for alms. Only the Maid asks nothing. The King gives her a bag of gold. She pours the gold down the steps, kisses the bag, and ties it in her girdle. "She will be his bride."

The Maid:
"I seemed a very little thing
That you should come and lead me down
Here to your throne. You are a King,
There is a splendour on your crown,
Yet you were born of changing dust
Even as I, and when you spoke
That word to me, the great God thrust
His arm out and the barrier broke,
And I was maid and you were man,
Built of one flesh; it was no thought
No word had been since time began
Of Kings and beggars."

Cophetua:
"And a low
Sweet sound of music fell about
My senses, as of beating wings
Of loves that sway the world without
A thought of beggars or of Kings."

The Maid:
"I see a man who spoke to me
As a man should speak, loving well."

Cophetua:
"I see a Queen whose lips might be
Fashioned great histories to tell."

The Maid:
"I see a man who set aflame
My womanhood and made it whole."

Yet some would find in this play, oblivious of the emotional lyricism, a zealous tract in favor of democracy.

"The Light of the World," a modern drama in three acts by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. The action is at Oberammergau. The characters are peasants, and three visitors, an American newspaper man, a materialistic Dutchman, an English poet. Anton, chosen to take the part of Christ, harbors Marna, a young woman that has been seduced by his friend Simon, who in turn is betrothed to a girl whom he marries. Anton is misunderstood; another is chosen to play the Saviour; the villagers would drive Anton away; for Simon holds his tongue. The theme, an old one, is in Marna's speech: "They say they are the keepers of the spirit of Christ. But they are the ones that crucified Him! If Christ should walk among them today, they would revile Him, spit at Him and bar Him from their homes!" There is no denying this idea which has been utilized for years by many. The dramatists, known by their successful comedies, have treated the subject, as was to be expected, with a knowledge of stage requirements and with an eye to dramatic effects, not so original or startling as to confuse an easy-going audience. The play holds the attention and the speeches of the American newspaper man furnish the supposedly necessary "comedy element." The play was produced at the Lyric and Manhattan theatres in New York, when Pedro de Cordoba took the part of Anton and Clara Joel played Marna. One of the most sharply drawn

characters in the play, the Jew, Nathan, was taken by Fuller Mellich.

"Short Plays by Representative Authors," edited by Alice M. Smith, teacher of English in a Minneapolis school, is published by the Macmillan Company of New York. The selection is catholic, for the dramatists represented are Fulda, Miss MacMillan, Miss Mackay, Lady Gregory, Sigurjonsson, Jeannette Marks, Masefield, Rabindranath Tagore, Stuart Walker, Torrence, Tchekhoff, Suto. The most dramatic plays are Sigurjonsson's "Hraun Farm," Masefield's "Locked Chest," Tchekhoff's pathetic "Swan Song" and Suto's grim exposition of poverty and injustice in "The Man on the Kerb." The comedies range from the ironical "society" play of Fulda to the revelation of the negro mind in Torrence's "Rider of Dreams." There are short notes about the various authors. The dates and places of production should have been supplied when it was possible. A few of the comedies are suited to amateur performance.

Music Received

From G. Schirmer, New York and Boston, Alois Reiser's String quartet op. 116, published for the Society for the Publication of American Music. Score and parts. From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Daniel Gregory Mason's Sonata for clarinet (or violin) and piano op. 11, published for the Society for the Publication of American Music. From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, "Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs," collected and arranged by Lornie Wyman and Howard Brockway. Miss Wyman says in a short preface of these folk-songs: "They have sung their way through countless generations, unwritten

and unrecorded, save by the few who still keep the love of a 'song-ballet' in their hearts. . . . With but few exceptions, the origin of each song can be traced to its English, Scottish or Irish source. Because of their preservation by oral tradition, they have been invested with a characteristic charm of their own, which we have made every effort to retain. No melody has been remodelled. The text has been changed only in a very few instances where memory failed to record words, lines or stanzas necessary to complete a version."

From Carl Fischer, Boston and New York, Russian songs: "Rachmenhoff: Ebb and Flood, The New Grave, The Raising of Lazarus. Words in Russian and English. Moussorgsky, The Goat; words in Russian, French and English. Arensky rovers, words in Russian and English. Gretchanhoff, Thou Art an Angel Earthwards, Bending; words in Russian, English. The English translations are by George Harris, Jr. Olin Downes, who has edited these songs, has supplied helpful notes that should aid the singer in the interpretation. The songs are for high and low voices. Songs by Harold Henry: If Your Shoes Were Curly Gold, Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May, and My Father Reads to Me. Range from D below the staff to F on the fifth line. Songs of Julius Chaloff: The Harvest Moon, Devotion, To the Butterfly, She Walks in Beauty, The Flower of Love. The Harvest Moon is in three keys; the other in two. Piano pieces by Beryl Rubinstein: Four Fantastic Sketches: The Man in the Moon; Guitare (after a picture by Watteau); Conversation Amoreuse (after a picture by Lancret); Uncle Remus.

From the Boston Music Company: Betel, Jade, Ivory. (1. Ronggeng. 2. Ceremonial. 3. Chinoiserie). Suite for the piano by Norman Peterkin. The first piece was suggested by Malay Dancing and Singing Feast; the third is based on a Chinese melody.

Vasa Prihoda
Mr. Prihoda, the young violinist who will play in Jordan Hall next Wednesday night, has had a romantic history. He was born on Aug. 24, 1900, at Vodnany, Bohemia, and studied at the Prague Conservatory of Music. The war came and he sought his fortunes in Italy. Then, to quote the press agent—and the story is confirmed by the contemporaneous newspapers of London, the rate of exchange reduced his funds and compelled him to stop in Zurich. The proceeds of a few concerts enabled him to reach Milan, without money or friends. Christmas day, 1919, found him down to 70 centimes with which he and an acquaintance bought a breakfast-lunch-dinner of bread and an which they ate in the street. P. the little restaurant La Grande they saw a sign "Concert" on the entered and persuaded Ferario, the prior, to give Prihoda a chance play. Borrowing a violin from a member of the cafe orchestra, Prihoda played two of his own pieces. Gaetano F. noli heard him and was astounded arranged a concert for Prihoda Permanent, through which he remained spellbound. Within a the young artist stepped from into fame, concert followed concert honours were heaped on honours after city competed to hear him tune Gallo engaged him to come United States after he complete of the principal South American centres.

Mr. Prihoda played for the first time in New York on Nov. 22. Mr.

the charm of his playing. The newcomer has mastered the classical elements of violin playing in a thorough manner as any of the artists who have preceded him. In a much higher degree than the large majority of them he has learned to put that proficiency in the style of musical taste and elegance."

We are told that Louis Bennett, a baritone, who will give a recital in Jordan Hall next Thursday afternoon, is a native of Boston. "Before the war he had sung in opera and concert in Europe. He is also a composer of note. Some of his songs, which are of the ultra-modern school, have been sung this season by Mme. Eva Gauthier."

Mr. McCarthy Writes About Strollers in Ireland

To the Editor of The Herald.

English papers have been discussing recently the proposal of the British railways to withdraw the privilege of cheap fares which the touring theatrical companies have enjoyed, and the opinion has been advanced that if this should happen, the occupation of many hard-working men and women will be gone.

It is pointed out that the majority of British actors and actresses never see London. They tour the country from town to town—a week here and perhaps only a night there—and spend most of

their time in trains. Many of the provincial companies have not fared well of late owing to the rivalry of picture houses and other causes. They protest now that, if the cheap fares are withdrawn, the smaller companies will be "run off the road" and their members will be menaced with starvation.

As one who in boyhood was thrilled by the occasional visits of companies of such strolling players to the little Irish town in which I was brought up, I am very much pleased to read that the manager of one of the Irish railroads has opposed the movement to do away with the cheap fares. His argument was both artistic and financial, for he held that the absence of visiting companies would be a loss to the Irish stage, and that their visits created additional traffic.

This was certainly true in days gone by. From very remote parts of the district people came to town to see the players at the town hall, and though there were undoubtedly some offsets, the effect on the community as a whole was brightening and bettering. "The tragedians of the city" might have presented Shakespeare more adequately, perhaps, than the strolling player whom we saw, but these provincial performers gave us in our remoteness our only chance of seeing Shakespeare at all.

Nor was it all Shakespeare. The inevitable "East Lynne" made us all weep, and there were many other dramas sacred to sob stuff. But they gave good measure in those days; and however sad or tragic the main drama was, there was always an afterpiece, a roaring farce, which sent us away with a smile, and made us feel that the "tanner" we had exchanged for an admission ticket to the gallery was well spent.

This was all before the Celtic Revival and the rise of a native Irish drama, so interestingly told about by Boyd in his book "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland." Had I stayed in Ireland 10 years longer I might have seen Irish plays, the purpose of whose art was, as Yeats expressed it, "a return to the people," and who had found in French acting (to use Boyd's own words) the model which was at once the most perfect manifestation of that art, and that most removed from the histrionic methods of the English stage.

However, I am glad for what I did see, and I shall always have a grateful memory of the players who came into our grey old town bringing with them the magic of the mimic world of the stage.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Sarah Bernhardt's New Play and Notes About the Paris Stage

Sarah Bernhardt has reappeared at her theatre in "Daniel," a play in four acts by Louis Vernouil, Jacques Heugel and Louis Verneuil. "She does not cease to be a grande Sarah," it even seems to me that she cannot help being great, she is by nature. She conquers you at once, she holds you and does not let you go, and nothing is more moving than the effort of severality. Thanks to the audience could wax passionate over the story imagined by M. Verneuil and forget the banality of a text which is insignificant. The interpreter of the author. Should he regret his choice at all?"

Paris correspondent of the Stage writes of "Daniel" with all its faults and excellent scenes and is the best of Vernouil's plays. "He has, I think, the misfortune of being a young man, and this may be the cause of the sudden and violent changes to which his recent plays have been subjected by the entire press. The

weak is apparent and Daniel has not escaped. Yet had it been the work of almost any other playwright, it would probably have passed with praise."

Genevieve, married to the bluff and rich Albert, just before their marriage discovers that his younger brother Daniel is in love with her. Knowing his love is hopeless Daniel takes to opium and lives alone. Daniel's best friend falls in love with Genevieve and she with him. The husband forces her to confess she has a lover. He suspects Maurice, who confides in Daniel and shows him Genevieve's letters. To shield the two Daniel accuses himself of being her lover and shows Albert the letters. Daniel, about to die, is forgiven. "Mme. Bernhardt was unforgettable in the wilful petulance of the invalid, in the reading of the letters, and the self-accusation and the death-scene."

"Daniel" was produced at Brussels on the same evening. It was announced for performance in English at the Gaiety, Manchester, on the 29th of last month. Vernouil wrote two versions; one for Mme. Bernhardt's exclusive use; "the other for whomsoever it may be done by in any other country." The deviation is only in the fourth act which is for Mme. Bernhardt alone. Vernouil

wrote the play in January, 1913—in three weeks, it is said.

Charles Merc's "Les Conquerants" has been produced at the Nouvel-Ambigu. "The Brandons, father and son, are parvenus who have come into an immense fortune through an airplane invention. Their factories are in the heart of Paris, and it is essential to their schemes that they should buy the hotel of a ruined aristocrat, young De Belmont. But De Belmont will not sell the home of his ancestors, and the conflict of ideals begins. Jeanne Brandon, the daughter, finds in De Belmont all the poetry and polish that she hungers for in the commercial environment, and she eventually elopes with him. Her father follows her, and in a stormy scene orders her to choose between her lover and her family. The lover offers to marry her, but her father refuses his consent. Why he should do so is inconceivable, since by the marriage not only would the family honor be retrieved, but the house of De Belmont would come into the family. From this point onward the play becomes unconvincing, suggesting rather, a moving picture than a play. There is an extravagant scene in which the Brandon brothers kidnap their sister and bring her back to the paternal roof, where she is held a prisoner until her lover consents to give up his house as her ransom. M. Merc's skill, and the vigor with which he has drawn his characters, give the plot a semblance of plausibility, which will doubtless carry it through the judgment of the every-day public—and, indeed, on the first night it was very heartily received. But we are far away from the simplicity and the humanity of the last act of his 'Captive.' Doubtless M. Merc only intended to write a modern melodrama, and as such it is very likely to please the public of the Nouvel-Ambigu."

Notes About Music, Concerts and Musicians in London

Adeline Delines: That her taste in songs is uncertain was shown by her introduction into her program of Gounod's "Ave Maria" on a prelude by Bach given with all the panoply of

organ accompaniment and violin obbligato, always a deplorable exhibition.—London Times, Nov. 13.

Mr. Cortot in London is characterized as "a master of the vignette."

As in London, so in Boston. Apropos of a concert by the Bohemian Czech string quartet, the Times said that the size of the audience made one feel ashamed of "the apparent indifference on the part of our musical public, to a really good thing."

Casella's "Italia" was a long time in arriving in London. It was played there for the first time on Nov. 20. This rhapsody is at least 10 years old.

So Jean Gerardy is in England once more! He is to play at the Albert Hall tomorrow afternoon, Albert Coates conducting. Gerardy came here first many a year ago, at a time, or round about a time, when prodigies were plentiful as blackberries. "Max" (now Mark) Hambourg was one of them. Kochalski was another, Von Vecsey another, Hofmann another, and so on. They all seem to have burst into our ken within about a decade, and they all, I think, did this in a velvet suit with lace collar. But Gerardy, like several of the others, is remembered by more than his velvet suit or collar. He was a great cellist even as a boy. I can see him now as clear as day sitting between the giant Tsaye and, I think, Benno Schonberger, when they three played a trio in the old St. James's Hall, Gerardy's chair being raised by means of a large box. How long ago is that? More than five and twenty years, I dare wager. Not many years ago he visited us again. But it is my earliest recollection of him that has remained the clearest. He was a great player, with the loveliest of tones.—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 13.

Has Vladimir de Pachmann really said good-by to the stage? His recital in London, on Nov. 11, was said to be truly his last. We shall not soon see his like again. As a player of Chopin's music he was incomparable.

Stanford's Prelude, to "The Travelling

Companion," played by Cortot for the first time on Nov. 4, with its solemn and slow-moving rhythm and its devotion to a single idea, sets the scene in which

the opera opens, a scene in which the hero is discovered, or discovers himself to be, beside a corpse in a village church at night. It seemed scarcely fair to introduce it to an audience imperfectly informed of the idea. It was not surprising that the prelude was received with scant applause, but a very different impression might be gained from it in its place in the opera."

Tschaikowsky's B flat minor Piano concerto was played by M. Slioti, who gave an altogether individual reading of it which contradicted so many generally received traditions that it was scarcely surprising that the orchestral ensemble suffered in some details. M. Slioti has the highest authority for what he does, the authority of what the composer had to tell him and that of his own conviction about it. He is opposed to the rhetorical flourish over details of the first movement, he makes the waltz theme of the middle movement pass like a flash of recollection; the last movement moves at breakneck speed. We have heard performances which are to us considerably more effective.—London Times, Nov. 5.

Mr. Arrau has only fleeting glimpses of the rhythm of a piece of music, and it took a little time before we could establish (without reference to the program) that he was playing Chopin, and a little more still before we realized that it was the B minor Sonata; and when we looked, the programme did not help matters much by calling it C minor. Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," and more especially his "Minstrels," had a preternaturally solemn gait, which seemed to be about the pace Wagner said his Pilgrims were to adopt, though most conductors hustle them out of it. However, Mr. Arrau may be right; and anyhow there was behind these rhythmical misfits a fund of musical sense.—London Times.

The Chappell & Co. prize of £20 for the best orchestral suite written by an Englishman has been awarded to York Bowen.

Andrew Black, baritone, died recently in Australia. "For many a year," says the London Daily Telegraph, "Andrew Black was prominent wherever oratorio was, and it is safe to say that no singer of our time has sung the music of 'Elijah' more superbly than he, save and except only the immortal Santley. Nor can anyone who was present at the Birmingham festival in 1903 have forgotten his singing in the first performance of Elgar's oratorio, 'The Apostles.' More particularly fine was his wonderful singing of the scene of Judas's repentance outside the temple. He made remarkable dramatic effects by his singing without the slightest sign of outward gesticulation." Black was born at Glasgow in 1859.

We all know the type of persuasive, well equipped singer who, without any real critical valuation of the music he or she sings, places good and bad in the strangest juxtaposition in a recital program; and we know also the type of young "intellectual" who will have nothing in the least to do with the derided "potboiler," but who is himself technically unfit to wipe the boots, so to speak, of the average singer of the said potboilers. It is indeed almost the fact that to find the best singers in England today you would have to search among those who sing the worst songs.—London Daily Telegraph.

Susan Strong is singing again. She gave a recital in London last month. "Whenever she was singing quietly the actual beauty of quality was very satisfying to hear." The limited selection of songs "suggested that the program was the means and the singer the end. In our view, a good concert is made the other way about."

Paris and Other Towns

"Quatre Odelettes," for voice (Germaine Lubin) and orchestra, by Guy Ropartz, were performed for the first time on Nov. 14 at a Paris Conservatory concert, and were favorably received.

Henri Rabaud, in the absence of Mr. Pierre, conducted the Cologne concerts of Nov. 13 and 14, and, as the Menestrel put it, "doubly triumphed as composer and conductor." The programs included his symphony in E minor, Debussy's Fantaisie for piano and orchestra, Faure's Prelude to "Penelope," the Prelude to "Tristan" and the overture to "Coriolanus." One concert ended with Overture to Pörrne's "Ramuntcho"; the other with dances from Rabaud's "Marouf."

A quartet and a poem for violin and piano by Maurice Boucher were brought out in Paris on Nov. 13. The critics found that literary ideas predominated; "a music that in itself has no reason for being; color that is not appropriate, and lives only by allusion."

Paul Roes, pianist (Nov. 13 at his own concert) brought out "Jour," a suite in which he attempts to invoke by the piano the different sounds heard in the

day. "Jostling dissonances, unexpected chords, no plan, as if the composer had amused himself by letting his fingers ramble over the keys and then noted down the chords that he had happened to strike."

Marcel Bernheim's "Oriental" suite

for flute and harp, brought out at Nancy, is "impregnated with the Debussy flavor." Henri Hunziker, a pupil of Ropartz and Thirlion, was praised at Nancy for his ballet, "Soleil Antique," with instrumentation in which wood wind instruments predominated.

Peter Schmitz of Cologne has been chosen conductor of the famous—or once famous—Mehlingen orchestra.

A new music periodical, "Rivista Nazionale de Musica," has appeared at Rome.

Bachet, known in Boston by a song that has been grievously overworked, has been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is now at the head of the Nancy Conservatory of Music.

The Opera-Comique, Paris, is rehearsing Brumeau's new opera, "Rol Can-daule."

I am requested by several personal friends here of the ladies to say that the rumor has gone the round of London musical circles during the past week or two to the effect that the daughters of Robert and Clara Schumann are existing in a state of quasi-destitution in Switzerland is entirely without foundation.—London Daily Telegraph.

Heifetz a Puzzle

M. Jascha Heifetz, who was heard at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, continues to be a delightful problem. It seems impossible that any one should be a master, as he undoubtedly is, of the perfect phrase, so pellucidly clear, so conscientiously finished, so delicately articulate—should manage notoriously difficult passages of double and treble stops with complete ease and certainty, and should ride the storm of competing rhythms with the Olympian calm of a Goethe, and not be a musician. And yet, would a musician condescend to the insipidities of Ernst's Concerto in B sharp minor, or to such a thing as Glazounov's "Meditation," which is not worth the paper it is written on? And would not a musician, if he could play Bach's Presto from the First Sonata, and Brahms's Hungarian Dances Nos. 11 and 12 with a quarter of the skill which M. Heifetz carelessly lavishes upon them, have sent a thrill through his audience at the very first bar and held them spell-bound till the last? We feel when we hear him as if we were looking at a Himalayan gorge where the slopes of the hill revealed the internal structure, and the sweep of the glacier spoke of such life as was always and would always be; and as we look with a mighty feeling of exultation, we think with a sigh of some little fir-crowned knoll at home where the setting sun lights up the trunks of the trees against the sheep-cropped turf, with somebody's gorse away to the left that has held a good fox before now, and a pheasant calling from the woods below.—London Times, Nov. 5.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel, soprano. See special notice. Convention Hall, St. Bololph street. People's Symphony Orchestra. Carl Faellen, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert of Spanish music by Mme. Catalina, soprano, and Mr. Blanco, baritone. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Italian Symphony Orchestra. Alice Bascil, contralto. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Harvard Glee Club. Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice. Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Vasa Prihoda, violinist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Louis Bennett, baritone, Sacchini, Air from "Oedipe a Colone"; Amadori, E pur io; Astorga, Per non penar; Schubert, My Abode; Schumann, Till now complain; Rubinstein, The Asra; Grieg, A Song; Kramer, Alaby; Taniguchi, Restlessly; My Heart is Beating; Saint-Saens, Flere beante; Rimsky-Korsakoff, A quoi je paix des nutis; G. Faure, Nell; Wildor, Non credo; Godard, Le Voyageur; Woodman, I am thy harp; Homer, the House that Jack Built and The Last Leaf; Anna Zucca, The Top of the Morning; Quilter, June.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 5th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux, conductor. See special notice. SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

NOV 13 1920

It was interesting after many years to read in The Herald extracts from Artemus Ward's letter about Boston. It was not published originally in Vanity Fair, for it contains allusions to the "Grate Orgin." The great organ was not erected in Music Hall until the summer and fall of 1863. Vanity Fair died at the beginning of that year. The letter of Artemus—"Artemus the De-jicious," as Charles Reade characterized him—was a worthy complement of Mr. Harrison Rhodes's witty article published in The Herald on Dec. 5. Mr. Ward's account of his visit to the office of the Atlantic Monthly was unfortunately not one of the excerpts chosen by The Herald. It is worth reprinting, if only for the benefit and pleasure of the present editor of that magazine.

Literatoor

"The Atlantic Monthly, Betsy, is a regular visitor to our Western home. I like it because it has got sense. It doesn't print stories with piruts and honist young men in to 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'greeble idiots—so that our larters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the Atlantic, Betsy, understand their blisness. They can

log ink, they can. I went in and saw him. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin."

A Faded Glory

One other quotation from A. Ward: Unlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to have been specially intended for the Burglary profession. What would Mr. Ward say today about the exorbitant charges of the taxi-cab companies? Mr. Newman, the indefatigable traveler and shrewd observer, commented last week in Symphony Hall on these charges in comparison with those asked in other cities, American, European and of the near East.

Boston in 1862

Another visitor, the gentle poet George Arnold, wrote his opinions about this city in a letter published in Vanity Fair of Dec. 20, 1862. It is a pity that no one has taken the trouble to collect and publish his articles in prose, among them the McArone letters and the little essays by "The Undersigned." Let us quote from his description of Boston ways and manners, for in 1862 Bostonians, according to tradition, had manners:

"It was one of the objections raised against Boston not long ago, that I had never been there. Now that fault is overcome, and Boston is more nearly perfect than ever. It is a good place. I like it. In point of fact, I might parody that foreign chap, whose name I now forget, and say, 'Had I not been born in New York, I would have been born in Boston.'"

"I was not there long, so I had to learn a good deal in a little while. At first I was doing a grand feat: an Introduction Match—being introduced to One Thousand Men in One Thousand Hours. For in Boston every man knows every other man, and introduces you. Or else he knows some one else, and then he introduces you. The result is, that your poor memory, overburdened with names and faces, gives in, inebriated, and you go about frantically calling Jones, Smith, and Smith, Brown, and so on, in reckless confusion.

"I can hardly get used to rain every day in the week, except Thursday, when it always snows. . . . I arrived in Boston during a fine drizzle. I left in a cold rain. Between the two it stormed. The city is damp, mouldy, moist, misty, vaporous, oozy, wet, humid, aqueous, mildewed, watery, slippery, clammy, slimy, leaky and mischanceously fluvial the whole time. The people get dry often enough, but their city, never. I marvel that they don't wear submarine armor altogether, as a winter costume. The meaner streets are like common sewers; the better ones like splendid aqueducts.

"The press is mostly Republican, and therefore doesn't amount to much. It consists chiefly of Journals, Posts, Transcripts, Herald and Couriers, with here and there a Traveler. The editorials, with the exception of the Post, are rather feeble as a rule. The dramatic criticisms are entirely written by Young Men in Stores, who do them for the sweet uses of the free list.

"With fear and trembling I approach the Women of Boston. I hasten to acknowledge that I did not see them at home—the only place where the true woman can be truly seen. My view of them was, so to speak, a street view merely. I saw many on Tremont and Washington streets, and I longed for Broadway once more. I am not an admirer of English beauty. The full jowl, low forehead and baggy waist of Albion's middle-class damsels are not provocative of worship in my heart. And the Boston women that I saw were much like Albion's middle-class damsels. They had not the airiness of gait, the jaunty costumes, the bright faces, that Gotham can boast of. Their complexions were browned by the east winds which sweep the crooked streets like a cold smother. They wore hideous hats, like gentlemen's beavers cut down, with ugly little chicken's wings stuck ungracefully up in front, and their hair was commonly confined in those unclean nets of worsted that servants and barmaids weave here. Woolen and hair-oil, Ugh! I am inclined to think—at least to hope—that the nice girls of Boston do not promenade. . . . I must faint believe that so jolly a city must be full of jolly maidens, neat and trim and fair and lovable and wholesome. Certes, I saw them not."

We shall soon publish comments on life as it is endured in Boston by a western man, "G. W. S.," who, obliged to dwell here, is not yet wholly acclimated.

FRIEDA HEMPEL

Frieda Hempel, soprano, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by August Rodeman, flutist; Ernest Mitchell, organist, and Loenraad Ros, pianist. The hall was well filled, but there were scattering vacant seats. Those who did not occupy them missed a rare musical treat. For the singer was in fine fettle and she gave a program so varied that it enabled her to show to excellent advantage the extraordinary range of her art.

Alto from Cantata on St. Cecilia's Day (Handel)
request (With Organ)
The Shepherd on the Rock (Schubert)
(With Flute)
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Schubert)
An die Laute (Schubert)
Du bist wie eine Blume (Schumann)
Frühlingsnacht (Schumann)
Aria of Constantine from "The Escape from the Seraglio" (Mozart)
In the Harp (Bantock)
The Night Wind (Farley)
Over the Indian Camp (Lienhard)
Indian Spring Bird (Lienhard)
The Promised Land (Arr. by Moore)
Over the Meadows (Arr. by Van Rennes)
Pettie Jeanneton
Virgin's Lullaby (Arr. by Reger)
The Herdsman's Song (Echo Song)
(As sung by Miss Hempel at the Jenny Lind centennial concert)

SPANISH ARTISTS

The concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon by Mme. Francisca Catalina and Sig. Eumenio Blanco, soprano and baritone, closed the doors on the customary world of music as we know it and led into the strangely sombre and tragic realm of the Spaniard. Especially in the first group of three songs which Mme. Catalina sang the listener was far from the world which "muddles through" and had entered the world where the shadow always looms overhead, even in the midst of gaiety. A sentimental strain of a deep nature ran through all the Spanish music.

Mme. Catalina sang with much purity of tone. She regulated the volume of tone with great skill and artistic nicety. She often returned to the lower register from a high note with fine effect. Her voice did not betray much passion. She had to contend, in the first part of the program, against unspeakably bad accompaniment by Miss Gerry. The playing was bad in every way. It showed no imagination. It was consistently too loud. It never followed the singer as a real accompaniment. It was prefaced always by a series of hanging chords, which had no excuse for being. Either Miss Gerry had no conception of what the music called for, or she did not, for some reason, care. The result for the audience was the same in either case, and every one was relieved when Master Jesus Sanroma took Miss Gerry's place.

Sig. Blanco's voice is far from pleasing, but he handles it well. He enters into the Spanish feeling with native sureness and shows the light heart that skips past the abyss.

Master Sanroma played accompaniments with astonishing skill, considering his age—in the knickerbocker stage. He displayed fine artistic appreciation and made his part integral with the music of the song.

The program covered Spanish composition chiefly, with ornate operatic airs and with several charming serenades and like pieces.

(In Spanish)
Flores Purisimas (Chant)
Cantata (Alvarez)
La Partida (Alvarez)
Mme. Catalina
(In Spanish)
Mi Nina (Habenera) (Gustar)
Yo Venia de Granada (Alvarez)
No Me Llores (Cancion Andaluza) (Alonso)
Mr. Blanco
(In English)
Recompense (Mignon)
When Through the Piazzetta (Jensen)
Mme. Catalina
D'amor sull'ail rose ("Trovatore") (Verdi)
Grande Valse (Venzano)
Duo, Alborada Española (Rebegaray)
Mme. Catalina and Mr. Blanco
Yo que siembre de los hombres me burle (Chap)
(From the Spanish Zarzuela El Rey que rabio)
Serenada Andaluza (Yradier)
Carcerales (Taborda)
Mme. Catalina
(In Spanish)
O Boca Dolorosa (Shella)
Malaguena (A Orna Plaza) (Orhona)
A Granada (Alumbrada de mal encanto) (Alvarez)
Lolita, Spanish Serenade (Buzzi Perchi)
Mr. Blanco
Aria from "Luceria Borgia" (Donizetti)
Mme. Catalina
Duo a la Luz de la Luna
(Arranged by Jesus M. Sanroma)
Mme. Catalina and Mr. Blanco

ITALIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT

Program Contained Numbers Played for First Time in Boston

It may be doubted whether the best way to increase interest in and love for apple pie is by making a whole meal of it; certainly this method makes one acquainted with apple pie. The Italian Symphony Orchestra, which played last evening in Symphony Hall, made its program entirely of Italian music with the exception of a number by Bizet and one by Rachmaninoff. The result, even though the orchestra played well, could not escape the charge of monotony. More than changes in tempo and in volume are required for variety, a strong national spirit evident in succeeding numbers may finally pall.

Two of the numbers, "Triumphal," an overture by Demelli, and "Romantic Serenade" by Bolzoni, were played for the first time in Boston. Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" was characterized

as "rarely played here." Other numbers were more widely known.

As might be expected in a young orchestra, subtlety was not the chief characteristic displayed. Both conductor and orchestra seemed most at home in fortissimo passages. These passages left a listener wondering, for the trombones so completely silenced the violins and left them with motion only, that wonder arose how they might have sounded had they been heard. Brass and drums had too free a rein.

In working up to the climax of the Mascagni number, however, the orchestra and the leader showed much skill, even though a bit more restraint at the end might have been justified. Applause to this number called for the orchestra to rise and be greeted with enthusiasm. In many other places the music was well played. Why Rachmaninoff's overworked Prelude in C Sharp Minor should have been trumped up for such a concert and blared forth by trombones in a deafening roar remains a question.

Miss Alice Baschi, "renowned European contralto," was the soloist. She pleased the audience throughout, especially with her "O Sole Mio," which went straight to the heart of people of Italian descent.

As primarily a popular orchestra, intended to "send its patrons home happy," the Italian Symphony Orchestra should have a public. With better balance and finer shading, it may well deserve the esteem of the more critical.

75 musicians, led by Raffaele Martino and assisted by Miss Alice Baschi, contralto, will give a concert tonight in Symphony Hall at 8 o'clock. The program is as follows:

Triumphal Overture (Demelli)
In the Dark Forest, Symphonic Impression (Franchetti)
Orchestra
Ah Rendimi, from "Mitrane" (Rossi)
Habenera, from "Carmen" (Bizet)
Miss Alice Baschi
Hymn to the Sun, from "Iris" (Mascagni)
La Traviata, Prelude to the 4th act (Verdi)
Prelude in C sharp minor (Rachmaninoff)
Bereuse, "To the Medival Castle" (Bolzoni)
Serenade (For strings, first time here)
Invocazione of Uffizi, from "Masked Ball" (Verdi)
Miss Alice Baschi
"Sicilian Vespers" Overture (Verdi)

PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA HAS BEETHOVEN DAY

Warm Applause Greets Faeltens Playing of Concerto

The sixth concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra in Convention Hall yesterday afternoon, was composed entirely of selections by Beethoven in commemoration of the great composer's birth at Bonn on Dec. 16, 1770. Carl Faeltens was greeted warmly as he came on the platform as soloist in the concerto No. 5, from "Emperor." More applause

awaited him at the end of the selection and he was forced to return several times by the enthusiastic audience. President I. H. Odell presented a bouquet of roses to him.

By special request the overture from "Tannhauser" was added to the program, giving full scope to ability of the full orchestra. Emil Mollenhauer is conductor of the orchestra and William Capron concert master. The program follows: Overture, "Egmont," Op. 81. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5 (in E flat major), "Emperor," 1, Allegro; 2, Adagio un poco moto; 3, Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo. Allegretto Schetzando from

Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93. Romanza in G major, Op. 40. Turkish march from the "Ruins of Athens," Op. 113.

'PAGANS' AT THE PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Pagans," a play in three acts by Charles Anthony. Produced by Messrs. Wilner and Romberg at Providence, Dec. 11, 1920. The cast:

Bill Pratt (Harold Vermilyea)
James Barlow (Frederic Burt)
Dorothy Gregory (David Glassford)
Elise Northcote (Irene Fenwick)
Mrs. Judith MacKnight (Alice Fischer)
Mme. Morelli (Helen Ware)
Richard Northcote (Joseph Shildkraut)

As Mr. Anthony is a pianist and a musician, the fact that his play treats of music's therapeutic qualities is not surprising; nor is he the first musician in recent years to write a play. Sait in recent years to write a play. Saint-comedies. The imposingly bearded Guy Ropartz, who never can forget that he was a pupil of Cesar Franck, has written dramas. Neither of them, however, conceived the idea of introducing music on the stage as a worker of miracles. Some one may say that Mr. Anthony's hero, the painter Northcote, dies in his studio at the end while hearing Mme. Morelli, the famous American prima donna, singing a soft and soothing melody; but he dies gently, easily, with a sweet smile on his face, while in the

second act as he in his death agony, most realistically portrayed by Mr. Shildkraut—one, can hear the rattle in his throat—he is brought to life by the same singer, who chooses popular songs from her extensive repertoire, and he is able to go on painting for another act; strong enough to sketch Bill Pratt with nothing on but his trousers, as Prometheus chained to the rock.

It's a curious play, with a theme that has served countless dramatists and novelists. Northcote, with nerves shattered by the war, unable to move except in a wheeled chair, has lost his artistic cunning. His wife is a pretty, Minnet-headed chatterbox. Her mother is like Mrs. Mackenzie, the dreadful campaigner, towards her Rosa. Dr. Gregory has emancipated ideas concerning free love and happiness. Barlow remembers that Northcote was a great friend in former years of Mme. Morelli. He, therefore, invites her to call at Northcote's studio to cheer him. Unfortunately, Mme. Morelli, when she was a young girl, Sylvia, and had no money, met the husband of the mother-in-law. This man was interested in art, also in young women anxious to go on the stage. He protected "Sylvia," but she nobly paid back all the money he had spent on her; so in that respect, at least, she was square with the world and her sense of honor. The mother-in-law knows this little incident in her own domestic life. She therefore does not welcome the visitor; she rages at the thought of her sitting to Northcote for her portrait; in fact, she makes very disagreeable remarks.

Northcote takes a fresh hold on life, as long as the singer is his sifter. One afternoon they are talking over old times. He tells her how she has always been his inspiration. As they are clasped in a fond embrace, mother-in-law and wife enter without knocking. Quelle surprise! There is a stormy scene. Northcote orders his family out of the apartment.

And then he is happy, but always innocently, with Sylvia, who brings in fresh flowers, and dons a remarkably handsome dress. But he is still far from well. The wife, Elise, repents, comes to him, begs forgiveness and assures him that she will study painting, read poetry, and talk less, so that she may be a help-mate. Sylvia and she thresh out the situation. They agree that Northcote must decide. His honor or his pity, leads him to favor the wife. And then he up and dies while Sylvia is singing. Thus does the dramatist bring the happy ending so dear to American audiences; happy for Northcote, in his life with Elise would be a hell—"This man was talked to death"—happy for Sylvia, now that Elise can not have him; happy for the dramatist, who probably saw no other solution of the self-imposed problem.

Truly an unusual play; unusual not in theme, but in treatment. Elise is not the only character that is a babbling fool. They all talk, talk, talk. At times this talk is not without poetic feeling; at others it is high-flown or frankly tedious. The "comic element" is supplied chiefly by Bill Pratt, the ex-orderly, though the audience took Mrs. MacKnight as a comic character, an opinion not shared by the doctor, Northcote or Mr. Barlow. The theme called for a dramatist well versed in theatrical effects; a master of irony and tense dialogue. It is surprising that Mr. Anthony did as well as he did.

As he said in a modest little speech, he owes much to his managers and the company. The company might have carried through successfully even a weaker play. Miss Ware gave a noteworthy portrayal of Mme. Morelli, who is far removed from being a vampire. She made the woman wholly sympathetic, ready to make any sacrifice for the man she loved, noble in her saving common sense, and in her restrained passion. Miss Fenwick was the silly, unbearable wife to the life. Miss Fischer might play the part of the malignant mother-in-law in a more viperish, less blustering manner. Mr. Shildkraut gave a carefully conceived impersonation of a part that even an experienced actor might not save from ridicule. Like Miss Ware, he is authoritative and also subtle. The others were wholly adequate.

The one stage setting was in excellent taste. The audience was exceedingly friendly. Applause was tempestuous.

Reading a New York newspaper, we came across the advertisement of a "Reduction Sale" and were thus informed that there was a rare opportunity to purchase "Men's Exclusive Shirts." What are exclusive shirts and in what manner are they exclusive? We know what an exclusive club is, every time a man dies in a small, the obituary states that he was a member of this or that "exclusive," hence we infer that "any old" exclusive. But an exclusive is the adjective here meaning "other persons from the right." A shirt not to be worn by a intimate friend; or the shirt is

The Great Question

Cider

Normandy, and yet
Normans are without
to Biscay and bring

Now as Ever

As the World Wags:
It is queer how all of us are hide-bound; a local university in getting statistics of its hundreds of new students, seems to have headed its details with: "Do you resemble your father or your mother?" Yet the managers, like every scientific man in these days, doubtless knew well the Mendelian theory, one of the principles of which is that no reliable information can be got short of the grandparents. "Parental resemblances," however, have always been of interest to the popular mind; so in newly discovered folk-lore of Upper Egypt, "If the children take after the mother, the father loves the mother; if they take after the father, it is the mother who loves the father." (See Folk-Lore, Sept. 1920, at page 202).

The "mirror" dance by Ameta, with half a dozen mirrors reflect her posturings and gorgeous colorings is a spectacle of real beauty. Charles Leonard Fletcher, another old favorite, appears with some fresh character studies and Cross and Santoro, "exponents of physical culture," are a mighty muscled pair who lifted each other about as easily as an ordinary man would juggle a puppet.

By PHILIP HALE

son, conductor, assisted by Albert Harding, violinist, gave a concert last evening in Symphony Hall. The piano

Mr. Spalding played with fine tonal quality, showing tasteful phrasing as well as technical mastery. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Charles Pike Sawyer of the New York Evening Post, commenting on an adaptation for the screen of Augustus Thomas's "Colorado," remembers the days when the adapter's grandfather, Frank Mayo, played Davy Crockett. Mr. Sawyer does not forget Mayo's speech, "If harm comes to you, Miss, it will come over the dead body of poor Davy Crockett." But the famous, the memorable line, Mr. Sawyer, was the one about "the strong arm of a backwoodsman."

A True Philosopher

(From Saint Augustine's "City of God,"
Translated by John Healy in 1610.)

A. Gellius, an eloquent and excellent scholar, writes in his "Noctes Atticae" that he was at sea in the company of a famous Stoic. This philosopher (as Gellius tells at large, but I in brief), seeing the ship in great peril by reason of a dangerous and dreadful tempest, was pale for very fear: which some that were by (being even in the chaps of death so curiously observe whether the philosopher were perturbed or not) did perceive, the storm ending, and fear letting men's tongues loose, a rich glutton of Asia fell a-scoffing the Stoic for being so terribly afraid of that brunt, which himself had passed without any passions at all: but he replied a Aristippus the Socratist did, upon the like case, "that the other having but the soul of a base knave, needed not care for it, but he was careful for the soul of Aristippus." This answer packed away the rich chaff.

One Mr. Moss

As the World Wags:
I note in The Herald of today an inquiry as to the author of that old beautiful poem, "Pity the sorrows of poor old man." The poem was written by Thomas Moss, born in 1740, died 1808. It is said that one line in the poem, "A pampered menial drove me from the door" stood originally, "livered servant drove me from the door," it was changed by Goldsmith.

Auburn, Me. GEORGE C. WING.
This Moss was a minister at Brim-
hill Chapel and perpetual curate
Brierly Hill; also minister of Trentham
Staffordshire. "The Beggar Petition"
was in a collection of miscellaneous
poems published anonymously in 1770.
Moss also published two sermons, a
in 1783 a cheerful poem, "The Impe-
fection of Human Enjoyments." Wil-
liam Humphries published a Latin ver-
sion of "The Beggar's Petition" ("Me-
dici Supplicatio") in 1790. The majority
of Moss's poems were written when
he was about 20.—Ed.

Characteristics of Boston I.

As the World Wags:
Mr. Harrison Rhodes, in his article entitled "Holding the Mirror Up to Boston," printed in The Herald, brought out a number of interesting characteristics, but he could have remarked regarding the culture that impresses

Naturally, the tourist's attention is first attracted to the street car system. A word on this subject from one who has traveled in every state in the Union and been in nearly every city of any size may be interesting to your readers.

There is less consideration given to the public's comfort in this city than in any town I know. Have you seen the people at Dudley street run around in that circle trying to arrive at the proper spot on the circumference where the car they desire to board is apt to stop? Have you taken your evening exercise at Park street, where you just missed, say, a Huntington avenue car at No. 1 and then saw another Huntington avenue car at No. 4? You ran back to catch it, only to find that the doors were shut before you covered your return trip. As a consequence, you had to sprint again to No. 1 or No. 2.

Have you ever seen a Bostonian step aside to let a passenger off? Everybody, especially the women, push right in. Bostonian is going to have his 10-cent seat no matter how many innocent persons he knocks down to get it. Have you ever been one of the poor devils on a mid-winter's night waiting for a Rosin'ale surface car after you leave the elevated train at Forest Hills? I've heard my bones rattle.

If all the Bostonians could visit Indianapolis, for example, they would know, by comparison, what real electric transportation means. As for stealing transportation, when I sit in some of the cars leaving the South station, I am reminded of trains that move through the mountainous sections of North and South Carolina.

They use the discarded ferry boat from New York city between Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. I am convinced now that they use the discarded coaches from the metropolis on the lines running out of Boston.

Did I say culture? You will see more ladies standing in the street cars in Boston than you will in most any other city in the United States. The men are more selfish and less chivalrous; on the other hand, perhaps there is good reason for the men paying so little attention to the gender sex in this section of the country, for the women are more masculine than in most cities. There are more male women and more female men here than I have observed anywhere. Note the flat heels and tailor-made clothes of the women and the goggles and ladylike conversation of the male.

Boston. GEO. W. SMILEY.

False Alarms

As the World Wags:
Two or three years ago there appeared in The Herald—I think it was in The Herald I saw it—announcement of the death of the English novelist A. E. W. Mason and of James Braid, the several times English open golf champion, the

latter from being struck by a train
one of the London stations. Yet the
evidence seems to be that both tod
still are very much alive—I have ju
been reading Mason's new novel, "T
Summons," and the papers have h
accounts of recent golf matches

which Braid took part. I suppose it's
case of, as Mark Twain put it, the
deaths being "very much exaggerated."
If you can give any other explanation
in your column, it might be of interest
to others besides myself.

I have long been an admirer of A. W. Mason. Would you think my personal opinion that his "Running Water," "The Turnstile," "The Four Feather say," were better novels and better literature than Bennett and Wells turn out absurd? Personally, too, I'd say the same of The Kencote series as "Extort Manor" out of Archibald MacAllister. ADRIAN HAYWARD shall's work.

North Andover.

A Tale of Two Cities

As the World Wags:
Here is a short tale of two cities. One is the city of Boston, in Massachusetts; the other is a nearby suburban city. Boston has a number of public forums where the audiences being largely made up of the foreign elements which form a large percentage of the city's population. At the closing of the exercises it is customary to sing the national anthem, "America," and in Boston it is sung reverently, the audience waiting until the proper time for dismissal. In the second city (the suburban one) because of being the most typical American city in the commonwealth. It, likewise, has an efficiently managed public forum. In striking contrast, however, to the behavior of the Boston audiences is the attitude of a certain portion of the suburban audience, who appear to regard the announcement of the singing of "America" as a signal for a general movement toward the exits. Why start a school for Americanizing Americans?
E. I. GORGAN

LOUIS BENNETT

By PHILIP HALE
Louis Bennett, baritone, accom-
panied by Alice Waite Bennett, pianist,
gave a recital in Jordan Hall yester-
day afternoon. The program was as fol-
lows:

There is a week's work in Washington, D. C. to do. And Annette Keller, who has been in the city for a long time, is also in the city. She is the wife of the Rev. Mr. Keller, who is a member of the American Baptist Church. She is also a member of the American Baptist Church. She is also a member of the American Baptist Church.

A Sartorial Note

Archie Ward once described a New Englander in the West, when it was winter, as "a man of Boston dress." We never knew exactly what he meant by this. Did the Bostonian brother wear a top hat? If so, it may have been the Bostonian's often told today that the New Yorker is the only well-dressed American. We fondly believed this. Mr. Herbert Johnson has also believed it. Imagine then, the shock when we read in the New York Evening Post that it is "no uncommon sight to see a gentleman on Fifth Avenue, ostensibly wending his way to an evening function, attired in full evening dress and high hat, but wrapped in a polo ulster rather than a dress overcoat."

"But the young men who appear at the debutante dances wearing lounge tuxedos, and perhaps with white flannel shirts, are now so common that they have drawn much criticism from their friends, both men and women."

Ichabod, Ichabod! The glory is departed. Of what avail are the fashion notes in Vanity Fair with illustrations to guide these unfortunates in the path of sartorial gentility?

IRELAND TOPIC OF NEWMAN LECTURE

Mr. Newman's Illustrated Travel Talk last night in Symphony Hall was about Ireland, a subject of vital interest at present; also a ticklish subject for a lecturer, as there are hot-heads on each side of any political question. Mr. Newman showed tact and impartiality. Giving this Travel Talk in other cities, no one in the audiences found the slightest fault except in Cleveland, where an Englishman threatened bodily violence if the lecturer should visit that city again, while an Irishman wrote, indignantly because he had not inveighed against England for an act, of which, by the way, she never had been guilty. In this Travel Talk Mr. Newman is more concerned with showing the scenes in Irish cities, the beauties of the country, the life of the farmers and raisers of horses, the makers of blarney pipes, the natural wonders, as the Giant's Causeway. The audience was taken through the air from the aviation grounds in Paris to London, then across the Irish Sea in a storm to Dublin, where the thoroughfares and the precincts of Dublin Castle were shown. As was inevitable, as was no doubt eagerly expected by the audience, there were scenes of raids and strikers, armed troops in Cork, views of Tipperary, burning of barracks. Limerick was visited. The Mono railway was taken. After the peaceful scenes of cutting and stacking peat, there were views of sandbags, barricades, and rioting—Londonderry and Belfast.

This Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon, and bring an end to a singularly entertaining and instructive series. The pictures have been unusually interesting, even for Mr. Newman. Many of them were beautiful. And the lecturer has, without any display of pedantry, been an educative force throughout.

Water Hampden will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Arlington Theatre tomorrow night by reviving "The Servant in the House." There are various stories, one might say legends, concerning this play. We have received the following authoritative statement but let us begin at the beginning.

Mr. Hampden in 1907 was playing in London. Although he was born in Brooklyn, he began as an actor in England, making his first appearance as a member of F. R. Benson's company at Brighton in 1901 "Walking On." He remained with Benson until July, 1904, taking about 70 parts in old comedies, Shakespeare's plays, etc. In September 1904, he was at the Adelphi, London. Specially engaged for the part of Romeo at Glasgow in the fall of 1905, he returned to London and played at the Court at Wyndham's, and then at the Adelphi again.

Edith Wynne Matfield, the wife of Charles Rann Kennedy, the dramatist, of the company, bringing with her the manuscript of a play by her husband "The Servant in the House."

"Mr. Hampden saw its possibilities and tried to have it produced in London but was unsuccessful. He finally sailed for New York."

He arrived in New York, staged by Harry M. Warner to succeed Mr.

There on Sept. 1, 1907, he played there in "The Master Builder," "A Doll's House." He had Kennedy's manuscript with him.

"There he met the same rebuffs. Manager after manager refused to produce the play. When the matter was placed before Mr. Miller he finally consented, after considerable delay, and 'The Servant' opened in Baltimore in March, 1908, later going to Washington and then to New York. It had a run of almost a season at the Savoy Theatre there; it then went to Chicago and Boston with the original cast, in which Mr. Hampden appeared as Munson, Miss Mathison as Auntie and Tyrone Power as the Dralman. More than 500 performances were given in the three cities after which Mr. Hampden withdrew from the cast. The play brought in a quarter of a million dollars profit for the producers. Indeed, its success was so startling that it proved to be the forerunner for many symbolic plays of the sort, including the famous 'Passing of the Third Floor Back.'"

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, Sept. 1, 1908. The following story was told some years ago to us by one that surely should know the facts in the case. According to him, Mr. Kennedy sent the manuscript of "The Servant in the House" to Forbes-Robertson. That excellent actor kept the manuscript a long time, and finally returned it. Jerome K. Jerome wrote "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in 1907, if "Who's Who in the Theatre" is trustworthy. The man that told us of Mr. Kennedy's experience with Forbes-Robertson firmly believed that Mr. Jerome saw the manuscript of Mr. Kennedy's play and profited by reading it.

But there is this to be said: Mr. Jerome's play was based on a story that he had published in a magazine. It is not surprising that two writers should conceive the same idea.

When Putnam's Magazine was revived in New York there appeared in an early number, the first or second, if we are not mistaken, a singular story by W. D. O'Connor entitled "The Carpenter." In this story a stranger enters a house where there was strife and changes the nature of the inmates, sweetening the very atmosphere. Having worked righteousness, he leaves as he had come. This beneficent character was modeled after Walt Whitman. It is not probable that either Mr. Jerome or Mr. Kennedy ever read O'Connor's story.

London Dramatic Notes

When Norman Macdermott produced "Romeo and Juliet" at Hampstead (Eng.) last month the full text was used. It is by no means certain that modern audiences require a full text production. There are unprofitable and lean passages in it which handicap the player, to say nothing of frankly indecent utterances. But if the modern producer decides on the full text, he should at least be consistent, and give the piece the precise Elizabethan stage it was originally written for—a stage with no scenery at all, a few wails.

The English public still clamors for howling melodrama. "Married to a Rotter" and "The Call of the Child" are two of the latest ones and they are built on the good old foundations.

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" was revived in London last month. "A Jacobean romp that delighted a Georgian audience. It was strange to think that the fun we were revelling in was over three centuries old. When you read the old play you are probably not convulsed with laughter. But such is the magic of action, of the visible and palpable, such the contagion of high spirits when actually in evidence, that when you see the old play produced at the Kingsway by Mr. Noel Playfair you are tempted to declare it the jolliest thing in London. This producer seems to have the gift of inspiring his actors with his own enthusiasm. On the first night they mouthed it, they ranted it, they sang it, they footed it all with the maddest extravagance, which was the very thing for it."

A new experiment was tried at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre when "Henry IV. Part I." was produced. The architectural setting was divided by a pillar in the centre of the stage. The historical scenes concerning the King and his court were played on the right of the stage, and the tavern and other scenes on the left.

"Milestones" was welcomed when it was revived in London at the Royal Albert. Bennett and Knoblock made no effort to bring the play "up to date." As the Times said: "This theme of the inevitable passing of time and the constant struggles of youth to advance, of middle age to hold its own, and of old age not to be too absolutely crowded into the background, is always with us."

In some ways an emotional screen actress Miss Pauline Frederick has no real rival, and in our opinion her latest ("Madame X.") is also one of her finest pieces of work.—London Times.

The Times, speaking of the film play, "The Son of Tarzan," says: "If American producers of jungle stories will insist on laying some of their scenes in England, it may interest them to know that English bridegrooms do not attend the wedding ceremony in evening dress, and that our detectives do not wear huge identification discs as the most prominent part of their attire."

News of the death of Mr. George Gid-

ley who tried to enlist in 1915 with a 9-year-old child. Instead of enlisting as a mascot at Hoinlow, the boy fell into the hands of his chum's uncle, who adopted him.—London Daily Chronicle.

On the European Continent: Notes

About Musicians and the Stage

The Swedish Ballet in Paris has brought out a curious ballet, with music by Inghelbrecht, who conducted. There is a series of tableaux vivants composed from pictures by the famous Greek. To connect the pictures short scenes are mimed by Jean Borlin. There is a story: a wicked Spaniard

has blasphemed; his brother is struck dead by lightning. The wicked man blasphemes the more, but a virgin passes by and moves him to repentance. Borlin, a versatile person, in another scene makes up as the Saviour in a picture at the Louvre. A Parisian critic says Borlin shows "perfect tact" in his representations.

Rene Fanehois's "Boudou sauve des eaux" has been produced at the Theatre Albert 1 in Paris. Lestingols is good old bookseller. He knows books and loves them. He is interested in the young, and he is very fond of his Breton maid servant, Anna Marie. His wife is a peevish, crabbed person. A poor wretch, Boudou, jumps into the Seine in front of the bookshop. Lestingols rescues him and lodges him. Boudou amounts to nothing; he is in some ways an idiot; he has no sense of gratitude. He seduces the wife and tries to win Anna Marie. Lestingols is indulgent. Boudou must marry Anne. The story is slight, but the dialogue is witty, sometimes free, and there is true fancy in the piece.

Guillemaud and Marcy's "J'veux Tromper Ma Femme" is the alluring title of a comedy at the Theatre Dejazet, Paris. Berdureau makes heroic attempts to accomplish his purpose; when he thinks he is about to succeed, he finds that his accomplice is his own faithful wife.

Grovez's "Reposoir des Amants," played at a Paris Conservatory concert, was warmly praised for richness of ideas and delicate and ingenious instrumentation.

Ganz, the pianist, has been playing with the Colonne orchestra and in recital in Paris with great success.

Is the tenor Koubitzky, singing in Paris, the Koubitzky who was in Boston? He sang at a Cecilia concert, and Henry Russell trumpeted his praise.

A string quartet by Le Guillard attracted attention in Paris by its oriental coloring.

Alfred Bruneau's "Roi Candaule," libretto by Maurice Donnay, is the first novelty announced for the Opera-Comique, Paris. The famous ring is not utilized by the librettist. Bruneau says his music simply seeks clarity, dramatic and human truth. "I have perhaps written less with the head than with the heart."

"Thyl Eulenspiegel," an opera by Jan Blockx, performed at the Monnaie, Brussels, in 1900, was revised by the composer, who died in 1912. Paul Gilson began to complete the revision, but A. de Boeck succeeded him. The opera was brought out at the Monnaie last month. The libretto is based on de Coster's novel, whose Thyl is the incarnation of Flemish patriotism in the struggle with Spain in the 16th century.

"Le Marechal Ferrant," with music by Philidor, the famous chess player, was revived in Paris last month at the Trianon Lyrique. The opera, produced in 1761. In 1841 it had been performed in Paris at least 200 times.

Maurice Ravel has completed an opera in two acts which he wrote for the Paris Opera.

L. Thirion's Symphony No. 2 (Colonne concert in Paris) is described as extremely interesting, though it is conceived rigorously after the classical plan, not the cyclical one, that is, each movement is thematically independent. The Scherzo precedes the Andante. The woodwind is in groups of four; there are six horns; there are percussion instruments, a piano, and the oboe d'amore is employed.

Pouret's symphonic poem, "Aladin," pleased the ears of the audience at a Lamoureux concert.

It is reported that the Philharmonie Orchestra of Dresden will be disbanded. Pupils of Max Reger have compiled a volume in memoriam. The articles are "The Study of Harmony Under Reger," "Reger's Personality," "Reger's Life," "The Lyricism of Reger," "Reger and the Organ," etc., etc. Let us hope that there is a chapter on "Reger and Beer," for Reger was immoderately fond of beer, passionately addicted to the consumption of it.

Andre Messager has resigned his position as musical director of the Opera-Comique, Paris. Some say the state of his health is the cause; others say that he will give his reasons later.

A subsidy of 700,000 francs for the Paris Opera is discussed. The shoes of the dancers, which in 1914 cost 923 francs a month, now cost 6750. The care of costumes now costs 28,000 francs a month, instead of 7400. Heating in 1914 cost 49,000 francs a month, now it costs 249,000. From Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, 1920, the receipts were 5,324,216 francs, 65c., yet there was a loss of 1,638,211 francs.

Music in London

Diana Melba has been singing the old songs in London, air from "Il Re Pastore," prayer from Verdi's "Othello," etc.

Adrop of a Belgian pianist playing in London, the Daily Telegraph remarked: "M. Doehaerd is really the best of the Belgian musicians the tide of war wafted to our shores. Savoir faire is with him a second nature, a rare and priceless gift which enables him to be on terms of intimacy with all styles and schools of music. His Bach, for instance, had neither the heaviness of the enthusiast nor the false gaiety of the trifler. And there can be no question that only the middle course does justice to the temperament as well as to the music of the great Bach. It is as unnecessary to wear mourning in order to play Bach in good style as it is to dance to the themes of his fugues. The music is invariably serene and lofty. This is the reason why a musician serious but unaffected, scholarly, but not cold, like M. Doehaerd, succeeds invariably in convincing his listeners."

"Tales of Hoffmann" revived in London: "There are no half measures with Offenbach. He meant to be romantic, and he succeeded in being sentimental, which is the inevitable fate of romanticism when it overreaches itself. But the popular bacarolle is also the most complete example of sentimental music in existence. The melody goes slowly and heavily from one note of the scale to another, and descends as honey drips from an overladen spoon. To like it is a sign of healthy appetite. No one who has been fed exclusively on dainties could partake of such a feast and survive. It is hence natural that these 'Tales of Hoffmann' should have many admirers in every healthy community. Whether the vogue will last it is impossible to say at present, since no one can tell the effects of Stravinsky's latest music on those who are still of an impressionable age." The critic surely forgets the dramatic pages in this enchanting opera; especially the wildly tragic trio sung by Hoffmann, Dr. Miracle and Antonia in the last act. He spoke well of the danger in performing the music because it is apparently simple and taken as a matter of course. "This is the bane of our old oratorios, which have been repeated so often that sometimes their performers appear to be working—and perhaps are working—in their sleep."

Florent Schmitt's new "Sonate Libre" for violin and piano has been played in London by Defauw, violinist, and the

composer. "Had it been played by another pianist we should have been inclined to criticize him for the number of passages which look in the score as though they were intended to produce an elaborate effect and which actually amounted to very little. Evidently it is the composer's intention that the whole should be played in a sketchy, tentative sort of way, with outlines blurred and phrases merging into one another. 'Ad modum clementis aquae' is its motto. The slow movement with which it begins is dominated by a

faintly emotional theme, creating an atmosphere sufficiently attractive to make one glad of its recurrence near the end of the lengthy second movement. But before it returns the music has passed through so many vain imaginings, so many episodes in which the two instruments seem to have nothing in common, that it is scarcely strong enough to provide the unifying principle needed. The whole showed that M. Florent Schmitt has not outgrown his early habit of elaborating fairly obvious ideas in a speculative way without regard to

the interests of his hearers. In other words, he is still apt to be a bore." Thus the Times.

In his performance of the Brahms-Händel variations Mr. Josef Hofmann seemed to regard the structure of the music as being of the first importance, and certainly one could not wish to hear a clearer interpretation in this respect; whether this is the ideal method to adopt is another matter, for when everything is so pointed and underlined there is grave danger of the original purport of the composer's intentions being missed. The performance was profoundly interesting, but it did seem to keep the music apart. One felt one was seeing it rather than hearing it, so to speak; and surely Brahms wrote the variations because the natural beauty of the theme awoke in him other beauties which to be expressed must not be approached from the standpoint of the analyst alone. Technically Mr. Hofmann's playing was superb, and his splendid rhythmic control was a source of the utmost satisfaction.—London Times.

TWO PIANOS

Many of us have found pleasure in hearing Messrs. Maier and Pattison play music written or arranged for two pianos, especially when the music was originally composed for them. Others are of a different opinion. When Arthur Rubinstein and Miss Germaine Tallifer played together in London last month, The Times was moved to say: "We hope that the public performance of music for two pianos is not to become fashionable, for it is nearly always much more interesting to the players than agreeable to the listeners." When, Miss Bristol and Miss Gray

played music by each the Times remarked: "It is true that with these mountains of tone the mere volume can be got more easily and more equably by four hands than two, and that in Busoni arrangements—to use the word as the name of a brand—there is always a sense of effort, however capable the player—unless it is Busoni himself. Yet the fact that one mind guides the whirlwind and directs the storm makes all the difference. Under a dual control, if it is really dual, there must be compromise, and art has nothing to do with compromise. As a palliation it is possible to rehearse all the effects beforehand and to map out the divided authority, and one felt that this had been done; but that is only a palliation, because the lines of longitude and latitude are too apparent. Thus the E minor was plotted in neat little rhythmic compartments, and the locata arranged in nicely regulated strengths; it was topography. In fact, not scenery. But one did not feel this in the concertos, where the composer has made his own arrangements."

And in this country we find Mr. Daniel G. Mason saying: "In general it may be held that two pianos, form the least agreeable of all chamber music combinations, degenerate most easily of all to the mechanical. If the many possible permutations of strings and piano do not supply sufficient variety, it would seem better to resort to voices or woodwind instruments, as was done last year."

Having heard Messrs. Maier and Patterson several times we cannot join these objectors.

Basil King's "Earthbound" at Covent Garden

The Herald published an article from the London Times describing Basil King's "Earthbound" seen at a private

showing. The film play was shown for the first time to a London public on Oct. 25 at Covent Garden Opera House in the presence of "an enthusiastic and impressed audience." The Times says: "In normal circumstances the film would not have been released until the end of next year, but it had attracted so much attention in the United States and in this country that it was decided to break through the system of 'block booking' and show it to the public at the first available opportunity. For the time being, accordingly, Covent Garden becomes a picture theatre, though not for the first time, for it already has 'The Miracle' and the wonderful film of Lord Allenby's campaign to its credit.

"Earthbound" was so fully reviewed in the Times of Sept. 22 that there is little more to be said. We described it then as one of the most ambitious and at the same time one of the most deeply impressive pictures that have yet been produced in a film studio, and the description still holds good. It is not in any way an attempt to depict the life after death. It is merely a suggestion of the idea that when the soul is freed from the body it is earthbound, and still shares the violent emotions which the living have to endure. Few more gripping incidents have ever been shown on the screen than the efforts of the dead man to communicate with his friends and to give them his message that he cannot find the peace of the Great Beyond, until he has learned the lesson that pure love is the key to open the gate, but that love misused is a crime against God and man.

"The thing might easily be a piece of tawdry sentimentality, but Mr. Basil King and his colleagues have treated the whole idea so reverently that the film impresses one by its sheer sincerity. It is said that the picture took a year in the making, and this is hardly surprising. The trick photography and the acting of a beautiful horzolan so remarkable that they are themselves monuments to the patience of the producer. The ordinary picture theatre possibly has not yet reached that stage of development where films like "Earthbound" could be shown with any hope of great financial gain, but in special surroundings, like those that obtain at Covent Garden, the film should certainly justify the courage of those who have produced and shown it."

"Lady Audley's Secret" was written by an actress at Brighton when she was not performing or rehearsing. The actress was Miss Braddon, the stock actress at Brighton, and the leading lady of the company in which Miss Braddon played juvenile heavies 60 years ago still lives—Mrs. Charles Calvert! The novel caught on, and Miss Braddon wrote many another well-built story, and her son is today the dramatic critic of a London daily. For the second or third time the novel has been made into a film. Miss Margaret Bannerman is the latest lady with the secret.—The Stage.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. "The Messiah," by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8:15 P. M. Mary Garden, soprano, and Mr. Casini, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. "The Messiah," by the Handel and Haydn Society.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Reception of Thursday's Symphony Orchestra.

It is said that there are 6,000,000 rats in the city of New York; that it may cost \$100,000,000 to exterminate them. The Pied Piper left no literal descendant. Long before he rid the old German town of its pests, the ancients knew sure means of driving rats away, also killing them. The white rats of Pontus were not so easily put to death, for they did not come abroad all winter, and they had a most fine and exquisite taste in their feeding. Other rats were held in superstitious dread, for gnawing the silver shields and bucklers at Lavinium, they foretold the Marsian war; eating the hose garters and shoe-strings of General Carbo at Clusium, they foretold his death. On the island Gyarus, having dispeopled it, they devoured everything, even iron. Among the Chalybes they ate iron and steel, within their very forges; and in gold mines they ate gold, so that when the miners caught them, they ripped open their bellies to find the stolen gold.

If water and oil is mingled with the juice of the herb chamæleon, rats are drawn to the mixture and they die, unless they immediately drink water.

Asphodel has a property to chase away rats and mice; if their holes are stopped with it, they die.

The smoke of any yew tree kills rats and mice. Surely these simple remedies with the labor in applying them should not cost \$100,000,000 even in New York and at the present time.

We are disappointed in finding Mr. Edward Toppel, who wrote learnedly about animals in the 17th century, dumb regarding this important subject. He noted that rats with their nails climb up steep and hard walls; that "their tail is very long, and almost naked, void of hair, by reason whereof it is not unworthily counted venomous; for it seemeth to partake with the nature of serpents." He also knew, by report at least, the King of Rats, large in body; "and they say that the lesser bring him meat and he lieth idle; but my opinion is that as we read of the dormouse, she nourisheth her parent when she is old; so likewise, the younger rats bring food unto the elder; because through their eye, they are not able to hunt for themselves, and are also grown to a great and unwieldy stature of body." Toppel described the white rats seen in Germany and caught in the middle of April, as having very red eyes standing forth of their head, and a rough and long beard. All he says about the extermination of rats is this: "They are killed by the same poisons and meats that the common mice are killed, except wolfbane; for if they eat thereof, they vomit it up again and are safe." He also speaks of traps.

The Wharf Rat

Are the wharf rats of New York included in the 6,000,000? The wharf-rat of Flitz-James O'Brien's poem published in Vanity Fair of April 13, 1911.

The wharf is silent, and black, and motionless like the ships,
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold and slimy lips.
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes slinking along,
And a girl in the Galapagos Isles is the burden of his song.

Behind the white cotton bales a figure is crouching low;
It lingers with eager ears to the way that the footsteps go.
And it follows the singing sailor, stealing upon his track,
And when he reaches the river side, the wharf rat is at his back.

A man is musing next day, and a paragraph tells the fact;
But the way he went, or the road he took, will never, never be tracked!
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps such secrets well,
The fate of the singing sailor boy the wharf rat alone can tell.

To Follow O'Brien's Spelling

Now the Gallapagos Isles were inhabited in O'Brien's time chiefly by gigantic turtles. Once in a while a sailor or an escaped convict was to be found there. O'Brien evidently liked the sound of the word in his geographical location of the girl, as the good old woman in church was enchanted by the word "Mesopotamia."

Herman Melville wrote a remarkable description of these islands for Putnam's Magazine. The story "The Encantadas; or Enchanted Islands," was in 1856 included in his delightful volume "The Piazza Tales," with "The Bell-Tower," one of the very best American short stories, to be ranked with those of Poe, Hawthorne and Flitz James O'Brien; with the strange adventure of Capt. Amasa Delano and the fate of Benito Cereno, a blood-curdling story; the wildly extravagant "Lightning Rod Man"; "The Piazza," a tale of lonely mountain life, and the truth about the singular obstinacy of Bartleby, the scrivener. When there are such stories to reread, why spend time on those of today, no matter how shrill the screams of publishers in praise?

One Dorr

As the World Wags:

In linking the name of Thomas W. Dorr with that of Daniel Shays, J. W. H. does the former a great injustice. Let me quote the following brief account of the "Dorr War" from the most recent work on constitutional conventions, namely that of former Senator Roger Sherman Hoar, published in 1917:

"Under his (i. e. Dorr's) leadership, the people of that state (i. e. Rhode Island) attempted to overthrow the tyrannous rule of the landholding classes who were still entrenched behind the King's charter. Caucusses of the adult male citizens throughout the state sent delegates to a convention which submitted a fair and democratic constitution to a special election called by it. At this election a clear majority of all the adult males voted for the new frame of government. Not only this, but among those voting in favor was a clear majority of those duly registered as voters under the charter. Dorr was subsequently elected Governor. He attempted to assume office, but John Tyler, Whig President of the United States, interfered at the request of the Whig charter government, and forced Dorr and many of his followers into exile, by threatening to send federal troops into the state. This partisan action, by the way, is chiefly what drove the Whigs from power in the succeeding national election."

Several legislatures, including that of Massachusetts, passed resolutions of sympathy for Dorr, recognizing him as the rightful Governor of Rhode Island. A committee of Congress, appointed to investigate the matter, reported that he had been wrongfully excluded from office. There is no question that, but for the partisan interference of President Tyler, Dorr would have been seated as Governor and the "People's Constitution" would have been recognized as the legal frame of government of the state. Dorr had much better legal standing than the first government of West Virginia, which would have failed but for federal interference. He was undoubtedly a sincere and patriotic martyr to the cause of popular rights, fighting for, not against, what he believed to be the duly constituted government of his state. Fighting in support of his oath of office as Governor.

So why wish to relegate Dorr to the oblivion so well deserved by Shays whose rebellion was directed against the courts and government in general, without even the pretense of any excuse except the popular unrest and the weakness of the commonwealth?

POLLY TICCAL.

Cambridge.

MARY GARDEN

By PHILIP HALE

Mary Garden, soprano, gave a concert at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Gutta Casini, violinist, and Isaac Van Grove, pianist. Miss Garden's selections were according to the program as follows: Pevrier, air from "Gismonda"; Puccini, Mimi's air from Act III of "La Bohème"; Barthelemy, Triste Ritorno; Erlanger, Lever de Soleil; Hahn, The Swing and My Ship and I; Godard, Lullaby from "Jocelyn" (with violin); Charpentier, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise." Mr. Casini's pieces were: Schumann, Slumber song; Piatelli, tarantelle; Tschalkowsky, variations on a Rocco theme; Chopin, Nocturne; Sarasata-Casini.

This concert was the first of the Stelbert series of six to be given at the Boston Opera House on Sunday afternoons. The management was wise in its generation to open the series with Miss Garden, who is a sure card, a box office magnet. There is always curiosity to see her; to view her costume, wondering whether it will be elaborately gorgeous or alluringly scanty; to watch her behavior on the stage; incidentally to hear her sing, although her home where she queens it is the opera house, not the concert hall.

Yesterday there was a very large audience.

If one is to believe the description of her costume overheard, the dress was of apple green velvet. It was high in the neck. It was short enough to reveal her ankles. She wore a large hat and ropes of pearls. Furthermore, she was wholly "in voice," in high spirits, and in generous mood, for she responded freely to the many recalls, singing and acting the "Habancera" from "Carmen," familiar Scotch songs, etc. As she was born in Aberdeen and a Scottish accent was her birthright, which Chicago and Paris were afterwards unable to take from her—it has been said by envious sisters on the stage that even her French has a fine old crusted Scottish flavor. She sang the simple songs with a gusto and an archness that ravished the ears and eyes of the audience.

As we have said, her voice was full and well controlled. She sang the operatic airs in the appropriately dramatic; emotional manner; and gave significance to songs that were not inherently of great importance.

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Mr. Casini first played in Boston at a song recital given by Miss Goodrich early in 1913. He has a rich, warm tone in melodic passages; technical difficulties are not beyond his ability; he phrases artistically. He, too, was liberally applauded. He responded to recalls.

The second concert of the service will be on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 9. Jan Kubelik, violinist, will play Wienlawski's Concerto in D minor; and pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Saint-Saens, Sarasate and Paganini. Mme. Gladys Axman, a soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, will sing "Voi lo sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and songs by Sterndale Bennett, Rogers, and Stevens.

"THE MESSIAH" AGAIN BRILLIANTLY SUNG

The unimpaired vitality of Handel's choruses and arias shone through the first of the usual two Christmas performances of the Handel and Haydn Society yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Chorus and soloists in "The Messiah," did their parts with eloquence; orchestra and organ supported well, if at times too much.

The chorus distinguished itself particularly in the "For Unto Us a Child is Born," the "All We Like Sheep," the "Hallelujah," and the final "Amen" choruses. The sureness of the various voices that wove together the magnificent fugues was admirable. Especially in the final chorals there was an emotional value of great power, finely found and finely given.

The soloists sang, as usual, with fervor and skill. Especially noteworthy was the singing of Mr. Werrenrath, not because of the voice, which was not pleasing at first, but because he made the arias, which so often are sung as mere decorations, take on a thorough, emotional character. Surely the cyclonic Handel would have relished the spirit and the gusto and the intelligence of this singing.

Mr. Mollenhauer conducted with his usual ease, to a house that was crowded even in the standing room.

SYMPHONY HALL

TONIGHT AT 8

Handel and Haydn Society

MESSIAH CHORUS OF 450

ORCHESTRA

INEZ BARBOUR, Soprano; NEVADA VAN DER-VEER, Contralto; MORGAN KINGSTON, Tenor; REYNOLD WERRENRATH, Baritone. Soloists both concerts. Seats Now—\$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, Plus Tax.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

By PHILIP HALE

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is attractive. Marie Cahill returns with her little white telephone and the talk about the sad scandal all due to an indiscreet employer and his stenographer; with her bundle of letters and telegrams; her negro songs. Custom does not stale her; she is always jovial, on the best of terms with the audience; not too conscious of her skill in putting things over the footlights. We do not say, "May her shadow never grow less"; but may she long live to amuse her countless admirers.

Then there was May Wirth with Phil, the family, and the white horses; the riders were graceful and daring. Nor was it simply a case of "She rides well for one so young"; all gave pleasure. Anderson and Yvel surprised by their dexterity on roller skates. Al and Fanny Stedman were constantly vivacious; the latter a compound of steel springs and ginger beer; the former doing odd tricks with the piano. Liddell and Gibson are an uncommon team; the tall thin man shaped by Dame Nature for the excitement of laughter; the shorter one with a woman's voice that took one back to the days of the Great Ricardo.

Betty Washington fiddled standing still and dancing; showing no mean technical skill, a warm rich tone, playing now brilliantly, now with a sentimental touch that pleased the audience mightily. Howard and Scott gave several dances that were worth seeing. Graceful, agile, not too acrobatic, they deserved a warmer reception.

There was a pianist, Eric Zardo by name. He gave a performance of a march by Schubert that tested the endurance of the piano. His interpretation of Paderewski's minuet was, to say the least, original. Mr. Paderewski would forget all about Polish problems, if he were to hear it. Mr. Zardo then gave a thunderous pot-pourri of airs from "Pagliacchi," operas by Puccini, "Rigoletto" and what not.

A one-act comedy, "A Golf Proposal," acted by Jack Kennedy and company, evidently pleased the audience.

The klograms, with a wide variety of subjects, were interesting.

There is a Christmas pantomime every afternoon this week, with a gift every child.

"Exclusively"

As the World Wags

You asked not long ago "What is an 'exclusive' shirt?" apropos of a haberdasher's advertisement in a New York newspaper. An exclusive shirt is one that allows no one in it with the owner.

that may not be made use of as a use de menage by the owner's wife or other female acquaintance. However, the exclusive shirt does not exclude insects, such as fleas and parasites; and, the Londoner calls them. An exclusive shirt is one that belongs to a group of grubby, griddon striped cottons in prismatic colors which hants about: "Keep out ye men of good taste, you are excluded!"

Boston. A. CRAWFORD. Why "B" flats for bed bugs? It is solemnly said that the "B" is the initial letter; "flat" from the flatness of the obnoxious insect. The English also call "bugs," meaning bed bugs, "Norfolk flivvers." It is said that in 1862 one Joshua Bug, landlord of the Swan Tavern in Wakefield, advertised in The London Times the fact that he had wholly abandoned the surname of Bug and was to be known as Norfolk Howard.—Ed.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Servant in the House," a symbolic play in five acts, by Charles Rann Kennedy. The cast:

James Ponsonby Makeshiffe, D. D. Hannam Clark
The Rev. William Smythe, William Sater
Annie, Elsie Herndon Kearns
Mary, Sara Haden
Robert Smith, Ernest Rowan
Rogers, Le Rol Operi
Manson, Walter Hampden

Mr. Hampden played the part of Manson in "The Servant in the House" 12 years ago, when it was first produced. Much has happened during those 12 years; there has been an overturn in things religious, as well as in all other matters. Some affirm that the war made the world more spiritual; others declare that it sounded the death knell of religion—at least so far as dogmatic religion is concerned. It was interesting, therefore, last night to note that this play, with a deeply religious motive—the religion of the brotherhood of man, linked up with the love of Christ—was received with unusual enthusiasm and interest. It has lost none of its appeal; it holds one's attention from first to last.

Its simple story, which will bear retelling, has to do with the family of an English clergyman, the Rev. William Smythe. He and his wife have brought up, as their own child, the daughter of the clergyman's worthless brother. Into his family comes Manson, a butler. He wears the costume of his native India, minus the turban. He looks like the Christ; he declares himself, at the end of the play, to be the long-expected bishop of Benares, whose church is "not a thing of senseless stone, but made up of the sweet human flesh of men and women, and the laughing faces of children." (We quote freely.) Into the clergyman's home, Manson brings the very spirit of Christ; he brings about a reconciliation between the brothers, and gives back her father to the little girl who wanted him; he breaks down false pride, and shows the clergyman that charity must be practised as well as preached. The figure of Manson is quite obviously, symbolic of the Christ; the Christ that is the most appealing figure the world has ever known; whose religion was never one of dead theological dogmas, but the religion of human brotherhood; the creed of a man who was all the more human, for being so divine. The most brilliant minds in our churches today realize that if religion is to mean anything in the future, it must get back to the simple basis of Christ's own personal religion; that meaningless formalities and confusing theological doctrines must be swept away. Mr. Kennedy's play means just that; it is the most moving, the most memorable production we have seen in the theatre for a long time.

Mr. Hampden's company gives a performance entirely worthy of the piece. His portrayal of the servant, Manson, is vibrant with sincerity and poetry; beautiful in its telling simplicity. Miss Sarah Haden, as Mary, the little girl, gave one of the most remarkable performances we have ever been privileged to see. It is a most difficult task to play the part of a young, imaginative, unspoiled girl. Many of our so-called "stars" have tried it, and failed. Miss Haden succeeds; in her lack of self-consciousness, of striving after effect; in the whole atmosphere of idealistic youth which she creates, she is exquisite. Mr. Bewaa, as "the grainman," Mary's father, was notably good; perhaps he "blundered" a little at times, but it was always the bluster of sincerity, sympathy with the part; an appealing bluster, with which no one could fault. The other members of the cast were equally capable. The large, intensely interested and appreciative audience demonstrated, happily, that a real play, with a real company, can still arouse enthusiasm.

COLONIAL THEATRE "Apple Blossoms," an operetta in a prologue and two acts; music by Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi, book and lyrics by William LeBaron; first time in Boston:

Julie, Ruth Lee
Polly, Adele Heron
Molly, Fred Astaire
Johnny, Willa Bennett
Nancy, Dorelval Knight
Richard (Dickey), Stewart, Maurice Darter
George Winthrop Gordon, Edgar Norton
Harvey, John Charles Thomas
Philip, Edna Temple
Mrs. Anne Merton,

The mere fact that Mr. Kreisler's name is attached to fully one-half the musical numbers of "Apple Blossoms" will not in itself ever prove that Mr. Kreisler per se could truthfully be hailed as a successful composer of operetta. It is the excellent balance between his numbers, indicative of the gifted musician, if not the popular tune-maker, and the numbers contributed by Mr. Jacobi, who at least thrice has felt the public pulse and proved his expertness in reading it rightly, that makes this notable entertainment. It is a hopeful sign that men of Mr. Kreisler's known repate have courage to venture into the field of light musical entertainment. The public which patronizes this form of diversion in time surely should be brought to realize that in such productions as "Apple Blossoms" it is possible to amuse, to give melodic zest and pleasure, without resort to jazz and blare and loud beatings of drums.

The story of "Apple Blossoms" is in lighter form than that of "A Marriage of Convenience" in which Henry Miller played several years since. In the prologue Nancy, having just engaged herself to Dickey Stewart, is torn from her boarding school at Clifton-on-Hudson by her uncle, who intends she shall wed Philip Campbell. In the first act, placed in Philip's Fifth avenue home, Nancy enters first, as his bride, and later Philip arrives. Having dodged each other immediately after the ceremony, they proceed to become acquainted.

Each owns to a previous sentimental affair, and these mutual confessions exaggerated in importance by the presence of the other two involved, namely Dickey and Anne Merton, an extremely shadowy widow, and further entangled by the interference of the aforesaid uncle, lead to a rupture which is healed speedily through the medium of the fancy ball, in the second act. For this story Mr. LeBaron had written several excellent scenes, with lines which frequently sparkle with a cynical wit. Indeed more than once their abrupt audacity brought gasps of amazement from the audience.

Vocal honors were taken by Mr. Thomas, almost forcibly, so to speak. His is a glorious voice, in danger of becoming enslaved to a vainglorious manner. Stormy applause rewarded at least two of his numbers, "Little Girls, Good-bye," by Jacobi, and "I Am in Love," by Kreisler. In each he revealed perfect vocalization, brilliant performance, marred solely by unmistakable tokens of self-appreciation.

Miss Bennett, who once flattered her way through the exquisite score of "The Only Girl," remained quite true to form last evening. Hers is a naturally limpid voice, apparently well-trained, yet ever ridden by a single defect. She was at her best in the duo with Mr. Thomas, "Love Is a Game," not noted, incidentally on the printed program.

The company is proud possessor of two English comedians, one of whom is genuinely clever. Mr. Knight, though depressed by a severe cold, delivered many clever lines effectively. He likewise aided, with Miss Temple, in elevating "The Second Viola," which comes just before the curtain, to one of the evening's high-lights. Joe Cawthorne once sang in similar vein of one who could not play all the instruments in the band.

The Astaires, brother and sister, maintained a deserved reputation as dancers, equally at home in the parlor or the garden, especially the former. They can crowd greater variety of acrobatics and coartion into one specialty than others can muster in ten. The other members of the cast were adequate. The ensemble was effective in a colorful way, if lacking individually in pulchritude. It seemed last evening as if Mr. Latham, as principal stage director, set his tempo too slowly, especially in the prologue. Mr. Stearns, directing an orchestra of average strength, gave ground repeatedly before the encores for Mr. Thomas.

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett Players in "Charley's Aunt," a farce in three acts, by Brandon Thomas.

Jack Chesney, Noel Leslie
Brassett, Lionel Watts
Charles Wykeham, Nicholas Joy
Lord Faucourt Botherley, E. E. Clive
Lord Verdon, May Ediss
Amy Spettigue, Elma Royton
Col. Sir Francis Chesney, M. Conway Wingfield
Stephen Spettigue, Robert Noble
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez, Viola Roach
Pilla Delabau, Phyllis Cleveland

ROMEO PLAYED

The dignity of Romeo must always spring from the fact of his being emotionally young; he is dignified because we do not require dignity of him. His loveliness must rely largely on his being sincerely lost to himself in his devotion to Juliet. Whether it is not the most difficult dramatic position for a man no longer in his first youth to assume the plastic sensuousness of 20 may be debatable.

Whether Mr. Hampden is not now himself Hamlet rather than Romeo might be discussed. Certainly he gave the impression last night at the Arlington Theatre of being a middle aged, or slightly middle aged, Romeo, of trying to be young without the feeling of youth. And one wondered if he really was in love with Juliet or with his being in love—perhaps even with his interpretation of being in love.

Beyond the Pale

The dignity that he strove to drape upon Romeo came close to making that young man beyond the pale of Juliet's love—had we not heard, and seen, her levotion.

Shakespeare seems to have loved his heroines better than his heroes, anyway, when it comes to being in love. Give the dramatist a great part to play, and he chooses a man, but give him the art of living to play, and he chooses a woman. Moreover, he often dowers his heroines with much more cleverness than his heroes—witness Rosalind. Romeo is never clever. We need not blame him; it is not demanded that he be clever. But since Juliet is both beautiful and clever, Romeo must be lovable. He must be the young man whom Queen Elizabeth would have loved and patted on the neck before the court. Mr. Hampden would hardly have moved the discriminating queen.

If Romeo is 20, and dead in love, and somewhat the prey to his emotions, and somewhat without brains in excess, he may weep and we forgive him. But when he becomes the older man, when he puts on intellectual dignity, if he then weeps, and blubbers, we have, perhaps, a toe for him. So when Mr. Hampden, finding that as Romeo he must be banished, flung himself upon the floor of Friar Laurence's cell and weaved his body and groaned and blubbered—we wished to draw the curtain. Especially when immediately afterward, Juliet, with the curse of her father upon her, the desertion of her mother, the failure to help of her nurse, every stay and prop gone, slunked up her courage, summoned her wits, and bravely fared to the friar's cell to see what could be done; and here arrived and confronted by Paris, her detested husband to be, triumphed over him with an exquisite sweet dignity that left him quite nothing to do but go away.

Juliet Carries Production

In fact, the beauty of the production lay in the Juliet. The balcony scene, fatal to many an aspirant for dramatic immortality, was in her hands so finely done that even the old lines, which one rembled to hear, were as fresh as the rose appeared over which they were said. It is difficult to declaim Shakespeare's rhetoric without making mere declamation; blank verse and 1920 do not pair on the stage with the ease of other methods. But Juliet throughout was almost always free from declamation. There were many times when the simile that Shakespeare's fertile brain could not hold back seemed as fresh in her own mind as in him. It was not enough that she was lovely in her white shimmer of a gown; she was always a girl and always clever. Had she not wanted when the nurse deserts her, we should have had perhaps a more consistent heroine, for her brains were sufficient for the occasion without the tattered passion. When she found Romeo dead in the tomb of her fathers her acting was superb, her emotion quite objectively self-forgetful.

Mercutio pleased much better the nearer he came to die. His death was inely done, with an employment of the finger tips to show his agony that was eloquent. He was game to the end. Others did well, especially Sampson, the servant of Capulet, whose clever stage business was always amusing.

Mr. Hampden was always aware of the occasion, even to the graceful drawing of his feet together in death. He chose a part where he was doomed to be less pleasing than in Hamlet or Manson. Romeo has gone stale in the added years.

For Mr. Adrian Hayward

As the World Wags:

Till Mr. Hayward, who saw in The Herald two or three years ago an announcement of the death of James Brad, grandfather, and A. E. W. Mason, novelist, and cannot understand it, for the two are now living, that if he had read the next morning's Herald he would have observed it was another James Brad. Some one else may clear up the Mason mystery. I never read his novels, so the notice of his death would not have been observed by me. I play golf.

LANSING B. ROBINSON.

A Child Wonder

As the World Wags:

Is it true that Adelina Patti, when 7 years of age, stood upon a table and sang her own family by singing "Santa Diva" perfectly?

By the way, GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

So Adelina Patti assured more than 40 years afterward Mr. Herman Klein, who tells the story at length in "Life of the Singer." "Life"? Say, rather, his pronounced and flaming eulogy. See among the famous and difficult arias "Ave Maria" and "Villanelle"—Ed.

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Pa. con 4%
1000... 80%
1000... 80%
1000... 80%

News of...
Gid-...
used little

324,216 francs.
less of 1,638,211 f

LINGTON THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The

Verona. Allen Thomas
Morocco. Ernest Rowan
Antonio. William Sauter
Shylock. J. Harry Irvine
Portia. Edwin Cushman
Solanio. Arthur Fox
Salarino. Hannan Clark
Anselmo. Richard Abbott
Gobbo. Walter Hampden
Lancelot Gobbo. P. J. Kelly
Nerissa. Le Roi Operti
Bianca. Roy Bucklee
Sardanio. Sara Haden
Salerio. Netta Sunderland
Musciano. Geneva Harrison
Bassanio. Richard Higley
Portia. Mary Hall
Erlasse. Elsie Herndon Kearns
Morgar. Mona Morgan
Mr. Hampden's Shylock, which was
last night at the Arlington Theatre,
an interesting characterization. He
chooses to represent the Jew as of a
more vengeful disposition and of more
sympathetic a nature than do many
layers. Shylock hates the Christians
and he mistrusts them; his ambition
from the start is to worst them, con-
tactively if possible, individually at
any rate. He has been treated with con-
tempt on the streets of Venice and his
state of the race has become an obses-
sion, has become inflamed little by little
until the final stroke when Jessica—
ducat—left him. Then his anger
and loathing burst in a fury of passion.
Mr. Hampden makes the role interse,
el loaded with feeling. One can fairly
el him reach the breaking point. Clear-
ly, he wins none of the audience's sym-
thy, but their admiration and appreci-
ation of his portrayal are unmistak-
le.
In the trial scene he makes his
ange from exultant triumph to des-
r and desolation so subtly that the
booker is not conscious of the transi-
on, yet so artfully is it brought about
at there is no surprise. In his scene
th Jessica he plays with a trifle more
finess than on his former visit here.
his kindness to her—of a rough sort
t. still, kindness—he very nearly
ns sympathy.
Mary Hall plays Portia with calmness
d confidence. Her love scene and
al scene are better carried out than
e comedy scenes, for while she has
e womanliness and strength for the
mer, she lacks the necessary light-
s and joyousness for the latter. Mr.
one's Bassanio has the polish and
wit that makes one forget that he has
en worldly enough to consider Por-
a fortune an item of importance.
Le Roi Operti is capital as the diverting
ancelot Gobbo. He plays more slow-
y and with more ease than formerly.
robby improving his performance.
William Sauter is a serious, almost sol-
n Antonio, while Mona Morgan
kes of Nerissa a better role than is
en found. The audience last night
a large and most appreciative.
Hamlet" will be played tonight, and
he "Servant in the House" follows
the rest of the week.

Dec 24 1920
"And Shalraizad perceived the dawn
of day and ceased to say her permitted
say. Whereupon quoth her sister Din-
yazad, 'How pleasant is thy tale and
profitable; and how sweet is thy speech
and how delectable.' 'And where is
this,' replied Shalraizad, 'compared with
what I shall tell you next night as I
ave and the King grant me leave.'
Thereupon quoth the King to himself,
'By Allah, I will not stay her until I
hear the end of her tale.'"

The Thinking Machine
As the World Wags:
I have received from Mr. Arthur
Blanchard of 150 Upland road, Cam-
bridge, a model of what he calls a me-
chanical brain, or thinking machine,
with the request that I introduce it to
the intellectual public of Boston. I
should have preferred that the task be
undertaken by that eminent sociolo-
gist, Mr. Herklmer Johnson, who would
I am sure be interested, but, flattered
by the tribute to my skill as an intro-
ducer, I will do what I can. I feel sure
this machine will meet a long-felt want,
and will be useful to many, from the
thred business man to the presidential
candidate. I have often felt the need
of one myself. This model is made of
pasteboard and paper and strangely
enough contains no ivory, like many
brains, but a little wood, like most. It
is constructed something like a calen-
dar, with three sets of cylinders, on
which are coiled three rolls of paper
which may be rolled by turning the
cylinders, from one to the next. On each
cylinder are a certain number of typewrit-
ed words, one of which shows at a
time, like the day of the week or
month. The first roll bears nouns as
obvious, the second verbs, the third
adjectives. All about the

back is the caption "Be grammatical,
but use no brains. Just turn the wood."
Mr. Blanchard recommends his device
as capable of emitting various sorts of
thoughts, epigrams, and unfortunately
platitudes. I regret to say that I have
found it particularly strong on platitu-
des, but does that distinguish it from
other brains?
I have counted the number of words on
the cylinders, and found them to be
respectively 194 195 and 197. A slight
calculation will thus enable one to see
that this brain contains 745,251 separate
thoughts, a number that is undoubtedly
greater than that of many brains that
we see, I mean, that are inflicted on us.
Mr. Johnson will no doubt be able to
state the average number of thoughts
contained in the brain of an editor, or of
a member of the Porphyry. It is not to
be supposed that all these pearls of wis-
dom are of equally great price. Whose
are? I do not remember what physiolo-
gist it was who stated that the brain
secretes thought as the liver secretes
bile. I cannot say that this mechanical
brain really secretes thought—such
thought as it produces having been
secreted there by Mr. Blanchard. But
let us sample these treasures. Following
the directions, I rephrase mechanically.
"A mistake complicates one's balance."
This is rather a truism than an epigram.
"Hysteria despises a chimera." Rather
cryptic, don't you think? "Friendship
is akin to adventure." This possibly
verges on the epigrammatic. But the
next is rather disconcerting. "A trumpet
is akin to reparation" reminds one
a little of spa. "The world adores clothes"
—one-half of it at least. "The weather
disconcerts inspiration." Such has been
my experience. "A fool bores the
nerves." This I should characterize as
a platitude of the first rank. But I do
not feel that my results tonight are par-
ticularly happy. Naturally I must for-
bear quoting all the thoughts of this
multifarious thinker.
I have only a few criticisms. I miss
the all-important verb "spells," also
"emerges," although the lack of the
latter may be accounted for by the fact
that it is intransitive. "Protection spells
normalcy," or, if you like, "prohibition
spells chagrin," and so on. But while
I had suggested to myself that there are
often more than three words in the ex-
pression of a thought, behold Mr. Blan-
chard sends me a larger thinking ma-
chine, intended to write movie plots.
Is this needed? I am a rare attendant
at this form of mental leakage and
hesitate to pronounce a judgment. In
this machine there are five rolls, and
the number of thoughts or plots is four
or five millions. Here should be a for-
tune for some one and possibly a cure
for the whole movie obsession. Just a
few samples: "Superhuman superintend-
ent favors artist. Correspondence. Con-
gratulations." I am sure that this has
been worked and is rather banal. The
next one is better: "Wayward admiral
elopes with aunt. Complications. Double
murder." This seems to me entirely
new. "Sentimental miser conceals ar-
cheologist. Double cross. Fiasco." This
seems to have possibilities. (I am not
making up these comments with the
pasteboard brain, whatever you may
think.) Here is one right out of the
headlines: "Well-bred ne'er-do-well
divorces angel. Embarrassment. Double
Sulicide." I miss the word "clubman."
What is a clubman? Think of all the
thoughts there could be about him!
I dare say that you have heard of the
proposition that all discoveries could
be made by writing down all the words
in the dictionary in all possible com-
binations. I do not say that Mr.
Blanchard's instrument plagiarizes that
idea. But it certainly takes up less
room than such a plan would do, and
is, in my opinion, decidedly more suc-
cessful. Thoughtfully yours,
ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER,
Worcester.

Regarding, Shays
As the World Wags:
Whoever is interested in Massachu-
setts history should read Edward Bell-
amy's "Duke of Stockbridge," and most
readers would probably agree that
Daniel Shays, captain in the Continen-
tal army, deserves, like John Brown,
a monument in honor of his heroic
struggle for the righting of intolerable
wrongs that sadly dishonored the fair
name of our commonwealth. Although
the rebellion was suppressed, it resulted
in what was practically a triumph for
Shays in the repeal of the barbarous
statutes that providing imprisonment
for debt, filled our jails with returned
soldiers of the revolution who, paid off
in worthless continental currency, found
their farms seized by the very men,
who, remaining safely at home, had
promised to look out for the families
and property of the men who went to
fight for our independence.
The story of all this is vividly and
convincingly told in Bellamy's novel.
Col. Thomas W. Higginson, himself an
eminent historian, told me that "the
Duke of Stockbridge" was the best ac-
count of Shays's rebellion ever written:
full of true history, the fruit of care-
ful research. Although it was Bell-
amy's first novel, written in 1879 as a
serial for an obscure weekly in western

Massachusetts, it did not appear in
book form until after Bellamy's death.
It is a story of absorbing interest.
The introduction by Francis Bellamy
gives a concise account of the origin
of the book. N. X. X.
Boston.

**ARLINGTON THEATRE — Shake-
speare's "Hamlet." The cast:**
Claudius. J. Harry Irvine
Hamlet. Walter Hampden
Polonius. Allen Thomas
Horatio. William Sauter
Laertes. Ernest Rowan
Osele. Le Roi Operti
Guidenstern. P. J. Kelly
Rosencrantz. Arthur Fox
A Priest. Richard Rosell
Player King. Hannan Clark
Player Queen. Elsie Herndon Kearns
Page. Geneva Harrison
Lacianus. Edwin Cushman
Bernardo. John William Palmer
Marcellus. G. T. Hamilton
Francisco. Roy Bucklee
Reynaldo. Richard Higley
Prologue. Sara Haden
First Grave-digger. Allen Thomas
Second Grave-digger. Hannan Clark
Gertrude. Mary Hall
Ophelia. Mona Morgan
Ghost. Richard Abbott
Mr. Hampden's Hamlet, given last
night at the Arlington Theatre, is a
masterful figure. He makes him poetic,
imaginative, sensitive, humorous and
courtly. His voice is sympathetic and
puts music into the lines without once
losing the narrative thread. Further-
more, Mr. Hampden portrays him as
sane. There has been much talk and
controversy about the so-called "puzzle
of Hamlet." In Saxo Grammaticus's
"Historie of Hamlet," which forms a
chapter of the history of Denmark, and
where, it is presumed, Shakespeare took
his story, Hamlet is spoken of as hav-
ing counterfeited his madness. Hamp-
den chooses to take this view and to
play his role accordingly, making Ham-
let a thinker, introspective, it's true,
and a philosopher.
Hamlet has been called weak-willed
and irresolute, incapable of action.
Hampden portrays him as a clear-
headed, determined man, who makes
well-defined plans and waits a proper
moment to carry them out effectively.
Being a thinker, he does not let his
emotions run away from him, but finds
out first whether the ghost's tale is
true, and it is not just for revenge
that actuates his movements, but a
love for justice. He is earnest and
consistent throughout, and his por-
trayal has lost none of its effectiveness.
The "to be or not to be" speech is
delivered as naturally as any man
might deliver it in his home—could he
spontaneously think in such picturesque
and musical a vein—but the majesty
of the blank verse is retained. The
lighter scenes are carried out with air-
ness and with courtliness, while the
satiric scene when Hamlet invites
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to play
upon the pipe is given a subtle transi-
tion from gay humor to scornful dig-
nity.
The supporting company shows care-
ful training and is well-balanced. Mona
Morgan makes an attractive Ophelia
and plays with feeling, but she has too
much color, too much verve to play the
role with the reserve it demands. Mary
Hall gives to Queen Gertrude the touch
of apprehension that makes the part
effective; Allen Thomas is fine as Pol-
onius, particularly in his humorous
scenes, and Ernest Rowan played the
emotional Laertes with spirit. The rest
of the parts are acceptably handled.
There are still a few who say that
the public does not want to see Shake-
speare's plays. They should have been
at the Arlington Theatre at last night's
performance to see the house filled with
a large audience that showed a marked
appreciation of the play and the play-
ing. "The Servant in the House" will
be given tonight, tomorrow afternoon
and tomorrow night.

Mr. Herklmer Johnson was in the of-
fice last Thursday. He gave us the
customary Christmas-week greeting and
then unfolded the real purpose of his
visit. "Can any one of your readers
tell me through The Herald who wrote
verses, of which I remember only one:
'Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a glad world this would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the northern sea.'
"I may not quote correctly, for my
memory is not what it was some years
ago, although I think I could pass on
examination on 50 or 75 limericks of a
Habelsian nature heard in my college
days. My impression is that Reuben and
some woman—was her name Martha?—
exchanged compliments in an antipho-
nal manner; but who wrote the verses?"

A Rift in the Cloud
As the World Wags:
Many have thought that a vista was
opened by the vote in the common-
wealth (and city) as to beverages with
not over 2.75 per cent., by weight, of
alcohol; but to me the matter seemed
utterly befogged, and this darkness was
deepened by examining the wording of
the 18th amendment, with its "jurisdic-
tion thereof for beverage purposes."
On more important words therein, "in-
toxicating liquors." I last night stum-
bled on an illuminating article by a

Newark physician, "What Is an Intoxi-
cating Beverage?" Medical Record, Dec.
11, 1920, pp. 976-979. This considers the
question in apparently a very thorough
way and concludes: "It would therefore
appear that, disregarding all fanciful
theories and hair-splitting definitions
and considering all the facts, the seeker
after truth, viewing the matter in the
broad light of common sense, can safely
state, with all reasonable degree of cer-
tainty, that a beverage containing as
little as 2.75 per cent. by weight of alco-
hol (practically 3.50 per cent. by volume)
is not an intoxicating beverage."
Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston Characteristics
As the World Wags:
Was in a downtown department store
restaurant some time ago. A woman,
conspicuously dressed, wearing a big,
expensive fur coat, promenaded between
the line of tables. She stood for a mo-
ment and looked everybody over, then
called the waitress to help her off with
her coat. She was loaded with jewelry.
After she was seated, she proceeded to
scan the bill of fare with her lorgnette,
and to make sure that every one knew
she had one of these gold-rimmed or-
naments, she turned almost completely
around to give everybody a chance to
look her over. She made a big fuss,
and one would suppose, of course, that
she was going to order frogs' legs, or
pate de foi gras, or some \$10 dish, but
after putting on all this dog she de-
voured a 15 or 20 cent dish of soup. She
was assisted again with her coat, etc.,
and made her exit without leaving a
tip for the girl.
I was also in one of the downtown
hotels where they have a cafeteria,
similar to those one patronizes in Los
Angeles. One of the "codfish" class re-
marked to her friend, "Dear me, what
a lark. Now let me see. I wonder if
this pie is perfectly all right." In other
words, she wanted to have every one
think that she had never eaten in a
cafeteria before and was used to hav-
ing four or five valets or butlers dan-
cing in attendance to her at her daily
banquets at her mansion—that she was
belittling herself by eating in such a
place, while, in fact, the hotel she was
in serves as good food as can be bought
anywhere—and, if I remember correctly,
she carried a "Boston" bag.
Talking of "Boston" bags, in my ex-
tensive travels in other parts I do not
believe I've seen more than half a dozen
of these typical carriers of everything
from check books to baby's pants, yet
while I stood in the lobby of one of the
theatres on Tremont street the other
day (and I did not linger more than 12
minutes) I actually counted 110 of these
Boston bags pass the spot just in front
of me.
And the opera—this is the first town
that I have been in where they pass
lunch round at supposedly high-class
musical functions.
Another thing, when you meet a man
beyond Chicago, he'll grasp your hand
(and believe me, brother, you know he
has hold of your hand when he does it),
he looks you straight in the eye and he
accepts you for what you appear to be.
He does not first want to know your
social and financial standing. He as-
sumes that you are on the square. He
does not inquire as to whether your
ancestors came over on that most colos-
sal ocean liner, which, according to
claims, must have carried at least a
million whites—the Mayflower.
There seems to be inherent in the
breast of every New Englander a feel-
ing of envy and jealousy for any man
who comes from afar to dwell among
them and be successful, while in the
West the Wanderer is greeted with open
arms. GEO. W. SMILEY.
Boston.

One Door
As the World Wags:
Altho concurring in Miss Ticcals esti-
mate of Thomas W. Dorr as a patriot,
I must assert that he was a misguided
one. His "People's Constitution," on
which all adult male citizens (about 23,000
in number) were permitted to vote, re-
ceived 13,944 votes, including a clear
majority of the regularly authorized
vote. The constitution adopted by the
opposing faction the next year (1842)
received less than half the authorized
vote, less than one-third the adult male
vote. But the latter was legal, because
it received a majority of the votes cast
at a duly called election. These few
votes had authority to represent the
whole people; whereas even a majority
of the whole people speaking at an ir-
regular election had authority only to
represent themselves as individuals.
Yet Dorr failed, not because of the
irregularity of his constitution, but (as
Miss Ticcals says) because of partisan
interference by the federal government.
Subsequent events, rather than ab-
stract questions of legality, have de-
termined the success or failure of
many a purely sectional convention.
Thus the spontaneous governments of
the American colonies succeeded when
force triumphed over England. Dorr's
government failed and the Union gov-
ernment succeeded in 1862 suc-

MALPIERO'S SUITE NEW TO AMERICA

By PHILIP HALE

In his concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Montoux, conductor, took place Thursday night. The program was as follows: Overture to "Don Giovanni" and "The Search for God", Malpiero, "Impressions from Nature," Suite No. 1, "The Blackcap," the Woodpecker, the Owl, Delius, A Dance Rhapsody. The soloists were Guy Maler and Lee Pattinson.

We write with reference to the concert of yesterday.

After a spirited performance of the overture to the opera that, in spite of the years, is to be ranked with "Pelléas and Mélisande" as the supreme achievement of lyrically dramatic art, widely different as the operas are in form and in expression, Messrs. Maler and Pattinson gave an admirable performance of Malpiero's Concerto in E flat. The item had more than once extolled the ensemble playing of these musicians. Yesterday they not only displayed the qualities that have excited praise in cities of this country, Paris and London; they also showed their nice appreciation of the Concerto's character. There was no attempt to modernize the music, to give it inconspicuous, destructive importance. They accepted the music as it is, suave, tender and also lightsome, and played as Mozart wished; for he once wrote that music should always "sound," meaning that it should be euphonious; and he demanded of a pianist that running passages should flow like oil.

D'Indy's descriptive symphony from his opera, "The Legend of Saint Christopher," was played for the first time in Boston; Malpiero's Suite for the first time in America; the Rhapsody of Delius for the first time at these concerts.

As D'Indy is a devout Catholic, zealous in the observance of religious rites and ceremonies, it was natural that the legend of Christopher should appeal strongly to him. This symphonic music is played before the second act, after the narrator has told of the giant's search for the king of heaven. The giant visits kings and emperors; he questions conquerors of the battlefield; he asks His Holiness the Pope himself; they all tell him in turn that they are not the king of heaven; then, weary and sorrowful, he goes back to his native land.

It has been said, it is said today in New York, that the music of D'Indy is only cerebral; that it is never emotional. To some, yes to many, this reproach may seem just. His music has often an egotistical character that is forbidding; it is often austere, as if the composer stood proudly aloof. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Yet who can deny his second symphony and this descriptive symphony, not to mention other works by him, without feeling that Vincent D'Indy is profoundly, nobly emotional. "The Search for God" is necessarily episodic, as there must be musical expression of each guest of the giant; but here is no panoramic music, no music for films, even without the story in hand. The music would be impressive, when he portrays the pomp of potentates, the fury of battle, or the joyous exultation of the faithful on the feast day of the Resurrection. No, any here is not cold and repelling. His art beats as warmly for humanity as did the heart of his master Cesar Franck.

Malpiero's Suite is a delightful little work, with interesting and poetic ideas, expressed by the instruments. The scheme of orchestration seems to be new; nor is he in his harmonic scheme an imitator. They are little things, these impressions received from the birds, but there is more fancy in them than in many huge symphonies and pretentious symphonic poems. How direct, yet how telling is his employment of instruments! Each has its place. Mr. Montoux, who conducted throughout skilfully and convincingly, is to be heartily thanked for bringing out noteworthy modern compositions.

The Rhapsody of Delius was performed here by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1916. It then seemed interesting in construction and interest to "The Search for God" and "Brigg Fair," which are in the repertoire of the Boston Symphony orchestra; far inferior to his "Sommers Garden." In this there is too little rhapsodic. The dancers, as the English, according to the old saying, take their way. There is a reserve, al-

though I shall not take his part, and though I may suggest certain lines of criticism, I shall naturally be inclined to laudation rather than censure.

Mr. Courtenay points out in a kindly spirit certain weaknesses of the actor, notes certain limitations. "He was a glorified amateur who dared things which a professional never would have dared, and won a shining victory. He mistrusted all talk about technique. 'I have not got technique,' he once said; 'it is a dull thing. It enslaves the imagination.'"

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy did not wholly escape the censure of the London reviewers for his article. Tree attracted him as "a character at once flamboyant and extremely sensitive; I thought of him as a man immensely friendly, and sympathetic, yet immensely self-absorbed. . . . Herbert Tree was an enthusiast; the comments which follow are by no means entirely composed of laurels, but on the grave of an enthusiast we need lay no artificial wreaths." Mr. MacCarthy's analysis seems to us excellent criticism, although Tree would not have liked it.

The Herald has already alluded to the pages by Viola and Iris Tree, Max Beerbohm, Messrs. Gosse, Louis N. Parker, Gilbert Parker and Haddon Chambers. Of these pages those by Tree's half-brother Max are naturally the most informing and the most entertaining. He does not include his famous line on a performance by Herbert reviewed by him in the Saturday Review: "I have a brother, who once was an actor."

At the end of the book are the sermon preached at the memorial service, speeches made at the unveiling of the memorial tablet, letters written by Tree about America in 1916-17 to London journals, and extracts from his note book, which are chiefly of a witty nature. Mr. Gosse says that Tree was witty "partly I think by studious cultivation, but he was whimsical by nature, and his wit was an offshoot of his wit. He would be opening up into the air, and sometimes they hit the bullseye miraculously; some times they did not. I have heard him say things that were deliciously apropos, and with a readiness of mind that was exhilarating; but I have also heard him murmur things that were almost fatuous; and he seemed to lack personal criticism in this respect. This was doubtless the reason why there was always debate behind his back whether Herbert Tree was 'clever' or merely silly, the truth being that he could be both, or at least that he could divagate into a sort of dreamy, aimless irony which gave the impression of silliness. I am not sure that there was not often a method in those quaint sallies, for he was a past master in the practice which is called 'pulling the leg' of a victim."

Mr. A. B. Walkley wrote nearly 20 years ago: "As a rule, the lives of the players may be said to belong to the least important branch of entomology." This cannot be said of the volume we have been discussing. It may not be vitally important, but it gives a clear insight into an uncommon theatrical character, a curious personage, and incidentally is an addition to the history of the English stage and to essays on the art of dramatic criticism. The book is a sad need of an index.

Perhaps this was true in the earlier days. When he was in Boston for the last time and played his Wolsey disappointed even his admirers. He seemed ill at ease, conscious of his costume and the audience, without authority. Even his reading of the charge to Cromwell was ineffective. His performance was dwarfed by Lyn Harding's Henry VIII.

Nor was his production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" worthy of his reputation. He was in a singular mood during this engagement; annoyed by legitimate criticism, vexed because his speech—which he read at a luncheon in his honor at a club—could not, by the rules of that club, be published in the newspapers. He was upset by a critic venturing the remark that there was a touch of pathos in Slender's adoration of Anne Page. On previous occasions, as at a luncheon given to him by Mr. Faversham in Boston, he was brilliantly witty, full of fresh anecdotes, not impatient of interruption, tolerant of others at the table, though their questions may have seemed to him foolish.

Reviewers in London found fault with Mr. Shaw's contribution to the book. If we read it carefully, we find it an admirable piece of work, honest, under the circumstances courageous, yet not at all tactless or in poor taste. Mr. Shaw wrote "from the point of view of a playwright," and began by saying bluntly that Tree's attitude toward a play was "one of whole-hearted anxiety to solve the problem of how to make it please and interest the audience," which Mr. Shaw maintains is the author's, not the actor's, business. "The function of the actor is to make the audience imagine for the moment that real things are happening to real people. It is for the author to make the result interesting. . . . He (Tree), with his restless imagination, felt that he needed nothing from an author but a literary scaffold on which to exhibit his own creations. . . . The author, whether Shakespeare or Shaw, was a lame dog to be helped over the stile by the ingenuity and inventiveness of the actor-producer." The criticism of Tree as an actor is searching: "Like Irving, he had to make a style and technique out of his own personality; that is out of his peculiar weaknesses as well as his peculiar powers. . . . What Tree could do was always entertaining in some way or other. But, for better, for worse, it was hardly ever what the author meant him to do. His parts were his avatars. . . . His real objective was his amazing self. . . . He was never happier than when he stepped in front of the curtain and spoke in his own immensity to the audience, if not as deep calling unto deep (for the audience could not play up to him as splendidly as that), at least as a monarch to his courtiers."

Mr. W. L. Courtney's contribution to the book should be carefully read: "Now that he is dead, you may be sure that I shall instinctively take his part, and though I may suggest certain lines of criticism, I shall naturally be inclined to laudation rather than censure." Yet Mr. Courtney points out in a kindly spirit certain weaknesses of the actor, notes certain limitations. "He was a glorified amateur who dared things which a professional never would have dared, and won a shining victory. He mistrusted all talk about technique. 'I have not got technique,' he once said; 'it is a dull thing. It enslaves the imagination.'"

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"Stage and Screen," by Marion Howard Brazier, published by the author in Boston, is a volume of personal reminiscences and pleasant gossip with many illustrations of actors and actresses. There are two sections: The Stage; the Photoplay. The first contains these chapters: The Boston Museum, Charlotte Cushman, in Loving Memory (Sketches of Kate Reynolds, Barron, Annie Clarke, Booth, Adelaide Neilson, Barrett, Clara Morris, Ida Vernon, Agnes Booth, Maggie Mitchell, Lotta, though Miss Vernon, Clara Morris and Lotta are still living), William Seymour, Some Big Players, Mary Anderson and Others, Big Moments, Veterans, Stock Companies, The Singers, The Amateurs, in Lighter Vein, A Sum-Up. To Miss Brazier the drama is as attractive as ever. "The newer generation believes nothing not tangible to eye and ear. It has only hearsay evidence of what the great actors of the past stood for in their day. 'Why inject bugbears and live in the past!'"

The second section contains 10 chapters about screen plays and acting for the screen, with short sketches about those prominent in film plays. Miss Brazier combats vigorously legal censorship of these plays, as undemocratic and unnecessary. "It is only a dull, narrow mind that seeks to impose its personal tastes by force of law upon its neighbor." She finds that there is quite as much need for establishing censorship of the spoken play—"the very titles of which are sometimes suggestive and 'diotic'; they might attack the press for unsavory divorce details, etc., the opera, books, magazines, paintings, sculpture—even conversation."

Old theatregoers will find music in this book to recall agreeable memories. There is no scandal, no malice in the gossip. The illustrations are of a higher order than those too often found in books of this nature; at least, the reproduction is clearer.

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brought on at the Theatre de Paris. The hero is our old friend Don Juan, who assists at the apotheosis of the legend. One night at Seville, no longer young, he sends a substitute to an arranged meeting with a woman. The husband returns unexpectedly and kills the substitute, who surely is Don Juan, for his ring is on the dead man's finger, and the shameless memoirs of Don Juan are found on his body. They bury the famous rake, while Don Juan watches his own funeral. From what he hears and sees he knows that he is now old; that he is only an ordinary man in the eyes of the public; so he exiles himself, and hides under another name in an inn. The memoirs, apocryphal, have been published and are read greedily; they are full of lying and cheap poetry. Juan seeks consolation; he loves a young widow, Inez; but, ambitious, she does not wish an unknown. He reveals his identity. She laughs at him; others think him mad. Then, alone, at night he reads the manuscript of his memoirs, and finds his memoirs shabby, trivial, or ugly; worse even than the fictitious ones published. Don Juan is, indeed, dead. All that he can do is to buy kisses from the maid of the inn for five duros. The part of Don Juan was played admirably, they say, by Andre Brule. The incidental music with a prelude was written by Reynaldo Hahn.

Notes About the Theatre in England and Ireland

"The Dragon," not Lady Gregory's play, but R. B. Jeffrey's, was brought out at the Aldwych Theatre. "Chinamen, opium, a white kidnapped girl—these are ingredients out of which many a sensational story has been made. Here is another. It takes a little long in the telling, perhaps, but the sensation is there. . . . There is more local color than dramatic force about the play, for all its accumulated horrors." Mr. Walkley of the Times wrote: "Here is another of those sinister Chinamen, all smiles and

elaborate compliments, but evidently revelling in the perpetration of the cruellest tortures just round the corner, who agreeably freeze the blood of London playgoers. This one deals on a delightfully stupendous scale in opium, and even keeps an opium den in his magnificent Mayfair residence for the convenience of his visitors. When raided by the police he is easily able to baffle them by his acute intellect and perfect sangfroid, but what causes his downfall is the little blind god." The theme bears a strong resemblance to that of "East Is West."

An allegory in one scene and an epilogue, "The Changeling," by "Kenneth Sarr," has been brought out at the Abbey, Dublin. "Mr. Sarr shows a fine, if undisciplined imagination, but his allegory is not self-contained; it has the fatal blot of relying too much on its program for its conveyance. Clarity is lacking." A woe-begone hermit symbolizes the beauty that has retired from the world before the conquering march of "Materialism, commercialism, utilitarianism, and their promiscuous besetment."

Apropos of a performance by the Play Actors (London) of Chapin's play, "The New Morality," the Times remarked: "The bullet which found its billet while Mr. Harold Chapin was acting as a stretcher-bearer in France did a bad day's work for the British drama, for nobody has quite filled the niche which that brilliant young dramatist had made for himself."

American Music in London: Other Notes About Music There

Mr. Mayo Wadler, who gave his first recital at Wigmore Hall on Tuesday, began with a Sonata in G minor, by Leonide Nicolaiev, which he played with Mr. Percival Knorratt. But the chief interest of his program lay in the fact that he introduced a number of short pieces by American composers, whose works have hitherto been little heard here. No one of them was very important, and the slightest among them. Cecil Burleigh's "The Bees," was the one which the audience liked best. It was repeated. A tone poem, by Marion Bauer, called "Up the Ocklawaha," showed an individual style of melody. A curiosity of the selection was that two of the pieces, Albert Stoessel's "Humoresque" and Samuel Gardiner's "Canebrake," were described as written on ragtime rhythms, but one sought in vain for any marked influence of ragtime in either. The use of the so-called "Scotch snap" as it occurs in a large number of negro melodies, and as Dvorak used it in the tunes of the "New World" symphony, was the only trace of native idiom to be found, and though that occurs in ragtime, it is not the essential characteristic. Mr. Wadler is a very able violinist, and his performance of these things and of Coleridge-Taylor's Ballade in C minor was well worth hearing.—London Times, Dec. 3.

Cecil Jenkins's "Magic Cauldron," a symphonic poem, was brought out by the London Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 29. The Times said: "It is one of those works which expect you to know a great deal about Welsh legends, in this instance those connected with the children of Llyr, who apparently had almost as many family complications as the children of Don. They had a magic cauldron in the family, but it does not

From Mrs. Phinnell

As the World Wags:

Although disputations of any sort are naturally distasteful to me, I cannot permit your innuendoes regarding Xanthippe's physique and your disingenuous perversion of Burton's testimony to go unchallenged. In matters of such moment to the general welfare we must batten down our desire for seclusion, and, unlike Gray, speak out.

Plutarch, you admit, bears no evidence either way. But race tradition, as Profs. Child and Gummere found in their study of the ballad, is always the truest messenger of fact. A fat shrew is an anachronism. As well speak of a splendor Zagloba, or a paunchless Falstaff. In the average mind the unconscious connotation of the word inevitably implies a leanness, a dryness so delightfully described by Balzac in his tale of Polsy.

As for Sir Richard, the quotation you present is sheer fiction from the entertainments designed to catch the hapless adolescent ear, as against the digested facts of his foot notes which I referred to. As you possibly know, these notes are widely held to be the clearest picture of the more intimate eastern tastes and habits.

Because the continuity of my argument was somewhat disfigured in the process of transcription by your interviewer (a worthy fellow, but much given to personalities at the expense of my logic), I venture to round out my proposition with a brace of authorities whose knowledge of humanity will hardly be questioned.

Dr. Francis Rabelais, the well known writer, in his eulogy of the dear, dead Babelbec, a most virtuous and admirable wife and mother, sets down a single of her dimensions as being "full six acres, three rods, five poles, four yards, two foot, one inch and a half of good woodland measure." As she, perhaps alone in all his writings typifies the perfect housewife, the inference is clear.

His countryman, Jacques Anatole Thibault, better known it may be as Anatole France, in his sketch of the female penguin, who certainly represents the "good woman," draws the bird as having "narrow shoulders, clumsy breasts, a stout figure, and short legs. Her reddish knees pucker at every step she takes, and there is at each of her joints what looks like a monkey's head."

Two from many, these. The slender female is beloved of romanticists, knights of flapperdom. The realist, the philosopher and the cynic know better.

VIOLET ANTIGONE PHINNELL.

The Glossarist

First as to Xanthippe. Is it not possible that she has been grossly maligned? Would not Socrates by his continual questioning have irritated any woman, even if she had weighed 250 pounds? The Athenian men could not endure him, so they dosed him with hemlock. There is an account of her in Thomas Heywood's "Nine Bookes of various History concerninge women" (1624) in which the traditional view is taken. And here is mention of Socrates's other wife. Heywood quotes from Helronimo: "Ilco speaks of Socrates, who having two curst queanes and both at once (for the law of Athens did allow duplicity of wives) could indure their scouldings and contumacies with such constancie and patience; for having Zantippe and Mirho the daughters of Aristides, the house was neuer without brawling & uprore." Instances are then given of Xanthippe's shrewish behavior.

Is it not possible that she was sweet tempered before Mirho was added to the household? Plutarch says her name was Myrto. "Aristides daughter's daughter"; married to the wise Socrates, "who took her to his wife (having a wife already) because she was a poor widow, and could not be married for her poverty, having much a do to live." In "The Heclyon," a dialogue attributed to Lucian, Socrates says to Cleophon: "Oft will I extol thy pious & faithful fondness for thy mate to thy two wives Xanthippe and Myrto."

Did Socrates have two wives? Xanthippe and Pluto mention only one, famous one, Panactius, the stoic philosopher, combatted the story of two wives. From Lucian's account, it is evident that Socrates was at least speaking terms with Xanthippe. Marcus Socin in the 15th century, who asked why he gave up teaching the canon law at Padua and Sienna, answered, "I am married." "But," he replied, "Socrates did not stop teaching for that reason." "No," said Socin, "because Xanthippe was bad-tempered and perhaps ugly, while I have a handsome and compliant wife." Note that Socin said "perhaps ugly." No contemporary of Xanthippe described her personal appearance. We are of the opinion that she was rather fat and a slattern; not unlike scolding mistresses of boarding houses in which we suffered years ago, in New England, New York state and in Germany.

The worst of this sort of thing is that the average listener reads it up as a program note and then finds that he need not have troubled to do so, such of Mr. Jenkins's music is quite effective, but like others who compose on legendary subjects, he seems to view characters and their complicated history as though they were so many figures of the Wagnerian stage. He says nothing new and expresses no personal point of view.

Scriabin's "Divine Poem": "Scriabin was feeling his way toward a personal point of view which he discovered in the 'Poeme de l'extase.' We should probably not hear much of the 'Divine Poem' if he had gone no farther. It is a curious mixture of the typical second-rate symphony or symphonic poem of the last century with excursions into modernism. Most of the first movement might have been written by Liszt, and some of it was. Its frequent repetitions and obvious bridge-passages make it much too long, a fault which Scriabin never outgrew, for though the two later orchestral works take barely more than half as long to play, they still repeat themselves unnecessarily."

The Daily Telegraph of London reviewing a performance of "La Boheme" by the Carl Rosa company says: "It is perhaps a little curious that one finds them keeping a little too close to tradition, for example, in the crowning of Masetta and her lover at the end of the second act by an overgrown hunting-horn, but there is no doubt that they have that much justification in that the tradition arose from their first performance in Manchester 22 years ago, when, as the writer remembers perfectly well, that performance was blessed, as it were, by Puccini himself and the great Tito Ricordi." We do not remember seeing this stage joke in Boston.

Speaking of Miss Doris Woodall's Carmen, the Times said: "She throws herself completely into the part, making it picturesque, vivid and alive. The style of the interpretation is that now generally accepted, the principal objection to which lies in the fact that it is outside the purely musical picture. Bizet's score does not possess the dramatic intensity really to justify so full-blooded a heroine, while it seems to be impossible to make Carmen such without interfering with the rhythms which are so characteristic and charming when steadily preserved."

That Cortot is so close as pianist we have long known, but never has he shown us to greater advantage how truly great he is than at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he gave a very beautiful Schumann recital. Of course the place was packed to the doors and beyond, but it was packed with an audience that knew not where to stop, so that the great man was obviously tired out when, after the recital, the encore fiends had their way. He played "Carnaval," the "Scenes from Childhood," and a curious and very interesting version of the Etudes Symphoniques. Quite possibly there were some present who regarded the playing as a little too clear cut, too steely, too French, if you like. But there is no getting away from the tremendously strong personality behind that playing. It was wonderful in its clarity, and its sanity. Glory be, Cortot is a French musician who is both clear and sane at this moment when sanity in music (as in

many other matters) is to seek. The peculiar interest in the Etudes Symphoniques lay in the fact that Cortot introduced a number of additional variations said to have been discovered among Schumann's posthumous works. Is this, then, a third version of the lovely waltz? Timo was when, some fifteen or more years ago, Moritz Rosenthal played a version that for some reason had been previously suppressed, and created a certain amount of rumpus by so doing among the "perfect Schumannians" of the period who knew not the version. But this Cortot version seems to be quite another matter. In any case the five additional variations are thoroughly in place, and undoubtedly Cortot was abundantly justified in producing them. A great player unquestionably he is.—London Daily Telegraph.

Music and Musicians in Paris and on the Continent

Bruneau's opera, "Le Roi Candaule," libretto by Maurice Donnay, has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. The librettist has taken the old story, omitting the incident of the ring. The beautiful wife is named Tuto. Donnay has written in his "Montmartre-academique" manner; a lyric drama containing effusions worthy of the esoteric festivals of Demeter and Dionysos, a comedy in the manner of "Amphitryon," also an operetta to be classed with "Orpheus aux enfers." There is a mixture of Leconte de Lisle, Moliere, and Donnay, amusing and witty. "The good Candaule insists a little too much on the harm of nudity and the attractions that a tunic clad in this summery costume could possess. This insistence disfigures the queen Tuto, who is a woman of it, also the audience." The composer in this libretto should have gaily and with certain passages call for an Orpheus. Bruneau has chosen to be witty, and to give good tone to the dia-

logue he seized every opportunity to leave the comic element and be lyrical in praise of passion. "Le Roi Candaule" might be called a tragedy with comic interludes, according to the Shakespearean manner. So Rene Brancour sums up the matter. Marthe Chenal, the Queen; Jean Perier, Candaule; Friant, Gyges.

The death of Glazounoff at Petrograd is reported. Let us hope that the report is untrue. It should be remembered that during the war the deaths of Gorky, Silotti and Chappin were announced, yet the three are alive. Mr. Wells in his letters about Russia gave an account of meeting Glazounoff in dismal mood, fearing that he would be unable to compose on account of shortage of music paper. Of late years Glazounoff with fatal facility wrote music that might have come from any well-equipped German kapellmeister. He was Russian only in his early years. His symphonies do not show the romantic spirit or the Russian wildness of his "Stenka Razin." He was a master of writing strictly decorative music for the ballet.

At the annual meeting of the Academie des Beaux Arts in Paris, two cantatas composed by the only women that ever obtained the first Grand Prix de Rome, Lili Boulanger and Mme. Marguerite Canal, were performed. Miss Boulanger died prematurely in 1918. "The work of Miss Boulanger, very modern, was in contrast with the very orthodox cantata of Mme. Canal. This proves the eclecticism of the Institute."

Music in Paris: Colonne Concert: "Invocation." Paul Le Flem; Lamoureux, Symphony by Mignon, classic in form, with a finale a mixture of the "Eroica" symphony and the Fifth, the work of a good pupil; first performance (Dec. 12) of Ravel's "La Valse," a symphonic poem. Concerts Rouge: Adrien Reynal's Concerto for oboe and four pieces for violoncello. Concert S. M. I. Koehlin's Fifth Sonata, and a remarkable sonata for viola and piano by Honegger.

Georges Becker's "Impressions de Campagne" for piano. Composed Feb. 9, 1914, at Rouey, a remembrance of church bells at the front. Becker served as a soldier in the war—was applauded at Lille.

Cesar Thomson is said to have "triumphed" recently in Brussels by playing Tschalkowsky's violin concerto, the Adagio from Bruch's Concerto in D minor, and his own Passacaglia on a theme of Handel.

Respighi's new ballet, "Scherzo Veneziano," has been brought out at the Costanzi, Rome, by Ileana Leonidoff and her troop. The ballet brings on the stage the classic characters, Arlequin, Rosario, Colombine, Pantaloon, etc. A Furiana was especially applauded. The music is of the "Italo-Rusian" order.

J. Perlea, 24 years old, conducted two of his symphonic fragments at Bucharest. His music shows a sound technique; music influenced by the German school.

Mr Walkley and the Halls

Mr. Walkley of the London Times recently went to a music hall. "Not a single reference to what used to be the prime music hall topics; mother-in-law, sausages (or nuts or pork pies or bananas), the latch key, the lodger. Evidently there is a new music-hall psychology. The one undying topic—les passions de l'innour—seems to have swamped all the others; that and a little mild 'patriotism,' mainly concentrated on a demand for naval uniform. . . . The comedienne wore a crimson wig, and deplored the hard fate of being born a girl; later she displayed a neat ankle (to put it mildly) and attributed to it her present married state. The day was windy, the young man behind her wore an eyeglass, etc. Not very recondite humor, but just the sort of allusions, discreetly illustrated with innocent nods and winks, the music-hall public likes. . . . Perhaps the queerest thing of all was a monologue by a Jew illustrating what I suppose are the Hebrew peculiarities of the East end. Evidently the music-halls are not anti-Semitic, for this Hebrew was rewarded with tremendous applause by a public which had the advantage of me in knowledge of the local color displayed. It was a clever performance, not erring, as you may suppose, on the side of refinement. You see a cowardly tomato?—A tomato vot hits you and r-runs. After that I ran. But the Hebrew was only No. 11, and there were three or four more turns to come. They give you plenty for your money at the music-hall."

Apropos of "A Little Dutch Girl," by Harry Graham and Seymour Hicks music by Emmerich Kalman (Lyric

Theatre, London, Dec. 1): "It will be a sad day for musical comedy when they (the heroines) do not discover that the despised lover is the one man in the world whom they cannot live without." The music is "pretty without attempting to surprise us by many tokens of originality."

Cambridge (Eng.) Amateurs

The Marlowe Dramatic Society of Cambridge (Eng.) brought out in the first week of December Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia," which deals in short form with a day in the life of the Borgias—it has been performed in London by the Stage Society; "The Triumph of

Death," a tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; and John Gay's "The What D'ye Call It."

"The Triumph of Death" is really torn from its setting, for it is one of the 'four plays of moral representations in one,' which were supposed to be enacted in honor of the marriage of Emanuel, King of Portugal, and Isabella, his queen. There are also 'The Triumph of Honor,' 'The Triumph of Love' and 'The Triumph of Time.' At the end of each play there is supposed to be a procession. Possibly it was owing to considerations of space that this had to be deleted, but one would dearly have liked to see the pageant, for which the stage directions are 'Enter musicians; next them Perolot with the wond he died with. The Gabriella and Maria with their wounds; after them four Furies with bannerets inscribed: Revenge, Murder, Lust and Drunkenness, singing. Next them, Lavall, wounded. Then a chariot with Death drawn by the Destinies.' One could hardly ask for more of Drury Lane. Obviously 'The Triumph of Death' gives plenty of scope for cruel deeds and terrible revenge, and it was played with quite the right note of absolute seriousness to all concerned.

'The What D'ye Call It' is a very different proposition, and we commend it to the notice of Mr. Nigel Playfair who, among London theatrical managers has apparently obtained a monopoly for the presentation of this kind of work. It is vastly diverting in the way that it pokes fun at everything and everybody. The squire's son has got the steward's daughter into trouble. Therefore the steward arranges that the villagers shall perform a play in which, by a trick, a real clergyman marries the couple and honour is satisfied. The performance of the play, with its burlesque of the life of the village, was admirably done by the members of the Marlowe Society. There is a village youth (very much like Mr. Leslie Henson), who is to be shot by the military, and before his execution he indulges in a long mock tirade, and when the soldiers start flinging their rifles, he adjures them:—

"Hold, hold, my friends, I pray. They may go off, and I have more to say."

"The heroine has a farewell speech to her rake and the other implements of the harvest-field which she will not use again; there is a jibe at the critics, and Mr. Gay even pokes fun at the inevitable epilogue, which in his case consists of two lines:—

"Our stage play has a moral. No doubt you have wit enough to find it out."

"The Marlowe Society, with a modesty which does it credit, does not indicate on its program the names of the actors who play the various characters—for all the parts, whether males, females, or ghosts, are played by men. Therefore it is impossible to single anybody out for praise."

"The What D'ye Call It" contains the song: "'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring" that Thackeray quoted in allusion of his statement that in almost every ballad of Gay's, however slight, there is "a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Josef Rose, tenor, soloist. Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the People's orchestra of Boston. See special notice.

MONDAY: The Copley Plaza, 3:30 P. M. Miss Bobby Bester in a Christmas recital in costume with a program for children and grown-up children.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Both Ching's piano recital—Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Mozart, Sonata in E major; Beethoven, 32 Variations; Chopin, Valse, op. 34, No. 2, Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, Mazurka, op. 67, No. 4, Barcarolle, Etude, op. 25, No. 2; Sauer, Etude in octaves; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

THURSDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Saint Guen, tenor, will sing as follows: "L'oiseau," "Mélodie," "Il flor che avevi," "L'oiseau," "Leonavallo," "Vesti in Gualion from 'Pagliacci,'" Verdi, "The Baritone from 'In Ballo in Maschera,'" Bizet, "Viviane," "Tosti, 'Marche'; Adorno, 'Amore e dolore'; Puccini, 'Ch'ella mi credi libera e lontano' from 'The Girl of the Golden West.'" Leon Tamarlin, pianist, will play these pieces: Liszt, Liebestraume, No. 3, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6; Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor; Weber, Perpetual Motion.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Tenth Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Raymond Hays, piano recital. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

Mr. Christopher Morley in the delightful column that embellishes the editorial page of the New York Evening Post published the following "poem" signed "Rusticus."

ABOUT NOTHING

Nothing! How much thou art a poet knows Who finds thee lodged, unwelcome, grisly guest, Beneath the bottom button of his vest. Thou art a presence, which, unchallenged, grows To greater nothingness, causing these throes. These nameless longings in my charged breast. These prophecies and passions unexpressed Save in round, empty cylinders, futile O's, Emblem of Nothing, out of Nothing born, Destined for death in Nothing, ever Naught Thus far the poet thee a groto sold Where he ate country sausages and corn And honeyed waffles, cheese, and apple pie Folding his napkin with a genial sigh.

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Join W & W

Cantor Rosenblatt Wins Plaudits at Symphony Hall

Joseph Rosenblatt, the cantor tenor, gave a recital of Jewish songs in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by Stuart Ross, pianist. In the few seasons since Mr. Rosenblatt first appeared here he has met with marked success, and the warmth of his reception yesterday, as well as the generous applause which followed each number on the program gave evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his people.

There were several of his own compositions on the program and these aroused much enthusiasm. "Yishtarich" and "Acheni" were the most pleasing, showing more effectively the cantor's flexibility and the expression of the cantor's voice. "Clavellitos," by Valverde, and "Dulziniska," a folk song, were sung with power and feeling.

In addition to these numbers were selections by Schubert, Beethoven, Bizet and Debussy. Mr. Rosenblatt also gave several extra numbers.

His program is as follows:

Der Poppenzaenger.....Schubert
The Wreck of the Ship.....Beethoven
Yishtarich.....Rosenblatt
Acheni.....Rosenblatt
Clavellitos.....Valverde
Dulziniska.....Folk Song
Wienawski's Violin Concerto No. 2.....Debussy
Av Herschman.....Rosenblatt

Attendances Growing at Convention Hall Recitals

The venture of the People's Symphony Orchestra to make classical music popular, at popular prices, in Convention Hall, appears to be meeting with success, judging by the increased attendance at the seventh concert given yesterday.

He who would find the real atmosphere of absolute music, where it is not uncommon to observe auditors following the score even of symphonic works, with the manuscript on knee, and thus rapturously delighting two of their senses at once, may well journey thither some Sunday afternoon.

The orchestra of 65, conducted by Emil Mollenhauer, with William Capron as concert master, has not one of them received a dollar, playing so far, in the course of the 20 concerts, out of pure enthusiasm.

Yesterday's program was made up of Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin," and introduction to Act III; two movements from Wienawski's violin concerto No. 2, in D minor, with Mischa Muscanto as soloist; Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" and two tidbits for dessert—Saint-Saens' "Night in Lisbon" barcarolle and Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris."

Mr. Muscanto is a young Russian, member of a talented family, his father having been a kapelmester in the Russian army. His brother and two sisters each play two or three different instruments. He is the leader of the second violins in the People's Orchestra, and his solo performance yesterday revealed unusual gifts.

"MISS BOBBY" BESLER SINGS FOR CHILDREN

Appears at Copley-Plaza Hotel in Costume Recital

"Miss Bobby" Besler appeared at the Copley-Plaza Hotel yesterday afternoon in her costume recital of songs for young and grown-up children. Adela Besler was the pianist. The program included songs of practice hour, songs from the South, songs from old France, songs of any day, and Liza Lehmann's "Cautionary Tales."

Miss Besler has a light, clear voice, and sang to suit the songs of various character, songs by Ber. Weekellin, Max. Raleigh, del Riego, Mar.

Zacca and others. Indeed, the childish manner, and knowing the negro spirit and dialect. In the first group she came out in the costume of a little girl, while the pianist insisted on her singing. Afterwards she wore an old-fashioned costume for the Southern songs; a peasant costume for the French. The good humor of the singer and the character of the entertainment gave much pleasure to an audience that undoubtedly would have been larger if it had not been for the disagreeable weather.

'PURPLE MASK'

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Purple Mask," a romantic melodrama in five acts adapted by Matheson Lang from "Le Chevalier au Masque" by Paul Armont and Jean Manoussell. Produced by Lee Shubert.

Duc de Chateaubriand.....C. Elwood Farber
Armand, Comte de Trevieres.....Leo Dietrichstein
The Marquis de Clamorgan.....Stephen Wright
Monsieur de Morley.....Richard Rauler
The Viscount de Morsanne.....Harold Caruth
The Baron de Vivonne.....Boach Cook
The Abbe Brochard.....Walter Howe
Fouche.....Lee Miller
Brisquet.....Albert Brown
Capt. Laveriaux.....Orlando Daly
Lt. Roche.....Earle Mitchell
A Sergeant of the Toll Gate.....M. A. Kelly
Keeper of the Toll Gate.....Fred Royner
Laurette de Chateaubriand.....Alice Haynes
Valentine de Clamorgan.....Josephine Turner
Madame Anals.....Lynn Blessing
Sabine.....Nellie Burt

A word about the history of this drama. It was produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, on April 9, 1913, with Paul Escoffier as the hero. There was surprise because there were only 17 performances that year. Matheson Lang adapted the play, called it "The Purple Mask" and brought it out at Plymouth, Eng., on April 22, 1918, where he played the hero, as he did in London, where the play reached its 300th performance on Feb. 23, 1919, having been performed at several theatres.

Winthrop Ames produced the play as "The Scarlet Mask" at Atlantic City on June 2, 1919, with Richard Bennett as the hero. Mr. Dietrichstein opened his season in "The Purple Mask" at Booth's Theatre, New York, on Jan. 5, 1920, when Brandon Tynan took the part of Brisquet.

The story seems at first complex. As the element of surprise is here all important, it is fair to future spectators to say only this: a band of disguised French royalists endeavor to rescue a duke who, having conspired against the republic and the first consul, is in the hands of Fouche. The masked hero outwits Bonaparte, Fouche, even his blundering friends who, not knowing his identity, bring him into danger, while they think they are helping their cause. There is a constant struggle of wits between the Chevalier and Brisquet, the special agent of Fouche.

In the French play, the Chevalier de Saint-Genest is plotting to kidnap Bonaparte and take him to England. De Trevieres takes it upon him to counterfeits the Chevalier, to throw the police off the track. Bonaparte accepts him as a body guard. When the royalists lay a trap for the First Consul, Trevieres rescues him, and is pardoned. The Chevalier, who turns out to be a woman, is also pardoned.

"The Purple Mask," is an entertainingly sensational drama of the good old school, with the whole apparatus; masks and cloaks, long and wicked looking pistols, conspirators in a cellar, a relentless detective, a marquis as a shop-keeper, forged letters, disguises galore, a drunken toll-gate keeper, a foolish cook, a beautiful maiden, who tries to save the hero by hiding him in her bedroom, and then partly undressing and getting into bed; here we were reminded of the great scene in Barbery d'Aureville's "Chevalier des Touches"—and a hero of infinite resources, gallant bearing, ready to die for a cause, ready to live for his lady-love, inexorable aristocrats ready to sacrifice daughters or wives for a king. The dialogue is as brisk in the old-fashioned way as is the action. The acts and the wails are short.

Mr. Dietrichstein plays with appropriate coolness and high-bred insolence, tempered by a humor that is particularly irritating to Brisquet. He rises superior to every emergency, every peril. An actor that has shown singular ability in widely differing parts, he also shines in this melodrama. As in other plays, he is quietly authoritative, elegant in his bearing. Gesture and speech are significant. As a lover, he is ardent and romantic.

The part of Brisquet, was effectively portrayed by Mr. Brown, whose disguise as the Prefet was not merely a matter of skillful make-up. Mr. Wright as the Marquis and Mr. Miller as the redoubtable Fouche were excellent, nor should Miss Burt, playing the small part of Sabine, be overlooked. We have abbreviated the cast which on the bill includes about 30 characters. The minor parts were adequately taken, though at times the enunciation of some of the comedians was indistinct.

Episodes of thrills, surprises, suspense, incredible presence of mind and daring on the part of the hero; a sympathetic heroine charmingly acted by Miss Burt; what more would one have? The drama should prosper during a long run.

TREMONT THEATRE - "One."

Dr. Noah Petch.....Rundle Ayrton
Theodore Beverley.....Philip Desborough
Michael Jaffray.....Marlin Lewis
Percy Mason.....Theodore Babcock
Pearl Delgado.....Frances Starr
Enby Delgado.....Frances Starr
Mrs. Henry P. Howland.....Marie R. Burke
Mrs. Delgado.....Clara Sidney
Katie.....Daisy Belmont
An elevator girl.....Lulu Ayrton

During the war, in England, there first manifested itself an extraordinary interest in psychic phenomena. The wave of interest, spread to this country. Many said: "Twenty years ago we should have laughed at the idea of wireless telegraphy—of wireless telephony. These things have become realities. Why not psychic communication between individuals?"

It is around such a question that Mr. Knoblock has built his play of "One." Ruby and Pearl Delgado are twin sisters. They are not so much two individuals, as two parts of one individual. The temperament of one supplements the other; Pearl is a quiet, intense person; Ruby is a vivacious, temperamental creature, with a remarkable talent for music. When the play opens, Ruby has gone to New York, from her home in London, to play at a great concert.

Across the ocean, Pearl sends her own vitality and emotional strength to supplement Ruby's musical technique. Both sisters know that together they stand, divided they fall. Just before the date of Ruby's concert in New York, Michael Jaffray, with whom both sisters are in love, comes to Pearl and asks her to marry him. Pearl, through the psychic power which she and her sister possess, asks Ruby if she is willing that the engagement should be. Ruby gets the message in New York; although she realizes that if Pearl transfers her intense personal interest and life from her sister to Michael, she—Ruby—must fail in her concert. Ruby unselfishly urges Pearl to take her own happiness; Ruby decides to find her own emotional strength as other artists do—"in love affairs," as she says.

She goes headlong, therefore, into an affair with Theodore Beverley. In the meantime, however, at home in London, Pearl becomes convinced through the scientific explanation of an old doctor, that the sisters can never live without each other. She decides that Ruby is the more important. In a unique way she solves the problem; she sends Michael to Ruby; sends her own soul to Ruby; at one stroke she secures for Ruby completion both in personal life and in her career.

It would be unfair to those who wish to see the play to disclose here just what Pearl's "unique way" is. It is her gradual realization of the part she must play that furnishes the suspense and interest of the play; therefore, let us keep it secret here.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Knoblock has contrived a play of very great interest. It is, even in its most unusual moments, entirely possible. Almost everyone at some time or other, in his own experience, has come up against some incident that can not be explained by either physical or mental laws. There are moments in the play, when the dialogue savors a little too much of a lecture. But it is always interesting; it holds one's attention always.

Miss Starr gave a remarkably sympathetic and imaginative performance, both as Pearl and as Ruby. To her natural and convincing portrayal much of the reality of the play is due. It is a difficult role; she is completely master of it. Her supporting company are uniformly excellent. Mr. Ayrton, as Dr. Petch, was notably good. Mr. Desborough as Theodore Beverley, the impetuous lover, and Mr. Lewis, as Michael Jaffray, made the contrasting types very interesting. The large audience was appreciative.

'MAYTIME' OPENS

The performance of "Maytime," which opened last night at the Opera House was weaker but no less pleasing than that of some two years ago. Although the music appeared to drag a bit, the intrinsic interest of plot and play was as keen as ever. In the second act notable acting by Otis Sherida as Mathew Van Zandt and Henry Norman as P. T. Barnum aroused in the company a spirited snap that was elsewhere lacking. Play and players found ready handicap in the undue distance of the audience. Eileen Van Biene was satisfactory as Othillie Van Zandt, but failed to measure up to memories of Peggy Wood. Amusing and noteworthy burlesque was introduced by Teddy Webb's handling of the auction scene in the third act. Percie Benton brought a pleasurable truthfulness to life in his impersonation of Claude Van Zandt. The present production of "Maytime" in a word is ably acted, passably staged, and pleasing if not important.

So far as connection goes, "Lilies of the Valley" would do as well as "The Midnight Rounders of Broadway," but the box office would not do so well. Girls, legs, dancing and color—and Eddie Cantor. That is the story. It is a lively story, not an idle moment from the first song to the drop of the final curtain. One only wishes, when legs are so plentiful and comely, that voices were more frequent, that the sounds from opened lips were music rather than noise.

But why carp at the absence of what you are not promised? Isn't any show enough with Eddie Cantor in scene 12. "Insurance?" It is nothing short of genius that could carry through a scene of the character of that one; funny every minute, with large results from small means. The curve of the applause wave would be easy to plot; high places when Eddie appears, with sags between. For Eddie was always funny.

There was good dancing, too. Burns and Foran made an ideal pair of male leg swingers, with agility enough for a whole company. And the costumes were always interesting, sometimes like Penrod's mother's washwoman leaving nothing to the imagination, but sometimes really clever and in the Wedding of the Sun and the Moon quite beautifully gorgeous and stunning.

Low Hearn and Harry Kelley, as Crabapple and Deacon, made a hit deservedly. Helen Bolton in Symphony and Dress really had a voice.

An enthusiastic audience was at the Majestic last night with a manner that belokens a successful run for the show.

WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "When We Are Young," a comedy in three acts by Kate L. McLaurin. Cast:

Carey Harper.....Henry Hall
Annie Laurie Brown.....Alma Hall
Sam.....George Marion
Jamison Harper.....W. Balfour
Mrs. Harper.....Grace Reals
Mabel Blair.....Helen Gilmore
Halcyon Day.....Dorothy Day
Leo Martin.....Oliver Hall

When we are young the world is supposed to be rose-tinted with romance and ideals—and illusions. When we are old, everything is alleged to be real and drab. That romance can seek out youth even in a New York boarding house is charmingly shown in what happens to Carey Harper, star boarder, spendthrift scion of wealth and "quality," and Annie Laurie Brown, department store girl, of the upper hall room. That youth is a matter of the heart without reference to years or frosted hair is portrayed in the youngest spirit in the play, that of bent and grizzled Sam, the negro valet who has cared for "Mistah Carey" ever since he was a curly haired baby, and still "puts him to bed" and "gets him up."

And if it had not been for Sam's youthful enthusiasm and faith in ideals, in honor and in "quality," the romance of Annie Laurie and Carey would have been shattered. For it was he who locked her in Carey's room as she was going away through the machinations of Carey's "hard-fact" uncle, Jamison, and so detained her till the bad tangle could be straightened out and the fine job that was begun when Annie Laurie persuaded Carey not to shoot himself, but to go to work shovelling snow could be completed, as it was, when Carey took Annie Laurie in his arms and kissed her.

It is a pretty story. Interestingly and dramatically told with a plentiful sprinkling of keen thrusts at the cheap and tawdry and false in human nature. It is made doubly attractive by the appreciative, sensible and intelligently sympathetic manner of its telling by all the actors in the cast.

Fortunately for Sam's importance to the story and the persons involved, his character could be in no more capable hands than those of Mr. Marion, whose delightful portrayal of the faithful old darky soul is constantly the chief feature of the performance.

Mr. Hall and Miss Tell are only a shade behind him as the boarder and his lovers, while Grace Denis is as good as an unusual boarding house as Balfour and Mr. Balfour is appreciative and defensive as Jamison Harper, a little too much so, perhaps.

Miss Day and Miss Hall are revealing and much revealed strays from the gay world that Carey leaves to "punish" snow and win Annie Laurie.

ON KEITH BILL

Keith's has an interesting bill this week with a lot of clever people working earnestly and generally successfully to provide a variegated entertainment. Long Tack Sam, an old favorite in Boston is back with his company of Chinese acrobats, jugglers, conjurers and all-around performers, who put plenty of snap into their act.

William L. Gibson and Regina Connell give a playlet "The Honey-moon," which is a sort of modern "Taming of the Shrew." Tootsie, the poodle, shared the honors of a smart little comedy.

Bessie Wynn, another familiar acquaintance of Boston vaudeville pe-

From reappearing with a new song and stories and likewise a set of stunning gowns, Diamond and Brennan in a skit called "Fisherman's Luck" gives us more music and comedy. Vaughn Combs, a tenor of the McCormick order, sings melodiously and is artistically helped by Jay West Jones, who is able to make the piano do about anything he wants it to.

The Musical Hunters open with a novelty in which the lady member of the sketch obliges on a bewildering number and variety of instruments. Dooley and Storey are dancers and singers of ability and Charles Irwin provides a monologue stunt that traverses familiar ground.

Carl Gates and Company provide the wind-up of the program with a singing and dancing show which pleases cat and eve alike.

'PASSING SHOW'

SHUBERT THEATRE—First Boston appearance of the Passing Show, musical revue in two acts and 18 scenes. Music by Jean Schwartz, lyrics by Harold Atteridge, produced by S. S. Shubert.

Music, color and mirth form the keynote of the Passing Show, for Mr. Shubert has taken the Avon Comedy Four, James Barton, Kyra and a flock of lesser lights and around them has draped a plot of color with enough tuneful melodies to keep Boston whistling for months.

Each of the above-mentioned could be the centre of any show. The Avon Comedy Four—whom Boston remembers from the time when they graced the small time vaudeville circuits until they were picked up for "real shows"—has improved much. They now boast two singers and two comedians who sing when the occasion requires. Their comedy is bright, and coupled with a bit of weird eccentric dancing to the tune of most any old ditty which strikes them, they provoke much laughter.

James Barton couldn't do much else than make an audience laugh if he tried. His feet are educated to the point where they are almost as expressive as Zyr's arms. Mr. Barton dances and stops the show in the second act. His impersonation of a drunken man in the first act was so real the audience howled—some for one reason, others for another reason. He could easily overdo and ruin it, but he doesn't. He picks a fight with his "besht fren, alncha" and takes at least two minutes to light a match and another one to light his cigarette. He simply could not manage to keep either the match or the cigarette in one place long enough to bring the other to it.

Zyra made the squirming of serpents seem like an imitation, and so realistic was the sight of her arms writhing around her face that half the audience gasped. She is the most sinuous, serpentine object Boston has seen for many moons.

The fashion parade was colorful. The settings were gorgeous. The theme piece of the whole show "Tumble Inn" is not new to Boston, for it came from New York long ago and is being whistled and played around town.

The action is generally fast, and the girls easy to look at.

Dec 29, 1922 HAMPDEN JUST MAULS SHREW

Walter Hampden says that Shakespeare intended "The Taming of the Shrew" as farce. Well and good—on a sensible basis none would perhaps care to dispute. The creator of Beatrice and Rosalind, especially of Beatrice, could hardly intend anything else. Here Shakespeare had no "message" for the world; here he kicked his heels and put his tongue in his cheek—if indeed it was not Garrick who did it. But whoever, let us call it farce.

Then what is to be its character-as farce? It has not the obscurity of the "Merry Wives" nor the quaintness of the tomfoolery of Bottom and his crew. It must rely to a large extent on horseplay without subtlety. It must also—and this is important—have a background of understanding good humor.

Injects Brutal Element

Mr. Hampden furnished his audience last evening at the Arlington with plenty of horae-play, justifiable and unjustifiable. He did not give the background of humor that the play demands. For that reason, though the audience applauded the slapstick, the interpretation must stand as leaning toward brutality.

Petruchio is to tame the wild spirit of Katherine the Shrew. He can do this as an artist or as a brute. If he is the artist he must take the whole thing as the only way to make Katherine worthy of love. If he is a brute he merely banishes her into insensibility that

has no power to do anything but yield. Mr. Hampden chiefly banded.

Any man who could sit through the home-coming scene at Petruchio's country house without itching to use his fists on the hero belongs to the Cave and the Club. Here is a hero who, without betraying to anyone the slightest indication that he cares for Katherine more than as an object of venting his brute strength, drags her round the stage, roars, and beats anyone in sight, and loses the entire sympathy of anyone who cares for a shred of decency.

Production Lacks Humor

The trouble with Mr. Hampden's production was a lack of humor. This lack appeared at its highest—at the point where he could easily redeem any amount of apparent brutality—in the scene where, alone after the servants and Katherine have been cowed and roared down, he pours a drink and scans the cards of the game. There is his chance to take the audience with him—and Mr. Hampden threw it away. Had he shown the slightest feeling of kindness underneath his ruffianism; had he, above all, laughed at himself, he would have made a fine play. Instead, he gloated like a minotaur over the corpses.

Later, at the end of the play, one feels better disposed toward him. But this is none of his doing. To Katherine belongs the credit of making her final speech of submission so eloquent that for her sake we forgave Petruchio.

Katherine's Dignity Increases

It is a slight scene in time and in noise, as the play goes, but it is the key to the whole—this short scene in which Petruchio can display himself as artist, however he be disguised elsewhere. It is fairly comparable to a scene in Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," where the heroine sits by the fire and runs over the situation—the finest scene of the book. What a pity to throw away the one chance for fineness that the play offers!

Katherine needs no subtlety. She is beyond doubt a shrew, and when cowed she deports herself as a numb shrew well might. Miss Hall bore herself with increasing dignity through the play to the final scene, where for the time being she even dignified Petruchio.

Rare Parrish Setting

For the rest, the scenery was beautiful in a Maxfield Parrish style. Indeed, Petruchio might almost have been Sinbad or some other ruffian of romance as Parrish portrays him. And Mr. Le Roi Opert as Biondello was always amusing; his power to make his corner of the stage the most interesting though he does nothing but be there—with a little "business"—outshines the power of his principal to roar attention to himself.

Grumio, in the hands of Mr. Clark, was a servant of piquant flavor. And for the other lover-hero, Lucentio, Mr. Rowan presented an interpretation that quite justified the choice that Bianca, made among her suitors. Bianca herself was neatly shown by Miss Kearns.

Mr. Hampden will remain another week, in "The Merchant of Venice" on Monday night and Saturday matinee, in "Hamlet" Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, in "The Taming of the Shrew" for Wednesday matinee and Friday night, and in "The Servant in the House" on the one night of Wednesday.

IVE CONCERT FOR ITALIAN ORPHANS

Young Artists Appear at Benefit in Jordan Hall

A benefit concert for the Italian sailors' war orphans was given last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was light and very pleasingly presented. The artists were young and the stage was evidently novel to them, but they appeared at their best.

Mrs. Di Pesa, soprano, sang Rosa, Testi; Regnava nel Silenzio, Donizetti; Ave Maria (violin obligato), Cherubini; Maman diles moi, Welterlin; Papillon, Forudrain; The Little Gray Dove, Saar; Don't come in sir, please, Scott. Mrs. Di Pesa was at her best in The Little Gray Dove, where the smoothness of her voice was brought out.

Mr. Del Sardo, violinist, played Habanera, Sarasate; Blue Lagoon, Winteritz; Pierrot Serenade, Randagger; Romanza Andaluza, Sarasate; Polonaise in D, Winiawski. The audience called for an encore to Randagger's Pierrot Serenade. Mr. Del Sardo played Kreisler's Viennese Street Song. Mr. Del Sardo's playing was well-rounded and his tones good.

Misses Alice and Mabel Wood, dancers, gave the Stephany Gavotte. Miss Alice Wood was most captivating in her presentation of "The Naughty Little Clock" which had a "tendency to be fast."

Miss Mary H. De Vanny, pianist, played Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; Sonatina del Petrarca, Liszt; Polonaise op. 53, Chopin; Prelude, Debussy, Miss De Vanny was the artist of the evening. Her interpretation of Mendelssohn's

Rondo Capriccioso was excellent. Her playing was smooth and she drew a fine rounded tone. She has studied seven years at Geneva and Paris. Her performance throughout was artistic and showed fine shading and musical feeling.

MISS RUTH CLUG

By PHILIP HALE

Ruth Clug of New York, pianist, played in Boston for the first time last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Mozart, Sonata in F major (K 332); Beethoven, 32 variations C minor; Chopin, Nocturne op. 62 No. 2, Mazurka op. 67 No. 4; Barcarolle, Etude op. 25 No. 2; Sauer, Etude in octaves; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

It is said that Miss Clug, born in New York 20 years ago, has studied only in that city. She played in New York on Oct. 19 of this year. The occasion was her "formal debut" to quote the New York Times. Her program was the same as the one of last night, a sternly orthodox and smugly respectable program. There was no room for any dissolutely dissonant modern impressionist or revolutionary.

If Beethoven's Variations had been written within the last 20 years and signed by Henry Smith or Ernst Mueller or Adolphe Martin would any pianist venture to bore an audience with them? Pianists to whom even the name of Beethoven is a fetish, forget Beethoven's remark about these variations. Hearing Streicher's daughter practising them one day, he asked, "Who wrote that foolish stuff?" "Why, you did," replied the girl. "O Beethoven," he apostrophized himself, "What an ass you were."

Miss Clug has a certain facility; in some respects an advanced mechanism. In piano passages she has an agreeable touch; her fortissimi chords are a little and noisy. She can be fleet; her runs are smooth and even. But her better technical qualities are often obscured by her immature interpretation. She is given to unmeaning and sudden accentuation; violent and jarring contrasts. She has not yet learned to release a phrase naturally and with rhetorical effect. Frequently last night she dismissed phrases as though the keys were for the moment hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace for the three Hebrew children. When she is older she may appreciate the serenity of Mozart's music and understand that his allegro is our allegro moderato; that his adagio means very slow, as is indicated by the elaborate ornamentation. Her reading of the music was too spasmodic, with crashing contrasts, a performance in restless, almost neurotic spirit. It is no easy task, the playing or singing of Mozart's music. It is much easier for a pianist to give a thunder-and-lightning performance of some ultra-modern composition or a rhapsody by Liszt. Nor is it within the power of every pianist, even when his reputation is great, to express the moods and emotions of Chopin.

There have been severe and prolonged cases of hiccups in Boston this month. A hiccup epidemic is reported in New York. The Daily Chronicle of London says that many in that city have been afflicted with almost incessant hiccups for two or three days. "It is apparently an importation from France, for in Paris it has become an epidemic, and seems likely to assume that character in London."

Some spell the word "hiccup." This spelling came from the croneous impression that "cough" had something to do with the ailment. Earlier forms of spelling were "hickcock," "hicklet." There are other variants. Odd names for the disease are "yex," "yox," "yoke"; these names are preserved in English dialect. There is a line in Chaucer: "He yexeth and he speketh thurgh the nose." Nodder, commenting on the French word "hoquet," mentions the Latin "singultus," the Flemish "hick," the Celtic "hak." He also says that an etymologist seeks the origin of the word in the Hebrew "enka," meaning "sob."

In New York sufferers are advised to take 10 swallows of water without a breath; a spoonful of sugar saturated with vinegar; or to drink out of a glass backward. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, who classifies the ailment as a nervous form of influenza, suggests lying on the back, doubling the knees, relaxing the abdominal ribs, and pressing the fingers under them.

We do not wish to poach on the preserves of good old Doc Evans, but we cannot refrain from publishing long approved remedies. Let us all do good to one another.

Sure Cures

First, let us consult the wisdom of the ancients.

There should be total abstinence from

taking peppers with wine. This by way of precaution.

The sufferer should take rue with wine, nitre in honied water, hartwort or carrot, cumlin, ginger, calamint, Celtic hard, castor in oxycrate (or this externally with old Sicyonian oil), vinegar of squills or oxymal. Actius recommends the application of a cupping instrument with great heat to breast, stomach and back. Dioscorides: feet in hot water, tepid draughts, hot fomentations to the stomach. Rhases believes in calefacients, pepper, rue, cumlin in vinegar. Mother urges venesection, cold air, cold drinks. A notable medicine is compounded of colewort, with coriander, dill, honey, pepper and vinegar. "If the pith of the stomach be anointed therewith, the Patient shall evidently perceive that it will dissolve the wind and puffing ventosities therein." Try mint with the juice of a pomegranate. A decoction of anise seed or the smell taken up into the nose will help; this is true of dill seed. Wild sisymbrium or thymbracum helps some. The sweet rush called squinanth stinteth the hiccups; so do wild chervile seeds in vinegar. Plain vinegar was an old remedy. Try white hellebore, also hemonium. A liniment of asplenium or hemionion has helped. Lichens in drink represseth the nuisance. To sneeze is a ready way to be rid of hiccups. The following remedy deserves a separate paragraph. We find it in Pliny the Elder's "Strange and wonderful things observed in beasts."

"Whosoever do find and take vp an horseshoe taken from the house (an ordinary thing that happeneth upon the way when a horse casteth his shoe) and lay the same vp, they shall find a remedy for the yox, if they do but call to mind and thinke vpon the place where they bestowed the same."

But Mr. Topsell gave a somewhat different remedy: "If that any man do get and put up the shoe of a Horse being struck from his hoof as he travelleth in his pace (which doth many times happen) it will be an excellent remedy for him against the sobbing in the stomach called the Hicket."

We now quote from Mr. Thomas Lupton's invaluable book (1627): "Stop both your eares with your fingers and the hickop will goe away within a while after. Proud." Also (book vi. 4.): "It is proud, and a secret; that if you glue to them that haue the Hiccup every morning three houres before meate, one roote of greene Ginger, and immediately after drinking two draughts of Malmesey, you shall see that he will be soone cured. Emperici benedicti victorij."

Still simpler cures: Pull the ring finger (1627); throw cold water in the face (1644); hold the left thumb in the right hand (1654); accuse the patient falsely of some vice or crime (1621); tell him bad news, anything that will excite great attention.

Dorr, Once More

As the World Wags:

I hasten to assure my friends from Cambridge that I had no intention of casting obloquy upon the memory of Thomas W. Dorr. I have never investigated the case thoroughly, but have long had the impression that Mr. Dorr was a much abused man, and that history in the future would accord him the justice which his contemporaries withheld or denied.

The single point of comparison was between the reticence of those who interred Daniel Shays and that of those who set up the tombstone at the grave of Thomas W. Dorr. Of the former, it might almost be said, "They carved not a line; they raised not a stone. But left him alone with his"—records.

With Mr. Dorr the case was different. The eloquent silence of his tombstone appeased his friends and stopped the mouths of his enemies. None could well object, "Too much" or "Too little." It is not easy to kick at nor to criticize. Nothing. Whatever might have been written, no matter how much or how little, no matter how accurate and truthful, would have raised a tempest of indignation. Better blank silence.

The unique reticence of the builders of the Providence monument is as rare as it is prudent and far-sighted.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H. J. W. H.

Fat and Lean

As the World Wags:

Reading your rather impartial comments on the attractiveness of women both fat and otherwise, I recalled an anecdote told by Mme. Le Brun in her "Souvenirs." She relates that the Duchesse de Mazarin had become so enormously fat that the putting on and lacing of her corsets was a somewhat tedious affair requiring an endless amount of time. Now it happened the Turkish ambassadors were in Paris and went to the opera. Some one asked them who, among the ladies in the boxes, pleased them most. They replied without hesitation that the Duchesse de Mazarin was by far the handsomest since she was much the fattest.

(I have omitted part of the story as I was unable to give it a worthy translation.)

Continuing my meditations, I wondered if one should infer that Thomas Howard marked his preference in "Miss Kilm"

and her "Tennyson Leg" when he
 as a double chuck at a double chin,
 of course, there's a double pleasure
 person.
 Al—how does Tennyson stand on the
 matter? In drawing the picture of Rose
 there is a delicate suggestion of plump-
 ness; on the other hand, in the same
 line, "The Tennyson Leg," there is a
 suggestion of a thin, symmetrical
 figure. A combination of loveliness, all grace
 and a double pleasure in it.
 G. S. W. K.
 Newtonville.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, taking his
 ease at the Porphyry yesterday, was in
 remnant mood. "When I was young
 in my little village, I had a trick of in-
 viting myself to dinner at the houses of
 schoolmates, nor did foggings at home
 break me of it for some time. I remem-
 ber once I went to a house where a
 boy's mother had prepared a dish of
 steamed codfish and baked potatoes for
 the noon meal, a dish of which I am
 extravagantly fond today, but few
 cooks, even those that are asking any-
 where from \$15 to \$25 a week, know how
 to serve the codfish so that it is fit to
 eat. I enjoyed the meal hugely, mixing
 and mashing the fish and potatoes to-
 gether, but my playmate sulked and
 would not eat. 'Why, Freddy,' said his
 mother, 'what's the matter? Don't you
 like it?' 'Naw,' growled Freddy. 'Well,
 what do you like?' And Freddy an-
 swered: 'Taters and sour-floured gravy.'
 The scene and the talk are as fresh in
 my mind as if I had sat with Freddy
 yesterday; yet it was all over 50 years
 ago. I left my village to live elsewhere,
 and when I went back 20 years after-
 ward Freddy was a man in authority,
 the superintendent of the street rail-
 road. He barely nodded to me, and was
 in every way a superior being. Yet I
 have always associated him—perhaps he
 became president of the railroad com-
 pany—with taters and sour-floured
 gravy. What is sour-floured gravy? I
 have looked through books on cookery,
 from the one by Apicius to Mrs. Lin-
 coln's; from the pages of Athenaeus to
 those of Brillat-Savarin and the Alma-
 nach des Gourmands, and am still in
 ignorance. Do any of you fellows
 know?" Mr. Johnson sighed and looked
 about him. He was alone. After a cer-
 tain age no man wishes to hear any
 reminiscences except his own.

By THOMAS NASHE (1567-1600).
 Rich men, trust not in wealth;
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Physic himself must fade;
 All things to end are made;
 The plague full swift goes by;
 I am sick, I must die.

Beauty is but a flower,
 Which wrinkles will devour;
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair;
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
 I am sick, I must die.

Strength stoops unto the grave;
 Worms feed on Hector brave;
 Swords may not fight with fate;
 Earth still holds open her gate;
 'Come, come,' the bells do cry,
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord have mercy on us!

Against Mice

"Put two or more quick mice in a
 long or deep earthen pot, and set the
 same nigh unto a fire made of ash
 wood; and when the pot begins to wax
 hot, the mice therein will chirp or make
 a noise; whereat all the mice that are
 nigh them will run toward them, and
 so will leap into the fire, as though they
 should come to help their poor impris-
 oned friends and neighbors. The cause
 whereof Mizaldus ascribes to the smoke
 of the ash wood."—Thomas Lupton,
 1657. This is worth trying, for Mizaldus,
 or Antoine Mizauld, who died at Paris
 in 1578, was a learned physician, astrolo-
 ger prophet. He wrote many books in
 folio and octavo form. We commend
 the recipe to those wishing to drive rats
 out of Boston and New York.

Socrates Bigamist?

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the question whether Socra-
 tes had two wives, let me invite your at-
 tention to a passage in "The Deipnosophis-
 tists" of the learned Athenaeus (Book
 XIII, 2):

"One might fairly blame those who at-
 tributed to Socrates two wives, Xan-
 thippe and Myrto, the daughter of Aris-
 tides; not of that Aristides who was sur-
 named 'The Just' (for the time does not

grant), but of the Aristides mentioned in the third
 generation. And the men who made this
 statement are Callisthenes, and Demetrius
 Phalareus, and Satyrus, the Peripatetic,
 and Aristoxenus; who were pre-
 ceded in it by Aristotle, who relates
 the same story in his treatise on
 Nobleness of Birth. Unless perhaps
 this license was allowed by a de-
 crease at that time on account of the
 scarcity of men, so that any one who
 pleased might have two wives, to which
 it must be owing that the comic poets
 make no mention of this fact, though
 they very often mention Socrates. . . .
 Panactius the Rhodian has contradicted
 those who make this statement about the
 wives of Socrates."

Beverly. GEORGE F. BOLIVAR.

Yes, Mr. Bolivar, Diogenes Laertius
 also quotes Aristotle with regard to the
 two wives of Socrates. Boeckh believes
 that Myrto was the first wife. Lefebvre
 de Villebrune, in his notes to Athenaeus,
 says there was an Athenian decree al-
 lowing a husband to have children by a
 second woman as concubine. "Socrates
 could not have had two wives at the
 same time." Socrates, by the way, was
 not at all "averse to the sweet sex"—to
 borrow Sir Thomas Browne's phrase.
 Witness his conversation with the beau-
 tiful Theodora, as reported by Xeno-
 phon. Note also the lines of Hermo-
 dianax of Colophon:

Nor did the wisest of all mortal men,
 Great Socrates, escape the fierce contagion,
 But yielded to the fiery might of Venus,
 And to the fascinations of the sex.
 Laying his arms down at Aspasia's feet;
 And though all doubts of nature he could
 solve, he found no refuge from the pursuit of
 Love.

Walter Savage Landor represents Socra-
 tes addressing a poem to Aspasia—
 he writes the poem for him—and Aspa-
 sia writing to Cleone: "I was sorry that
 Socrates should suffer so much for me.
 Pardon the fib, Cleone! Let it pass: I
 was sorry just as we all are upon such
 occasions, and wrote him this consol-
 ation." Then follows her—Landor's—
 poem. Landor, later in his book, quotes
 Aspasia as writing to Anaxagoras: "Our
 friend Socrates has taken a wife. In
 every danger he has been thought singu-
 larly brave; and, if she is what she is
 represented, the action proves it."—Ed.

For Mr. Roe

As the World Wags:

The epitaph sought by your corre-
 spondent, John Roe, is as follows:
 "Here lies a woman who always was tired.
 She lived in a house where help wasn't
 hired.
 Her last words on earth were, 'My friends,
 I am goin'
 Where washin' ain't done, nor sweepin'
 nor sewin'.
 And everythin' there will be just to my
 wishes;
 For, where they don't eat, there's no
 washin' of dishes.
 I'll be where loud anthems are constantly
 ringin'.
 But, havin' no voice, I'll get clear of the
 singin'.
 Don't weep for me now, don't weep for
 me never,
 For I'm going to do nothin' for ever and
 ever."
 Boston. EUGENE B. HAGAR.

Charms Against Hiccups

In England the repeating of rhymes
 is worked a cure.
 Hiccup, sniccup, stand up, stick up,
 one drop, two drops, good for the hiccup.
 Hiccup, sniccup, look up, right up,
 three drops in a cup is good for the hiccup.

Santi Giuca, Tenor, and Leon Tumarkin, Pianist, Heard

Santi Giuca, tenor, and Leon Tumar-
 kin, pianist, appeared in a joint recital
 at Jordan Hall last evening. The pro-
 gram was well balanced and favorably
 received by the audience.

Mr. Giuca sang Melodie, L. Denza; Il
 fior che avevi a me tu dato (Carmen),
 Bizet; Vesti la Giubba (Pagliacci), Le-
 oncavallo; Barcarola (Ballo in Mas-
 chera), G. Verdi; Visione Veneziana, R.
 Brogi; Marechiaro, P. Tosti; Amore e
 Dolore, M. Adorno; Ch'ella mi creda
 libero e lontano (The Girl of the Golden
 West), Puccini.

Mr. Giuca has just arrived in America
 after completing his service in the Ital-
 ian army. This is his first appearance
 in Boston. He is truly in earnest about
 his art, perhaps too much so, and his
 presentation seemed forced and over-
 dramatic. However, Mr. Giuca was suf-
 fering from a slight cold and possibly
 did not appear at his best.

Mr. Tumarkin played Liebestraume
 No. 2, Liszt; Scherzo, B flat minor,
 Chopin; Rhapsody, No. 6, Liszt; Per-
 petual Motion, Weber. He is a gradu-
 ate of the New England Conservatory
 of Music in the piano and lately has
 been associated with Hans Ebel, the
 Russian pianist. Mr. Tumarkin, though
 young, is a true musician and an artist
 on his instrument. In his playing, Mr.
 Tumarkin's left hand is a bit too heavy.
 This was shown in Liebestraume, where
 the melody covered the accompaniment,
 and his work was heartily appreciated by
 the audience.

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "MANFRED" HEARD

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Sym-
 phony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conduc-
 tor, took place yesterday afternoon in
 Symphony Hall. The program was as
 follows: Tschalkowsky, "Manfred"
 Symphony; Griffes, "The Pleasure
 Domo of Kubla Khan"; Saint-Saens,
 Concerto in G minor, No. 2 for the
 piano; Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys,"
 Percy Grainger was the pianist.

The "Manfred" symphony had not
 been played at these concerts for nine
 years. In no one of Tschalkowsky's im-
 portant works is the composer's labor
 more apparent. He was practically
 hounded to the task by Balakireff, who
 sketched a program for him in 1882,
 told him what he should and should not
 do, assuring him that Byron's tragedy
 as a subject for a symphonic poem had
 contemporaneous interest, "for modern
 humanity is such because it knows not
 how to preserve its ideals."

The performance yesterday was im-
 pressive and brilliant. The French
 musicians and critics have for some
 years not been over-friendly towards
 Tschalkowsky's music. It does not ap-
 peal to them so much as the music of
 Rimsky-Korsakoff or that of Borodin,
 or even that of Balakireff. Perhaps
 Tschalkowsky's mannerisms, never
 more noticeable than in this symphony,
 annoy them; the endless repetition of a
 negligible phrase by various solo in-
 struments or groups of instruments; a
 certain coarseness in choice of thematic
 material; his tendency to shriek his
 emotions; a gloomy atmosphere, which
 he breathed as a man. Yet, now and
 then, in "Manfred" there are eloquently
 Byronic moments. Manfred and As-
 tarte are strongly portrayed by their
 respective themes. Scorn, remorse, de-
 spair are thundered forth, while the
 memory and the vision of Astarte are
 expressed with a tenderness, now hu-
 man, now unearthly that we find in
 Tschalkowsky's letters when he pours
 out his soul in confidence. The second
 movement, "The Fairy of the Alps,"
 with its tonal representation of the
 cataract, and the final bacchanal show
 the influence of Berlioz. Tschalkowsky
 is no more fortunate in a musical orgy
 than Berlioz was in his finale of "Har-
 old in Italy"; but for his finale the
 former found contrasting measures of
 former found contrasting measures of
 a sepulchral solemnity that he alone
 could imagine; measures that speak of
 the tomb and the end of all desires;
 hopeless, desolate measures, as those
 in the first and last movements of the
 "Pathetic" Symphony.

"The symphonic poem of Griffes,
 played for the first time at a concert of
 this orchestra a little over a year ago,
 when the composer was suffering in
 body, unable to pay for the copying of
 the orchestral parts, and thus taxing
 what strength was his, teaching by day
 and working far into the night that his
 "Kubla Khan" might be ready for per-
 formance, brought vividly to mind the
 loss to the world by his untimely de-
 parture. For here is music of genuine
 fancy, music that by the thought and
 the expression reveal individuality and
 the soul of a poet. Nor was this com-
 poser guilty of abusing pseudo-Oriental-
 ism; he heard music that might have
 stirred the revellers beneath Kubla's
 pleasure dome.

Mr. Grainger played the familiar con-
 certo in a delightfully musical manner.
 Not relying solely on fleetness and bril-
 liancy, he gave a finely conceived and
 detailed performance of the first move-
 ment, too often read in a perfunctory
 manner by pianists impatient to show
 what they "can do" later when insistent
 demands are made on technical pro-
 ficiency. And so, well-worn as the con-
 certo is, yesterday it had fresh life, nor
 was the workmanship displayed by the
 composer the only attractive feature of
 the music itself.

The concert was too long, yet who
 would have missed Lalo's overture or
 Mr. Monteux's interpretation of it?

The concert will be repeated tonight.
 The program of the concert next week
 is as follows: Schubert, "Overture in
 C-Major," in Italian style; Hadyn,
 "Military Symphony"; Bruch, "Violin
 Concerto, G-Minor, No. 1"; Debussy,
 "The Sea." Isold Menges will be the
 violinist.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
 Tells us the day himself's not far;
 And see where, breaking from the night,
 He glids the western hills with light.
 With him old Janus doth appear,
 Peeping into the future's year,
 With such a look as seems to say,
 The prospect is not good that way.
 Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
 And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
 When the prophetic fear of things
 A more tormenting mischief brings.
 More full of soul-tormenting fear,
 Than dread itself, methinks my sight,
 But, stay! but, stay! methinks my sight,
 Better inform'd by clearer light,
 Discerns sorrowsness in that brow,
 That all contracted seem'd but now.
 His revers'd face may show distaste,
 And frown upon the ill he past;
 But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the new-born year.

For Bostonians

"A legend says that, before the days
 of Pharaoh, the Egyptians lived on
 pistachios which made them a witty,
 lively race. But the tyrant, remark-
 ing that the domestic ass, which eats
 beans, is degenerate from the wild ass,
 uprooted the pistachio-trees and com-
 pelled the lieges to feed on beans,
 which made them a heavy, gross, cow-
 ardly people fit only for burdens."

Cheery—O!

As the World Wags:

Talk about the philosophy of Herkimer
 Johnson, or your own fascinating remin-
 iscences from Clamport, or that keyser
 of political and social wisdom at
 Quohaughurst, let me assure your
 astute contributors and appreciative
 readers that one does not have to travel
 so very many miles from the Hub to
 get into an environment of pibelian life
 well permeated with a philosophy that
 may be a bit clumsy and inadequate in
 its nomenclature, but is certainly re-
 freshing in its straightforwardness and
 well worthy of intimate study on the
 part of any one interested in the mental
 activity of the masses.

I used to think that the barbers and
 hotel waiters had absorbed most of the
 knowledge outside that promulgated
 through the classic halls of our univer-
 sities and colleges, as I had been ac-
 customed to hear in "lonsorial empor-
 iums and hunger parlors" very wise dis-
 sertations on abstruse subjects, but
 when I overheard the motorman and
 conductor on the Toonerville trolley dis-
 cussing Einstein's Relativity, and the
 terms of the \$5000 reward offered for the
 best popular exposition of that doctrine,
 I sat erect and gave my ear drum a
 chance to register—and it did. Said the
 first speaker: "If a man on a train of
 cars going 60 miles an hour runs toward
 the engine at the rate of 10 miles an
 hour, how fast is he passing over the
 earth's surface, and"—with a smile—"if
 he keeps it up can he beat the train
 into the station? Or, reverse the process
 and let the passenger run toward the
 rear of the train at the same speed,
 what progress is he then making over
 terra firma?" "Well," replied the con-
 ductor, "That's easy enough to 'figger
 out,' but here's one that will cost a
 night's rest if you get started on it:
 "Can you think without thinking the
 words that express your thoughts? Does
 a composer think in notes, or can he
 dream a wonderful melody without gig-
 gling the notes to produce it?" Just at
 this juncture—and junction—the car took
 a siding, and the big chief in stentorian
 tones told us to change cars for Con-
 cord. "Ah!" I mused. "Of course, Con-
 cord, Emerson, Thoreau! If I occasion-
 fait le laron' do not surroundings pro-
 duce the philosopher?"

I used to think the Toonerville Trolley
 was (Mark Twain says, why not "is")
 a myth, but experience teaches. What
 do you think of a crew that will side-
 track a trolley car and send a man
 into a neighboring orchard for his
 pockets full of apples? No one ob-
 jected because the fruit was shared
 with all on board. I like that sort of
 thing, especially after a day of trying
 business. It aids digestion and incul-
 cates the (almost) lost art of patience.
 It calms the mind to a point that per-
 mits and encourages the appreciation
 of the little amenities of life.

This particular trolley carries the
 mail part way; it will lug your laun-
 dry to the next town and return when
 ready—I mean, of course, when the
 laundry is ready, not the trolley—it will
 drop a pint of milk here for "Sally in
 our alley" and a bag of spuds there for
 home consumption. We always get the
 morning papers at the tavern; the con-
 ductor distributes them with a smile
 and at cost. We are all friends to-
 gether, each trying to do the other a
 kindness. Under rough exteriors warm
 hearts beat. The strong undercurrent
 of altruism makes one forget trouble
 and love to live. That's a vacation in
 itself.

One morning the car made an extra
 stop, and the man at the wheel with
 the grace of a diplomat delivered a
 bunch of posies to his dear old white-
 haired mother. The smile in her Irish
 blue eyes as she bowed her thanks
 cheered us on our way and sweetened
 the experiences of the day. Turning to
 me, he said, "It's the little things that
 count." "Yes," I replied. "In the build-
 ing of character—"

"Nothing useless is or low,
 Each thing in its place is best;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest!"
 Boston. R. L. W.

"Auditorium" wrote a letter to the
 editor of the Daily Telegraph, London.
 The letter was published on Dec. 11, en-
 titled "Scandal of the Late-Comer."

The Herald reprints it, for there is the
 same scandal in Boston.

"We had hoped that the scandal of
 the late-comer in our concert rooms
 was a thing of the past, but, judging
 from our experience at the Albert Hall
 last Sunday afternoon, it is beginning
 to flourish again like a green bay tree.

"During the performance of the *Etudes Symphoniques* people walked into, and about the orchestra—the part of the house on which every eye is naturally centred—when and how they pleased. They strolled in, apparently unshuffled, chose their seats at their leisure, and changed them whenever they felt so inclined, regardless of the music. One lady, after arriving a quarter of an hour late and struggling to a likely chair, stood before it in speechless indignation for some time, and, finally, in dramatic protest against charwomen in general and the Albert Hall representatives in particular, spread a large handkerchief over it before consenting to face the music. A male enthusiast, fired with zeal to study pianoforte technique at every angle, and trusting to the soloist to cover his tracks, slid up and down the benches to the various viewpoints with such apparent success that at one moment he very nearly succeeded in inaugurating a 'general post.' Two other members of the fair sex turned up an hour late, and, having waited for the Nocturne in D-flat to get well under weigh, made for some vacant seats, found on getting there that the row above possessed greater attractions, tried the next with the same dissatisfaction, and pursued an upward course (da capo, with repeat marks), till finally, after a series of standings-up to shake out their skirts, they settled into comparative repose in the middle of the Waltz in E-minor. These were just a few of the nomads of the orchestra; there were doubtless many others whom I did not see. I had to keep my eyes shut most of the time in order to listen with impunity. The offenders were probably quite unaware that they were ruining the music for the audience and seriously embarrassing the soloist.

"Crossing or diverting, the line of vision between audience and performer should be made a criminal offence, punishable by enforced incarceration in a ballad concert from start to finish, syncope, acute mania and mice being the only recognized extenuating circumstances. Joking apart, late-comers should be strictly prohibited from entering any part of a concert hall during the actual performance of any number and queering the pitch for everybody concerned, as they did last Sunday.

"The stewards, too, a most courteous and friendly band of brothers, might bear in mind that, if indispensable, they are not invisible, and that gratuitous perambulations of the corridors and 'here we are again!' appearances at the entrances to the exits, though, no doubt, reassuring to the public and cheering as harbingers of the coming pantomime, are apt to switch the attention of the audience on to the wrong performer."

The audience at the Boston Symphony concerts is supposed to be considerate, but at every concert, afternoon or evening, many belated women saunter down the aisles with an air of importance, smiling on friends or glancing at those who do not have the honor of knowing them, sometimes slamming down a seat, sometimes while adjusting their wraps. Meanwhile, Mr. Montoux, the orchestra and the great majority of the audience are kept waiting.

The nuisance is even more intolerable in Jordan Hall, where, at concerts, some, usually dead-heads, walk in at any time, at themselves sometimes while the pianist or singer or fiddler is laboring, in spite of the doorkeepers, and leave at any time regardless of what is doing on the stage.

At the Boston Opera House, when Mary Garden sang, wriggled and ogled, a fortnight ago, late-comers were seated, while poor Mr. Casini was alternately sentimental with his violoncello and agile in chasing flies up and down the strings. Tramp, tramp, tramp went the ushers down the aisles; tramp, tramp, tramp went the belated after them. Mr. Casini deserved better treatment; so did the great majority of the disturbed and annoyed men and women who were enjoying Mr. Casini's playing.

The nuisance is also still maintained in the theatre, but Bostonians are not the only offenders and sufferers. We quote from paragraphs of Mr. Charles P. Sawyer in the New York Evening Post of Dec. 28:

"Great were the hopes of those who suffer from late-comers at the theatres when the announcement was made before two recent theatrical productions that the performance of each would begin at 8:15 o'clock, and that no one would be seated until the first scene was over, and great was the disappointment when the first scene in each was at 8:30, and the non-seating rule was honored more in the breach than in the observance. There are a few managers who keep strictly to the advertised time of the curtain and send it down no matter how empty the house may be.

That is as it should be, but it is extremely doubtful if the selfish or otherwise persons who never would get to the theatre on time, no matter what the hour of beginning might be, can be reformed. They seem to have no idea whatever for the majority of the audience something is a waste of time, no matter how empty the house may be.

In the end seats are reserved for them to pass, and for the stage for about one-quarter of the audience who are on time. Something interesting might happen if those who were on time refused to make room. Women were forced to take off their hats in theatres after a long fight. Late-comers are about as bad, and should be squelched also."

Nor are Bostonians the only gigglers during pathetic and tense scenes on the stage. The New York Evening Post of the 28th ult., noting a performance of "The Emperor Jones," said: "Charles S. Gilpin, in his much-admired creation of the title part, soon won silence from a coughing holiday audience, which at the beginning showed a strange eagerness to laugh at moments of high tension."

The Toscanini Concerts

Arturo Toscanini, conducting the Scala Orchestra of Milan, will give concerts in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The programs will be as follows:

FRIDAY'S PROGRAM.

Vivaldi....Concerto in A minor for strings (Arranged by Sam Franko)
Beethoven....Fifth Symphony in C minor
Debussy....*"Iberia"* Images for Orchestra No. 2
Respighi....*"Fountains of Rome"* Symphonic Poem
Wagner....Prelude and Isolde's Death

SATURDAY'S PROGRAM.

Brahms....Symphony No. 2 in D major
Puck-Manglagalli....(a) Notturmo
(b) Rondo fantastico
Albert Roussel....*"Le Festin de l'Araignée"*
Strauss....*"Don Juan"* Symphonic Poem
Verdi....*"I Vespri Siciliani"* Overture

It would seem hardly necessary to say anything at this late day about the fame of Mr. Toscanini as a conductor. It is doubtful whether he has his equal

in opera or in concert; surely, no one outdoes him. Born in Parma on March 24, 1868, or as others say on March 25, 1867, he studied at the Parma Conservatory where in 1885 he was awarded a diploma for violoncello playing and composition. He at once joined an orchestra and going to South America with an opera company he was suddenly called on to conduct a performance of "Aida." Some say this was at Buenos Ayres; others say Rio Janeiro, for already there are Toscanini legends. From that day he remained a conductor, first at Turin, then at other Italian cities, often bringing out new works, showing the utmost catholicity of taste. Neither Debussy nor Charpentier was foreign to him; nor was he a stranger to Wagner's music dramas. Finally he ruled at La Scala, until Mr. Gatti-Casazza brought him to the Metropolitan Opera House, where he conducted for the first time on Nov. 16, 1908. The opera was "Aida."

When the Metropolitan company visited Boston in 1910 Mr. Toscanini conducted "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers" and "Aida," memorable performances on his part.

So much has been said about the part he played during the great war, how he cheered Italian troops in danger by conducting at his own personal risk, how his services were recognized by the Italian government, that it would be impertinent to tell again the story that recounts greatly to his honor.

His orchestral concerts in Italy have been noted for brilliance. He has given encouragement to the young and deserving composers of his own country without being Chauvinistic in his preferences.

Toscanini's Programs

And now, a word about the programs. Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," which charmed the audience at two concerts this season, when it was played by the Symphony orchestra, was first played at Rome on Feb. 10, 1918, at one of a series of concerts conducted by Mr. Toscanini for the benefit of artists disabled in the war.

Riccardo Puck-Manglagalli is an unfamiliar name in Boston, although his ballet, "Il Carillon Magico," was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House last month. The composer was born at Strekowitz of a Czech father and an Italian mother. He studied the piano with Appiani and composition with Ferroni at the Milan Conservatory. He gave concerts in Germany and Austria before the war. The first of his compositions includes a violin sonata, three miniatures for string quartet and piano, piano pieces, songs. His "Sallre d'oro" (1913-14) at the Sala met with marked success. The ballet "Il Carillon Magico" was brought out at the Scala in the fall of 1918, and was performed at Rome, Florence, Palermo and other cities. His "Sortilegi" for piano and orchestra was produced by Mr. Toscanini at Milan on Jan. 13, 1918, and Mr. Toscanini also brought out the "Notturmo e Rondo Fantastico," which will be played here Saturday night. Puck-Manglagalli's music for Boito's "Basi e Bole" is also mentioned.

Albert Roussel was born at Tourcoing on April 5, 1869. When he was 18 he entered the French navy as a passed midshipman and voyaged to Cochinchina. In 1891 he left the navy to devote himself to music, and studied in Paris with Roubaix, Grout and with Lindy, who was his chief master. His chief works for orchestra are "Resurrection," prelude to Tolstol's romance, "Poem de la Fata" and "Evocation."

His "Festin de l'Araignée," which will be played here for the first time next Saturday night, is a ballet pantomime, with a scenario by Gilbert des Voisins, a grandson of the famous dancer, Marie Taglioni. This ballet was produced at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, on April 3, 1913, when Mlle. Sahary Djelli mimed the spider. Grovlez conducted. It is said that the theme of the ballet was derived from Henri Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques." A spider is hidden in an immense web. She cannot catch some agile ants, nor a couple of beetles. She is luckier with a beautiful butterfly, but she is rash with a praying mantis, who is fighting with a companion. An ephemera comes along, flirts with the ants, the spider, and even with two little worms trying to eat into the heart of a fallen fruit. Night comes and the ephemera dies. At this moment the praying mantis, coming out of the web, avenges herself on her enemy. The other insects celebrate the funeral of the ephemera, bearing her away on the petal of a rose.

The score of this orchestral piece for concert use begins with a prelude. Then follow pages with these indications: Entrance of the Ants. The Ants discover a fallen rose petal and try to lift it. They try to carry another rose petal when the Butterfly watches them. The Butterfly's dance. The Spider invites the Butterfly to dance nearer her web. The Butterfly is caught in the web. Appearance of the Ephemera, who, freed, dances. Funeral of the Ephemera. Night falls on the lonely garden.

This music was played at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Nov. 30, 1913; in New York by the New York Symphony orchestra on Oct. 23, 1914. Approves of the performance in London on Oct. 23, 1920, Mr. Leigh Henry wrote: "The work is exquisitely scored. . . . Old women of the journalistic world, always upset by insects, may find its subject obnoxious; but the theme is treated in a purely decorative sense. As oriental designers use insect-forms in symbolic aspect, and treat their characteristic shapes as basic motives of abstract design, so Roussel uses musical figures suggestive of the creatures of his theme, and weaves them into tonal decoration."

The overture to Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" was first performed in Boston on Dec. 3, 1859. The opera was brought out here on Jan. 2, 1860, when Mme. Colson and Messrs. Brignoli, Junca, and Ferri were the chief singers. The opera was written in Paris and produced there June 13, 1855. The bolero for soprano is still heard in our concert halls.

David Garrick an Operatic Hero; Other Notes About Music

Reginald Somerville's opera, "David Garrick," was performed for the first time on any stage at Covent Garden on Dec. 9. The composer, his own librettist, follows closely the Robertson version of the story, "even to incorporating some of the dialogue," and such departures as he has made are "mainly pictorial—or, should one say, 'operatic'—purposes, and do not interfere with the straightforward unfolding of the familiar incidents." The music is in the spirit of comedy-opera. "Anything like intensity of dramatic expression would have been foreign to the inherent character of a theme which is innocent of anything stronger than a vein of more or less delicate sentiment." The distinguishing characteristic is "suavity." The Daily Telegraph wished there had been a richer, fuller flavor to the hero's drinking song; "but now and again he 'labels' a character or an incident aptly enough, and nowhere more so than in the breezy strain associated with the sport-loving Squire Chivy." The performance was by the Carl Rosa Company. William Boland, David Garrick, Beatrice Miranda, Ada Ingot; the composer conducted. Something in our heart tells us that this opera is deadly dull with its "suavity."

The London Times says that publication of William Byrd's works, transcribed, scored and edited by the Rev. E. H. Fellowes, is the most important musical event of the moment, "because it means at least the opportunity of putting in his rightful place one of the greatest of composers not only of his age and country, but of the world." This publication is nearly 100 years after Byrd's birth. His reputation has remained "in the condition which would have been Shakespeare's if the average reader had been dependent for his knowledge on the reprint of a few selected scenes from 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Macbeth,' and the collected drama had remained treasured by libraries in rare copies of the First Folio."

Speaking of the use of a trumpet in Bach's cantata "Praise God in all lands," the London Daily Telegraph said it was a mistake. "The Bach trumpet, as we know, is not the trumpet of today. Apart from the enormous difficulties our players have to overcome before they can play at all this music on modern instruments, there is the question of balance of tone to be considered. In Bach's time

apparently a trumpet was a fair match for a fiddle. Today a trumpeter can hold his own against a full orchestra."

A son of Coleridge-Taylor has successfully conducted his father's "Hiawatha" Ballet Suite in London.

Our Berlin correspondent writes: The Austrian composer, Clemens Franckenstein, whose Chinese opera, "Li-Ta-Pe," had a very successful premiere at Hamburg and is to be put on at Munich in the spring, has many ties with England. Early in his career he was for some time on the conducting staff of one of our best known opera companies, and when he returned to the continent it was with an English wife. While at the Berlin Opera, he was an occasional contributor to the Daily Telegraph, and his lucid analyses in your columns of Richard Strauss's last pre-war works attracted a good deal of attention. The present Austrian minister in London, Baron von Franckenstein, is his brother. Though in equal possession of the title, the composer has long since dropped the use of it in all professional, that is to say musical, connections.—London Daily Telegraph.

Paul Roes, a Dutch pianist and composer, brought out last month in London his work in five sections called "Le Jour." "It is in point of fact a symphonic poem for pianoforte. Presumably it has a program basis, as the title suggests, but there is no indication in the music itself that any particular day was in the mind's eye of the composer when at work. Musically the work is a curious mixture of plain speaking in the vernacular of music, as it has been for hundreds of years intermingled with abundant phrases that are as Volapuk, in that they are colloquialisms of the musical language of all countries of today. Phrases that are as clear as any crystal are followed by others as misty and moody, and vague and 'ultra-modern' as the heart of the 'young composer' of advanced views could desire. Yet with all this there is a good deal of charm in the music of M. Roes, and decidedly he played it well, for his is a firm touch which produces a warm tone and his technique is capital."

Again the London Times inveighs against performances of music for two pianos. "Composers and arrangers, but especially arrangers, for two pianofortes seem sometimes to have missed their opportunity. They have remembered that they can dispose of 16 fingers and 4 thumbs—and performers are often aware also that they have at their service four feet—but they have not always reflected on the more important point that they are dealing with two personalities instead of one. The piano organ and organ owe their present eminence almost entirely to their offering the only kind of music which is controlled by one mind, and if two minds are substituted it is obvious that there is a loss to be compensated. Two minds cannot both be in control, but each can confront, support or combine with the other, making its own individual contribution to the work. Good work, when it enters a government office, may be content, indeed, to take the veil of anonymity; but art is no nunnerly. An audience feels this so strongly that when its powers of listening, though better than they were, are not what they may yet be, it will bring lorgnettes rather than remain unsatisfied on such a point."

Helen Henschel sang songs with violin by Gustav Holst on Dec. 14, in London. A country song and a marching by Holst were performed in London last month, "early works and very far from characteristic of the composer as he has now developed. Still they are attractive little pieces and were well worth producing."

A violin sonata, "Sonata Slave," by Countess Dora Pejacevich was produced in London on Dec. 15.

Malpiero in his interesting series of articles, "The Orchestra," published in the Chesterian of London, says of Beethoven: "While indiscriminate idolatry is gradually being destroyed, his masterpieces alone remain undisputed." He speaks of Brahms's "deliberate austerity which too often makes him ponderous and academic." "Buckner was the strongest among the German composers of the second half of the 19th century."

Stravinsky has arranged his suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat" for clarinet, violin and piano.

Weingartner's violoncello concerto has been published, also his fourth string quartet in D-major.

Songs by Richard Strauss recently published: Op. 58, Im Sphaethoo; Mit dem blauen Augen; Op. 67, Vol. I, three songs of Ophelia; Vol. II, three songs (Rendek Nymf); six songs Op. 68, An die Nacht, Ich Wollt ein Strausslein binden, Saesle, Hebe Myrte, Als mir dein Lied erklang, Amor, Lied der Frauen.

Schoenberg: Two ballads op. 12, Jane Grey and Der Verlorene Haufen. Two songs op. 14, Ich darf nicht dankend, in diesen Wintertagen.

Josef Holbrooke's setting of Tennyson's "Come not when I am dead." "There is a workmanship not usual, found in this galere, it is eloquent and deeply felt, though one cannot quite

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, Sept. 20, 1902, 3.30 P. M.
 Subject: "The Olden Times." See special
 notice.
 CONCERT, Sept. 21, St. John's street,
 3.30 P. M. Conducted by the People's Or-
 chestra. 1. St. John's. M. Mollenhauer, con-
 ductor. See special notice.
 WEDNESDAY, Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Te-
 lander Music parlor. W. F. Bach, con-
 cepts of the organ. 1. For piano; Beeth-
 oven sonata op. 10, 1; Weber, Rondo
 for piano. 2. Horns, Intermezzo; Grieg,
 Halko. 3. Debussy, J. in sous la Pluie,
 Cantata. 4. And. 5. P. and P. Agazzi.
 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 78

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2-30 P. M., La Scala Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. See special notice.

SATURDAY: Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., pian recital by Paul Morte, a Cuban pianist, pupil of Granados and director at Havana of the Gran Conservatorio. Program: Bach-Busoni, Chopin; Beethoven, Sonata op. 110; Chopin, Mazurka, two etudes, Berceuse and Polonaise; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes, Gigue, Little Bird; Grieg, Scherzo; Strauss, "Goyescas"; Debussy, "L'Isle-Jourdain"; Capriccio on the steps of a Cathedral; Saint-Saens, et al. "The Swan"; Schumann, "The Song of the Lark".

SUNDAY: Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., concert with different program from that of Friday afternoon by La Scala Orchestra, led by Mr. Toscanini. See special notice.

One cannot help wondering why, of the 14 selections—counting the multiple “Carneval” of Schumann as one—which Raymond Havens played in recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, he should repeat not less than six from a preceding recital of this season. However that may be, Mr. Havens showed himself an always efficient and at times a thoroughly eloquent pianist.

The demands on the performer of the "Carnaval" are not slight: the changes in mood, in tone, in dramatic contrasts of volume. Mr. Havens was quite sufficient for these demands. He passed Pierrot and Arlequin, Eusebius and Florestan, Chopin and the other masqueraders before us with unflagging neatness, with fine reaction to the humor of the succeeding sections, with dramatic power. The melody of the Chopin section sang itself under his fingers with downright eloquence. The Preamble crackled with brilliance, and the Galop at the end fairly tumbled over itself in its roust speed. The audience was rightly appreciative of the performance.

Some Criticisms

The excellence of this "Carneval" and of the Schubert-Liszt "Ave Maria," in which the melody was shared with perfect fluency between the two hands, seemed due partly, at least, to a concentration of the pianist on the significance of the music rather than on his manipulation of its demands. In other sections of the program this attention to manipulation rather overbalanced the significance of the music and made the performance less authoritative. This was true in the "Adagio in G major" of Bach, where Mr. Havens caressed the melody with too closely lingering a touch, which he quite obviously meant to obtain.

Though his tone was clear and bright at times in scales the effect was blurred a bit, and at other times the quick change from fortissimo to pianissimo and vice versa was not so neatly cleaved as to give the music its full dramatic force.

It is to Mr. Havens' credit that the more significant the music, the finer the performance. The middle section of the program, though brilliant and even at times showy, had in general less to say—and was less finely performed. One need not scold because of this when one remembers the "Carnaval." Alkan, whose works rather infrequently appear on programs, was perhaps explained in his infrequency by what he offered, for the selection had little to say.

The Program Played

The program was as follows:

Fantasia No. 2, C-minor.....	Mozart
Carneval, Op. 9.....	Schumann
Poissons d'Or.....	Debuss
Marche Funèbre, Op. 39.....	Alka
Prelude, B-flat major.....	Alka
Comme le Vent, Op. 39.....	Alka
Adagio, in G-major.....	Bac
Capriccio, 'En Crimée'.....	Moussorgski
Ave Maria.....	Schubert-Lisz
Brl King.....	Schubert-Lisz
Barcarolle.....	Liszt
Etude, A-flat, Op.....	Chopin
Etude, A-flat (no opus).....	Chopin
Scherzo, B-flat minor.....	Chopin

What if the lark does carol in the sky
Soaring beyond the night to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a try?
I'm not a tront.

My stomach is not ruled by other men's
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

On Getting up in the Morning the World Wags:

I remember just one thing about a course in philosophy, of which I took several in Harvard College, a statement by Prof. Palmer that one never wanted to get up in the morning (which I know very well by experience), but that one never did get up till lying half asleep in bed he had gone over the day's duties in his head and was finally driven to rise by the thought of how much worse off he would be if he stayed in bed and left his duties undone. That may be true if getting up to an ordinary day's work, but getting up for sport is a different thing. How many ordinarily lazy people will get up at 3 A. M. to struggle out in a frozen marsh in the cold, northwest wind and wait for the ducks to begin flying? The hunter has not changed since Horace's day, but still "*inanet sub Jove frigido, teneare conjugis immemor.*" But however he may enjoy the glories of the rosy-fingered dawn and the shot at his flying mark against the crimson sky, he does not always get up with unmixed enthusiasm. I well remember a middle-aged and corpulent hunter who always complained bitterly, "Have I got to get up and go and lie out in that cold, wet sink box?" but always did it. As men hate to get up before day-break, so children hate to go to bed by daylight. All of which is a prelude to the following verse which is a clever parody of one of Stevenson's well-known rhymes in the "Child's Garden of Verse." If the author sees it I hope he will not object to my sending it to your column:

INTERLUDE.

In summer I get up at night,
And don my boots by candle light.
In winter, just the other way,
I shed my dancing pumps by day.

Now does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is dark and hline
And I should like so much to sleep,
I have to rise and slaughter sheep?

Boston. F. B. L.

Precept and Practice

One of Leigh Hunt's most delightful essays is entitled "Getting Up on Cold Mornings." (Does anyone read Hunt's "Indicator" in these days of publishers' "blurbs" and reviewers' honey-daubing?) The essay contains a diatribe against shaving, on the text: "The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard." But in Hunt's time there was no running hot water, no spluttering, hissing, sobbing steam radiator in his lodgings.

lodgings. "Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?" shouts indignantly James Thompson in his "Sunner." Yet this same Jimmy Thompson wrote "The Castle of Indolence" with its opening scene of "lazy luxury." Dr. Burney called on him at two o'clock in the afternoon and found him in bed. He asked Thompson how he came to lie so long. "Ecod, nion, because I had no motive to riso." And Thompson was so lazy that he ate fruit off the sun-smitten wall with his hands in his pockets.

Let us conclude with another verse from Thomas Hood's "Morning Meditations."

"An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,"—
Well—he died young."

For the Last Time

As the World Wags:

In one of your chats you said the other day: "We have so often told the story of a hostess who asked Tom Corwin what condiments he would take in his tea that we now refrain . . ."

Although a faithful follower of your column, I have missed that story, and am sorry you didn't repeat it; but I wonder if it is anything like this printed in "Fliegende Blaetter" many years ago, in the golden past anterior to the shot at Serajevo that set the world on fire:

At a sallow the hostess asks--
 "Will the Herr Baron have his tea
 with or without rum?"
 "With rum, gnadige Frau, but with
 out tea."
 "Them was the happy days!"

EMIL SCHWAB.

The genteel hostess said to Corwin "What condiments will you have in your tea?" to which he answered gravely: "Pepper and salt, madam; no mustard, please."—Ed.

For College Girls

(From Plutarch's "Pompey.")
This lady had excellent gifts to be
beloved besides her beauty. For she
was properly learned, could play well
on the harp, was skilful in music and
geometry, and took great pleasure also
in philosophy, and not vainly without
some profit. For she was very modest
and sober of behavior, without brawling
and foolish curiosity, which common
young women have that are inducible
with such singular gifts.

In the Theatre

As the World Wags:
Good old Mayo and Davy Crockett. Sometimes Frank hired "extras" or suppers to represent frontiersmen or the like. I remember Frank's immortal monologue while substituting his mighty arm to sport the oak for the usual bar which, of course, was temporarily mislaid just when it was needed to hold the door against the pack of howling wolves. The door had the customary latch as well, and we all wondered in our simplicity why that wouldn't have held the door without the bar, for surely a wolf couldn't operate the mechanism required to raise the latch. Two big stage hands thrust beneath the door the savage wolf heads fastened to long sticks and stuffed with excelsior, while some member of the company stood in the wings, howling like a pack of wolves. He could imitate 20 savage ones at once.

Boston. J. ANSING R. ROBINSON.

Elfred Zimballist, violinist, after a
absence from Boston of two years, gave
a recital yesterday afternoon in Sym-
phony Hall, assisted by Emanuel Bola-
ban, pianist. His program was: Folie
D'Espagne, Corelli-David; Andantino
and Prestissimo, Max Reger; Concerto
in A major, Mozart; L'aoulette, Glinka;
Auer; Caprice, Dont-Auer; Serenade
d'Ambrosio; Russian Dance, Zimballist;
Jotta Navarre, Sarasate; Carmen Fa-
tas, Bizet-Sarasate.

The hall did not contain one of the outpourings of the public that greet some Boston favorites. There was a proper relation between the size of the audience and Mr. Zimbalist's high talent. That he pleased his hearers, however, was evident by the heartiness and spontaneity of their applause.

Through all the program numbers and the extras he gave ran the super quality of his playing, ease and sureness of execution, grace, perfection and beauty of tone, emotionalism held undignified restraint, intensity of feeling suggested in every phrase and in every minute modulation of melody, breadth and depth of sympathy.

In all his pieces a strong individual shone forth, unaltered by any outward personal manifestations and dependent entirely on the spirit that the artist infused in and drew from his instrument. At the close of his masterly performance of Mozart's concerto one hearer remarked:

"That's different from any playing the piece I ever heard. It certainly was not classical."

It was not classical, perhaps, but was surpassingly beautiful. It suffused the loveliness of Mozart's music with golden charm and a living soul that many artists miss.

Brilliance and supreme command technic were never lacking in the most difficult passages, yet at no moment was delicacy of expression sacrificed. This was particularly illustrated in deftly stepping serenade and in swiftly tripping Slavic measures of player's own Russian dance, the latter being repeated in response to insistent demand.

People's Orchestra Appears in Eighth Concert

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave their eighth concert yesterday afternoon, in Convention Hall, presenting the following program:

Weber, overture, "Euryanthe"; Wagner, Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," arranged by August Wilhelm; Dvorak, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, "From the New World"; Gretry-Mottl Ballet Suite; Van der Stucken, March, "Louisiana."

The Dvorak symphony was memorably rendered. The applause at the close was so prolonged that Mr. Mollehauser was obliged to signal to his men to rise and accept the compliment. The work had evidently been carefully rehearsed.

heard. Yesterday's concert extended over an hour and a half, and the redundancy in the Gretry-Mottl suite became somewhat tiresome. Van der Stucken's "Louisiana" march, written for the opening of the world's fair at St. Louis is wellnigh forgotten, and its revival aroused mild curiosity. The score and parts happened to exist in the musical library of George Stewart, who with notable philanthropy has placed its entire contents at the disposal of this orchestra.

For the first time a singer appears on the program for next Sunday's concert. Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano, who has generously volunteered to assist the new enterprise of making classical music popular. Miss Moody made a very successful tour with Sousa, and has sung with the Handel and Haydn Society. Her number next Sunday will be the "Charming Bird" aria from "The Pearl of Brazil," with flute obbligato by Mr. Packard.

COURTENAY AND MISS FISHER WELL CAST

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Honors Are Even," a play in three acts and six scenes, by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced by the Selwyns.

Belinda Carter..... Lola Fisher
Vaughan Outerbridge..... Horace Sinclair
A man..... Lawrence Redmond
Raiph Kingsland..... Paul Kelly
Nigel Gordon..... Ambrose Martin
John Leighton..... Gordon Johnston
Ludie Berkeley..... William Courtenay
Gorgy Hale..... Ethel Strickland
David Carter..... Boots Wooster
Luigi..... Frank Andrews
Hannah..... Horace Pollock
At the beginning of the third act

when everybody was wondering whether Belinda would be divorced from Nigel, how she would obtain the divorce and how she and John would come together for the inevitable, expected happy ending, the audience was obliged to listen for minutes that seemed hours to the chatter of a young woman about her unhappy home, her uncomfortable parents; how she had no girl visitors and no sweethearts; how she wished she knew how to dance on the stage, for her legs were pretty; and then the impatient audience witnessed her courtship. All this time where was Nigel? where was John? Belinda said she was unhappy. So was the audience. It is surprising that a dramatist like Mr. Megrue should have allowed his comedy to sag in this manner; to pad an act so ineffectively; for this unfortunate young Georgy in previous scenes was introduced only for the sake of conversation, and the stupid fellow that finally wooed her was only one of Belinda's victims. Nor is the business of the letter purporting to have been written by the rector plausible. The whole of this act might well be rewritten. The episode of the game of bridge does not save it; it merely delays the more important game.

It is a pity; for the first two acts are amusing. The first scenes, with the silhouettes of a man and a woman talking; the scenes of the various proposals in motor cars and on the beach are unexpected, and the dramatist's treatment is ingenious. The entrance of a real motor car on the stage excited applause, just as the appearance of a creaking wheelbarrow in "The Rose of the Rancho" convinced doubting Thomases, if there were any, that Mr. Belasco was a master of realism.

The comedy is a duel of wits. Belinda has several suitors, but longs for a strong man, a man that will not after half an hour say silly things to her and try to hold her hand. She is not so flippant as one would think. When she dines with John, the dramatist, in his room, high up in New York, with a vegetable garden on the roof, having eaten a young onion, she sees a shooting star, and at once begins to moralize about the destruction of the world, time, eternity and the nothingness of men and women. She foresees lovers on another planet watching this flaming ball and saying, "O, look, there's a shooting star." And John can pull the rhetorical stop at times.

This, however, gives an unfair idea of the dialogue, which is often brisk, natural, and entertaining. Nigel, the villain of the play, goes from one pleasure resort to another, stealing women's jewelry. Fortunately John Leighton was at these summer and winter places, and knows that Nigel in Belinda's home must have stolen Mrs. Berkeley's bracelet. There must be a villain, mild or desperate, whenever Mr. Courtenay plays, otherwise he would not have an opportunity to unmask him. The other characters serve chiefly as feeders to Belinda and the young playwright, who in the course of the comedy tells why audiences like cheerful plays that take their minds away from business cares and domestic sorrows. His disquisition on the art of playwrighting might be Mr. Megrue's "Apologia pro sua vita." Belinda's father is the old familiar gruff stage parent with a tendency to propriety. There is the faithful nurse Hannah, who, as the father, has her little joke about prohibition. The other characters are old friends with fresh tongues in their mouths.

As we have said, the first two acts are entertaining, an evening's amusement. Miss Fisher who at first, seated in the motor car, recited her lines which she had accurately committed to memory, afterwards was more spontaneous, and gave a definite idea of Belinda's character or lack of character. Mr. Courtenay was, as Belinda said of him, "calmly superior" throughout; cool, imperturbable, until the very end, when he made hot love to her, so that she

asked the natural question, Why didn't you do this before? Always resourceful, Mr. Courtenay played with his accustomed ease, giving significance to every line, yet without undue emphasis. The others in the company were adequate. Miss Wooster told her tale of woe in a manner that would have enlisted sympathy, if her private grief had any bearing on the play.

An audience that filled the theatre

"She Stoops to Conquer" Well Received

Once again and with rare success the Copley players revived last night that hardy perennial of the old English stage, "She Stoops to Conquer." If this ready farce, as played last night, verged at times upon burlesque, it mattered little to the large and responsive audience, which laughed with right good will at quips of play and players. Indeed the cast that was uniformly excellent proved beyond a doubt that Goldsmith was right when he judged this pleasing play a farce, for farce it is in situation, in dialogue, and in "business." E. E. Clive, although a somewhat elderly Tony Lumpkin, proved himself a more than able comedian. So much the more to be pitied that his amusing scene at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" should be unduly shortened. Elma Royton and May Edliss were very pleasing as Kate Hardcastle and Constance Neville. Their respective lovers, Charles Warburton as Young Marlow and Nicholas Joy as George Hastings were a bit lacking in that romantic gallantry which one expected, but were none the less attractive. H. Conway Wingfield and Viola Roach handled the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle in a manner that was capable if somewhat severe. The production was notable in that no character was poorly cast. In a word the Copley players outdid themselves and clearly showed that "Broadway" cannot improve upon the sophisticated comedy and "sure-fire" farce that is the basis of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Tarkington Play at Hollis

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Clarence," a comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. The cast:

Mrs. Martyn..... Susanne Westford
Mr. Wheeler..... John Flood
Mrs. Wheeler..... Mary Boland
Bobby Wheeler..... Russell Medcraft
Cora Wheeler..... Viola Harper
Violet Pinney..... Phoebe Foster
Clarence..... Alfred Lunt
Della..... Agnes Findlay
Dwiddle..... Barlowe Boland
Hubert Stem..... William Lorenz

Booth Tarkington, after he forsook the romanticism of "Monsieur Beaucaire," became famous for his stories of the difficult age of 17. He started the vogue for such fiction and plays; none of those that have come after have surpassed Mr. Tarkington's, however. His "Clarence" is, primarily, another play of extreme youth, but this time we have a hero who is slightly older—as heroes should be, of course. For although 17 may be amusing and delightful, it is still too young to be really romantic. That is the only consolation for those of us who will never see 17 again!

This "Clarence," then, is a discharged soldier, who, on the hunt for a job, wanders into the offices of a Mr. Wheeler. At the same moment, Clarence wanders into the sentimental adventures of the entire Wheeler family. Cora, the flapper daughter, in the eternal way of flappers, is in love with a disagreeable grass widower, nearly old enough to be her father. It is, of course, a "grande passion." Bobby, the 17-year-old brother, in a moment of "sensuality," to use his own explicit phrase, has kissed a housemaid.

Mrs. Wheeler, the light-headed step-mother of the children, is convinced that her husband is in love with Cora's governess, Miss Pinney. Clarence, on being taken into this extraordinary family, proves himself not only a handy man around the house, where hot water boilers and piano tuning are concerned, but an adept at making people feel happy. He becomes the bright sun of the family, around whom the entire household revolves, and eventually he wins Miss Pinney.

Nothing much happens during the four acts; there is no great climax. There doesn't need to be. It is enough to have Alfred Lunt, as Clarence, walking on and off, uttering his profound sentiments, playing his saxophone, tuning the piano.

Miss Boland as the giddy Mrs. Wheeler, proved once more that she is an actress of rare ability and imagination. Mr. Medcraft as Bobby Wheeler is the best "seventeen" we have ever seen. Miss Harper is a close second to "Bah." Miss Foster looked pretty at all times, but it is a great pity that she has developed the mannerisms of the professional ingenue. When we first saw her in "Back Home" and later in "The Cinderella Man" she was agreeably unaffected and simple. Furthermore, she displayed genuine ability. Last night, however, her eye for pictorial effect completely ruined any sense of humor in her part.

The other members of the company are unusually capable and pleasing in their parts. The large audience was enthusiastic and entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the piece.

Joseph E. Howard in "Chin Toy" Heads Good Program

Joseph E. Howard in "Chin Toy," a musical comedy, is the feature of the bill at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

This oriental comedy is interesting, not alone by the personality of Mr. Howard, who sings several of his old-time compositions of popular pieces with characteristic fervor, but by the fact that it incorporates the sketches of several vaudeville comedians and dancers who have already found favor with the public—notably Chong and Rosie Mooy, Zaza Ehrick and Adèle Yost, Jack King and Sum Ki Gee. Besides there is an oriental setting that pleases the eye and an uncommonly attractive group of girls.

Another act that scored heavily was the laughable travesty, "All Right, Eddy," presented by Frank Wood and Bunee Wyde, assisted by Francois L'Esle and W. C. Willson. To the credit of these comedians let it be said that not only is their act refreshingly new to vaudeville lovers, but they stand in a unique position in presenting a new act every time they have appeared at this theatre. And this is saying much in this day of ceaseless repetition in vaudeville.

Mr. Wood is a versatile comedian and an individualistic dancer, and he knows just how far to go in his delightful horse play. Miss Wyde, good to look upon, fetching in her various costumes and light of foot, is an able partner. Their act received one of the ovations of a year at this theatre.

Other acts on the bill were Belle Claire Brothers, athletes; Marion and Chandler, comedians; Zomah, mind reader; Josie Heather, comedian; Sheldon and Daley, singers; Worden Brothers, foot jugglers.

'IT'S UP TO YOU'

GLOBE THEATRE—"It's Up to You," musical comedy in three acts by Douglas Leavitt and Augustus McHugh. Lyrics by Harry Clarke and Edward Paulton. Music by Manuel Klein and John L. McManus. The cast includes:

Ned Spencer..... Joseph Santley
Dick Dayton..... Douglas Leavitt
Jim Duke..... Harry Short
Freddy Oliver..... Ernest Wood
Colonel Forrest..... Albert Sackert
A Collector..... Frank Michel
Sheriff McCabe..... Royal Cutler
Harriet Hollistar..... Ivy Sawyer
Ethel..... Ruth Marr Lockwood
Mrs. Van Lando Hollistar..... Florence Earle
Lotta DeVere..... Norma Brown
Hortense Gessitt..... Florence Hope
Suzanne..... Madeline Dane

While Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer dance and sing one can settle back and enjoy it, while Douglas Leavitt performs results are sometimes amusing, and while the chorus is present there is something to look at and admire, but when none of these things are happening the piece becomes tiresome. "It's Up to You" is a mixture of good and bad.

The plot deals with the love stories of Harriet Hollistar and Ned Spencer and of Ethel Hollistar and Dick Dayton. In order to win the consent of the ambitious and worldly Mrs. Hollistar, Ned and Dick combine forces with Jim Duke and plan to earn their fortunes by selling Ned's inheritance, one hundred acres of land on Long Island, that is, apparently not so much on Long Island as under Long Island sound. Their scheme savors strongly of Wallingford's "get-rich-quick" stunt, but its action is slower in getting under way. They succeed, of course, in getting rid of the land, presumably at low tide, and build up a thriving town named Spencer.

Meanwhile an old "flame" of Dick's, Lotta DeVere, appears with a package of Dick's love letters. Ned tries to persuade her not to bother Dick and as she is refusing, is overheard by Harriet. A year later, after the Hollistars have returned from a trip abroad, the work of Ned and Dick, properly boated by Col. Forrest, speaks for itself and matters are straightened out.

Joseph Santley as Ned Spencer, had little or no opportunity to act and only a few chances to show his ability as a singer and dancer. He had ease and plenty of grace of manner and carries off the bit allotted to him creditably. Ivy Sawyer, as Harriet, has a quiet wistfulness and charm, but lacks animation. Her voice is fresh and sweet, and she uses it well. Her dancing numbers with Mr. Santley are graceful and nimble. There is a lightness and ease about their work that is very pleasing. Douglas Leavitt is genuinely amusing as he rattles along carelessly in his part. He shares the fun so gaily that one laughs good-naturedly with him. Unfortunately his lines are for the most part flat and spiritless, and the jokes are forced. His manner of speaking them, however, is irresistible. The Ethel of Ruth Mary Lockwood, the Jim Duke of Harry Short, and the Hortense Gessitt of Florence Hope are clever bits of caricature. Quite the best parts of the entertainment are the two dances in the third act by Sacha Platov, May Kitchen, and Suzanne Rossi. Their grace and technique are remarkable, as are the fire and spirit they put into it. As for the music by Manuel Klein and John McManus, it is of the usual type, but smart and tuneful. A few of the numbers are pretty and a few musically witty.

By the way, has it occurred to that intrepid explorer and indefatigable researcher, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, to go into a music shop and ask courteously about the song? It is not beyond the range of probability that a clerk of long standing could acquaint him with the names of author and composer.

Ca

It was a gentleman of Cambridge who remarked: "I wish women would wear green stockings in the street; they are so much more restful to the eyes."

"Reuben, Reuben"

We have received several letters in answer to the question about "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking." F. C. writes: "Did Mr. Herkimer Johnson refer to the verses sung 30 years ago in 'A Trip to Chinatown' by Reuben and Cynthia, not 'Martha'?"

W. Winder writes as follows: "These verses were written by my late friend, Mr. Charles Hoyt, and set to an old tune which as a child, if I remember correctly, was in use among the Shakers. The woman was not Martha, but Cynthia." Our correspondent wrote "Sylvia" and then substituted "Cynthia." "One of the verses went something like this:

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
Won't you tell me ere too late
(Third line forgotten)
"How in summer to get a skate."

"Sylvia, Sylvia (sic), I've been thinking
And I'll tell you in a trice,
Whiskey, water, lemon, sugar,
You can do without the ice."

L. R. R. writes: "Her name was Cynthia, not Martha. Why do I think of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and her Quaker impersonation in some comedy? Did she not sing this antiphonal (a good word) duet with some Reuben? Maybe the fellow who wrote the play was the author of the ditty."

Sylvia Y. De Normandie of Danvers says the woman's name was Rachel; that the song was one of her childhood's songs.

Mrs. E. S. Lichtenthaeler of Newton Highlands writes that the song is in an old book of music, "The Treasury of Song for the Home Circle," page 85, and the music is credited to "White" (no initials).

C. H. W. writes about the song: "It was sung in 'Billie Taylor' in the winter of '80 at what I think was the Standard Theatre at the crossing of Broadway and Sixth avenue at Thirty-fourth street. Reub's response was:

"Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
If the men should take that trip.
All the women in creation
(Would) 'd set to work and build that ship."

The Standard Theatre, first known as the Eagle Theatre, was on the westerly side of Broadway, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third street; it was really on Sixth avenue near Thirty-third street, but it was numbered on Broadway. It was opened in 1875. The name was changed in 1878. The name was changed from Standard to Manhattan in 1897.

"Billie Taylor" was produced at this Standard Theatre in New York, but C. H. W. did not hear it in 1880 for it was not produced there until Feb. 19, 1881. (The first performance in London was on Oct. 30, 1880.) If "Reuben, Reuben" was sung in the performance at the Standard, it was interpolated, for it is not in H. P. Stephens's libretto; nor is the tune added to Edward Solomon's music. The demurely dressed Charity Girls sang

"Though we're bred upon charity,
We have plenty hilarity.

Perhaps "Reuben, Reuben" was interpolated in the "Billie Taylor," for which Fred Stinson wrote the libretto. This piece was brought out at the Novelty in Boston on April 28, 1881. When the operetta was produced at the Boston Theatre in May, 1881, the playbill stated that Phoebe was Carrie Burton's original part. This referred to the New York production. The part was "created" in London by Kathleen Corri. The name of the operetta brings up pleasant memories of Lillian Russell, Rose Farnleigh, Marie Jansen, Fanny Rice, Clara Lano and Marie Tempest; yes, Miss Tempest, for she appeared here as Phoebe, also as Carmen, in her "Red Hussar" days.

We are under the impression that the song "Reuben, etc.," was sung before Charles Hoyt was born; that his verses were in the nature of a parody. The tune is an old one. We remember Lydia Thompson of blessed memory singing the duet with some one in a burlesque, "Kenilworth." It began "If you're going to Kenilworth Castle."

"L. R. R." is thinking of Mrs. Carter in "Miss Helyett," a chastened adaptation of Boucheron's amusing comedy with music by Audry. She took the part of Miss Helyett Smithson, the daughter of the Quaker Obadiah Smithson, and was then chiefly conspicuous for her wonderful hair, which, as the Quaker girl, who met with a ludicrous, yet sad, accident, she wore in a long, thick braid.

By the way, has it occurred to that intrepid explorer and indefatigable researcher, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, to go into a music shop and ask courteously about the song? It is not beyond the range of probability that a clerk of long standing could acquaint him with the names of author and composer.

An Antidote

A man of London who admits that he is a "heavy" smoker drops cigarettes for a week, to show the world that his iron will is not in a safety deposit box; to foster his pride; to furnish a topic for conversation at his club. We can hear him at the Atlantic: "Sir, I

to have a habit. You know I am a tobacco smoker I am. Well, I did not. We hear we also see him throwing out his while fellow members one by one into another room. This man—what a bore he must be in his life! has an antidote. During his abstinence from the pernicious weed he takes to chewing-gum, "a pet vice from America which had a temporary boom on this side during the war."

This bore is an honest fellow. Listen to his confession: "But is it worth while? When I drop tobacco I become irritable and tradesmen calling at the house complain that I rush out and bite them. Before the end of the week my wife always begs me to go back to tobacco, and I know many women who have made smoking a condition of marriage."

Probably these women also smoke. Not cigarettes, we hope, but cigars of good quality; preferably pipes, but not necessarily jeweled pipes which, we read, are now sold in London's shops to the wives and daughters of the suddenly and surprisingly rich. In one of Bayard Taylor's novels—does any one read them today?—there is a scene in which a newly-married man tries to convince his bride that smoking should be encouraged in every household desirous of happiness. The best story we remember about smoking—the evils, the tragedy—it is Bret Harte's parody of Arthur in his most moral vein.

The type is often just. In "Honors are Even," we wrote that the father in the play had a tendency towards profanity. The linotype took a more favorable view of the gentleman; it substituted "propriety" for "profanity." By the way, whenever the father said "damn" or "hell," the mother, without compelling cause or justification, the audience giggled at its delight, and when Miss Fisher used a swear-word the laughter of the audience was loud and free. Profanity is now so common on the stage, it is so common at gatherings of the daughters of "our best people," if Mr. Herkimer Johnson can be believed, that this lively appreciation on the part of theatre audiences is surprising.

Books and Medicines

As the World Wags:

Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson ever investigated the alleged early association of chemistry with the look trade? I am informed that "Honest John Newberry," Oliver Goldsmith's publisher, not only wrote a lot of nursery rhymes but that he combined the sale of books with that of such patent medicines as Dr. James's Fever Powder and others well known in that day. A chance hitting upon some allusions to these curious arrangements provokes inquiry.

QUINTILIAN STEBBINS.

Boston.

This Newberry left a son who succeeded him in the business; he published books of every sort and dealt in over a different nostrums. Dr. Johnson described the father as an extraordinary man; "I know not whether he has read written most books." The father was the original of Jack Whirl in The Rival No. 19. Dr. Johnson seeing a violin in the hands of the younger Newberry said to him, "Young man, give the violin to the first beggar man you meet, or you will never be a scholar." Was Dr. James a quack? Dr. Johnson thought likely of him as one that had "lengthened and gladdened life," nor was he alone in this opinion. Johnson assisted him in writing his "Medicinal Dictionary" in three volumes folio; but he thought the ingredients of his compounded medicines to be sometimes "inefficacious and trifling, and sometimes heterogeneous and destructive of each other." In one prescription of 330 grains, there were four grains of emetic tartar and six drops of the black tincture. The rest was gum ammoniacum. When James died, a chemist whom he had employed to deal the business of a fever powder, but the doctor had it an affidavit saying that this chemist had never used it in the man's practice. The chemist ascertained that James was not in his right mind when he wrote the affidavit. Evidence against James as a quack. Johnson wrote the preface to the "Dissertation on Fevers," the doctor complains of "the rage and rancor with which the power and its inventor have been traduced and persecuted by the Mr. and Mrs. Paine and their abettors." We should have known this from the learned, though Johnson said, "Mr. James did not know of Quack; to be sensible of his own weakness." It was said that James for 20 years had been a chemist. Dr. Johnson, however, was "a true fellow," and would not pay for three boxes of medicine to be taken by Miss Williams at Drury Lane by the way of drawing a druggist in Boston who had written a book on the subject.

"Coal Oil Johnny"

The death of Mr. John V. Skiff, known as "Coal Oil Johnny," provoked local celebrities and editorial moralists, yet there was only a passing allusion to his connection with negro minstrelsy.

M. T. Skiff, in November, 1861, with Low (Lorenza) Gaylord, organized Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels, an organization that gave performances for several seasons. Mr. Steele furnished the money for this company, and it was said at the time, gave diamond pins and rings to the members of it. Mr. Edw. LeRoy Rice in "Monarchs of Minstrelsy" (copyrighted in 1911) stated that "Coal Oil Johnny" was then living quietly at Hazelton, Pa., and had seen no minstrel show in the late years.

Skiff, born in New Bedford, died at Baltimore in 1890 at the age of 55. Gaylord, born at Westfield in 1836, died at Philadelphia in 1878.

M. B. Curtis

As the World Wags:

Do you remember the remarkable popularity of that more or less commonplace play, "Sam'l of Posen," and how Curtis, whose death is reported, actually set the styles with his costumes as the drummer? Very tight and short coat, green, silk-braided, and long roll down the front, silk-faced; pants (trousers) skin-tight, shoes of the toothpick variety, vest (waistcoat) fancy, and the fried-egg iron hat. It was quite the noblest combination, and duplicates were observed all along Curtis's trail. I've forgotten the play, but I remember the clothes. For a guess, I should say the play was in the eighties. The sartorial madness endured for about five years.

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON. Curtis appeared as Sam Plastrick at Haverly's Theatre, New York, on May 16, 1881. Welsh Edwards, Frank Losee, Nelson Decker, Ed Marbo, Charles Rosene, Walter Etynges, Gerald Elmar, Albina de Mar, Gertie Granville, Carrie Wyatt and Fanny Rouse were then in the company. In 1886 he was playing in "Caught in a Corner," which failed. Mr. Charles Pike Sawyer of the New York Evening Post says that Curtis took to drink because "The Shackles" (December, 1891, Star Theatre, New York) failed. He was playing in "Sam'l of Posen" in New York as late as 1895 (the Columbus Theatre).

YOLANDA MERO

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: W. F. Bach, arrangement of an organ concerto in D minor; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Weber, Rondo Brillante; Brahms, Intermezzo; Grieg, Becken; Debussy, Jardin sous la pluie, Clair de Lune and Passepied; Agghazy, Study in Octaves; Liszt, Harmonies du Soir and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.

Friedemann Bach's concerto for an organ of two manuals and pedal fell into the hands of one August Stradal of Vienna, who girded up his loins and made a thunderous arrangement of it for the piano, adding gaily measures of his own invention. If Friedemann ever appeared to him in the night watches, the reckless son of old J. S. Bach might well have worn a threatening countenance. O Bottom, thou art changed. Thou art translated. This perversion was first played in Boston by the otherwise amiable Emil Saurer on Nov. 2, 1908.

Some time ago Mr. Arthur Hartmann, the violinist, came forward and said that the organ concerto was not by W. F. Bach; that the father lifted it from a violin concerto of Vivaldi. Mr. Hartmann said he could prove his statement by records and musical comparisons. Now in 1844 Griepenkerl edited the concerto for organ, and in a prefatory note said that he possessed the original manuscript on which the names of father and son were written; that Friedemann had added in Latin that his concerto was thus copied by the hand of his father. But Kellner's autograph copy, imperfect in some respects, attributed the concerto to Bach, the father.

After all, what is it to the Infinite? The fact remains that the elder Bach wrote many beautiful pieces for the piano of his day, music that is more profitable to hearer and pianist than these transcriptions, no matter by whom they are.

Mme. Mero's program does not call for extended comment. The sonata was the late one, with the theme and variations ending with the justly celebrated trills.

The pianist played on the whole with a finer sense of proportion and a greater variety of dynamic effects than on former occasions. When she gave her first recital here about 11 years ago, it seemed as though some injudicious critic had exclaimed: "More power to the elbow!" For she was in succeed-

ing years a tremendous pianist, one of the class known to the Germans as formidable. Yesterday she played with greater thoughtfulness, with more musical expression. Strength and brilliance were expected; but there was also an exhibition of poetic feeling, as in the sonata. Her performance of Weber's Rondo reminded one of the circular in which assurance was given that all orders would be executed with "elegance, neatness and dispatch." The Rondo calls for all this. We do not remember so pleasing a performance of it since the days of the incomparable Vladimir de Pachmann. Brahms's Intermezzo was taken at a ruinously slow pace. The charming little piece became funereal sentimentalism. And so the Adagio in Bach's concerto was unduly slow.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at the office yesterday to see if there were letters for him in answer to his question concerning the component parts, the taste and the after-effects of sour floured gravy, which the playmate of his youth in their little village demanded with his "taters" for a noon-day meal.

We were ready for Mr. Johnson. We handed him a letter from Mr. J. Vaughan Morrill of Brookline:

"Mr. Herkimer Johnson may find that a recipe for anchovy sauce in 'The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy' by 'A Lady'—fourth edition, published in London 1751—will give him some idea of a 'sour-floured gravy.' 'Take a Pint of Gravy, put in an anchovy, take a Quarter of a Pound of Butter rolled in a little Flour, and stir all together till it boils. You may add a little Juice of Lemon, Catchup, Red Wine and Walnut Liquor just as you please.'"

Mr. Johnson shook his head and sighed. "I am greatly obliged to Mr. Morrill for his courtesy, but that was not the sauce the boy had in mind. In the first place I don't believe there was an anchovy to be caught in either the Connecticut or the Mill River. Then there is the red wine. No; that sauce is only for the arrogantly rich."

We handed him a letter written by our old friend and contributor, Dr. Edward E. Briry of Bath, Me.

"As one fellow who reads The Boston Herald and eagerly anticipates the next day's edition, I venture to furnish directions, for making sour floured gravy as made now nearly 70 years ago: 'Put two ounces of butter with two tablespoonsful of flour into a quarter of a pint of water or gravy; simmer and stir, adding half a teacupful of cream beaten with the yolks of four eggs and three tablespoonsful of vinegar; warm, but do not boil together; add salt and the juice of half a lemon and strain through a sieve.' 'Among all the arts known to man,' says Leibniz, 'there is none which enjoys a juster appreciation, and the products of which are more universally admired than that which is concerned in the preparation of our food.' Let us continue our researches after the true way of living well and being well while we live."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, what do you think of Dr. Briry's recipe?"

"Too rich, too rich," groaned the Sage of Clamport, the justly celebrated sociologist. "Four eggs; teacupful of cream! Seventy years ago that would not have sounded so forbidding. It was 50 years ago that my playmate Freddy spurned creamed codfish and bawled for taters and sour-floured gravy, but I am sure that his mother's idea of the gravy was much simpler. Is this gravy made today? What does it taste like? Have I eaten it without knowing it, with a mind concentrated on weightier matters? By the way, poor as I am, I would give a good deal for the little oyster crackers of my boyhood. They are not to be found—in the East, at least—for love or money. You see, in our little village oysters then came only in kegs. We—" As a visitor at that moment called to consult us with regard to an important civic matter, we were obliged to ask Mr. Johnson to withdraw.

Pertinent Today

(William Archer reviewing "A Gaiety Girl" in 1894.)

"There is an old legend of some ingenious gentleman who had invented an anecdote with two endings, one gross, the other innocent. He would tell it with the 'spicy' ending at the dinner table after the ladies had left, and then, to the consternation of all the other men, would re-commence it in the drawing room, lathering it upon the most grave and reverend seignior who happened to be present. In this playful gamboling on the verge of indecency lies half the art of the 'up-to-date' librettist, whose great aim seems to be to get the aroma of the smoking room over the footlights. Well, the ladies seem to enjoy it, and who am I that I should complain? Indeed I am not complaining; I am only recording a sociological observation."

A Good Word

As the World Wags:

How about the verb "to bloviolate"? I find it in the speech, or, rather, in the selection of remarks, of the Hon. Will-

J. Taylor, representative in the national Congress for East Tennessee (Congressional Record, Dec. 22). Mr. Taylor uses it in the sense of to boast. The dictionary gives me no clue, but as Mr. Taylor asserts that the people in his district are "practically 100 per cent. Anglo-Saxon," and that everybody there "spooks plain, didactic, idiomatic United States," it must be that the dictionary is at fault.

"While I am a member of the committee that produced and reported this measure, and should, perhaps, be too modest to bloviolate about it, etc." These are the words of Mr. Taylor, as the Record gives them. Perhaps "bloviolate" is idiomatic in East Tennessee, to say nothing of being didactic. But mustn't it be trying to live in a place where the "United States" used by the people is didactic as well as idiomatic? DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

"Bloviolate." We like the word, mouth-filling, sonorous, expressive. We know several "Bloviolators." As Bardolph said of accommodated: "By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be *** a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven." —Ed.

For the Accused

As the World Wags:

I should like to know what are the qualifications demanding a prefix to one's name in the press news, especially in court cases; we often read of Miss Phoebe Mulligntawny accused of theft, or other misdemeanor but never of Mr. William Sykes being run in for holding up a pedestrian. The climax to my curiosity was aroused by an account in Thursday's (Dec. 30th's) Traveler which we enclose—the accused is in each case dignified by the title Miss, whereas the accuser is aluded to very contemptuously as "The McDonald woman." The key to this puzzle would be appreciated. Boston. EDWARD BARLOW.

Home from the War

(From Plutarch's Pompey)

For men that rise by arms are easily despised when they come to live like private citizens; because they cannot fashion themselves to be companions with the common people (who citizen-like use a common familiarity together), but look to be their betters in the city, as they are in the field. Yea, and contrarily, they that do acknowledge themselves to be their inferior in wars will think foul scorn if they be not their superiors in peace. And by this means when they have a noble warrior among them that followeth public causes (which hath triumphed for many victories and battles he hath obtained) they obscure his glory and make him an underling unto them; whereas they do not otherwise envy any soldiers that are contented equally to give them place and authority.

Some time ago, quoting from Vanity Fair, the weekly of which Artemus Ward was for a time editor, we stated that it died early in 1863. Mr. Albert Matthews writes saying that it was published as late as July 4, 1863 and possibly still later. We were aware of this fact, for, in the issue of Vanity Fair for Dec. 27, 1862, Mr. William A. Stephens, on page 310, made the announcement that owing to "the present exorbitant rate for paper" and personal reasons, it was no longer an object for him to continue Vanity Fair as a weekly. That it would continue as a monthly; that the first number would be issued about Jan. 10, 1863. That the continuation was not assured is proved by the fact that Mr. Stephens announced that no yearly subscription would be taken.

The following extracts from Mr. Matthews's letter should interest the bibliographer and the historian of American humor:

"Beginning with the issue of Dec. 31, 1859, No. 1, and ending with the issue of Dec. 27, 1862, No. 157, the Boston Public Library owns a set (not wholly complete) of the first six volumes of Vanity Fair. That set shows that the magazine was regularly published once a month during the years 1860, 1861 and 1862. Then a snag was encountered in the high cost of paper, and what had hitherto been a weekly became a monthly. An advertisement on p. 2 of the number of January, 1863, states that 'With this Number we commence the issue of our New Monthly. Hereafter it will appear on the First Day of every Month.' The situation is more fully explained in the preface to the seventh volume on p. 3:

"Cut off thus from his usual ration of rags, the papermaker became ravenous and rushed down upon us like a wolf on the fold, with a fabulous price straining from his horrid chops. For a while we fought him, but the odds were fearful, and so came the compromise by which Vanity Fair, until Rag resumes his reign and the papermaker relents, must restrict himself to an interview with his readers on the first of each month."

"In this form the paper was twice issued, once in January and again in February, each issue containing 16 pages. The paper then failed to appear at all until May, when it was once more issued as a weekly, and so continued from May 2 to July 4, each of the weekly issues containing 12 pages. An advertisement in the issue of May 2 states that 'The weekly is no of this great, original, humorous and satirical illustrated newspaper will be resumed May

CONCERT GIVEN BY SCALA ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE

Arturo Toscanini, conducting the Scala Orchestra of Milan, gave the first of two concerts yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Franco, Concerto in A minor for strings; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5; Debussy, Iberia; Respighi, Fountains of Rome; Wagner, Prelude and Isolde's Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

The concert showed what interpreting genius could accomplish with material, which, while it was enthusiastic and plastic, was not of itself in the very first class. The visiting orchestra led by another conductor would not have made an irresistible appeal. Led by Mr. Toscanini, the players shone by their attack, by their precision, by their ever ready response to his wishes; they were fired by his spirit; they shared his emotions, his passion. The dominant thought of a hearer during the performance was of the music itself as revealed to him by Mr. Toscanini; the hearer was not so much concerned with the precise nature of the instrument on which Mr. Toscanini played.

He was known in Boston as an inspired and inspiring conductor of opera; yesterday he appeared here for the first time as an interpreter of symphonic music. No one was surprised by the reading of the Prelude and Love Death, for Mr. Toscanini's "Tristan and Isolde" is still gratefully remembered here. Yesterday the sensuous longing, the crescendo of passion, the fiery outburst, the pathetic wildness of the eternal farewell, these were expressed with overpowering eloquence.

There was curiosity concerning his treatment of the familiar, perhaps too familiar, symphony. We say "too familiar," for the greatest works should not be as daily food. In the course of the last 40 years we have heard many excellent performances of the 5th Symphony. We have never heard one that was so interesting as the one of yesterday.

No doubt some in the audience said to themselves: "But this is not as Beethoven wrote it or wished it"; an easy thing to say; a difficult thing to prove. Beethoven put down notes on paper. They are only notes until a conductor with his men gives them significance. Then the personal creation enters. No one knows how Beethoven wished his symphony to be played. If he could appear today in the flesh and conduct it, there would still be ultra-conservatives who would exclaim: "This is not in the spirit of Beethoven."

Beethoven was a great romanticist. Mr. Toscanini read the symphony romantically. He gave beauty to measures that other conductors have found unfunctional and to be hurried over. Little melodic phrases that to others seemed inconsequential he sang with Italian fervor, yet without disturbing the sense of proportion, without checking the mighty flow of musical thought. Were Mr. Toscanini's dynamic contrasts meant? They were dramatic. We know that about Beethoven as pianist and conductor: he delighted in sharp contrasts; is not the 5th symphony inherently dramatic? The interpretation yesterday abounded in a treatment of details that enhanced the natural glory of the music. Nor was there anything in his interpretation that is not hinted at in the music itself.

Any controversy that may arise over Mr. Toscanini's reading may be likened to the discussion of Fechter's romantic Hamlet as compared with the polished and academic Hamlet of Edwin Booth. We admired both impersonations; we were more moved by the Hamlet of Fechter, as yesterday we were enthralled by Mr. Toscanini's interpretation of Beethoven.

The performance of this music by Beethoven and Wagner and of Vivaldi's Concerto made the afternoon memorable. Vivaldi's Adagio, as performed, is a marvel of pure beauty without earthly dross; without perplexing mysticism, yet music of another sphere. The music of Debussy and Respighi, known to symphony audiences, was not yesterday so effective. In the interpretation Mr. Toscanini was perhaps handicapped somewhat by the character of his orchestra. There was an absence of tints and demi-tints in the subtly sensuous "Parfums de la Nuit" of Debussy; the tonal effects were too much in the sunlight; there was little suggestion of the "mad, naked, summer night; night of the large few stars," as Walt Whitman phrased it in his magnificent apostrophe.

There will be a second and last concert tonight with this program: Brahms, Symphony No. 2; Plick-Mangiagalli, Nocturne and Fantastical Rondo; Roussel, Le Festin de l'Araignée; Strauss, Don Juan; Verdi, Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers." There will then be opportunity to inquire into certain means by which Mr. Toscanini gains great yet always musical effects.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine who has since achieved celebrity hereabouts as a patron of the track and as owner of a string of victorious trotters, relates that as a threadbare cub on a Southern journal his lavish gallantries as a squire of dames, which made him the toast of the town among the ladies and the feared and hated rival to the impecunious beaux, was due to the secret generosity of a leading mortician who was attracted to him by his intelligent interest in necrology.

His benefactor constantly provided him with a noble pair of ebony steeds, when the hearse was not occupied, and a funeral carriage to match, with which he gaily conveyed the fortunate fair to ball or play. Nor did the benefactions cease with mere transportation. My friend was given first choice of all the blossoms sent to the mortuary chapel and returned thither from the grave. Little, he recalls, were much in evidence at local functions for several seasons.

Why has the pleasant home life and the gentle tenderness of the average undertaker and executioner been so shabbily neglected by literature and so treated with contempt by the general? In my own experience I have found them, as a class, to be simple souls leading exemplary lives. A veteran hangman, once an intimate of mine in Philadelphia, though grusted, perhaps, by public prejudice, possessed a most lovely character. He seldom talked shop, and his hobby, at which he devoted all his spare time, was butterflies.

Some years ago my duty as an "editor" led me to glance over a journal published for the undertaking trade. While many of the articles reflected the calm domestic joy inherent in the profession, I was particularly impressed by a full page advertisement. A lovely girl, almost worthy of our best 15-cent magazines, bewitchingly gowned in purple velvet, was sitting by an open fire in a luxurious green plush chair. On her knee was an apple-cheeked cherub of 4 or 5, who, gazing wistfully up into his mother's happy face, was lisping: "Mumme, when I grow up to be a great, big, really, truly undertaker I'm going to use Grubb's Embalming Fluid just like father."

Cambridge.

Who invented that hideous word "mortician," and when? Probably some genteel person who speaks of "caskets" instead of coffins. Mr. Maule complains of the little interest shown by novelists, poets, essayists and biographers in the home life of undertakers and executioners; yet there are pleasant pages concerning them for reading in bed. There is Mr. Mould in one of Dickens's novels. Hood's "Elm Tree," from which we have quoted, is not too foreign, nor is that grim story by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, "The Secret of the Scaffold." The most famous of French executioners wrote his memoirs, and we recall sketches of his justly celebrated English brethren. One or two stories by Balzac might be added. There is an old German tale about an executioner's daughter, who for a time remained unwedded because her husband would be obliged to adopt the father-in-law's profession. We commend especially to the nervous the verses entitled "Le Bourreau Monomane," by Maurice Rollinat, included in his volume, "Les Nevroses."

—Ed.

Historical Truth

As the World Wags:

Hear the voice of authority, one who knows, having himself seen active service on the fringe of the era and known the introspection of the morning after. The old-timers lived in the mixed ale age, were devoted to their cause, and lay in bed till tiffin, not because they were lazy, but to circumvent the miserable convention that denies a man soup for breakfast.

L. X. CATALONIA.

Boston.

The Perfect Traveller

As the World Wags:

Some Sunday evening you may resolve to come to Boston on the Fall River line; you may also be without a ticket or stateroom on this line, perhaps through no fault of your own. If such be your predicament, do not rush wildly down to the wharf, smash your suit case, bump along with a crowd of people, none too congenial, and finally arrive at the ticket office, only to be told that "There are no more staterooms except on the lower deck, inside."

Just walk nonchalantly about, outside the crowd, and catch some porter's eye. The rest is easy—you will have a good stateroom wherein you may and probably will wash before 15 minutes

have passed. The process is simple to the experienced porter.

Hardly has your eye alighted on his dark features before he is at your side.

"Baggage, eh? Come right 'long wid me. Ah'll fix y'up."

Somewhat, you become aware that a strange person is rapidly departing with your suit case and pyjamas and things; you become galvanized, as it were, and push, or rather, shoot, along after a certain red cap. You reach this cap.

Explosively, you inform the dark figure beneath it that you haven't a ticket, and that if he does not take his infernal hands off your belongings the African race will lose a member, confounded and condemned forever.

"Don't chu worry, sah. You come round this yere connah wid me and get yo' ticket. Der, get 'long in and don't let that man beat you."

With a wild swing of your arms, propelled from behind by an enthusiastic black man, you rush on to the steamer, nearly knock an elderly spinster from her feet, step on two or three foreign corns, thus adding to the general uproar; almost cause a riot by interrupting a young couple's farewell, and, finally, land, breathless, before the purser's office, where you hurriedly procure a ticket and key, the while watching your baggage.

Scarcely in possession of all your change, you start off on another lunging charge after the precious suitcase, race through passageways, up stairs, round chairs and into your room, which the porter has already opened. Waiting only for the tip, the porter is off again to put somebody else through another ordeal, leaving you exhausted, but thankful, on the edge of your bunk.

Boston.

PICARDY.

As the World Wags:

When I was about 8 years old (I'm 26 now, ahem!) a girl of my age in Concord, N. H., sent me the "Reuben" post cards (post cards were just coming into fashion). One showed a little Dutch girl's picture with the verse:

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a great world this would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern sea."
The other card was the answer of the well-poised Reuben:

"Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking
If the men should take that trip,
All the women in creation
Would set to work to build a ship."

East Thetford, Vt.

P. B.

TOSCANINI'S ART

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Toscanini and the Scala Orchestra gave a second concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major; Plick-Mangiagalli, Nocturne and Fantastical Rondo (first time here); A. Roussel, Le Festin de l'Araignée (first time here); Strauss, Don Juan; Verdi, Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers." At the end in answer to the recalls—the great audience was enthusiastic from the very beginning—Mr. Toscanini conducted "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Call National Hymn.

Nietzsche in his famous article suggested by Bizet's "Carmen," after his attack on German music, especially the music of Wagner and Brahms, said that it was necessary to "Mediterraneanize" the German art. Last night Mr. Toscanini "Mediterraneanized" the symphony of Brahms; he gave it southern beauty; he sang where German conductors had ruthlessly ploughed their way through the measures, thinking thus to emphasize the rugged intellectuality that they are pleased to find in this symphony; forgetting that the better portions of the work are lyrical, often in the manner of Mendelssohn. Thus this symphony is in strong contrast to the first and fourth of Johannes. And so this music was clothed in loveliness, all but the second movement, into which even Mr. Toscanini could not infuse beauty, grace, or even a touch of human emotion. Nor were the more sturdy pages of the symphony softened. The contrasts were strongly marked.

The nocturne of Plick-Mangiagalli is modern in its structure, harmonic effects and orchestration, but the composer does not elude enchanting melody. The birthright of the Italians, in avoiding the commonplace, the obvious. The nocturne has true "atmosphere," to borrow a word from the jargon of art. The Rondo, brilliantly fantastical, is developed ingeniously from a rather grotesque theme; music that surprises and excites; music that shows individuality in construction and in glittering, fascinating orchestration. Roussel's "Feast of the Spider," fragment from a pantomime-ballet that has been performed in Paris, has an interest not due wholly to its association with the etag; it is a subtle, fine, in wait,

Shaw, the Prophet

As the World Wags:

At this season of the year the duties of the snow-bound agriculturist permit of greater leisure than in the more benign temperatures, unless he be engaged in the production of milk for the consumption of those who see fit to crowd to cities. For him there is no saving from his toll, even by daylight saving legislation.

Is it that one now has time to read the Herald by the noontide light and learn what's wrong with the outside world from day to day, and later by the lamp, pursue the thoughts of prophets and philosophers as they may bear upon the morning texts. The prohibition law, the great increase in crime, the sun-shine Sunday plot against the few remaining liberties of this great land have seemed to fill the greatest space of late, all problems that must soon be solved if worst not come to worst. The publicists and editors seem stumped, and yet in forecasts of one Shaw, Bernard, not of the Boston Shaws, we find the elms of truth. As the skilled sportsman takes a right and left upon a flashing pair of partridges, we find this written as the comment of a reverend man on problems A and B.

"Why do you think I'd put my soul in peril selling drink if I thought it did no good? . . . I tell you Blanco, what keeps America today the purest of the nations is that when she's not working she's too drunk to hear the voice of the tempter."

As to problem C, the most recent proposition of the idle minds of those who cannot mind their own business the other six days of the week it is written:

"Does any man want to be lanked? Yet let them live be lanked without a struggle for life though they could at least give the chaplain a black eye."

Let us then be up and doing. There is the Hogan. This from the sheep to the shepherds ought to accomplish something. Let the world-waggers take this matter up in symphonic symposium. Let us hear from our gifted and now orphaned masters, Jano Winterbottom and Bess Canloo. Let us hear from such male world-waggers as have survived the war and the elation. Who knows what might be accomplished in these phrasemaking days. Go to it! Fally-ho! Likewise Yolcks!

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

The Blake Tragedy

Mr. T. H. Bartlett of Jamaica Plain (47 Parley Vale) is informed that some descendant of the Blake family made famous by "the most pathetic event in Vermont history" is living in Boston; a Howe, Gray or Corwin. As Mr. Bartlett has been for some time collecting the details of the tragedy associated now with the lines:

"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must part, spare any child."
He would be grateful for further information.

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR SINGS GOUNOD'S "FAUST"

The Philharmonic choir, a Boston choral society, under the leadership of Frederick W. Wodell, presented Gounod's "Faust" in concert form last evening at Jordan Hall. The solo parts were taken by Bertha Davies, as Siebel; Rulon Robinson, as Faust; John Pierce, as Valentine; Willard Flint, as Mephistopheles, and Vera Curtis, as Marguerite.

The chorus was well drilled and its work was clean-cut.

Willard Flint as Mephistopheles was excellent. Throughout he was the polite gentleman of the times, yet ever shining through the polish was the glint of the true character of his satanic majesty. Vera Curtis as Marguerite realistically sketched the character. Her voice has a fine range of expression. She sang "The King of Thule" and the "Jewel Song" with all the tenderness, simple happiness and surprise which the part demands, and in the duet, "My Heart is Overcome with Grief," and the trio, "Then Leave Her," portrayed the agony of the betrayed and tormented Marguerite. The other soloists sang their parts with feeling. The choir was accompanied by the Boston Festival orchestra.

A crowd of listeners of the concert was drawn to the distant, glowing lantern of Strauss's tone-poem with its two seductively sensuous episodes. The orchestra played here as elsewhere with a certain manner, its performance was characterized by a euphony and dash not always so valuable in the concert of Friday. One considers that Mr. Toscanini has not had the players together for a few months, the results now obtained are remarkable.

More could be written concerning Mr. Toscanini's manner of obtaining great effects by his uncommon crescendo of dynamic gradations, from a wonderful crescendo to an overwhelming climax, then playing at will and for long duration on the nerves and the mind of the hearer. But lack of space forbids. It is enough to say that Mr. Toscanini, an singularly intelligent and skilled musician, has supreme authority, the soul of an imaginative poet, and a blazing temperament controlled by the purest art.

As much as certain persons in New York, known as violent pro-Germans during the war, not being able even now to endure the thought of a Frenchman conducting an orchestra in this country, are constantly sneering at the Boston Symphony Orchestra and especially at the interpretative ability of its conductor; inasmuch as they are constantly extolling the merits of the Philadelphia orchestra and shrieking the praises of Mr. Stokowski, the conductor; inasmuch as certain Bostonians, visiting New York, hear the sneering and the praising and, not having decided opinions of their own, returning home relate their musical experiences, the following review of a concert of the Philadelphia orchestra conducted by Mr. Stokowski is of peculiar interest. It was published in the New York Herald of Jan. 5. In this review we recognize the fine Italian hand of Mr. William J. Henderson, a critic, who for many years has been known here and in Europe as eminently capable, learned, receptive, fair-minded, fearless. He has not hesitated to comment adversely on symphony concerts given by the various orchestras of New York, and on concerts of the visiting Boston Symphony Orchestra, when the performance in any case deserved adverse criticism.

"Nature studies occupied a considerable part of the Philadelphia orchestra's peaceful entertainment in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program began with Beethoven's 'Pastoral' symphony. Mr. Stokowski conceived the work in a reflective mood. He lingered meditatively over his various movements, especially the scene by the brook. Of course, in January a brook might freeze over, which would account for the fact that it did not flow freely. It was a very torpid brook indeed. But one could peer into its limpid depths with ease. Nothing was concealed and nothing was overexposed.

"Then there was a thunder storm. Every one knows that in these days of prodigious orchestral machinery Beethoven's thunder storm should seem to be distant, a mere mutter of a threat behind the hills. And yet when the music is well played it assumes its proper proportion in the scheme, and the thunder storm, if not exactly a black squall, is at least a considerable atmospheric disturbance.

"Mr. Stokowski toyed gently with the lightning. He apparently did not wish to frighten the ladies. The episode was tied out to the fraction of a hair, as Mr. Kipling remarked of Stevenson's English. And when it was over the audience gave thanks most cheerfully, and yet continually, sober and decorous in their joy, as became people with a healthy self-respect.

"After the 'Pastoral' symphony came Debussy's 'Clouds,' diaphanous, strati-fied, floating in sheer ribbons of iridescent harmonies across the western sky, when the zephyrs had fanned away the last vestiges of the nimbi. This was a very transparent and delicate cloud of clouds, and Mr. Stokowski soared among them sweetly transfigured, a silent conjurer with his slender wand.

"After 'Nuages' of course, followed 'Scherzo,' and there was a sound of whole revelry by night. A fete by Debussy is no vulgar celebration, but something aristocratic and emotionally potent, almost intangible. But it is deeply charged with atmosphere, bathed in color, shifting tints and elusive shadows. One cannot help loving such music. Why should one?

"The concert closed with fireworks. In other words, the good old second rhapsody of Liszt, which Theodore Thomas used to give us with such elan in the brave days of old. But he was no virtuoso conductor. We do all these things better now. However, the rhapsody permitted the orchestra to show its own virtuosity. The word is equal to the thing."

Is the Merges, the violinist, who will play in Boston for the first time at the symphony concerts of this week, was born in Brighton, Eng., in 1894. Her father, George Merges, taught the violin for her mother an Englishwoman, taught her violin and the piano. The father began teaching Isolda when she was very young.

At her home, when she was only 3 years and 7 months old, she played to friends a few pieces on her little fiddle. When she was 11 she took additional lessons for about a year of Leo Samartini. Before going to Russia, in 1909, she played in Germany. At Petrograd, she entered the Imperial Russian Conservatory and remained there three years, a pupil of Leopold Auer. Her first appearance in London was at the Queen's Hall, when she played with orchestra Tschalkowsky's Concerto and Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody. Her success thereafter in Great Britain and on the European continent was great. In the fall of 1916 she came to the United States under the management of Maud Allan, the dancer. Ernest Bloch, the composer, conducted Miss Allan's orchestra. Miss Merges played for the first time in this country at New York on Oct. 21, 1916: Brahms's Concerto and Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody. She was at once recognized by the public and the critics as an accomplished violinist with a fiery temperament. A recital in Boston for Jan. 15, 1917, was announced, but the engagement was cancelled.

Josef Wlnogradoff, who will sing tonight in Symphony Hall, studied at the Moscow Conservatory under the mezzo-soprano, Mme. Leonova, in Italy with Ronconi and Chézera-Rossi. He made his first appearance in opera as Rigoletto at Turin. His first appearance in London was in Rubinstein's "Demon." In the summers of the following years he appeared in various roles in London and the English provinces. During the winters he toured Russia. While the war lasted and until early in 1920 he was at Vilna, where he gave his services to the military authorities. In 1913, at Kharkov, Russia, he celebrated his 25th anniversary as a singer in that country.

J. Piastro-Borissof, violinist, who will play in Symphony Hall tonight, was an "infant phenomenon." He studied with his father, in 1901 with Sarasate, later with Auer. On his graduation at the Petrograd Conservatory he received the honorary gold medal. He toured in Russia, wrote an opera, "Lollita," produced at Petrograd, volunteered in the war, gave concerts for charity, in 1918 taught at the Rostoff Conservatory, gave concerts at Constantinople and in Greece. He has composed orchestral, piano and vocal pieces. He played for the first time in New York on Nov. 1, 1920.

Mildred Paas, the soprano in the performance of "Elijah" next Sunday night by the Peoples' Choral Union was born at Topeka, Kansas. She went as a child to Philadelphia where she now lives. Having studied with Emma Alne Osgood of Boston, she went to Europe, studied at Berlin, Bayreuth and Paris. In Paris and London she gave recitals. She has sung for four years at the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pa., with the Philadelphia orchestra and with other musical organizations of that city.

Concerning Later Comers to Concerts and Plays

To the Editor of The Herald:

Many members of The Herald family, who read Mr. Saltonstall's interesting lamentation concerning the various kinds of theatre pests, doubtless read the reprint of a letter to the editor of a London paper, entitled "Scandal of the Late-Comer," which appeared in Mr. Hale's dramatic comment in last Sunday's issue. Before the reader has had time to think about the tardiness and resulting inconvenience caused by the London late-comer, Friend Hale takes us gently by the hand and leads us to the Boston Symphony, Jordan Hall and the Boston Opera House concerts, just to prove that Boston audiences are equally guilty.

Now that we know right out loud what ails us, the next subject for discussion is, What are we going to do about it, and when?—for the disease is chronic. How about organizing an association of hard-shelled optimists who are not afraid to lift their voices in protest when needed, this band of hope to be known as the Society for the Suppression of Public Pests? The membership would consist of men and women who have publicly protested against being disturbed at any place of amusement or in the concert hall. Simple enough, is it not?

For instance: At the moving picture show the people in your immediate vicinity are being annoyed by a pair of giggling hand-holders who are reading

the titles audibly. Many have glared at the offenders, with no result. By requesting your irritating neighbors to postpone the balance of the reading lesson, you have proved your own courage by attempting to suppress a nuisance; you have done a service to the more timid sufferers in your vicinity, and have automatically qualified as a member of the Society for the Suppression of Public Pests.

Later on, as the movement gains any new and influential members, a mass meeting of the membership might perhaps be arranged to discuss ways and means for having plays, concerts,

in fact, all forms of entertainment, begin at the scheduled time—late-comers not to be seated until after the first number or first act.

While the closing of the doors at the Symphony concerts causes a certain amount of sputtering from those whose tardiness makes the first number sound like distant music, the fact remains that a larger proportion of Symphony audiences are on time, because they know the penalty for being late.

Are we going to do anything to improve present conditions or shall we merely shrug the shoulders and murmur "Oh, what's the use?" All in favor of suppressing public pests please raise the right hand and repeat slowly: "I will gladly do my bit."

CHARLES L. GREENE.

Watertown, Jan. 5.

An Earnest Plea for Civic Musical Scholarships

To the Editor of The Herald:

Boston is producing fine composers, musicians and singers. This is as it should be, when the awakening of national musical consciousness, more and more discernible in our country, is taken into consideration.

However, a certain resident of Boston who understands these matters by life-long experience thinks that the present activity in Boston is not sufficient. He points out that numberless cities of Europe each bring forth a greater quantity and a finer quality of musical genius year by year. Taking the question to heart, he firmly believes that there is as much potential talent in Boston as in any foreign city of its size you might name, and he has a plausible plan to bring this talent to light.

His name is Agide Jacchia, conductor of opera, of the Cecilia Society, and the summer "Pops"; also director of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

The crux of the matter, as Mr. Jacchia sees it, is the divine law, so evident in musical history, that musical genius springs, in an overwhelming percentage of cases, from the poor. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Rossini, Verdi—the list is much longer.

In Europe this axiom is realized—and it is acted upon. Hence there are to be found there innumerable free musical conservatories which systematically cultivate talent in those who could not pay—and would otherwise remain artisans or what not. These public institutions, maintained by governments or by municipalities, dot the whole continent. Their need is as much taken for granted as the need for general public schools. They afford to us successful working models, and hugely might we profit by their example.

A typical conservatory will enroll a limited number, say 300, at the earliest school age. The pupils will here receive their entire education—adequate tuition on general subjects, and a prolonged, specialized training in music, the most difficult of all the arts, which admits of no less. The standard is high—only exceptional ability survives its rigor. If this exemplary conservatory can graduate each year, besides a number of good average professional musicians, one or two per cent, which are actual geniuses—then it may well be considered a boon to town or country.

In America, where the expense of a musical education is prohibitive, the odds are heavily against such talent ever finding the light of their God-given vocation. Mr. Jacchia quotes another proverb: "A country's greatness is measured by the great men it produces." He has identified himself with America, and he stanchly maintains his belief that our people can achieve great things musically. He aspires to see this long-sighted and time-tried scheme of intensive musical cultivation generally adopted in America. He is anxious, at first on a small scale, to prove its feasibility and its value. With a moderate city or state appropriation, he is ready to make his school a free public musical conservatory, unencumbered by rich dilettante and dabblers bent upon turning forth virtuosi of the first calibre.

Boston.

A. B. C.

Mr. Hayes in London

Roland Hayes, second discovery of the season, which now promises to be of some interest. Rhythm senso unsurpassed by anyone now singing in London. It is not necessary to have a book of the words. Whether English, French, or Italian, Mr. Hayes enunciates each one so that the hearer can understand it. Audience's enthusiasm amply deserved. Mr. Hayes has a beautiful voice; but there are other good voices. The distinction of performance is given by the clear presentation of the words, the rhythmic validity, the utter sincerity of feeling, which saved even the songs of mediocre composers from their inherent banality. I can at the moment think of no singer who employs so many different qualities of voice, from operatic delivery to a singing which is almost speech, as, for example, in Lawrence Dunbar's deathbed poem. It goes without saying that the negro spirituals filled the audience with enthusiasm. In every song Mr. Hayes moves from a main concept; the meaning of the poem is in him, and the presentation is a unit; it is a considered and proportioned expression. While Hayes's great ad-

vantage over the remaining white hopes is in his splendid grip on the rhythm—sweet, and while the spirituals and folk-songs are certainly his castle, his "O Sonverain Juge," from Massenet's "Cid," gave ample proof of a considerably wider range of technique. —The New Age of London.

Ravel and Williams

We recently mentioned the fact that Ravel's "new" Valse for orchestra had been performed in Paris. Elgar of Paris states that the Valse was "concocted and performed last year in Vienna. We quote from M. Baner's article translated for the Musical Digest of New York. M. Baner says that the Valse is not only a little musical masterpiece, but also a real gem of humor. It is a farical apotheosis of the dance on which the enthusiasm of our prime years were expended. Of a unique three-quarters rhythm, it yet does not present a single one of the characteristics of a suite of waltzes. M. Ravel has taken care to accumulate the accentuations and the defamations of rhythm in the manner of Johann Strauss. Certain motifs even resemble the Viennese composer made more serious by a 'poly-tonic' of the latest fashion. This amalgamation makes an exceedingly funny salmagundy in which the pen of a master workman does not cease for a moment to affirm itself. It is a very amusing joke, full of the unforeseen, which, nevertheless, one would wish less developed."

Mr. Ernest Newman writes from London to the Musical Digest: "Never in all his history has the British composer had such a time as he is having now, Impresarios, singers, pianists, fiddlers,

are all falling over each other in their anxiety to show how much they love him. The song composers have the best time of it, because it costs a singer very little trouble to include a new song in the program of his recital, and if it is not a success no great harm is done.

Composers in the larger forms fare the worst, but even they get chances now that would have made the mouths of British composers water 20 or 30 years ago. During the past week two quite new English works have been given, and one that is almost new. Vaughan Williams's 'London Symphony'—which the composer wishes to be regarded rather as a 'Symphony by a Londoner'—was given here some six and a half years ago, and again in May last, in a revised form; but to most listeners the performance, under Albert Coates, at the London Symphony orchestra's concert on the 6th (December), must have been the first. When Elgar, piling success on success, unmistakably overtopped every other composer in this country, it became necessary for those who did not like him to find a rival chieftain under whose banner they could fight. Vaughan Williams was selected, and we were bidden to see him the British composer of the future. That was some years ago. He kept producing works at the triennial festivals and elsewhere that were respectfully greeted as showing promise, but outside the Vaughan Williams circle were not accepted as works of genius. My own view of him has always been that he has just missed being a notable composer, Nature having been unkind enough to omit from his make-up the sort of imagination that makes all the difference between a genius and a talent. But I found in the 'London' Symphony a bigger Vaughan Williams than I had hitherto known. Imagination there undoubtedly is here, though it is inclined to lose its glow now and then. As a whole, the symphony does decided credit to British music and makes us build fresh hopes on Vaughan Williams."

Notes About the Theatre in England and Ireland

"Shortage," a new comedy by Wilfred T. Coleby, finally reached the Criterion Theatre, London. The Times says the play shows the author of "The Swayboat" in frivolous mood. The Daily Telegraph thinks that in "Shortage" he wrote with a serious purpose, but some trick elf whispered in his ear: "What about the element of comic relief?" In its actual form the piece provokes the rather unfortunate impression on the writer's part that an audience will forgive any kind of absurdity provided its predilection for a hearty laugh be satisfied. This is a pity, for there is much good material in the play. The dramatist declares that everybody's duty is to produce children to make up for the present shortage. The hero, an army officer, has no brains, but an idea of his duty towards posterity. The wife is brainless, and so brilliant in research work that she has no time for the nursery. So there is a divorce, a put-up job. The hero had arranged to marry a flapper; finding out she is secretly married, he engages himself to another. The wife accepts the husband's friend; but before the second wedding, husband and wife come together, and there is talk of the nursery being thoroughly cleaned.

Contrary to the belief of nightly audiences, which for so many years enjoyed his furniture-smashing activities in "Humanity," John Lawson, whose death is announced, was not a Jew. His mother was a Jewess, but this counts for little in the eyes of orthodox Jews. As a matter of fact, the prominent Hebrew

which was a good deal of fixing before he took the stage.

John Lawson was an actor of the old school, and his work in W. W. Jacobs's grim little masterpiece, "The Monkey's Paw," was a lesson to many who had previously believed that good acting was not to be found in the music halls. Many stories are told of Lawson's goodness of heart, particularly to those who had befriended him in his struggling days.—London Daily Chronicle.

At the special meeting of the London County Council to consider applications for music, dancing, and stage play licenses, Mr. Johnson called attention to a newspaper criticism of the revue, "London, Paris and New York," at the London Pavilion. One scene, he said, where Mr. Nelson Keys appeared in his mas and a servant girl fell in love with him—(laughter)—was a disgrace to the stage. It was a pity the revue was marred by suggestive scenes. He understood that the scene had since been withdrawn. He urged that a warning be addressed to the licensee. The council took a serious view of the production of such plays. Mr. St. John Morrow remarked that it was not the first time the Lord Chamberlain had had trouble with the London Pavilion. A short time ago certain very considerable alterations had to be made

to the dresses of some of the performers. Mrs. Hudson Lyall expressed the opinion that the licensee should be seriously warned. A representative of the licensee said the revue had been played to something like 100,000 people, and there had not been one complaint. It was true that the Lord Chamberlain had sent for him and asked for the removal of a scene. The scene complained of was obviously a satire on popular French farce, but it had, in deference to the wishes of the Lord Chamberlain, been withdrawn. The Lord Chamberlain himself had seen the play, and he (the speaker) thought he enjoyed it. (Loud laughter.) The license was granted, and it was also resolved that the licensee be warned against the production of doubtful plays in the future.—London Daily Telegraph.

The attitude of the novelist to the film is an interesting study. Mr. Stephen McKenna announced that it was only three weeks ago that he saw his first film, while Mr. Compton Mackenzie, on the other hand, confessed that he had been going to see films ever since they first started. "I never go to the theatre or the music hall," he said, "and I never read a novel, but I go to picture theatres all over the world, and every day I am convinced I am of their increasing hold upon the imagination of the people. It is not a passing phase. It has already caught the world as nothing else has done in our great modern civilization." Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop also insists that an industry which has become a part of life cannot be neglected, and it is good to see a British company doing so much to encourage the British author.—London Times.

"There are few things better calculated to strain the capabilities of a company of amateurs than the effective handling of a costume comedy. In tragedy any young actor, gifted with a certain measure of declamatory force may reckon on achieving, at any rate, comparative success. But the technique of comedy can only be acquired by long and laborious processes and temperamental adaptability on the part of the artist."

Reports from Manchester state that the production of the English version of M. Louis Vernoulli's play, "Daniel," was entirely successful, and that notable pieces of acting were contributed by Mr. Lyn Harding, Miss Hilda Moore and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith. In the English version the last act only plays for about seven minutes, owing to the fact that the greater part of Mme. Bernhardt's highly emotional death scene has been cut out. Playgoers throughout the country will be sorry to learn that the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, is for sale. Miss Horniman states that, owing to past losses and financial difficulties arising out of the war, the overdraft has become such that there is no alternative for her but to sell the theatre. She is willing to place her knowledge at the disposal of anybody who would be willing to carry on the theatre in a way that would make Manchester people proud of it. Miss Horniman adds that it would be a great pity if the reputation of the Gaiety should be allowed to die out and become a legend. Good work has been done there in the past, and good work can still be done in the future.—London Times, Dec. 2.

A Dublin correspondent wrote to the Stage of Dec. 2: "Theatrical and musical affairs were terribly upset here last week by the imposition by the military authorities of a curfew law ordaining that all good people should be housed by 11 P. M. 'Charley's Aunt,' I believe, at the Gaiety, suffered least by the earlier hour of starting, but most houses lost money. It is said that unless there is some relaxation of the restrictions, we shall have no pantomimes this Christmas. The possibilities are that, if another week of loss is experienced, all the places of amusement save the picture houses will close down. Already all the hands are on provisional notice, as given, I understand, from week to week. Possibly the Abbey, being a small house with comparatively small hall

ties, may keep its end up. In the 1900-house nightly theatres, the first performance begins at 5:30 P. M. and the second at 7:20 P. M. In houses where only one performance is given the curtain is raised at 7 P. M.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann's piano recital. See special notice. Boston Opera House, 8:15 P. M. Second Steiner concert. Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Gladys Axman, soprano. See special notice. Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the People's Orchestra of Boston. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Josef Weintraub, baritone, and J. Piastro Borlasoff, violinist. See special notice. Copley Plaza, 8:30 P. M. Concert by the Harvard Glee Club and Jeanne Laval, contralto. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Persis Cox, pianist, and Lillian Prudden, soprano. Piano pieces: Macdowell, "By Smouldering Embers," The Joy of Autumn, A. D. 1620; Hoepfner, "The Island Song," In the Kingdom of Ireland; Zuercher, "The Little Windmills"; Engel, "New Mown Hay"; Chopin, "Mazurka, Valse"; Beethoven, "Bagatelle"; P. E. Bach, "La Comptessine"; Copertini, "The Reapers"; Debussy, "Suite pour le Piano." Songs: Cox, "Five Songs (Miss)."

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Marie Magdeleine Du Camp. Bach, "Prelude and Fugue, C major"; Beethoven, "Sonata, op. 110"; Chopin, "Berceuse, and Barcarolle"; Albeniz, "Petit Duet a Sevilles"; Ravel, "Pavane"; Debussy, "Les Collines d'Anacapri"; La Catedral, "Englantie, Danse de Puck"; Balakoff, "Polka."

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Antoinette Szumowska. Mozart, "Fantasia in C minor"; Rameau, "Tombola"; Copertini, "The Little Windmills"; Schubert, "Scherzo, in A-flat major, op. 22, No. 1."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. 11th Symphony concert. Mr. Manteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Harold Bauer, pianist. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. 11th Symphony concert. Mr. Manteux, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

The ghost of Thomas a Becket that is sometimes seen in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral has been photographed. "One photograph revealed an impalpable figure of a prelate against a pillar, while another photograph taken from the same position, but on a different date, showed no such appearance."

As it is as easy, perhaps easier, to believe than to disbelieve, we accept all ghosts, from the one raised by the Witch of Endor in the Bible—a woman that we saw we had known—to the ghost that disturbed Brutus in his tent; from the ghost that rebuked Job, to the ghost that foretold evil days to the Hohenzollern family. Nevertheless, as it is only fair to the scoffers, we give the "scientific" explanation of this Canterbury phenomenon: "A mediaeval fresco was painted on the pillar and painted out at the Reformation. So the figure becomes visible through the overlaid material during damp weather, but vanishes completely on dry days."

Poor Shakespeare
The late Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence insisted that the works attributed to Shakespeare were written by Bacon. Sir Edward also gave liberally to the University College school. The authorities of that school are still so grateful that in the school magazine, The Tower, the name of Shakespeare was suppressed in the announcement of the Christmas holiday performances of "As You Like It."

Matched Meals
(There is a movement on foot to provide meals which shall match the diners' dresses.)

Have the deities willed that the soup should be spilled, or the gravy deposit a patch? It is needless to fume or bounce out of the room when the stains are an excellent match.

If the dresses are mauve, then the chef it behooves with his aniline dyes to be free; are they blue? then he sees that the ripest of cheese and none else on the table shall be.

Folk of wealth and resource then will dress for each course, that the table aesthetic may look, and the notes that invite will be backed with polite but emphatic directions from cook.

There's an easier way, if you've little to pay, as the "Vicar of Wakefield" hath hinted; though the courses be plain the effect you will gain if your pince-nez be suitably tinted.—London Daily Chronicle.

Good Old Days

As the World Wags:
Has the story, "Ponteach (and) the Savages of America," a tragedy, ever been played? Is it interesting enough for the stage? It looks like the style of Shakespeare. Perhaps it would make a picture-film. In the beginning the English are trading with the Indians, a quart of rum being given for five pounds of beaver skin. How strange! Both are now rare articles. In my native state, New Hampshire, there is no open season for beavers and, of course, rum is also excluded.

JOHN H. EMERSON.

Rosindale.

At Last! At Last!

As the World Wags:
If Mr. Herkimer Johnson has not already found a satisfactory mate for his Reuben, perhaps this song may help him in his quest. The author is C. A. White, who wrote "Put Me in My Little Bed," "Come, Birdie, Come," and others. This copy of "Reuben and Rachel" is from The Headlight, a book of songs compiled by H. S. Perkins and C. A. White, and published by White, Smith & Co. of Boston in 1873.

C. M. HOLBROOK.

R. F. D., Holliston, Mass.

REUBEN AND RACHEL

(Rachel)
Reuben, I have long been thinking
What a good world this might be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.

(Reuben)
Rachel, I have long been thinking
What a fine world this might be
If we had some more young ladies
On this side the Northern Sea.
Too ral loo ral loo, too ral loo ral, etc.

(Rachel)
Reuben, I'm a poor, lone woman,
No one seems to care for me;
I wish the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.

(Reuben)
I'm a man without a violin,
Soon I think there's one will be,
If the men are not transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.
Too ral loo, etc.

(Rachel)
Reuben, what's the use of fooling?
Why not come up like a man?
If you'd like to have a "lover"
I'm for life your "Sally Ann."

(Reuben)
O my, goodness! O my, gracious!
What a queer world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!
Too ral loo, etc.

(Rachel)
Reuben, now do stop your teasing,
If you've any love for me;
I was only just a fooling
As I thought of course you'd see.

(Reuben)
Rachel, I will not transport you,
But will take you for a wife;
We will live on "milk and honey,"
Better or worse, we're in for life.
Too ral loo, etc.

C. A. White put his name to the music. Was this music original with him? We are inclined to think that the tune goes farther back than 1873. Did Mr. White write the words?—Ed.

Jan Kubelik, Violinist, and Mme. Gladys Axman, Soprano, Give Program

By PHILIP HALE

Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Mme. Gladys Axman, a soprano from the Metropolitan Opera House, gave the second concert of the Steiner series at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. Pierro Angleras was the pianist for Mr. Kubelik; Angus Winter was the pianist for Mme. Axman. Mr. Kubelik's program was as follows: Wieniawski, Concerto, D minor; Beethoven, Romance; Bach, Prelude for the violin alone; Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Serasate, Spanish Dance; Paganini, Le Streghe. Mme. Axman sang these arias and songs: Mascagni, "Volle sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Sterndale Bennett, "The Green Pavillion"; J. H. Rogers, "The Star"; Ward Stevens, "Summer Time"; Massenet, "Il est doux" from "Herodias."

The management of the Boston Opera House is to be thanked for refusing to seat late comers until Mr. Kubelik had played the whole of the concerto and not merely a movement. Would that this example could be followed at Symphony Hall when a symphony is performed! On last Friday afternoon and Saturday night those sauntering in after the first movement of Vivaldi's concerto and Brahms's symphony enlarged the nuisance by slamming down the seats.

Mme. Axman gave her first recital here late in 1915, when she was practically a beginner. Her voice has grown in power during the years, and, as was to be expected, she has developed her technical resources. The voice has a dramatic quality and is especially effective in the lower and middle registers. It is a dark rather than a clear voice, pleasing except in the extreme upper notes, which yesterday seldom had body. It would hardly be fair to judge of her as an interpreter, for the three songs in English have little significance, and she sang them in straight forward fashion,

without any attempt at nuances. Massenet's aria was sung with considerable feeling, Mascagni's air has little importance in the concert hall. Its effect depends largely on the situation on the stage. She, as Mr. Kubelik, responded to recalls. After the first group she sang "The Minstrel Boy," but not fervently.

Mr. Kubelik played here earlier in the season. His playing yesterday did not change the unfavorable opinion expressed in The Herald when he appeared in Symphony Hall.

The concert next Sunday will be by Mme. Alda, soprano, and Charles Hackett, tenor, both of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mme. Alda will sing music by Secchi, Philidor, Munro, Michael Arne (not "Dr. Arne," as the program has it), an air from "Madama Butterfly," Mr. Hackett's songs are by Handel, Rotani, Gluck, Beethoven, Zule, Fourdrain, Poldowski, Franck and an air from "La Boheme." A duet from "La Boheme" will end the concert.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GROWS IN POPULARITY

Large Audience Applauds Soprano Soloist and Orchestra

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, with Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano, as assisting artist, gave its ninth concert, in the season of 20, yesterday afternoon in Convention Hall. The program was as follows:

Cherubini, overture "Anacreon;" Hiller, "The Sentinel;" David, aria, "Charming Bird" from "The Pearl of Brazil;" Mendelssohn, Symphony No. 111, Rebeck, in A minor; Coleridge-Taylor, Petite Suite.

Signs of mounting prosperity multiply for Mr. Mollenhauer's men, in the much more elaborate program books, with musical notes, and the increasing size of the audiences. The orchestra now numbers 70 players. The large audience yesterday doubtless contained a number attracted by the soloist. This was the first concert at which vocal music was added. Miss Moody has been heard with the Apollo Club, and the Handel and Haydn society, and made a successful tour with Sousa. Her voice has the freshness of youth, warm color, and good volume, and is particularly rich in the middle register. She sang Dell'Acqua's "Chanson Provencale," as an encore to the aria from "The Pearl of Brazil," and scored strikingly. Mr.

Packard's rendering of the flute obligato for the David aria was faultless.

The orchestra distinguished itself in the Mendelssohn "Scottish" symphony. The 75th anniversary of its first hearing in Boston is almost at hand, but this work will never stale. Next Sunday, Arthur Hadley, violoncellist, will be the assisting artist, and the program will include Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, the Bach-Wilhelmj "Air for G strings," Tschalkowsky's "Italian Caprice" and Popper's Rhapsody for Violoncello.

HEARS HOFMANN

Josef Hofmann gave his first American concert of the year in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to a large audience. Complete mastery over instrument and music marked the performance. Nor was this mastery one of efficiency alone: more than mere technical perfection, more than merely faithful expression of the musical score shone through the playing. Here was a recreating of the composer's designs, a reflowering of the emotions that lay behind the notes in the composers' minds. More than that, Mr. Hofmann sends his chosen music through the fires of his own virile imagination and produces something that belongs not only to the composer but to himself as well. He played, yesterday afternoon, not in subjection to the score but rather in co-operation with the composer; the music became a common word between them.

Mr. Hofmann thus set himself apart with those great pianists who are creative artists as well. And what eloquence resulted! It was the eloquence that can spring from nothing short of ease in expressing the fire of emotion in the heart. Mr. Hofmann seemed not to play to an audience, in a concert hall, so much as to set free, for his own relief, emotions that demanded the form which the music assumed. Certainly the fire that ran over the keyboard, the power that swelled and fell back as the mood commanded, came from a mind so sure of its intelligent emotion and of its complete command of the means of expression that unity of intention, of feeling, of execution was the result.

To many ardent concert-goers the "Variations on a Theme by Handel," by Brahms, must be a severe test. Of the great fertility of the variations there can be no doubt; many might wonder, after all, they do not remain Adam as yet not 'neath into with the breath of life. Why Brahms should

red just what he did, instead of after seemed to puzzle. The variations have what the quality of a rhetorically broken off at any one of points. What breath of life in Mr. Hofmann found.

From this artistic excursion into pure the band into Schumann's "Caravaggio" was like spring sunshine, like a last stornfully across this. Surely this series of sketches spoken with greater power than at Hofmann gave to it.

The last masqueraders were more people kicking up their heels or high emotion. They took on, Mr. Hofmann's fingers, the dignity Greek frieze in which joy and passion are yet in subjection to a sane and intelligence. Thus might the Olympians have led their course through the splendors of their Homeric abode. Mr. Hofmann's power of vicariousness here in glorious manner; he actually was Pierrot, was Florestan, and inhabited the chargers who fared against the Philistines in the March at the end.

In the other, the minor, selections of the program and in the generous encores the same large dignity and control appeared. It was as evident in the "Soirees de Vienne," as in the "Soirees de Vienne," as in the "Soirees de Vienne."

Mr. Hofmann plays with such complete precision and with so perfect freedom from mawkish sentimentality that to the person for whom feeling in playing is synonymous with incorrectness or saccharinity his performance may seem cold. For the person who desires a masterful, a virile interpretation, as clean and free as mountain winds, his playing is almost surcharged with passion. He carried the emotion of the Schumann numbers to the full edge of their possibilities.

The other numbers were: "Nenia," by Scambiati; "Soirees de Vienne," by Schubert-Liszt; "Rustic Dance," by Ganz; "Languid Dance," by Scriabin, and the Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt.

RUSSIANS ENTERTAIN WITH VOICE AND VIOLIN

Last evening in Symphony Hall Mr. Winogradoff, Russian baritone, and Mr. Borisoff, Russian violinist, played and sang to an audience many members of which proved beyond doubt with tireless energy that no real incompatibility exists between listening to music and chewing gum or eating candy by the box.

Mr. Borisoff plays with energy, at times with perhaps too much. But his tone was pure in general, and he showed commendable agility with both fingers and bow. His playing of Tchaikowsky's Concerto in D major

received applause at almost all the concert pauses, opportune or not, as well as between movements. He introduced two pieces of his own, "Poeme du Nord" and "Humoresque Oriental," neither of which calls for special comment.

Mr. Winogradoff has a voice of strength, to which he gives a free rein. The corner of the hall remained unoccupied. His vitality is remarkable.

He brings to his singing a fervor of gesture of facial expression that adds to the ensemble. The voice is perhaps hampered by seeming to have but one key. And this stop lends itself primarily to singing "in Ercole's vein." Given a declamatory operatic air, in which vocal enunciation and laughter take their turn, Mr. Winogradoff will give a performance that would move the stoutest heart. He sang four Yiddish folk songs to close the program.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB AT COPLEY-PLAZA

Audience Shows Appreciation of Program

The Harvard Glee Club, assisted by Jeanne Laval, contralto, gave a concert last evening at the Copley-Plaza. Mr. Laval ably conducted the club in the absence of Mr. Davison and the president of the club on account of illness. The audience, which filled the large ballroom, appreciated the program.

The club sang Grant Us to Do with Zeal, Bach; Adoramus Le, Palestrina; Miserere, Allegri, Gypsy Life, Schumann; Three Pictures (from the Tower of Babel), Rubenstein; At Sea, D. Buck; Now Is the Month of Maying, Morley; Love Songs, Brahms; Prayer of Thanksgiving, Netherlands Folk Song.

The Three Pictures by Rubenstein is a weird and wonderful tone picture. However, when a little may be interesting, too much is too much, and the number perhaps tended to be a little monotonous. Adoramus Le, Palestrina, was exceptionally well done, the tone-shading and blending being excellent.

Mme. Laval sang Lungi dal Caro Bene, Secchi; Quando Ti Vidi, Wolf-Ferrari; O Don Fatah, Verdi; The Cave, Edwin Schneider; Greatest Miracle of All, Guion; Twenty, Eighteen (Tradition).

Alfred Air), Arr. by Deems Taylor; Sing to Me, Sing, Horner, Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded? Rubenstein (accompanying by the club).

Mme. Laval did truly artistic work. Her voice has a wide range and is very expressive. In O Don Fatah she was at her best. Her numbers Greatest Miracle of All and Twenty, Eighteen were in a lighter vein, but artistically done.

Pyromaniacs

So the "Fire Queen" of Brookline is dead; her son and daughter promised her before she closed her eyes that they would not continue her joyous work. This is reassuring. There are sisters on the bench of the scornful who will say that the whole business is an instance of mistaken humor, or even a coarse practical joke. Some may believe that a Purse family found its way to Brookline and not being willing to swell the gas bill by continuous donations, conceived the happy idea of burning the buildings of neighbors; on account of climatic conditions and as representatives of the old Cuebres, not being able to turn toward the sun as the Kiblah or point of prayer. Or the late Queen may have been only a pyromaniac, though according to the American Journal of Psychology pyromaniacs rarely incriminate themselves. Pyromania has been discussed by many learned men: Platner, Oslander, Henke, Marc, Marandon de Montyel, Massius, Linas, Targuet, and especially by Dr. S. Icard, whose study of woman in relation to morbid psychology and legal medicine was published by Felix Alcan, of Paris in 1890. There are female pyromaniacs who at certain times are not responsible for their free but injudicious use of matches. Their propensity toward pyromania is so powerful, says Dr. Icard (page 144), that "incendiarism already condemned cannot prevent themselves from repeating the same offence, although they know that capital punishment awaits them; sometimes, discouraged by the fruitlessness of their efforts and foreseeing the fatal issue of the struggle which they vainly maintain against their inclination, they turn to suicide as an end to their torments."

That Gravy

As the World Waits:

I suspect Mr. Herkimer Johnson of being a mythical personage, and the appeal for boyhood's sour-flavored gravy to have been made in the whimsical interests of quaint copy, but lest he be real and hungry, I will rise to the fly.

Here is a recipe for sour-flavored gravy a boy might eat. It is known in the middle West and thereabouts as "Sop," pronounced "Sawp"; is made as follows: In a frying pan put two round table-spoons of fat, bacon fat preferred. When melted, add two table-spoons of flour and stir until thoroughly incorporated and well browned. Stirring briskly, add one cup of warm water and one-half cup of vinegar. Cook until smooth and pepper and salt to taste. On fete days, or when Mr. Johnson has a specially boyish hunger, add one table-spoon of molasses. This last is in the nature of a treat, and as such should not be lightly introduced.

MAUDE R. WHITE.

North Pembroke.

We showed this note to Mr. Johnson, who at first was indignant that his identity, say rather his existence, should be doubted; that in a town of his own state his reputation as a sociologist should not be a household word. "I should like to meet Miss White that she might see me with her own eyes and thereafter tell the tale to her wondering and envious townsfolk. As you have her address, pray tell her that I shall be happy to make her acquaintance. I'll be on the sidewalk in front of the Herald office at 12 o'clock sharp next Friday. She will easily recognize me, for I shall wear a red and flowing cravat and carry an umbrella. Her recipe for sour-flavored gravy seems to be plausible, the sort of gravy that Freddy's mother would have poured on the taters. And Miss White lives in North Pembroke. Pembroke, Pembroke. I wonder who named the town.

Underneath this sable hearse Lies the subject of all verse— Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother

"There was an Earl of Pembroke, a friend of Newton, who was fond of statuary, so that Newton said he was a lover of stone dolls. You remember that Dr. Johnson asserted that the value of statuary is owing to its difficulty; that you would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot. Yet I remember a statue in butter—I think they called it Dreaming Iolanthe—at the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876. Then there was Lord Pembroke who said that Johnson's talk would not appear to be extraordinary if it were not for his bow-wow manner. Pembroke—it is an aristocratic name, suggesting dining on gold plate to Handel's music, a laced coat, a snuffbox, and a clouded cane. Do you—" And so Mr. Johnson would have talked on no doubt for an hour, had we not welcomed a visitor anxious to know our opinion on the Turkish problem. Mr. Johnson's face was flushed; his breath smelt of fireworks. We have been told that he has a valued friend who diligently works a still in his cellar.—Ed.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Lady Windermere's Fan," a play in four acts, by Oscar Wilde. First presented at the St. James's Theatre, London, on Feb. 20, 1892. The cast:

Parker	Soel Leslie
Lady Windermere	Elma Royton
Lord Darlington	Charles Warburton
Footman	Harold E. Bates
Duchess of Berwick	Diana Storm
Lady Aspinth	Phyllis Cleveland
Lord Windermere	Nicholas Joy
Dumby	Conway Wingfield
Lady Blundell	May Ediss
Mrs. Cowper-Cowper	Margaret Wilshire
Lady Stuffed	Dorothy Welliver
Sir James Royston	Chester H. Parsons
Mr. Berkeley	Alfred Turner
Mr. Berkeley	William E. Watts
Lady Redburgh	Hugh Dillon
Miss Graham	Marion Jenkins
Mr. Hopper	Lyond Watts
Lord Augustus Lorton	E. E. Clive
Mr. Cecil Graham	Paul Hunsell
Mrs. Erylne	Viola Roach
Rosalie	Hugh Dillon

Seldom has Oscar Wilde's epigrams been more heartily enjoyed than they were last night at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Wilde, with a keen knowledge of human nature, has used this knowledge to play with, to make sparkling epigrams and witty paradoxes. We have playwrights who strive for smartness and cleverness by uttering unnecessary witticisms that savor of cynicism. They usually achieve a strange mixture of pessimism and clumsy humor. Wilde's epigrams are based on fact and tempered with philosophy. Mrs. Erylne's remark that "London is full of fogs and serious people; whether the serious people produce the fogs or the fogs produce the serious people, I really don't know"; Cecil Graham's speeches, "My business bores me to death, I prefer other people's," and "As soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all"; and Dumby's declaration that "there are only two tragedies, not getting what you want and getting

what you want, and the last is the worst of the two," are typical of Oscar Wilde, of the way he plays with humor, with philosophy, with human nature, and with truth. He cloaks his wit with pleasant manners and literary dignity, and chuckles when he sees how seriously it is taken.

Playgoers are, of course, quite familiar with the plot, which has served in several later pieces and at least once on the screen. The lines are at once brilliant and subtle, the interest is gripping and holds one throughout. The only stamp of age on "Lady Windermere's Fan" are the asides and soliloquies. They stand out strangely in this otherwise ultra-modern play.

The Jewett Players give an especially evenly balanced performance. Miss Roach, as Mrs. Erylne, gives a convincing and well rounded-out portrayal. She plays the third act with feeling and the second and fourth acts with ease of manner and graceful humor. Miss Royton plays the young Lady Windermere well and gives to the part the necessary touches of sentimentality and perplexity. Miss Storm quite shines in the first act as the gossip Duchess of Berwick.

E. E. Clive, as Lord Augustus Lorton, is capital, particularly in the third act. Charles Warburton, as Lord Darlington, and Nicholas Joy, as Lord Windermere, handled their parts easily and effectively. The rest of the company are very successful with roles well suited to their various talents. It is a splendid performance of an excellent piece.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Peg o' My Heart," a comedy of youth. The cast:

Mrs. Chichester	Florence Burroughs
Jarvis	W. J. Brady
Ethel	Ethel Wright
Alaric	Ashton Newton
Christian Brent	Edward Varney
Peg	Frances Anderson
Montgomery Hawkes	Willard Dashiell
Maid	Oliver Martin
Jerry	William Shelly Sullivan

"Peg o' My Heart" was a favorite when played in Boston a few years ago and possibly the remembrance of it drew the large audience that attended the opening performance at its renewal at the Arlington Theatre last night. The Arlington Players is a new stock company and this is its first Boston engagement.

Frances Anderson, the young Australian actress who heads the cast, was at the Hollis Street Theatre last season with William Gillette. "Peg" is a new role for her and a part well suited to her personality. She was strong in the comedy parts and did not commit the fault of overdoing the pathos. Miss Anderson began her stage career as a singer, but the one song she gave last evening afforded no opportunity for judging her voice. The audience, however, was satisfied with her acting.

William Shelley Sheridan who appeared as "Jerry" was here with William Walker Whiteside in "The Master of Ballantrae." His part was well done but failed to arouse such interest as "Alaric," the silly son of Mrs. Chichester.

Ethel Wright as "Ethel," Mrs. Chichester's daughter, was excellent in an unpleasant part, and "Jarvis" was a typical and believable English butler.

The story of the play is well known, and the audience followed with tense interest the familiar story from the time "Peg" appeared with her bag and dog Mike to the final scene when she changed her mind and decided to remain in England to prove with Sir Gerald that "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

Trixie Friganza and John B. Hymer Share Honors

Trixie Friganza, in a new sketch, "A Bag o' Tricks," shares headline honors this week at B. F. Keith's with John B. Hymer, in the fantastical comedy, "Tom Walker in Dixie."

Miss Friganza's act consists of a group of new songs, several funny stories, and a dazzling wardrobe. Two of her most interesting numbers were "You Don't Know What to Do When You Get It," and the Spanish-Irish burlesque and dance.

Mr. Hymer's darky is one of the best characterizations on the vaudeville stage of simulated superstition. The comedian is co-author with Samuel Shipman in "East Is West."

Another act that pleased was the turn of Lew Dockslader. The comedian has for the time being discarded the burnt cork make-up, and many had the first glimpse of the old-timer without stage decorations of any kind. His talk is uproariously funny.

Other acts were Adelaide Hermann in mystery problems; Will J. Ward and "Girls," in an instrumental and vocal act; Allman and Mayo, in chatter and song; Mr. Ilymack, in a trick change act, one of the novelties of the bill; Ethel Hopkins, vocalist, and Raymond Wilbert, a likable fellow, who had the audience wondering at his skill in juggling and hoop manipulation.

MISS COX GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Persis Cox, pianist, assisted by Lillian Prudden, soprano, gave a concert last night in Stelner Hall. She played these pieces: MacDowell, By Smouldering Embers, The Joy of Autumn, A. D. 1620; Hopkirk, two Scottish Folk Songs, In the Ruins; Ireland, The Island Spell; Peterkin, Dreamers' Tales No. 1; Zueria, Igualada; Engel, New Mown Hay; Chopin, Mazurka and Valse; Beethoven, Bagatelle; P. E. Bach, La Complaissance; Couperin, The Reapers; Debussy, Suite, "Pour le Piano." Miss Prudden sang these songs of Miss Cox, in manuscript: The Dream, Spring Showers, Autumn Evening, Rory O'More, The Dawning o' the Year.

The program included unfamiliar pieces. Mme. Hopkirk's arrangements of two Scottish Folk Songs and Ireland's "Island Spell," which was suggested by lines of Arthur Symonds, were played here for the first time, and the songs were sung for the first time in public. It is a question whether the music that might be characterized as impressionistic, the pieces by Ireland, Peterkin and Engle were really heard, for Miss Cox is not a romantic or imaginative pianist. Nor has she a keen sense of rhythm. This absence of rhythmic feeling was especially shown in the performance of the music by Chopin and Zueria. The latter's Spanish dance, to be effective, should be performed with insolent dash and gorgeous coloring. The actual performance was pale, spiritless. There was too little of the oriental feeling called for by Peterkin's music; too little sensuous expression in Engel's "New Mown Hay," one of his set entitled "Perfumes." The performance was odorless. Ireland's music, as far as we could judge, has decided character, with its suggestion of lapping waves.

Miss Cox played for the most part in a straightforward, matter-of-fact manner. There was little differentiation in her treatment of the pieces varying widely in sentiment. Miss Prudden sang the group of songs that were without surprises, agreeable or disagreeable, with singularly clear enunciation.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES PLEASING CONCERT

Assisted by Harrison Keller, Violinist—Many Encores

The Apollo Club of Boston, conducted by Emil Mollenhauer and assisted by Harrison Keller, violinist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. The hall was filled and the audience heartily appreciative.

Mr. Keller's work is smooth and his tones are beautiful. He played Adagio, Rico; Perpetuum Mobile, Novacek; Gondoliera, Bridge; Arioso, Bach-Engel; Spanish dance, Sarsate. The audience called for encores to each suite. Mr. Keller's playing was artistic but it seemed that his pieces lacked climax. The club sang the Viking song, S. Coleridge-Taylor. This is a song of war and steel and a typical forge song. Next came "From a Bygone Day," folk-song, which was almost a lullaby. The next number was "Route Marchin'" G. C. Stock. This is a most effective marching song of the British army in India. The audience called for a repetition. Then came a "Nunc Dimittis," A. Gretchaninof, followed by "Gesul

stand, Pietro Von with tenor solo taken by Mr. Cummings of the club. Perhaps the best received number was "Patria," Whitney Coombs, the first in part two of the program. Then came the "Brownies," Franco Leoni; "A Venetian Love Song," Louis Saar; "Sweet and Low," Barning, and the majestic chorus of "Bishops and Pirates" from "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer-Buck.

The Apollo Club is well-balanced this year and its tonal quality is good. The performance showed hard work on the part of the members and true musical appreciation on the part of Mr. Mollenhauer.

BY MME. DU CARP

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Marie Magdeleine Du Carp, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C-major from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord"; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 110; Chopin, Berceuse and Barcarolle; Albentz, Fete, Dieu a Seville; Ravel, Pavane pour une Infante Defunte; Debussy, Les Collines d'Anacapri, La Cathedrale Engloutie, Danse de Puck; Balakireff, Islamey.

Mme. Du Carp played here in public for the first time. She is an uncommonly well-equipped and musical pianist, one that appeals to the understanding and the heart.

Few, coming as a stranger to this city—when she played here a season or two ago it was only for a few friends—would have the courage to begin the recital with Bach's first prelude and fugue in "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" and follow it immediately with Beethoven's Sonata Op. 110, for the fugue of Bach is not one of the most interesting and the Sonata is more for the musician than for those vaguely, and often charitably described as "music-lovers." Yet, by her performance of this Sonata, one of the most impressive performances of it that we have ever heard, Mme. Du Carp showed a technical mastery, musical intelligence and an emotional quality beyond doubt and peradventure.

She has a beautiful touch; her bravura playing is clear and brilliant; her strength in fortissimo passages is not insolent or nerve-racking, but there is a solidity and force that are at the same time euphonious; her command of dynamic gradations is extraordinary; witness the manner in which she played the repeated chord towards the end of the Sonata. We do not recall so marked a crescendo since the day when de Pachmann played a little Prelude of Chopin.

Perhaps her interpretation of Chopin's "Berceuse" was a little mannered. We prefer a reading that is almost monotonous in color, yet her conception of this greatly abused composition was interesting, and not experimental.

She sings her melodic lines. Her runs are rippling, or pearly, if one prefers the hackneyed word. (The vocabulary of musical criticism is scanty, unless one goes far afield and borrows from the jargon of other arts, or indulges in hifalutin.) Her coloring is rich, never garish. Her thoughtfulness is not synonymous with dullness, and she is able to impress it on the hearer.

Add to all this an attractive, ingratiating personality and a quiet, modest bearing.

As she refused to paper the hall, there was a small audience. Thus she showed that she does not care for the idle applause that in these days is so easily obtained.

They were talking about Dr. Tagore's plan for a cosmopolitan university in Bengal where the West might study the philosophic thought of the East and the East might learn from the scientific knowledge of the West. "Yes," said old August solemnly, "there's nothing like science, gentlemen, exact science, scientific knowledge that endures." Having delivered the oracle, he puffed out his cheeks, and blew like a porpoise. "Scientific knowledge?" We remembered vaguely something that Victor Hugo said about it. When we were alone we looked through his fantastical "William Shakespeare" and found the page.

Science

(VICTOR HUGO)

Chryseus of Tarsus, who lived towards the 130th olympiad, is a date in science. This philosopher, the same one that literally died of laughter at seeing an ass eating figs in a silver basin, had studied everything, investigated everything, written 705 volumes, of which 311 treat of dialectics, without having dedicated a single book to a science, which petrified Diogenes Laertius. All human knowledge was condensed in his brain. His contemporaries called him "Light." Chryseus means "horse of gold," and so they said he had been led from the chariot of the sun. He took for his motto: "Mine." He knew innumerable things, among

the earth is man, and the universe is round and completed. Human flesh is the best nourishment for man. Community of wives is the basis of social order. A father should marry his daughter. There is a word that kills a snake, a word that tames a bear, a word that stops short an eagle in its flight, and a word that chases oxen from a bean field. Saying from hour to hour the three names of the Egyptian Trinity, Amon, Mouth, Kohns, Andron of Argos was able to traverse the sands of Libya without drinking. One should not make coffins of cypress, for Jupiter's sceptre was made of this wood. Themistoclee, priestess of Delphi, bore children, yet remained a virgin. As only the just have the right to take an oath, it is through equity that one gives the name "Sweaver" to Jupiter. The Arabian phoenix and moths live in the fire. The earth is carried by the air as by a chariot. The sun drinks in the ocean and the moon drinks in rivers, etc. This is why the Athenians raised a statue to him in the Potter's Quarter with this inscription: "To Chrysippus, who knew everything."

The Last Drive

As the World Wags:

Mr. O. Z. Maule's pleasant tale of "Morticians" reminds me of my own experience with those of the trade, and of the insight their talk has given me into the essential truth to nature of Shakespeare's characters of kindred occupation, the grave diggers. I knew an undertaker in Ohio who talked of his "subjects" in the spirit and almost in the words of the First Grave Digger in "Hamlet," and I once "boarded" at the same table with an undertaker, who had an unpleasant habit of introducing professional topics at meals.

Down in my native village below the "Line" there is a family of undertakers who have followed the trade, father and son, for four generations. We've buried with them, so to speak, since the early fifties or of the last century, and they are old family friends of whom I am genuinely fond. There is a pleasant vein of humor hereditary in this family, and many a quip I've exchanged with its several members. The present active professional member now calls himself a funeral director, and when, upon a somewhat recent bit of personal business with him, I spoke of a coffin, he assured me that nobody was buried now in coffins; that caskets were the fashion.

Upon that occasion, I had to see to the transportation of my departed relative-by-marriage from a town 20 miles away to the cemetery where her folk have "buried" since the early years of the 18th century. My funeral-directing friend provided an elegant motor hearse, and himself drove the comfortable limousine in which the parson and I rode. Forseeing that 20 miles would be a rather long jaunt for me with that particular parson, even in a motor vehicle, I arranged with the funeral director to have me transferred to another car at a railway station some miles short of the cemetery, where we were to pick up other "mourningers." We bowed along right merrily, and when the parson got too boresome, I jollied him a bit now and again with touches of irreverence, and at every scandalous word I could see the funeral director's fat jaws expand into what I knew was a grin, invisible to me, though plainly apparent to anybody who met us head on. The spectacle of the hearse followed by the limousine with that grinning chauffeur must have astonished the casual traveler in the opposite direction. RUSTICUS.

"Cosmetician"

As the World Wags:

Yes, "mortician" is indeed a hideous word. On Commonwealth avenue near Malvern street Madam — has a full billboard displaying a highly colored advertisement of her beauty-parlor. She signs her name as a full-fledged "cosmetician." Did you ever hear of this degree? L. R. R.

Are you sure, Mr. L. R. R., that the word is not "cosmetician"? To be sure, the word spelled either way, is not in the dictionaries. Early in the 19th century one that practised the cosmetic art was called a "cosmetic." Thus in the Guardian (1713) the Oxford Dictionary found this sentence: "That you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of cosmetics (barber, perfumer, etc.)." The man that was obliged to read through the numbers of the Guardian is to be pitied. The Guardian died in 1713. Does any one look into it for pleasure today? Of all those old periodicals the Tatler is now the most amusing, the most human, for Steele is nearer to us than the stately, snug, instructive Addison—Ed.

A Note on "Cod"

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Mr. Herklimer Johnson and certain foods: Did Mr. Johnson really use the words "creamed codfish"? In my New England youth we called it "piked fish," pronounced rather trippingly, and some of us children prefer "pinked" to "piked."

And—please correct me if I'm wrong—does not the real New Englander rather scorn "codfish" and "codfish cakes" as words and cling to "cod" and "fishballs" instead? G. C. W.

Mr. Johnson was born in Vermont of parents born there, of New England stock. He is of the eighth generation. Living for twenty years or more in western Massachusetts, he was educated in New Hampshire and Connecticut. He may fairly be called a New Englander. We, too, spent a happy and unhappy boyhood in a Massachusetts village on the Connecticut river. In those days "piked fish" was not the same as "creamed codfish," not half so appetizing. We sulked when the "piked fish" was brought on the table. "G. C. W." is right in thinking that "cod" was preferred by the blameless villagers to "codfish," and "fishballs" to "codfish cakes." The father of the family bought a whole cod, and bore it home in brown wrapping paper under his arm, triumphantly. The head and tail protruded from the wrapper.—Ed.

"Phoebe," This Time

As the World Wags:

This is the way I used to hear and sing it when I was a boy in New Hampshire.

"Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported,
Far beyond the Northern sea."

"Phoebe, Phoebe, I've been thinking
That far world would be as queer
If the men were there transported,
And the women still stand here."

Boston. G. F. B.

A placard in the street cars tells us that your neighboring grocer "buys with judgment and sells with assurance." There is no disputing the latter half of this statement.

Add 'Theatre Pests'

As the World Wags:

While engaged in making an enumeration of theatre pests, which are unhappily many and various, we should include one person whom I could see obliterated with the greatest satisfaction. I refer to the man who stuffs his mouth full of "spearmint" or "juicy-fruit" or some other kind of stinking gum and proceeds to chew the nauseous mass, audibly and steadily throughout the performance, meanwhile exhaling an odor that saturates the atmosphere in the vicinity and effectually destroying any real interest in what is going on on the stage as far as his neighbors are concerned. O for a sanitary squad at the entrance with power to search, confiscate and compel a thorough fumigation and disinfection as a prerequisite for admission! ASPHYXIA.

Boston.

In the Smoking Room

As the World Wags:

Noting that Mr. Herklimer Johnson is in town for the winter season, I beg your assistance in a matter of considerable delicacy. Long an eager follower of the progress of his great work, I have an inquiry regarding a portion thereof as yet unmentioned.

The inquiry concerns Mr. Johnson's intentions toward literature as affecting man's social and political animalism. And particularly and in all sincerity it is my wish to ascertain how far it is his intention to dwell on the vast mass of unpublished literature unfit for ears polite—the Rabelaisian story.

Here, may I point out, is a vast and as yet unexplored field of research. Here, untouched by the hand of the investigator, lies a virgin mine of humor, shading from the frankly indecent to wit delicately pointed as the best efforts of Moliere. The range is infinite, from the mere double entendre to those which one hesitates to repeat even to the itinerant cigar drummer. Infinite and deeply interesting to one of an antiquarian turn is also the chronological range of the unpolite story. One meets those which are clearly of today, freshly minted. The next may bear the hallmark of the brave times of Charles II. The next has a Napoleonic pungency; follows one of distinctly Lutheran bludgeon-like quality; the latest may be a Pat and Mike dialogue which one may well imagine first guffawed over in the Forum Boarium, told then of Gutta and Tiro, Scythians newly come to Rome. There is also the geological classification. A chapter might be made of the negro story; in the Southwest one detects a smack of Castilian odor; in earlier days on the west coast I recall a series of unmistakable Chinese origin—some, indeed, but little less delicately turned than the tales of Provence. To my deep regret, I know nothing of the unpublished literature of the nearer east; one judges from the covert allusions of Mr. Kipling that it is distinctly worth while. And there is, too, the matter of verse—I think especially of "The Jolly Tinker," set to a catchy tune, with a whistled refrain; of another concerning a nameless King of England and his discomfiture at the hands of Philip of France—really a most delightful thing.

You see? I have but barely indicated the possibilities of the field. It is rich in political and social lore. Men in all ages have told stories, have sung songs. Perhaps a fifth of these, the least interesting fifth, have found publication through print. Printing is, after

all, an affair of yesterday; your true literature is word of mouth. We of the English tongue are less fortunate than the Latins in having these in cold type. Perhaps less courageous.

But haste is imperative if the Rabelaisian story is to be saved for those who come after us. In view of the more recent offerings of the cinema it seems that the Rabelaisian story is threatened by the same fate which overtook the ballad. It is being recorded in garbled form, distorted, expurgated of all point. A bold hand may yet save it for posterity. And where, seeking a worthy successor of Percy and Sir Walter Scott, should we turn but to Mr. Herklimer Johnson.

But perhaps this phase of the world's business has not escaped his attention? In such case an advice from him on the subject might do much to increase advance subscriptions for the forthcoming work.

POSTLETHWAITE GOOCH, Ph. D.
Jalaam.

The Seven Seas

There is dispute again regarding "The Seven Seas." Which are they? The National Marine says there is agreement as to six: the Atlantic, Arctic, Antarctic, Pacific, Mediterranean and Indian; there is doubt as to whether the seventh sea is the North or the Baltic.

But is there agreement about the six? The Oxford Dictionary names the Arctic, Antarctic, North and South Pacific, North and South Atlantic and Indian oceans. Not a word about the Mediterranean.

The Royal Geographical Society knows only three oceans: Atlantic, Pacific and Indian. British authority recognizes four great enclosed seas: the Arctic, the Central Atlantic or West Indian, the Australo-Asiatic or Malay, and the Mediterranean.

There are seven deadly sins, seven commands, seven heavens, seven sages, seven vials, seven virtues, seven vices, seven mercies, seven champions, seven divine names, and so on; why not seven seas?

In one edition of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" we read of the lasting world.

Which of our Coming and Departure beads
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast.

In the fourth edition (1879) we find

Which of our Coming and Departure beads
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

Did FitzGerald make the change, fearing lest some one might ask him to name the seven seas?

The Polished Conversationalist

(By Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post.)

Our genial client Earle Walbridge sends us the following picture of the perfect gentleman, as outlined in an ad. for that famous work, "Putnam's Phrase Book":

If the polished conversationalist, or speaker, or letter-writer, or leader in social, or professional, or business life, is introduced to a group of four or five people, he has a different remark to make to each. He says, perhaps, to the first: "I am very happy to meet you"; to the second: "It is a great pleasure to meet you"; to the third: "I am delighted to know you"; to the fourth: "I am delighted to make your acquaintance." If by chance he fails to understand the name of one, perhaps he says: "I was not clever enough to catch your name." On bidding farewell to a host and hostess, he says perhaps to one: "I am under the greatest obligation to you for a delightful visit," and to the other: "This has been a most enjoyable experience." If sending New Year's cards, he writes perhaps to one: "With all best wishes for a splendid New Year"; to another: "With all the kindest wishes for health and good fortune throughout the year"; and to another: "With kind wishes for a year of the brightest prospects."

POLISH PIANIST IN JORDAN HALL CONCERT

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, Polish pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Her program was: Fantasie C minor, Mozart; Tambourin, Rameau; The Little Windmills, Couperin; Caprice on Alceste, Saint-Saens; Nocturne, E major, Etude, C major, Mazurka, op. 24, Scherzo, B minor, Chopin; Etude, B flat minor, K. Szymanowski; Polish Dance, No. 2 and 3, Ludomir Rozych; Intermezzo Polacco, Paderewski; Campanella, Liszt. The audience called for three encores, one of which was Chopin's Waltz, C sharp minor.

Mme. Szumowska played very well. Her interpretation is artistic and she shows fine musical understanding. Her technique is excellent and for the most part she produces good tone. In the lighter passages her touch is delicate and feathery, but in the heavier passages it seemed perhaps a trifle heavy, spoiling the tonal quality. The program was well-balanced and arranged.

11TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program follows: Schubert, Overture in B-flat major, C-major; Haydn, Symphony; Bruch, Concerto in G minor, No. 1; Debussy, "La Mer." The solo violinist was Miss Merges, who played with the orchestra for the first time.

The feature of this concert was the performance of "La Mer." There has been five performances before yesterday, but no one of them was so poetic, so impressive. We sometimes wonder if the symphony audience fully appreciates what Mr. Monteux is doing for music in this city; if it fully appreciates the catholicity of taste as shown by his programs; his interest in the work of the younger composers of all nations; his skill as a disciplinarian and as an interpreter of works ancient, modern and ultra-modern. He is a singularly modest man, not one to blow his own horn, not one to make a sensational display, he is not a parlor-lion, seeking to make himself "popular" by gaining the sweet influence of ladies. A man of a refined nature, well-informed, courteous, he is devoted to his art and his family. No conductor since Mr. Henschel has been so fortunate in program-making, and Mr. Henschel as a conductor was the veriest amateur learning his trade at the expense of the orchestra and the audience. It is not extravagant to say that the concert this season have, on the whole, been the most uniformly interesting in the history of the orchestra; some of them have been the most brilliant. We are fortunate, indeed, that this most musical conductor dwells here and is in command.

Is "La Mer" to be ranked among Debussy's greater compositions? Some years ago M. Louis Laloy, always an admirer of Debussy, welcomed, apropos of "La Mer," what he called a happy change in Debussy's art; at first wholly an impressionist, he came to adopt more ample forms, more precise ideas, a more solid construction, more vigorous rhythms, without losing anything of his finesse or his freshness. It is true that in "La Mer" the developments are largely planned; the three sections might be called the first movement, the Scherzo, and the Finale of a symphony; but this does not make the music any the more beautiful. There is much in the saying of Plotinus that fire surpasses other bodies in beauty because it obtains the order of form and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature. There is more intensity, more power in "La Mer" than in the preceding orchestral works of Debussy; there is also the indefinable, entrancing subtlety.

If one says, "But to me the ocean is different from this," the answer is that the ocean is what one sees and feels in its presence. To the sailor the ocean is not so mysterious as it is to the landsman. Quote the famous line of Aeschylus, or poems of Byron, Swinburne, Whitman, to him, and he would find nothing in them. In this music of Debussy is what the word "ocean" suggests to the imaginative. Mr. Jones may long for a prolonged orchestral storm; Mrs. Jones may miss the rocking that she finds in the first movement of "Scheherazade"; to Miss Jones the ocean is only an excuse for showing herself liberally in a becoming bathing suit. The poetry of the ocean, sportive, tender, capricious, ironically jovial, sublime, terrible, escapes this amiable family. What to the three is this music of Debussy?

Whether Schubert's overture was written in mockery of Rossini or in admiration of his genius—the latter hypothesis is the safer—the fact remains that Rossini did the thing much better. (There is an eloquent tribute in the December number of the Chesterian of London by one of all men in the world—Alfredo Casella).

There are perhaps a dozen of Haydn's Symphonies seldom played that would be agreeable to hear. We found the "Military" Symphony, in spite of the admirable performance, for the most part dull. Even the bass drum, the triangle and the cymbals do not save it. Did Haydn introduce these percussion instruments to arouse the three-bottle gentry and the bulbous matrons of London from their slumber?

Miss Merges showed a rich tone and emotional feeling in Bruch's hackneyed, mushy and spurious concerto. She has, undoubtedly, what so many singers fondly think they have, viz. temperament. It is unfortunate that she has not yet learned to play with greater bodily repose, with authoritative ease and poise.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1, Franck, "Les Djinns" symphony poem for piano and orchestra (after Victor Hugo)—E. Robert Schmitz, pianist—first time at these concerts; Bingham, Passacaglia, (first performance); Roger-Dutoit, Concerto in D major.

A correspondent encloses the following clippings from London newspapers as illustrative of refined English humor:

WINNING POST

The old French woman was telling the sympathetic tourist of her six sons: "The first is a diplomatist; the second is also a liar, the third was in the motor industry, the fourth is also in prison; the fifth won the croix de guerre, the sixth, too, did not go to the front." "And have you any daughters?" "Two," was the reply; "the older joined the Waacs; the younger as well has been in Queen Charlotte's Hospital."

SPORTING TIMES

There was a young lady of Wilts
Who walked across Scotland on stilts;
When they cried, "Oh, how shocking
To show so much stocking!"
She replied, "Well, how about kilts?"

LONDON OPINION

One of the most biting criticisms I have heard of Mrs. Asquith was by a man who, having deplored the wholesale unveiling of private affairs in the famous autobiography, called the authoress "a literary Maud Allan."

"Billie Taylor"

As the World Wags:

I can explain the origin of your correspondent's impression that the song "Reuben, Reuben" was sung in "Billie Taylor." When that comic opera was first performed at the Boston Theatre a hornpipe was interpolated after the opening number of the second act. It was danced to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben" with an added second part. The book was by Henry P. Stephens and not by Fred Stinson. An unauthorized version in an up-town theatre in Boston preceded the other production by a few weeks. Mr. Stinson may possibly have had a hand in preparing it. There were legal proceedings to stop the performing of the pirated version.

I am sorry that no one has been able to help me to find out who painted the original of "The Isle of Crete," the subject of the Boston Museum act drop of the middle sixties.

ENOCH MOLLIVER.

Our correspondent heard "Reuben, Reuben" sung in "Billie Taylor" at a New York, not a Boston theatre. Fred Stinson wrote the libretto of the "Billie Taylor," produced at the Novelty Theatre, Boston, on April 28, 1881.—Ed.

Hot Stuff!

As the World Wags:

It is quite evident that you do not know, or knowing, that you seek to conceal, the true aspects of Shay's rebellion. In order to put you and your readers right I am sending this letter. The facts stated here are quoted from standard historians as you will see.

Fiske says: "It is not too much to say that the period of five years following the peace of 1783 was the most critical moment in all the history of the American people."

McMaster: "The year which had elapsed since the affair at Yorktown had not brought all the blessings that had been foretold."

W. J. Ghent in the Forum, August, 1901: "What wealth there was lay in the hands of a few score men."

McLaughlin: "It was then the fashion (in New Hampshire), as indeed it was everywhere, to lock men up in jail the moment they were so unfortunate as to owe their fellows a sixpence. Had this law been rigorously executed in the autumn of 1785, it is probable that not far from two-thirds of the community would have been in prisons."

Debts during the war had been contracted in the depreciated currency and now the wealthy classes were demanding gold. The poor debtors were demanding more paper money and the creditors were opposing it. Land speculators had bought up millions of this cheap paper and pawned it off on the government for great tracts of land. This led to revolts of the poor, one of the most alarming of which took place in Massachusetts, which took six months to suppress and sobered the grafters for a while. Money was scarce and the farmers were in distress, for their corn rotted in the ground, and they were reduced to the expedient of barter. Thousands signed pledges to resist any court that attempted to take their property and to resist any public sale of goods that had been taken to pay debts. Courts were invaded by large bodies of armed men and were forced to suspend. Daniel Shays, an officer of the Continental army and who had fought, was chosen leader. The Legislature was not in session and there was no funds to pay troops to put down the revolt, but a "number of wealthy men" advanced sufficient funds for the purpose (McMaster). The rebellion became so powerful that it attracted the attention of Congress, so they raised a large army to "fight the Indians" as a pretext. Congress floated a loan of \$500,000 to finance this army and to "stimulate subscriptions warned the wealthy men of New England to contribute generously, unless they wished to see

the new recruits mutiny for lack of pay and go over to the insurgents."

Gen. Lincoln personally solicited subscriptions from the wealthy men of Boston, "telling the contributors that it was simply a question of advancing a part of their property in order to save the rest."—Harper's Magazine, XXIV, p. 656.

McLaughlin, Congress thought that it "would not hazard the perilous step of putting arms in the hands of men whose fidelity must in some degree depend upon the faithful payment of their wages, had they not the fullest confidence of the most liberal exertions of the money holders in the state of Mass.?"

This army which was raised to "fight the Indian nations" now advanced against the forces led by Shays and as the rebels had no funds or provisions those who did not die of their privations and freeze to death were finally routed.

It goes without saying that these rebels were all free lovers and murderers and blasphemers, in fact, Bolsheviks, and all that goes with the thought that a poor man has a right to a tolerable existence.

I do not expect that this letter will get any nearer to your column than your wastebasket, but that makes no difference as I do not seek to inform the poor workman of these facts, for they are already known to them, but I seek rather to inform those most ignorant of all persons, the intellectuals.

Boston. JOHN THICKHAND.

As the World Wags:

Israel Zangwill sings (Boston Herald, Jan. 10)

"The Lord our God is one,
But we, Jehovah His people, are dual, and so undone."

Has he a good warrant for this possessive form? Thackeray's "Pleasantman X" tells how

"To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abiding female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umbrellas,
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes."

but I would hardly call that an authority. Haven't we been told that 's' is not an abbreviation of "his," but a survival from the Saxon genitive?

By the way: I presume most of us pronounce the article "ye" in ancient writings as we would the pronoun similarly spelled, whereas the symbol "ye" was merely a shorthand manner of writing the combination "th." Which reminds me that the final letter in "viz." is really the same as the character "&," signifying "et," the terminal of "vide licet."

Boston.

HOLMES LECTURES

The second of Burton Holmes's "Photo-Stories of Travel" was told last night in Symphony Hall. The subject was "Jerusalem," a subject that appeals peculiarly to Jew, Christian and Mohammedan, to all those interested in religion, folk lore and world politics. Today the subject is of extraordinary interest. How the country has changed! Changed in ease of traveling, in matters of sanitation and police, in character of population. Following in Allenby's footsteps, Mr. Holmes led the audience over highways, waterways and railways to the old Jaffa gate. The pictures showed the racial contrasts, the church parade of the Yorkshire regiment, the stream of human life in the holy city, the bazaars, the stations of the cross along the Via Dolorosa, the notabilities at the farewell reception in honor of the British military administration, and the American consul-general, the wallers at the wall, the Zionist institutions, Gethsemane, the place where the temple stood. There were excursions to Bethlehem, the Jordan and the wilderness. A most interesting and instructive entertainment, with the explanations and comments that attended the showing of the pictures. "Jerusalem" will be repeated this afternoon. The subject of the illustrated story of travel for next Friday and Saturday will be "The Garden of Allah."

ROYAL DADMUN GIVES DIVERSIFIED PROGRAM

Recital Music Chosen Allows Full Variety of Expression

Royal Dadmun, in his recital in Jordan Hall last evening, offered a program well calculated to give his voice full variety of expression, from the broadly-flowing stream of Handel's melodies through the dramatic music of Cui and Moussorgsky, to the finely sentimental song of Griffes and the Negro Spiritual of Reddick. Mr. Dadmun was not equally pleasing in all the selections. His voice, flexible and smooth rather than sonorous and rich, shone better in the music that required less deep emotion. In the Handel air, which began the program, and in other numbers where the chief demand was for clarity and beauty rather than for dramatic power, the singing was characterized with charm. In the song by Cui, with a strong dramatic appeal, the effect, if achieved, was due to the words and the score rather than to the singer.

Mr. Dadmun primarily sings the music rather than the poem. One is almost, times, willing not to understand, though the enunciation is generally

clear. The lift of the measures the melting of tone into tone—these are what please in his singing.

Yet the "By a Lonely Forest Pathway" of Griffes was a wholly delightful bit of yearning and tenderness and romance, free from sentimentality, as it was sung. But in general the songs were the best where the words were least deeply significant of emotion.

Harrison Potter, who played the accompaniments, gave Mr. Dadmun admirable support and found true beauty in the music.

Jan 16, 1921

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 24. The program will be as follows:

Overture to "The Sold Bride"....Smetana
Symphony, E minor No. 2....Rachmaninoff
"The Garden of Fand".....Bax
Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
The symphonic poem of Arnold Bax

will be played here for the first time. His "In the Faery Hills," played here for the first time in America by the Boston Symphony orchestra on Dec. 17-18, 1920, gave so much pleasure that there is lively anticipation of "The Garden of Fand," which was performed for the first time, even before it was heard in England, by the Chicago orchestra on Oct. 23, 1920.

We quote from the excellent program book prepared by Mr. Felix Borowski for the concert in Chicago:

"In order to understand at least the title—if not the program—of Bax's composition, which is played on this occasion for the first time, it will be necessary at this place to state that Fand is the name of the heroine of the ancient Irish saga 'The Sickbed of Cuchullin.' Cuchullin, the Achilles of the ancient Irish, is a warrior of great prowess who, after a year's sickness, is lured from the world of battles and brave deeds by Fand, wife of Manannan, the Sea God. In the hour of his country's bitter need Cuchullin forgets duty and all else save the enchantments of an immortal woman. But Emer, Cuchullin's wife, follows the warrior to strive with the goddess for his love—strives successfully: for Fand takes pity upon Emer and renounces her mortal love, and Manannan, the Sea God, shakes his Cloak of Forgetfulness between Cuchullin and Fand, so that each is utterly blotted out in the memories of both. 'This toae poem,' says Mr. Bax, 'has no special relation to the events of the saga. The Garden of Fand is the sea itself. At the outset of the work the composer seeks to create the atmosphere of the enchanted Atlantic, utterly calm and still beneath a fairy spell. Upon its surface floats a small ship bearing a few human voyagers adventuring from the shores of Erin towards the sunset dream, as St. Brendan and the sons of O'Connor and Maeldune had adventured before them. The little craft is borne on beneath a sky of amethyst and pearl and rose until, on the crest of an immense wave, it is cast onto the shores of Fand's miraculous island.' Here in eternal sunlight unhuman revelry continues unceasingly between the ends of time. The travelers are caught, unresisting, into the maze of the dance. A pause comes, and Fand sings her song of immortal love, claiming the souls of her hearers forever. The dancing and feasting begin again, and finally the sea, rising, overwhelms the whole island, the people of the Sidhe riding in rapture upon the ridges of the green and golden waves, and laughing carelessly amidst the foam at the fate of the over-rash mortals, lost forever in the unfathomable depths of ocean. The sea subsides again, the veils of twilight cloud the other world, and the Garden of Fand fades from our sight.' 'The Garden of Fand' is scored for the following orchestra: Two flutes, piccolo, two oboes, three clarinets, two bass clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, kettle-drums, two harps and strings."

When this symphonic form was played in London, Dec. 11, the Daily Telegraph of that city said of it: "The composer of 'The Garden of Fand' portrays an enchanted Atlantic, upon the calm surface of which a small craft sails westward into the setting sun. On and on it goes, until 'on the crest of an immense slowly surging wave it is tossed on to the shores of Fand's miraculous island.' To the voyagers Fand sings of immortal love during a feast of 'un-human revelry,' there is much dancing, the voyagers are enchanted, the sea suddenly rises and overwhelms the whole island, the Immortals laugh, twilight deepens, the sea subsides, and the magical island fades into thin air. Mr. Bax does not pretend to illustrate a legend of which this is the skeleton, and no doubt he desires his work—as Dr. Vaughan-Williams the other day desired his 'London' Symphony—to be regarded as absolute music. Indeed, as anything else, under the inspiration of such fairy stuff as this, it would be impossible to regard it. It certainly fascinates. Let the scene be anywhere—Hy-Brasil, the Hesperides, Henley—the composer gives us color and rhythm of an uplifting, exhilarating kind. It is

intensely nervous music and all the more fascinating because its nervousness never reaches the point of screaming. It is all under control, its climaxes appearing in the expected places, and appearing effectively. As with so much of this composer's work, it gives one, however, the impression of being redundant and overlong. There is a point of repose occurring about four minutes before the close which would have made an excellent stopping place. It may have been the effect of the encores, but one felt the music had nothing more to say after that point. It is to be hoped the public will be given another opportunity of hearing a work so full of real distinction."

The Chicago Orchestra

The history of the Chicago Symphony orchestra is interesting; the management has published this history in a condensed form. We now quote extracts from the circular:

"It was founded in 1891 by Theodore Thomas, supported by a number of public-spirited Chicagoans. In its 30 years of existence it has had but two conductors—Theodore Thomas for 14 years and Frederick Stock, the present conductor, 16 years. Its full membership is 90 players. Its conductor, Frederick Stock, was chosen from the ranks of the orchestra after the death of Theodore Thomas, and after all the greatest conductors of Europe had been considered for the position. This is probably the only instance on record where an orchestra of the rank of the Chicago Symphony has so honored an unknown man. For the first 14 years of its existence it was known as 'Chicago Orchestra'; for the next 7½ years as 'Theodore Thomas Orchestra,' and is now known by the title of 'Chicago Symphony Orchestra,' Founded by Theodore Thomas." It has played 30 consecutive years in Chicago, and is the third oldest orchestra in America. It gives six series of concerts in Chicago, five in its own home—Orchestra Hall: One of 23 successive Friday afternoon Symphony concerts, one of 28 successive Saturday evening Symphony concerts, one of eight Symphony concerts at the University of Chicago, one of 13 popular concerts, one of seven children's concerts, one of six children's concerts, making a total of 90 concerts, all to capacity audiences. It gives a series of 10 symphony concerts in Milwaukee and a series of three in Aurora, Ill. It owns its own home—Orchestra Hall, located on Michigan avenue, in the heart of the city, with a seating capacity of 2582, built in 1904 by popular subscription. About \$500 different people contributed to the fund in amounts ranging from 10 cents to \$25,000, 11 of which was an absolute gift. Orchestra Hall represents an investment of nearly \$1,000,000, and is now valued at close to \$2,000,000. There are in the ranks of the orchestra 11 men who have been with it since its organization, 30 years ago (some of whom were with Theodore Thomas several years before that), and 11 more who have been with it more than 25 years. Forty have been in continuous service under Mr. Stock for the last 16 years, the average changes during that period being about three players a year. The affairs of the orchestra are controlled by a governing body of 41 men, known as the Orchestral Association. Appointment to that body is for life, and membership is considered an honorable distinction. Membership carries with it no financial obligations of any nature. The orchestra has always been distinctly a 'community affair' in Chicago, the financial burdens of its earlier years being distributed among many people, its financial support never having been regarded as the 'pet hobby' of any one rich man. It is probably the only orchestra in the world not having annual deficits to meet; in the erection of Orchestra Hall, 16 years ago, the income from ticket sales and from rentals, has been sufficient to meet all expenses. It has an old age pension fund, the amount of pensions depending on years of service, with provisions in event of death for widow and minor children; the fund is maintained by income from contributions. Life insurance is also carried on each member of the orchestra. The players are not assessed for either of these. Close to 90 per cent. of the boxes, main floor and balcony seats for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening Symphony series have been sold on season subscription, with a waiting list of several hundred for the Friday concerts. The gallery for both series is held for single sale (presumably to music students), the tickets (more than 1000 in number) being offered one week in advance. The popular concerts reach a clientele scarcely touched by the symphony series. The tickets are in great demand, but 'regular' concert-goers find difficulty in securing them. The purpose of these concerts is to reach the masses, the tickets being distributed (sold) through welfare departments of industrial plants, social settlement houses, etc. There are about 85 such 'agencies,' each receiving tickets, on the average, for two out of every three concerts. The children's concerts were an experiment of the season 1919-1920, meeting with instant success. There are now two series of these concerts, one of seven concerts, all tickets for which have been sold on season subscriptions, and one of six concerts, more than half sold on season subscriptions, the remaining tickets being taken mainly by schools, both

private and public. Adults are admitted only when acting as escorts to children. The programs are of about an hour's duration, and are interspersed with explanatory remarks by Director Stock. By the terms of the will of a former president of the Orchestral Association, the association will eventually come into possession of an estate valued at about \$750,000 for the purpose of establishing a music school devoted to instruments of the orchestra. Of general interest, and, in the minds of those Chicagoans conversant with musical affairs, of great value to the general cause of orchestral music in America, is the work of the Civic Music Student Orchestra, the maintenance of which is assured by the co-operation of the Civic Music Association of Chicago and the Orchestral Association. The former undertakes the financial, enrollment and public performances details, and the latter gives the free use of Orchestra Hall for rehearsals and the use of its extensive library, and concurs in the gratuitous services of its conductor and assistant conductor. Four rehearsals a week are held during the concert season—October to May. Four symphony orchestras have already taken players from the ranks of this Student Orchestra—Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Minneapolis."

Frederick Stock

Frederick A. Stock, conductor and composer, was born at Jullich, Germany, on Nov. 11, 1872. His father was a bandmaster and his son's first teacher. Frederick studied the violin at the Cologne Conservatory with Georg Joseph Japha and composition with Zoellner, Humperdinck, Jensen and Franz Wuelner. He was a violinist in the Municipal Orchestra of Cologne from 1891 to 1895. In 1895 he came to the United States and joined the Chicago Symphony Orchestra as a viola player. He was appointed assistant conductor to Thomas in 1901. On the death of Thomas in January, 1905, he was appointed conductor. He has composed two symphonic tone pictures (1894-95), a symphony in C minor (1906-07) which was played here at concerts of the Boston symphony Orchestra on March 31, April 1, 1916; a romantic symphony in E minor, two movements (1896); a romantic overture (1899), variations for string orchestra (1900), symphonic variations for orchestra (1903), symphonic poem, "A Human Life's Morning, Noon, and Evening" (1905), symphonic waltz (1907), festival march (1910), overture, "Life's Springtide" (1914), festival prelude (1915), concert scene for violin and orchestra (1901), concerto for violin and orchestra (1915), besides chamber music and other works.

A movement from his string quartet (1897) was played in Boston at a Kniesel Quartet concert on Nov. 7, 1905; the whole quartet was played here by the Kniesels on Feb. 21, 1911.

Mr. Stock, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, then called the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, visited Boston on Dec. 12, 1911. The concert was in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven overture to "Coriolanus"; Strauss, "Don Juan"; Elgar, Violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist); Brahms, Symphony in D major, No. 2.

This orchestra, led by Mr. Stock, gave a concert in Symphony Hall with the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, A. S. Voght conductor, on Feb. 29, 1912. The orchestral pieces were: G. Schumann's overture, "Liebesfruehling"; Wagner-Thomas, Tracune; Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser"; Stock, Symphonic Waltz. The music by Stock and Schumann was then played for the first time in this city.

Many of us remember with pleasure the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra, led by Theodore Thomas, in Music Hall on March 22, 24, 26, 1893. The respective programs were as follows. They are well worth quoting:

March 22, 1890.
Mozart, Symphony in G minor.
Mozart, Concerto, E flat, for violin (K. 268).
Mr. Yanze
Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus."
Strauss, "Don Juan."
Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole.
Mr. Yanze
Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin."
March 24, 1893.
Bach, Suite No. 3, D major.
Brahms, Symphony, D major, No. 2.
Beethoven, Scene and Aria, "Abi Perdo."
Mme. Nordica
Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."
Wagner, Prelude to Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde."
Mme. Nordica

March 28.
Beethoven, Symphony, C minor, No. 5.
Rubinstein, Concerto in D minor.
Cherubini, "Le Chasseur Maudit."
Chopin-Liszt, Two Polish Songs.
Moszkowski, Espagnole.
Schubert-Tansley, Marche Militaire.
Wagner, Prelude to the "Mastersingers."

Josef Hofmann was the pianist. The concert master at the three concerts was Leopold Kramer. The concert master today is H. Weisbach. Among the men that played here in 1893 and are now members of the orchestra that will visit us are Mr. Quensel, first flute; Mr. Shreurs, first clarinet; Mr. de Mare, first horn; Mr. Ulrich, first cornet.

Grand Guignolism: Curiosity in the Theatre

Dandin, the judge in Racine's comedy of "Les Plaideurs," offers to amuse Isabelle by the spectacle of a little

torturing. "Eni Monsieur," exclaims Isabelle, "eh! Monsieur, peut on oir souffrir des malheureux?" and Dandin, in his reply, speaks for a by no means negligible proportion of the human race: "Bon! cela fait toujours passer une heure ou deux." Dandin is a Guignolite. We all have our Guignolite moments, moments of Taine's "ferocious gorilla," surviving in civilized man, when we seek the spectacle of torture or physical suffering or violent death; but we are careful to aestheticize them, refine them into moments of poetry or art. The pleasure of tragedy is aesthetic. Nevertheless, tragedy involves violent death, and without that would be an idle tale. So Rousseau was not altogether wrong when he said we go to a tragedy for the pleasure of seeing others suffer, without suffering ourselves. Your true Guignolite simply prefers his tragedy "neat," without aesthetic dilution. But I think it is unfair to charge him, as he is so often charged, with a love of the horrible for its own sake. I think, rather, that he is moved, a little more actively than the rest of the world, by curiosity.

It is customary to talk of curiosity as though it were essentially ignoble. Children, women, and savages are said to have most of it. It accounts for "fortune-telling," prophetic almanacs, spiritualistic seances and other forms of alleged communication with the dead. But the truth is, curiosity, the desire to enlarge experience, is a highly valuable, or, rather, indispensable, human attribute. Without it there could be no science, no progress, and finally no human life at all. And you cannot restrict it. It must crave for all forms of experience. Some of us will be sweeping the heavens for new stars, and others will want to peep into Bluebeard's cupboard. More particularly we are curious to know what is already known to others. We desire to see with our own eyes what others have seen and reported to us. That is why so many people have gone to "Chu Chin Chow." We wish to realize for ourselves, by the direct aid of our own senses, "What it's like." And the more difficult it is to see the greater the secrecy, the intimacy, of its actual happening in life, the greater our curiosity to see a picture or other representation of it. Hence the vogue of stage bedroom scenes, newspaper portraits of "the victim" and "the place of the crime," and Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

I believe that is why "cela"—the horrible, the dreadful, the gruesome—"fait toujours passer une heure ou deux" for your Guignolite. It satisfies his curiosity about an experience which in real life it is rare or difficult to obtain. For instance, they are now showing at the London Grand Guignol a representation of a criminal's last half-hour before execution. Time was when you could see that for yourself, follow the prisoner in the cart to Tyburn, and offer him nose-gays or pots of beer. In that time, enjoying the real thing, you wanted no mimic representation of it. For stage purposes you only cared to have it fantastically—as in "The Beggar's Opera." Today you cannot (unless you see a prison official or the hangman himself) enjoy the real thing; the press is excluded; so you seek the next best thing, a realistic stage picture of it. "Realistic," I say. That is the merit of Mr. Reginald Berkeley's "Eight o'Clock," wherein there is not a trace of staginess or imported sentiment. He gives you what you are looking for, the nearest substitute for the real thing. You are shown as accurately as possible, "what it's like." You see how the warders behave, and how the chaplain and how the prisoner—with the result that you feel as though, for that terrible half-hour, you had been in Newgate yourself. You have gone through an experience which in actual life (let us hope) you will never have. Your curiosity has been satisfied.

And I think realism will have to be the mainstay of the Grand Guignol programs. There is another "shocker" in their present bill, "Private Room No. 6," by a French author, M. de Lorde, which seemed to me not half so effective as the other because it was largely tinged with romance. Here again was an attempt to gratify curiosity about an unusual experience. The incident was distinctly "private and confidential." How many of us have had the chance of seeing a fiercely-whiskered Muscovite kissing and biting a (conveniently decollete) lady on the shoulder, subsequently swallowing a tumblerful of kummel at a draught, and presently being strangled by the lady's glove? This, you may say, was realistic enough, but what made it romantic, theatrical, was the obviously artificial arrangement of the story, the "preparations," the conventional types. You knew at once you were in the theatre and being served with carefully calculated "thrills." That is to say, your curiosity was solely about what was going to happen next in the playwright's scheme—the common interest of every stage plot—which is a very different thing from curiosity about strange, rare, experience in actual life. You felt that Mr. Berkeley had really shown you "what it's like." You felt that M. de Lorde had only shown you what his skill in theatrical invention was like.

And there, I suspect, we reach a limitation of Grand Guignolism. The art of drama at its best—shall we call it grand art, as distinguished from Grand Guignol art?—does not exist to gratify curiosity. The best drama does not provoke the spectator's curiosity about what is going to happen so much as excite in him a keen desire that a certain thing shall happen and then satisfy that desire to the full. The Greek tragedians did not scruple to announce their plot in advance. Lessing, in his "Hamburg Dramaturgy," maintains that "the dramatic interest is all the stronger and keener the longer and more certainly we have been allowed to foresee everything," and adds, "So far am I from holding that the end ought to be hidden from the spectator that I don't think the enterprise would be a task beyond my strength were I to undertake a play of which the end should be announced in advance, from the very first scene." The truth is, in the fine art of drama we are seeking what we seek in every fine art—beauty, a new form and coloring to be given to the actions and emotions of the real world by the artist's imagination. But even on the lower plane of realism Grand Guignolism has ample scope. The one-act formula has a clear technical advantage in the single scene and strict coincidence of supposed with actual time. Great helps both to unity of impression. (One counted the minutes in "Eight o'Clock" almost as anxiously as the condemned man did.) And it has the immense fun of theatrical experiment, of seeing how far you can go, what shocks the public can stand and what it can't, the joy of adventurously exploring the unknown and the inedit. Above all, if it is wise it will remember that (as I believe at any rate) its public does not yearn for the "shocking" incident merely as such, but as representing a rare experience, and it will look for some rarities that are not shocking.—A. B. Walkley in the London Times.

Reznicek's "Bluebeard"

Berlin—The first premiere of the season at the Opera here was Emil von Reznicek's "Bluebeard," which was originally produced at Darmstadt early in the year, but had not since been given on any other stage. Reznicek's career has been an unusual one, for he has suddenly sprung into fame as a composer at the comparatively advanced age of 60 years. Before the war he was either unknown to, or ignored by, the wider public even in Germany. Today his name is on everyone's lips, and the performance of his F minor Symphony by Nikisch at a recent Philharmonic concert and the production of "Bluebeard" at the Opera were awaited as two of the most interesting events of the season. Reznicek's antecedents are unusual for a composer, and his relations of nationality, to say the least of it, mixed. His father was an Austrian field marshal, but of Czech blood, while his mother was a Roumanian princess from the family of Ghika, well known as generous patrons of music in their own country. He himself has long been a naturalized German subject. The artistic gifts of the Rezniceks also came out strongly in the composer's brother, now dead, whose delicate ideolities, first published in the comic paper "Simplicissimus," must have struck anyone who has ever cast a glance at a German print shop window. Some 10 years ago, while musical director at Warsaw, Emil Reznicek gave an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, London, and included in his program his own "Donna Diana" Overture and B major Symphony, both of which were well received. Otherwise I believe his music has never been played in England.

The opera was received with a cordiality which seems to guarantee it a place on the Berlin repertory for some time to come. Moreover, it has an excellent press. The critics differ as to whether Reznicek should be placed in the first, or merely at the top of the second rank of modern composers, but all agree that it would be difficult to find his equal as a master of orchestral coloring. It was apparently a good choice which made him professor of instrumentation at the Berlin Conservatory.—London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 18.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Third Stelner concert; Mme. Alda and Charles Hackett of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.
Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Bachmann's piano recital. See special notice.
Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the People's Orchestra of Boston. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.
Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. "Elijah," performed by the People's Choral Union of Boston. Mr. Dunham, conductor. See special notice.
MONDAY—Stelner Hall, 3 P. M. Chamber concert by John Beech, pianist, with Gertrude Marshall, Wlt. violinist; Adeline Rickard, violin; Marjorie Patten Weaver, violoncello; Paul Smart, clarinet; Mason, Pastorale; Clifton, Interlude; Hill, Humoreske; Piano pieces; Ravel, Rigaudon and Minuet; Rameau, Tambourin; Chopin, Valse; Albeniz, Almeria; G. Faure, Piano Quartet in G minor.
Hotel Vendome, 3 P. M. First of Miss Terry's concerts. Mrs. Louise Ford, soprano; Heinrich Geibard, pianist. Songs by Four-drain, G. Faure, Georges, Poldowski, Vulliamoz, Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Goldmark. Piano pieces by Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Debussy, Johns, Cyril Scott, Strauss-Schulz-Evier.
TUESDAY—Stelner Hall 4 P. M. Second of Mme. Hopkirk's piano recitals. Poete, Poem after Omar Khayyam; Harrison, Pershore. Hums and the Lebury Parson; Hopkirk. Two folk songs and Serenata; Conquero, The Mysterious Barriender; Debussy, Les Cloches; Strauss, Les Fantes. Coates, And

1891-1900. The first concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1900. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1901-1910. The second concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1901. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1911-1920. The third concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1911. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1921-1930. The fourth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1921. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1931-1940. The fifth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1931. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1941-1950. The sixth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1941. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1951-1960. The seventh concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1951. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1961-1970. The eighth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1961. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1971-1980. The ninth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1971. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1981-1990. The tenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1981. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

1991-2000. The eleventh concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1991. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2001-2010. The twelfth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2001. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2011-2020. The thirteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2011. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2021-2030. The fourteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2021. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2031-2040. The fifteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2031. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2041-2050. The sixteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2041. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2051-2060. The seventeenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2051. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2061-2070. The eighteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2061. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2071-2080. The nineteenth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2071. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2081-2090. The twentieth concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2081. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

2091-2100. The twenty-first concert of the season, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was held at the Music Hall, Boston, on Monday, December 1, 2091. The program was as follows: Symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky; Concertos by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann; and various chamber pieces. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The concert was a great success, and the audience was very large.

HAROLD BAUER

It would not be an easy task to decide in which one of the usual selections—classical, romantic and technical—bravura—of Harold Bauer's program in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon he was the most pleasing to the audience, most complete as artist. For the program throughout was played with a finesse, a crisp incisive intelligent regard for values and effects that revealed equally the beauties of Bach and Ravel, of Schumann and Chopin.

With consummate skill Mr. Bauer succeeds in creating the illusion of the eighteenth century when he translates the music of harpsichord to piano. The agate-like clearness of the Bach "Partita in B-flat" with its dances grave and stately and also quick and whirling, loses nothing of its original charm as Mr. Bauer plays it. Both the reticence of the century and the devotion to the exquisitely woven patterns of the music live under his fingers, and also the passion of the weaver Bach. The staccato touch, the neatly swaying melodic lines, the demure objectivity of the dance sing straight from the simpler time. A well of beauty undimmed is here.

From Bach to Schumann

From the reticence of Bach to the stormy romanticism of Schumann was a leap. But again Mr. Bauer was the artist, for he made the sonority of the "Sonata in F-sharp minor op. 11" crackle with the rebellious and virile emotion and enthusiasm of the composer. Nor did he neglect the beautifully tender strains of the "aria" and he made the over-long "finale" eloquent. The dramatic contrast of the Bach and the Schumann music did greater justice to both than isolation would have done.

Romanticism showed partly its more sentimental side in the five selections from Chopin. But the selections were not of the effeminate Chopin; rather Mr. Bauer made him virile and powerful. The beauty of tone in the "Nocturne in G-minor" was of one type; that in the "Polonaise in E-flat minor" of a quite different. Both were beautifully sung. That Chopin is dramatic as well as sentimental was proved in the two preludes in F-sharp minor and E-major, and also especially in the "Ballade in F-minor."

Technical Skill

Listeners who delight in technical skill were especially pleased with the three selections of the final section of the program—as well anyone might be. The quality of tone in the "Jeux d'Eau" by Ravel marvelously did homage to the subject. The screen of flying drops before the solid body of water—both were there. "La Serenade interrompue" by Debussy delighted with its whimsical drama. The "Mephisto Waltz" by Liszt gave large opportunity for prestidigitation as well as beauty, opportunity which Mr. Bauer accepted and used to the full.

It was a delightful concert, unfortunately the only recital by Mr. Bauer in Boston this season.

The newspaper neglected to mention the brilliant William Cassidy. His editorial article written immediately after the news of the assassination of Lincoln attracted the attention of the whole country. The Times speaks of St. Clair McKelway. When that indefatigable writer Locarno editor of the Argus his articles were so stuffed with polysyllabic and unfamiliar words that the editorials staggered the slugging Democrats of the sixth ward, who, nevertheless swore by the Argus as a sound and aggressive organ. Even the dwellers on State, Elk, Eagle, Lark and Swan streets and Washington avenue, who were supposed to be "educated" men and women, never read the Argus without an unabridged dictionary at hand. We spoke of the sixth ward. It was the boast of the stalwart Democrats of that ward that no Republican ever reached the polls on election day. We are speaking of the late seventies. Corruption in politics ran high. We have seen negroes, waiters and others, in Albany receive money for their votes from Republicans and Democrats. No one knew how these negroes voted. Those were the good old days. A free lunch at the leading hotel was then a meal. On Christmas and New Year's day it was a feast. Nor were the barkeepers importunate in asking: "Now, sir, what's yours?" They were not obliged to put the question.

Mexican Intelligence

As the World Wags:

Mr. T. Phillip Terry has noted in these pages the good will that Mexicans have for Massachusetts. Local citizens with an eye on chances for trade with the neighboring republic may discover further encouragement in the experience of Dr. Peter MacQueen, orchardist, globe-trotter, now and then of Boston, who once upon a time interviewed a high official in Mexico. "You are an American?" was the cold inquiry. "I am from Boston," the doctor admitted. "Ah-h-h," said the official, with sudden cordiality, "that is different; the Bostonians are much superior to Americans."

W. L. P.

Additional Verses

Mr. Neale of West Medford adds to "Reuben, Reuben" verses that he heard long ago:

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
Cau you tell me how and when
Women will be made to stop this
Doing things just like the men.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking
And can answer with dispatch,
She must cease her mannish methods
When she goes to strike a match.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a strange world this would be,
If the streams of drinking water
Turned as salty as the sea.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,
You may safely take my word,
More than half the population
Wouldn't know it had occurred.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
Why the men will risk their gold
Betting on the wicked races
Knowing they are bought and sold.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,
That is where the laugh comes in,
Each man thinks that he has fixed it
So the horse he backs will win.

Arcadia on the Palisades

(From Christopher Morley's Column in the New York Evening Post.)

Three Musketeers very much after our own heart are the jovial Messrs. Nicholas Mahoney, Arthur Rooney and Joe Marini of Cliffside, N. J., who denounce themselves as "Technologists in the Social, Journalistic, Romantic, Poetic, Cultural, Quixotic and Mythical Arts and Sciences." The following, abbreviated, is their schedule of services offered to the public:

Select escorts provided for young ladies, for parties, dances, etc. Advice to the lovelorn—mortgage loans on silk hats and gold teeth—guides and companions for European and Continental travel. Choice tickets for aeroplane flights, sunsets, eclipses and snowfalls. Cremation and deep sea burials done on the premises.

Dramatic criticism—specialists in crystal ball gazing—books reviewed—cornerstones laid—headaches massaged—sad hearts gladdened—bald heads polished—babes named—music furnished for jigs, wakes, christenings, and corned beef-cabbage festivals.

Research work—surgical work for kewpies—Maltese Kittens, humming birds and flappers always in stock—Elephants manured—legal advice on complex connubial relationships—hikes, canoe trips, straw rides, hammock parties, dances and tugs-of-war arranged—dealers in whereabouts, math balls, nightingales, wart removers, colifurs, rompers and incense.

Ambassadors and diplomats for truce parleys—sleep shorn—trousers patched—engagement rings loaned—games umpired—wine cellars managed—palms read—babes cuddled—mandolin serenades—love letters written (three grades: shy, medium and very intense)—bath tubs and talcum powder for pet dogs.

As long as there are people who can get so much high-spirited amusement out of kidding the world in general we maintain the human race has a future.

Gastronomic Note

(From Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences.) The Mayors of neighboring towns were invited. Ice to cool wine had just come into fashion. One of the Mayor

ter, I believe, got it on his plate first, and to cut it, then carried a lump of it to his mouth with a spoon. A well trained footman, seeing the situation, whipped away the ice, but the Mayor's confidence was shaken for the rest of the feast.

The Artful Aid

Mr. Justice Darling is known in England as a jester on the bench. He is especially jocose when the case is unusually serious. Mr. Justice Avery has not been described as amusing or epigrammatic. He takes his office solemnly. At a recent murder trial he spoke of "pernicious practices which prevail of pandering to the prurient proclivities of the public by publishing pictorially."

RACHMANINOFF

Mr. Rachmaninoff brought to his recital of yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall the admirable combination of exquisite poetic insight and ability to make the poetry of the music newly alive and significant as he played. The finest delicacy of interpretation did not forget the more august power of the music. The spontaneity of the playing—which was never failing—did not for a moment forget what the music demanded. The beauty of the tone was constant and varied throughout. And with it all there went a fine restraint that kept the recital always in the realm of dignified beauty.

It would have been most easy to turn the Debussy suite, "Children's Corner," into a merely humorous excursion, especially in the fourth section, the "Golliwogg's Cake Walk." Mr. Rachmaninoff did not do this; he kept the humor but he did not fall with the beauty. It would have been easy to make the first movement of the Beethoven Sonata in E minor (opus 90) a much more loudly declaimed message—and thereby to lose much fineness. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Rachmaninoff held fast to the restraint that gave both strength and grace.

Hovered Over Piano

Again and again through the various numbers of the program the tone seemed hardly to spring from struck wires; it rather hovered above the piano, each note a crystal globe of light and beauty. The first gradations of power, with a wealth of color, inhabited the tones. In the scale passages of the Chopin "F Major Valse," a transparent delicacy of fabric hovered in the whirling notes; a dry clearness pervaded the Bach "Praeludium"; a sluicous liquid quality of great loveliness sang in the recurring melody of the second movement of the Beethoven Sonata. The ability of a merely whispered tone to fill the hall as clearly as a thunderous chord astonished again and again.

Spontaneity was the very soul of the Schumann "Papillons" as the music danced from Mr. Rachmaninoff's fingers. Section after section was newly born as it rose from the strings with a sweet waywardness quite delightful. The daintily felt emotion, feeling its way from delight to delight, never flagged. Less expectedly, the "Chaconne" of Bach-Buzoni, and the "Praeludium" of Bach sprang into being as they were played; they were not memories of printed scores. Mr. Rachmaninoff makes his listeners feel that his delight in the music is fresh and keen, that not only does he understand it entirely, but that he enjoys it. Hence the color and the life of the playing.

Melodic Contours

The beauty of the melodic contours was as firm and yet as fluent as the edge of a filled sail, as the flash of a blade through the air. Legato or staccato, separated chords or flowing melody, a seemingly perfect fusing of elements ever inhered in the performance.

Mr. Rachmaninoff gives an impression of complete ease in his playing, which seems to spring from a sure knowledge of exactly what he intends to do. There was a "just-sonness" about the playing of yesterday that was anything but mechanical; it resulted from the firm seat of intellect in the saddle, intellect that had sounded the emotional powers of the music and knew the means to show these powers.

The final two numbers were his own preludes in G major and B flat major. Both were warmly received, especially the sonorous and eloquent second, which had to be followed with generous encores.

Altogether Mr. Rachmaninoff was very much the artist as well as pianist.

Chaconne, Papillons, Sonata, Allegro, Andante, Maestros, A flat major, Nocturne, F sharp minor, Polonaise, O minor, Suite, "Children's Corner", Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum, Serenade of a Lady, The Little Shepherd, Golliwogg's Cake Walk, Two Preludes: G major, B flat major, Rachmaninoff

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 10TH. CONCERT

Arthur Hadley, 'Cellist, Assists as Soloist

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 10th concert of the season at Convention Hall yesterday afternoon, with Emil Mollenhauer as conductor, and Arthur Hadley, violoncellist, as soloist. The program given consisted of "Sakuntala" overture, by Goldmark, "Air for G String" by Bach-Wilhelm, "Rhapsody for Violoncello" by Popper, and Mozart's "Symphony in C Major."

As the conductor and many members of the orchestra are to take part in a performance at Symphony Hall next Sunday, the next concert of the People's Symphony will be postponed until Jan. 30.

ALDA AND HACKETT

Frances Alda, soprano, and Charles Hackett, tenor, assisted by Seneca Pierce, piano accompanist, gave the third concert in the Steinert series at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon.

Miss Alda sang pieces of so wide a variety that she pleased all differing tastes among her hearers. Among her regular selections were "Lungi dal Carobene," Secchi; "My Lovely Cella," Munro; "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Dr. Arne; "Che gelida Manina," from "La Boheme"; the "Un bel di" aria from "Madame Butterfly," and a duet from "La Boheme" with Mr. Hackett. Among numbers given in response to enthusiastic recalls were one of Lieurance's appealing American Indian melodies and a distinctively Slavic piece by Rachmaninoff. Her program was rearranged and a whole group of captivating songs added, among which "My Little House," by Mr. Pierce, and a version of the negro ditty, "The Old Ark's Amovering" caught the fancy of her hearers.

Miss Alda's pleasing manner and personal charm as well as the resonant beauty of her voice in both extremely low and high passages stirred the audience to special enthusiasm.

Mr. Hackett's singing of all his songs, including "Spillage amate," Gluck; "The Kiss," Beethoven; "Serenade," Poldowski; "La Procession," Cesar Franck, and several extras, was warmly received, his splendid and artistically managed voice and his fine dramatic interpretations winning deserved tribute.

"ELIJAH" IS SUNG BY PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

The People's Choral Union of Boston, conducted by G. S. Dunham, and assisted by Mildred Faas, soprano, Bertha Davies, contralto, Harold Tripp, tenor, and Herbert Smith, baritone, sang the "Elijah" last evening at Symphony Hall.

Mr. Dunham led the chorus well and the work was finely interpreted although it seemed at times, that the tenors were rather weak. The assisting artists did their work well and showed artistic feeling in their selections. On the whole the union merits attention this season.

JOHN BEACH

By PHILIP HALE

A concert of chamber music was given by John Beach, pianist, yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Gertrude Marshall Witt, violin; Adeline Packard, viola; Marjorie Patten Weaver, violoncello, and Paul Mimar, clarinet. The program was as follows: D. G. Mason, pastoral for violin, clarinet and piano, op. 8; Clifton, Interlude for clarinet and piano; Hill, Humoresque for clarinet and piano. Piano pieces: Ravel, Rigaudon and Minuet; Rameau, Tambourin; Chopin, Valse, Albeniz, Almeria. G. Faure, piano quartet, G minor, op. 45.

Mr. Mason's Pastoral was performed here at a Longy Club concert on Nov. 27, 1913. It is a melodious and suave composition up to the time when Mr. Mason felt it his duty to be scholastic and therefore introduced fugal pages. After that there is a return to the truly pastoral mood, but the music is too long in dying as was the graceless Charles II. Unlike that monarch, Mr. Mason does not apologize for protracting the agony. Mr. Clifton's Interlude seemed to us vague and inconsequential, like the improvisation of an amateur organist waiting for a belated bride couple. This

It is strange that the New York Times commenting editorially on the... of the Albany Argus and nam... of that once in-

...and then he came out on the stage with a bassoon. His friend, curious or afraid, asks him what he is going to play. "Anything that comes out," Mr. Hill's Humoresque has more form and somewhat of substance, but the humor of it was in the mind of the composer rather than in his musical speech. An interesting article could be written about any one's musical Humoresque; how one is emotional, another steeped in melancholy, still another dull. The title is generally and woefully misapplied unless the composer uses the word humor in the old Ben Jonsonian meaning of the word. These three clarinet pieces were sympathetically played. It was a pleasure to hear the true clarinet tone of Mr. Mimart and to recognize his technical skill and musical phrasing.

Mr. Beach gave pleasing variety to the program by playing a group of what some might call little pieces. He had the good sense not to inject an orthodox sonata or a thunderous rhapsody. At times one could have wished a more determined rhythm in his performance. His practical interpretation of Albeniz's "Almeria" was noteworthy, and with the exception of occasionally faltering rhythm—not a rubato—so was his treatment of Chopin's waltz.

No sooner attained he (Nero) to the empire, but he sent for Terpnus the harper, renowned in those days for his cunning above all other. Sitting by him as he played and sung, day by day after supper until it was far in the night, himself likewise by little and little began to practise and exercise the same; yea and not to let passe ante means that expert professors in that kind were wont to do, either for preserving or the bettering and fortifying of their voices: even to wear before him upon his breast a thin plate or sheet of lead: to purge by clyster or vomit: to abstain from apples and fruits, with all such meates as were hurtful to the voice: so long, until his proceedings still drawing him on (as small and rusty voice though he had) he desired to come forth and shew himself upon the open stage, having among his familiar companions this Greeke proverb ever more in his mouth, that hidden musick was nought worth. . . . All the while he was singing, lawfully it was not for any person to depart out of the theatre were the cause never so necessary.

A Music-Lover

As the World Wags:

I saw in your column on Jan. 14 that "Asphyxia" (what a pretty name; it must be mythological, like "Kolynos") complained about the people chewing gum in theatres and being a nuisance. I have seen the same thing done in concerts; at least I saw it the other night when Toscanini conducted. It was a man sitting in the row before me, and as I had been invited by a friend of mine, it was in the best section of the house. The man—I really should say gentleman, because he wore a tuxedo—chewed very vigorously all through the performance. It was not Spearmint, but must have been something new that I have not seen advertised yet; it smelt for all the world like garlic. I was much fascinated in watching the gentleman gingerly toss the gum from one corner of his mouth to the other, and always keeping time with the conductor's beat. I think that shows a pretty musical nature. But it really annoyed me, because I couldn't watch Toscanini nearly as much as I wanted to. The gentleman, in applauding, raised his hands above his head, from which I took it that he must be a foreigner, and that gum-chewing is not native with him, but an acquired habit. Foreigners, when they are nice, are so awfully nice, but when they are not they are pretty horrid. Just the same, I don't think it was right or at all nice for that gentleman to chew during the performance; but perhaps he was very temperamental.

Speaking of Toscanini, I can't see at all why people are making such a fuss over him. I always thought that the greatest Italian conductor was Crestore. But I don't suppose he is really so great, because he wears a uniform. Still, I think I know a good deal about music, because I have had a very liberal education, and lots of people tell me that I do. I should say here that I am a singer, at least I am taking vocal from one of our best singing teachers. He tells me that I have a pure, lyrical, tenor quality. I sing a high A with ease. When I close my eyes and raise my left heel, I take a high C. And still my teacher says that I must gain in my upper register, what I am lacking in my lower one, before I have a satisfactory medium register. I think that is pretty subtle, and not every singing teacher would tell you that.

But although I know pretty much about music, I don't seem to know what I like. That is where I differ from so many other people. Now, I am always reading the criticisms in the paper about concerts to which I go, and I go to a lot of them, because I always get passes from my teacher. But I am not one of those nelly late-comers. I always love to be early and watch the people come in and look unconcerned. That makes my teacher say that I am a pretty shrewd observer. But reading the criticisms does not help me. I go out of a concert and feel pretty sure that I enjoyed it and the next morning I read

that I was wrong. I wonder what the critics will say when they hear me sing. I know it will be good, because my teacher said I must not appear in public for another three or four years, but that then I'll be a pretty good singer.

Could you advise me how I could tell what to like in music and what not to like? Do critics always know? If I weren't a singer, I would love to be a critic. But I guess that going to so many concerts must be pretty tiresome. I asked my teacher what to do about it, and he told me never to read criticisms. But I know that he does himself, and this only inconsistency in my teacher worries me pretty much. Sometimes I am seized with a terrible doubt that perhaps he may not be as good a teacher as he says he is. But I think I'll take another year vocal with him before I make a change. Perhaps I'll know by then what I like. I should so love to have an independent opinion.

You can see that I am serious-minded and that I am earnestly striving to express myself in music and make audible the latent potentialities of my inner self. Perhaps some one of your readers, even though he does not know as much about music, might be able to tell me how he arrived at knowing what he liked. Everybody seems to, except myself, and I hate to have my career spoiled by such a handicap.

Boston. SAMMY DAMMEQUAVER.

Let us now quote from the wisdom of Athenaeus: "Music softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy."—Ed.

Shop-Talk

As the World Wags:

Consciously or unconsciously, we are all influenced by our professional point of view and undertakers are no exception to the rule. Their stories and jokes are very likely to relate to their business. The curious, grotesque and ludicrous events are what impresses them, and are what they are likely to repeat. A friend of mine told me of a funeral held in an old-fashioned country house, built as they usually were with a very small front hall with a flight of winding stairs taking most of the space. There was an open place under the stairs as they wound upward, and the coffin had been placed in this. It was rather dark, and as the people came in they did not see the coffin, and laid their wraps upon it until it was entirely hidden from view. The funeral services seemed to hitch somewhere, and the undertaker appeared very much disturbed, and went from room to room as though hunting for something. He finally announced that the cause of the delay was that "they had mislaid the corpse." This undertaker was trying to be polite and soothing to the mourners, but the old undertaker, who said to me: "My daughter says she can always tell when father has a job, because we have flowers on the table and ice on the butter" was trying to be funny, and it always struck me that he succeeded. CAROLUS M. COBB.

Lynn.

Dearie, Have You?

(From the New York Evening Post)
Dearie, have you seen
The tulips and the pansies,
Slide by side
In the Boston Public Gardens?
The tulips lean
Like giddy dancers at their ease.
The pansies hide
Like blossom Pekingeses
Whose mistresses are standing
On their heads, gaudy silken skirts aloft.
Dearie, surely you have seen
The pansies and the tulips
Batikling in the Boston Public Gardens!
NORINE WINTROWE.

KARYL NORMAN IS KEITH'S FEATURE

Karyl Norman, "The Creole Fashion Plate," in "A Tent of Melodies," assisted by Bobby Simonds at the piano, is the feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience demanded and received several encores.

It would be unfair to future audience to go into minute detail descriptive of this act. Suffice to say that the singer in a group of varied songs, entertained with a pleasing voice of unusual compass and an astounding wardrobe. I am unique, to say the least.

One of the best acts on the bill was the dancing number of Masters and Kraft. The piece is prettily staged there is speed and snap to the performance, and there is plenty of variety in the dance.

Other acts on the bill are Clayton and Edwards, in an instrumental, dancing and singing act; James Dutton and company, in an equestrian number; William Ebs, in a ventriloquist act with a surprise; Vinie Daly, in a singing and dancing act, concluding with steps made famous by the Daly family years ago; Bud Snyder and Joe Meling company, in a burlesque acrobatic sketch, the real laugh getter of the bill; Jess Lihonati, xylophone soloist, and the Lerner Girls, in a dancing act that pleased in fleetness and high spirits.

WAY DOWN EAST BY ARLINGTON PLAYERS

Revival of "Way Down East," by the Arlington Players at the Arlington Theatre last night drew a large audience. It was thoroughly appreciative of the simple rural drama. It applauded virtue enthusiastically and hissed the villain vigorously every time he appeared after his villainy had been exposed. Frances Anderson had the leading part of Anna More. Her acting was rather uneven but on the whole a satisfactory interpretation of the part. She shared the honors of the evening with Olive Massey, as Kate Brewster.

William Shelley Sullivan was effective in the part of David, and Willard Dashiell appeared to better advantage as Squire Bartlett than he did last week as the lawyer in "Peg o' My Heart."

The stage settings were excellent and realistic.

The village choir sang several old-time selections in a pleasing manner. The audience applauded most of them but some were apparently too old for the recollection of the hearers.

MME. HOPEKIRK

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave the second of her piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Poem after Omar Khayyam; Harrison, Pershore Plums and The Leadbury Parson; Hopekirk, two folk songs—Eilidh Bhan and Gaelic Lullaby—and Serenata; Bach, Siciliano; Couperin, The Mysterious Baccalies; Debussy, Les Cloches a travers les Feuilles; Coates, Angelus; Goossens, A Marionette Show; Chopin, Waltz, Nocturne, Scherzo in B minor, Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata.

Mme. Hopekirk is to be thanked for bringing out piano pieces by the younger members of the English school, younger in musical thought and manner of expression if not always in years. Julius Harrison of Staunton, Worcestershire, has written a cantata "Cleopatra," which took a prize over 30 odd competitors. It was produced at the Norwich Festival in 1908. Two years before that a Prelude with Double Fugue for two violins had attracted attention. The two pieces on Mme. Hopekirk's program are from "Four Worcestershire Pieces" brought out in London in February of last year. His tone poem "Rapunzel," suggested by the poem of William Morris, was produced in London on March 11, 1911. He has composed songs and part-songs.

Engene Goossens, composer and conductor, is a more familiar name, but little of his music has been heard in this country. Two sketches were played in various cities by the Zocher Quartet in the season of 1917-18. He has written chamber music, songs, piano pieces, "Four Concerts" for the Russian Ballet, but his most important work is a symphonic poem, "The Eternal Rhythm," produced in London in October, 1920. Albert Coates is known here by name chiefly as a conductor. There was some talk of him at one time as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Next season he will be Walter Damrosch's associate. Mr. Coates has written an opera, "The Myth Beautiful"—excerpts from it were played in London last November; some songs, some piano pieces, "Angelus" and "Lacrymosa" were published with "Idyll" late in 1919. The first two are "In Memoriam," one dedicated to the memory of a brother and the other to a nephew who fell in action. Mr. Coates, who is renowned as an interpreter of Scriabin, is surely a man of temperament, for his little "Idyll," only four pages long, is marked at its climax f f f f and its ending p p p p.

The music by Harrison, Coates, Goossens, with Mme. Hopekirk's Serenata was heard here for the first time. The Serenata includes a prelude, minuet, sarabande, aria and rigaudon.

Harrison's pieces lead me to infer that they are based on folk songs or ballads of the country, as Derbyshire boasts of its "Dorby Ram." The main material is thoroughly English and all the foreign chords, the fitting or incongruous arabesques do not disguise the racial flavor. The ultra-modern idiom in this instance seems to have been acquired; not a natural speech, as it is with Debussy or Ravel.

Mrs. Hopekirk played in her customary intelligent and polished manner and gave much pleasure to an audience that was considerably larger than the one at the first of these recitals.

Fokine and Fokina Give Elaborate Program, Assisted by Jacchia

By PHILIP HALE

Michel Fokine and his wife, Vera Fokina, assisted by players from the Boston Symphony, led by Agid Jacchia, danced in Symphony Hall last night for the first time in Boston. The diversissements for Mme. Fokina included Delibes's Passepied, Saint-Saens's Dying Swan, a Danse Tzigane by Nachez, and Salome's dance to the music written by Glazounoff for the tragedy. Mr. Fokine appeared as Bacchus to music by Tcherpnin, Papaleros, to music by Glazounoff. The ensemble dances were: Harlequin and Columbine, music by Schumann ("Carnaval"); Mazurka from Delibes's "Coppelia" and three Russian dances to music of Liadoff; Melancholy, I dance with mosquito; Lullaby, Folk Dance. The orchestra played the overture to "Preciosa," Mendelssohn's Scherzo ("Mid-Summer Night's Dream"); Halvorsen's "Entrance of the Boyards"; Miniature Overture and Trepak from Tschalkowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" and Grieg's "Spring" for strings.

The hall was crowded. Many stood. Naturally there was curiosity to see the man, the greatest ballet-master of his period, who had staged the triumphs of the Russian ballet, "Scheherazade," "The Fire-Bird," "Petrouchka" and the other marvels, whose skill has been shown in this country by his production of "Aphrodite" and "Maera" in New York.

Genius as he is as a producer of ballets, Mr. Fokine is not a dancer of the first rank; indeed, he is heavy, seldom graceful. Last night he was conspicuous chiefly by the authority of his posing as the Spaniard to Glazounoff's music and in the final Russian dance with his wife which he danced en amore. It should be remembered, however, that dancers on the stage of Symphony Hall are at a disadvantage. There is no scenic illusion; the lighting is necessarily crude; even the curtain is dispiriting; nor is there sufficient time for effective rehearsal when the dancers are visitors and the orchestra is local.

Mme. Fokina is a handsome woman but not an entrancing dancer. She was most effective in Salome's dance of the seven veils, in the Gypsy dance to the music of Nachez and in the scene with the mosquito to the delicate and appropriate music of Liadoff. Her "Dying Swan," although the program said that Mr. Fokine "created" it for her, was disappointing; it has been danced here more gracefully, more emotionally. In the dance of Salome and the Russian folk dances, Mme. Fokina's costumes added greatly to the enjoyment, and in the Russian dances the pantomime of Mr. Fokine was excellent.

The dancers were enthusiastically applauded. The orchestral numbers also gave pleasure, especially the music by Halvorsen and Grieg, and the incidental solos by Mr. Mahn, and by Mr. Birth in the music by Nachez and Saint-Saens, respectively, were duly appreciated.

So Miss Mary Garden, who is now directing the fortunes of the Chicago Opera Company, will henceforth censor the press notices sent out by the unfortunate, nervous young man under her control. In other words, Miss Garden will be her own passionate press agent. The fun is only beginning. Wait till later in the season. We read that Mr. Charles L. Wagner is to assist Miss Garden in management, Mme. Gallucci will leave the company, and Mr. Marauzzi will follow her example. When the Chicago company was in Boston Miss Garden was of the opinion that Mr. Henry Russell, not unknown in this city, was the one impresario to be desired for Chicago. The Italian word "impresario" means in English "undertaker."

Meanwhile Miss Garden is hurrahing in Italy for Mr. Muratore as the tenor that would save any company from ruin. Mr. Muratore is a loud singer, a fine figure of a man on the stage. No wonder he appeals to Miss Garden. He is not an artist. For the truth of this statement there is the memory of his howling to the gallery the "Reve" in "Manon," which Mr. Clement sang so beautifully. Massenet's pretty little dream became in Mr. Muratore's throat a nightmare.

Over in New York Mme. Farrar, whose name is accented by genteel New Yorkers on the last syllable, is trying to sing the music of "Louise" and, according to newspaper accounts, is dressing the poor working girl as if she were the Queen of Sheba about to meet King Solomon in all his glory. We should not be surprised if Mme. Farrar were to appear at any time as Kundry; the next week as Lucia, with the traditional dagger and in pink pyjamas.

"Frankie"

The Spectator (London) of Dec. 25th published an article on the American folk-song. The writer was especially

My mother was an old maid, and in those days so cheap. But even in that favor I heard our sties were searching for a "good part" of "good old pod-ranger." Perhaps when Adam and Eve wandered desolate in the freshly mowed land, struggling with thorns and thistles and sinned perilously for a lost Eden, they bequeathed the habit to the race.

Rosindale.

R. B. B.

BOSTON MUSICAL ASSN. IN CONCERT

The second season of the Boston Musical Association, Georges Longy, director, opened last night in Jordan Hall. The program included these compositions: Frank Bridge, Suite for strings (first time); Debussy, Le Jet d'eau for voice and orchestra (first time with orchestra); Christiana Gaya; Lekeu, Adagio for strings, op. 3; Miss Marshall, violin solo; Mrs. Golden, viola solo; Miss Moorhouse, violoncello solo; Bennett, Quartet for flutes, a Rondo Capriccioso played by Verna Powell, Walter Knight, Alice McLaughlin and Raymond Orr; Roussel, Le Festin de l'Araignée for small orchestra; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Con- d orchestra, op. 30, Guy Maier, pianist.

The program was a varied and interesting one. Frank Bridge should not be confounded with his fellow Englishman, John Frederick Bridge, who has written solemn oratorios and cantatas for solemn English festivals. The former, an operatic conductor as well as a composer, is best known here by his sonnet, "Blow Out, You Eagles," sung last season at a Symphony concert by Mr. McCormack. "Le jet d'eau" is the third of "Cinq Poemes" (text by Baudelaire), composed by Debussy in 1899 and orchestrated the accompaniment in 1907. The song was then sung at a Colonne concert in Paris by Helene Demellier. Although it was well sung, the galleries were lively in disapprobation of the music. Lekeu's Adagio, composed about 1891, was suggested by Georges Vanor's line "Les fleurs pales du souvenir." It is said that Mr. Bennett, the composer of the Flute Quartet, is the son of a member of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and now lives in New York. The Quartet has been played here at a concert of the MacDowell Club. Roussel's fascinating composition was heard here in the larger form at a recent concert led by Mr. Toscanini. Rimsky-Korsakoff's Concerto was composed in 1882. Dedicated to Liszt, it shows the strong influence of that master. It is based on a theme announced in the fantastical introduction. Pianists have not favored the work in the past. Joseffy, always in search of an unfamiliar concerto, did not think it worth while. It was first played in this country by Constantine von Sternberg at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra early in 1905. It has also been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge.

The Suite by Bridge has decided character. It leads one to wish further acquaintance with his music. Either the singer's voice is light or she was overpowered by the orchestra. The music of Roussel, although there was faulty intonation in the playing, again gave pleasure. Mr. Maier gave a brilliant performance of the concerto, which is not to be ranked among the composer's important works.

BENEFIT CONCERT IS GIVEN FOR HOSPITAL

Greta Torpadie and Salvatore de Stefano in Jordan Hall

A concert was given in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the American Women's Hospital by Greta Torpadie, soprano; Salvatore de Stefano, harpist, and Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist. Miss Torpadie's songs were as follows: Rangstrom, Envisa and Hafuet; old Norwegian, Aa Kjoere Vatnet; and Ingerid Sletten; old Swedish, Dalpohka; old French, Au jardin de ma tante; Chabrier, Villanelle des petits Canards; H. Barlow, Lament (MSS.); H. Henry, Gather Ye Rosebuds; Versel, Where the Bee Sucks. Group with harp—Glazounoff, Romance Orientale; Loeffler, Les Paons; Perno, Les talents trois petits chats blancs. Harp pieces: Schuecker, Impromptu; Hasselmans, Ballade; folksong, Le petit Rol d'Yvetot; Galeotti, Legende; Longo, Scherzo; Debussy, Le Petit Berger; Tournier, Etude de Concert.

The program was agreeably diversified. The Scandinavian songs were now emotional, now gay. "En Visa" is a version of Maeterlinck's "And if he one day returns what then shall I tell him." The text of Barlow's "Lament" is from the Chinese. The two artists are well known here and, as before, they gave pleasure to an audience that half filled the hall.

A correspondent writes to The Herald that he heard "Reuben, Reuben" sung in Portland, Me., by his father as early as 1875 and probably before that. As we have said, the tune is an old one. Was it first wedded to the old English ballad "Billie Taylor"?

"Billie Taylor" and Curtis

As the World Wags:

I am surprised that in this "Reuben, Reuben" discussion nobody has realized that there is an old, old English song called "Billie Taylor"; that the tune of "Reuben, Reuben" was appropriated from it; and that the light opera of "Billie Taylor" was founded on the song.

The piece was sung at the Boston Theatre for the fortnight beginning May 23, 1881, by an excellent company, which included such favorites as J. H. Ryley, William Hamilton, A. W. F. McCollin, Arnold Breddon, W. H. Seymour (not our friend Willie Seymour of the Boston Museum, Carrie Hurton, Rachel Sanger, Rose Chapell and Nellie Mortimer.

The version done at the theatre on the corner of Dover and Washington streets, purporting to have been written by Fred Stinson, was a thinly disguised parody. I knew Fred at the time he was adapting it, as we were associated with the travelling company of the Boston Theatre, he as manager and I as treasurer. His version was fairly well done, but aroused no enthusiasm.

As to the song itself, it was the occasion of a remarkable coincidence. An amateur organization in Roxbury, of which I was a member, produced Henry J. Byron's burlesque of "William Tell, or the Pet, the Patriot and the Pippin." In it there was a song intended to be sung to the air of "Billie Taylor." As none of us knew what the air was, we sang it to a tune whose name we did not know, but whose music was quite familiar to most of us. What was my surprise to find out years afterward that we had been singing the right tune after all.

As to M. B. Curtis, who, by the way, has died since the first query about him was printed in your column, there were two brothers, Frank and Bert, as M. B. was called by his intimates. The original family name was a four-syllabled one, decidedly Jewish. Frank was a comedian who was best known by his performance of Peard in "The Two Orphans," played through New England by Furbish's Fifth Avenue company. Leaving the boards, he became manager of the theatre at Portland, Me., and was at one time manager of Herrmann the Great, whose widow I saw this very week at Kelt's, presenting an attractive magical act and looking surprisingly young, too, for I remember her as riding a velocipede in Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty company in June, 1874. Frank Curtis married Julia Stuart, a favorite and talented actress.

M. B. Curtis played a two weeks' engagement at the Boston Theatre in 1885, opening on Monday, Nov. 8, the night on which the Hollis Street Theatre was first opened, the attraction being "The Mikado." In which Richard Mansfield took the role of KoKo. At a Wednesday matinee during Mr. Curtis's engagement his wife, Albina de Mer, was seen as Camillo, the Armand being Edgar Davenport.

Mr. Curtis was connected with a tragedy in San Francisco. A policeman was killed and all circumstances pointed to the actor as the slayer. He refused to talk on the subject, saying only, "I didn't do it," and after long and costly trials, which used up all his own and his brother's money, he was set free. But his theatrical career was ended and he never returned to the stage.

In that amateur burlesque performance of which I spoke, John Murdoch, now of the catalogue department of the Boston Public Library, was the William Tell. I was Albert, his son John Heard, now theatre ticket agent in the Hotel Touraine, was Gessler; James A. Beasley, long a teacher in the English high school and founder of its orchestra, was Mrs. Tell; Leighton Beal, the only secretary the subway commission ever had, was the Jallor, and Miss Emma Bell, who, under her married name, is a resident of Brookline, was the Rosetta. I don't believe we were very wonderful in the piece, but we did enjoy playing it.

QUINCY KILBY.

In Portland, Me.

Mr. F. W. Lord of Mattapan writes: "I think about 10 days before I read about M. B. Curtis some one sent me a card asking me if I knew what had become of him. My answer was that he was of Jewish parentage. His brother kept a clothing store opposite the Preble House in Portland, Me. I knew M. B. in his younger days. He traveled for a clothing house and was about the same old stage as on. He made a hit as 'Sam'l of Posen.' He was a big spender, and was mixed up in a lot of affairs. He shot a man in San Francisco while he ended his career on the stage. He took his brother's fortune to

save him. He was a great actor and a singer. The Boston Herald writes: Julian Loring was 80 of 81. My most intimate friend, Bob Barrett brought me a letter from him dated Jan. 1, 1912. In 1892, Loring was in the Cadet minstrel two years before that and was working in a wholesale millinery store. . . . I was a first nighter, and it was seven nights out of the week. Then I was traveling 30 years and there was hardly an actor whom I did not know personally and could imitate. At the American exchange in London, Nat Goodwin was glad to listen to me and my imitations as I knew a lot of people he had never met. I was the active partner in the old firm of Brighton & Co., Boston, London and Glasgow."

Concerning War

(Remy de Gourmont Nov. 10, 1914)

The majority of the ancient great civilizations were developed during furious warlike conditions. Let one think of the little and glorious Greek republics. They knew peace only to know decadence. Battles and sieges were continuous in Italy up to the 16th century. In the human tragedy peace was perhaps never anything but an ent- r'acte.

The Seven Seas

As the World Wags:

Why should there be any doubt as to the Seven Seas? We have the Western, Northern, Indian, Arctic and Antarctic oceans and the Mediterranean and South Seas. I am inclined to doubt whether the North or the Baltic seas were ever seriously included in the Seven Seas, for they were too near home—in the old days—and there was no adventure in sailing on home waters. And, as to size, both the North and the Baltic seas compare unfavorably even with the smallest of the Seven Seas, the Northern ocean.

By this time, I hope, I have sufficiently whetted the curiosity of some stray incontinent Ph. D.—I met one some time ago whose sole knowledge of the sea was that it covered three-fourths of the earth's surface—for her to ask, "And what, pray, is the Northern ocean if not the North Sea?"

It's all the fault of the isthmus of Panama, my dear, for the darn thing would run east and west and the Spaniards got into the habit of calling the water to the south of it the South Sea and that to the north, which we know as the Caribbean, the Northern ocean.

As for the Western ocean—go down and ask the carpenter in the Public Library, he knows well enough. De profundis fiat lux.

F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger Farm, Cohasset.

FLONZALEY'S

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betth, Pochon, Bailly and d'Archambeau) gave its first concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. There was a large and deeply interested audience. The program was thus made up: Brahms, Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Jongen, Serenade Dramatique, op. 61; Beethoven, Quartet in F major, op. 69, No. 1.

Joseph Jongen, born at Liege in 1873, has lived in Brussels for some years. He has written an opera or two, a symphony, cantatas, symphonic poems, a violin concerto, chamber music, organ pieces, etc. The list of his compositions shows industry and versatility, but he is known in this country chiefly by his pieces for the organ.

The Serenade played last night is interesting melodically, harmonically and rhythmically. It is more than agreeable, it is fascinating music. Some of his chamber works show the influence of Cesar Franck, but the Serenade has pronounced individuality. It is not too orthodox; it is not deliberately, painfully ultra-modern; nor is it a timid straddle between the two. Jongen speaks out boldly what he has to say; his speech commands attention and admiration.

By some the C minor quartet of Brahms is classed with the greatest quartets of Beethoven. No one will dispute the solidity of the structure. Mr. Kaibeck goes so far as to say there is not a superfluous note; that every one has its place and its significance; but Mr. Kaibeck always and solemnly attributes to Brahms plenary inspiration. The first movement has an importance that is not wholly on account of structural mastery. There is a walling melancholy that is not displeasing. The pessimism of Brahms in some of his chamber music undoubtedly inspired the bitter taunt of Nietzsche. When the Trio of the third movement was played, there was the thought of the Sar Peledan's saying: that the Muse of Brahms was a Hungarian gypsy woman trying to dance in tight corsets. The last movement is the least effective of the four: it is crabbed and muddy.

The playing of the Flonzaley Quartet last night can be appraised only in superlatives. The performance was the very flower and perfection of ensemble playing.

The second concert will be on Thursday evening, Feb. 17.

BARITONE THOMAS
GIVES RECITAL HERE

Beautiful Voice Heard to Advantage
in Jordan Hall

John Charles Thomas, baritone, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, assisted by Jules Charmettes, violoncellist, and William Janaschek, accompanist. The program was as follows: Kahn, Ave Maria (with violoncello); Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Bossi, O Piccola Maria; Verdi, "Eri tu," from "Un ballo in maschera"; Debussy, Beau Soir; Bemberg, El neige; Hahn, Offrande and D'une Prison; Pessard, Requem de Coeur; Mona Zucca, Children's Songs—The Little Tin Soldiers, Little Pussy-Willow, Apron Strings, My Sore Thumb, The Mystery, Foolin' 'Em, In Sleepy Land; Mendelssohn, "It Is Enough," from "Elijah" (with organ); Hendriks, Lillacs; Burleigh, Have You Been to Lons? Lunde, Little Rover; Mrs. Beach, Ah! Love but a Day; Dix, The Trumpeter; Brochway, Lend Me Thy Pillow, Love.

Mr. Thomas is known favorably as a singer in operetta or musical comedy and his services have been duly valued by managers and the public. He wishes, however, to broaden his field; to shine on the concert stage, a laudable ambition. For this branch of vocal industry, he has the qualifications. He has an unusually beautiful voice which he uses with great skill. Furthermore, he has aesthetic intelligence. He should guard, however, against the free use of open tones on the extreme upper notes; also against see-sawing of forte and piano. These faults were occasionally noticed yesterday. His singing of "El Neige" was so charming that the song was repeated. The program was varied and interesting. Mr. Thomas made much of Mona Zucca's songs. He showed that the English language is not necessarily unvoiced; that it can be sung intelligently and effectively. His past experience in operetta has been of value to him in this respect. An audience of good size showed unmistakable signs of appreciation.

Staring at the stinking kind;
Felt the month and fog of the mind;
At the door he brags her foyson.
Bred—no such a prodigious poison.
Hobane, night shade, both together,
Hemlock, aevante —

Nay, rather
Plant a vine of rarest virtue
Distillers on the tongue would hurt you
I was but in a sort I blam'd thee;
None ever prospered who defamed thee;
Irony and, and fabled abuse,
Such as perplex lovers use
At a need, when, in despair,
To part forth their fairest fair,
Or to part but to express
Thou's wedding comedies
Which their fancies do so stroke
To borrow language of dislike

Did Sidney Smoke?

As the World Wags:
When I learned that Mr. Herkimer Johnson was to be in front of The Herald office at 12 noon Friday, attired in an opera and a red necktie, I realized I had expected opportunity to make a acquaintance was at hand. To my dismay there were many gentlemen with umbrellas and red neckties at that particular spot at that hour. There was, in fact, an "embarras du choix." One individual with umbrella, red necktie, gray trousers (as worn with cutaway) and spats and favors attracted my attention. I had about spurred my effident nature to the point of asking if he were Mr. Johnson, when the gentleman disappeared in the expectant crowd. As this person, by chance, Mr. Johnson, and did my modest reserve again lead me from being near to greatness? Will you ask Mr. Johnson if to his knowledge Sir Philip Sidney was a devotee of the Virginia weed when he composed his "Astrophel and Stella"? I do know Sir John Hawkins?
I am anxious to know this so as to get in a work I am compiling in defense of the Nicotian habit. If it be confirmed in time it may help in postponing a evil day when the purists take away from us another liberty.
Do you ever smell the odor of that famous British flag, "The Woodbine," at "Porphyry"? ROGER ASKEM, Cambridge.

Mr. Johnson does not sport whiskers. He was not the gentleman in suede shoes in fact he has been spatsless all his life. As he is now in Washington, D.C.—on a matter of national importance—we hope we do not betray his confidence in saying this—we endeavor to obtain information in answer to question about Sir Philip Sidney. Before he died, Remy de Gourmont praised English biographers, taking as his text the life of Munro, a translator of L'Herminette, by one Duff; for this biographer said that Munro parted his hair in the middle, shaved clean, wore deep hat, eschewed tea and tobacco, liked with his hands behind his back, only bread and butter for luncheon, and quill pens, sat at night with his feet on a foot stool, "and lowered his voice when he spoke of the nation's deities at the court of Tiberius." Old John Aubrey was a biographer who would have delighted the modern. We turned at once to his "Life of Samuel Pepys," lauded by the world. Alas! there is nothing

here about Sir Philip and tobacco, nor is Sir John Hawkins mentioned. But we are told that Sir Philip was the most accomplished cavalier of his time; "he was not only of an excellent wit, but extremely beautiful; he much resembled his sister, but his hair was not red, but a little inclining; viz, a darke amber colour. If I were to find a fault in it, methinks 'tis not masculine enough; yett he was a person of great courage. . . . His body was put in a leaden coffin." But Aubrey tells of Sir Walter Raleigh, "the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion." "In our part of North Wilts,—e. g. Malmesbury hundred—it came first into fashion by Sr. Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my gr. father Lyle say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sr. W. R. standing in a stand at Sr. Ro. Poyntz parke, at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, wch made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. I have heard some of our old yeoman neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham Market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now the customes of it are the greatest his majestie hath." —Ed.

"Scutched"

As the World Wags:
When Mr. Coote and his Ulster mission were here, one of the members of the party was reported to have stated that nationalistic Ireland ought to be "scutched," and the word was discussed in the column as an etymological curiosity. I am quite sure, however, although I was not present, that "scutched" is what was said, the verb "to scutch" being in current use in Ulster in the speaker's meaning. In linen manufacture, the principal industry of the province, the operation of beating the lint to separate the fibre from the husk is known as "scutching," which will make obvious the amiable purpose of the gentleman. The worker in a "scutch" mill is a "scutcher," and a "scutch" is the tool of his trade.
Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

Yes, sir; and "scutching" is also called "batting" or "blowing." The hand-tool is called a "scutcher" or a "scutch-blade." "To scutch" also means to strike with a stick or whip as in C. Scott's book about sheep-farming: "The master should always give his orders in an even, calm voice, devoid of passion, so that the dog cannot tell from his tone whether he is to be scutched or not." Will any one tell us why "scutchery" in the 16th century meant "knavery"?—Ed.

One Gooch

Mr. G. F. S. Webster of Haverhill writes: "I understand that you would like to know the author of the words and music of the comic song called 'Reuben and Rachel.' I have used the song for a number of years in conducting Old Folks' Concerts. The cover of my copy reads as follows: 'Reuben and Rachel, Comic Duet. Words by Harry Birch. Music by William Gooch.' Now, who was Mr. Gooch? Did he write or 'lift' the tune?"

A Romantic Auction

This week will be enacted in real life something very suggestive of the opening chapters of "La Dame aux Camellias." It is the sale by auction of the personal belongings of a once famous woman, now dead, though not unremembered; a woman young with the genius of continuous youth (one endowment among many), and beloved by a host of admirers.
No doubt the house and its contents in Kensington grove will fetch a good round sum, and charity will again have cause to remember kindly the name of Gaby Deslys, just as some—fewer, but not less sincerely—remembered the "Lady of the Camellias."—London Daily Chronicle, Jan. 4.

Mr. Huneker Outdone

Mary Garden's art is like a tongue of flame upleaping, hypnotic in its thousand tantalizing, shifting values, perfect in its gorgeous, flaunting beauty, and superb in the breath-taking way it catches those puny, ineffectual souls near it in its inescapable fire, and in passing leaves them vivid tinder, glowing with a reflected brilliance. Her tone is like that, too, changing from the thrill of tortured passion to the gentle cooling of a lullaby, even as the deep, ruddy heart of burning slips into the vague, tenuous smoke mist which clings about its iridescent, quivering edges.—Chicago Tribune.

La Scala Orchestra

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Toscanini and La Scala Orchestra were welcomed last night by an enthusiastic audience that filled Boston Opera House. The program was as follows: Gallei, Gagliarda; Anon, Villanelle and Passo Mezzo e Mascherada Antica danza arie per luto—composers of the end of the 16th century, music arranged by Respighi; Beethoven, Symphony, No. 7; Brahms, Variations on a theme of Haydn; Sabata, Symphonic poem, "Juventus"; Rossini, Overture to "William Tell."

The music arranged by Respighi was a pronounced feature of the concert. It has an old world grace and courtliness, an unaffected tenderness, that might have charmed the women at Ferrara when they met with noblemen to talk on life and art and love, as is recorded in Castiglione's golden book. Hearing music of this nature, one may wonder if the art has developed in emotional quality, in genuine beauty through the centuries. Yet in the 18th there is the great Couperin; in the 19th there is Chopin; last of all there is Debussy. Nor should Domenico Scarlatti and the Handel of the Italian songs be forgotten, for they were of close kin in spirit to the known and the unknown Italians that preceded them.

Mr. Toscanini gave an engrossing reading of the Seventh Symphony, carrying out Wagner's idea that it is the apotheosis of the dance. If his interpretation was at times unusual it was not extravagant; it was dramatically poetic.

The Symphonic poem of Sabata was played here for the first time. It was heard some years ago in Paris; it has been performed twice by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra this season; Mr. Toscanini brought it out in New York. A Suite by Sabata will probably be performed under Mr. Montoux's direction. The young Italian has evidently studied his Richard Strauss, for the first section is in the vein of the opening of "Don Juan," but influence is shown rather than actual imitation. The broad, flowing cantilena that follows is peculiarly Italian in feeling. "Youth" in life has its yeasty moments; this symphonic poem is not without them. Though Sabata is to be reckoned among the advanced moderns he has not exchanged his Italian birthright of beauty and passion for a mess of anxiously acquired dissonances, shunning charm in his avoidance of the obvious.

After a spirited performance of Rossini's overture, "The Star Spangled Banner" and the march that stands for the Italian national hymn were played.

12TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program read as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Franck, "The Jinn," symphonic poem for piano and orchestra (first time at these concerts); Bingham, Passacaglia for orchestra (first performance); Roger-Ducasse, Suite Française. E. Robert Schmitz was the pianist. Yesterday afternoon the order in which the pieces by Franck and Bingham were played was reversed.

Franck's symphonic poem was heard here really for the first time. It was played at a Chickering Production Concert in 1909, but the attendant circumstances were not favorable and the music made little impression. Franck was never strongly influenced by oriental legend or color. He wrote a song, "The Emir of Bengador," with words by Mery, interesting in itself, in the oriental way as it was then musically understood. There was an illustrated title page showing the conventional eastern potentate addressing the conventional light of the harem. Mr. Gardner Lamson sang the song at his recital nearly 30 years ago; the first song of Franck's that was heard in Boston. It was the first time that Franck's name was on a program of any concert in this city.

One is not accustomed to associate this composer with the musical expression of the Satanic. He reached a sublime height of mysticism in pages of "The Beatitudes" and thus stood with Palestrina and the Spaniard Tomas Luis de Victoria; his mysticism was warmed by his sympathy with poor humanity; but when he attempted in "The Beatitude" to portray in tones Satan and all his host, he wrote music that reminds one of Meyerbeer at his worst. The wonder is that he chose Victor Hugo's "Jinn" for the subject of a symphonic poem. Nevertheless he succeeded far better here in demoniacal expression than in his symphonic poem "The Wild Huntsman." M. d'Indy has said that "The Jinn" is not properly speaking a musical adaptation of Hugo's "lozense" and is not "very closely connected with the subject." It is true that the music is not panoramic; it is not an interlinear translation; but it is charged with the spirit of Hugo's wild verses. There is a dramatic, one might say melodramatic intensity to it that is not to be found elsewhere in Franck's compositions. There is more than the suggestion of the supernatural; there are the "hellish" voices of the dread visitors with their breath of flame, their murderous wings. In the relieving passages there is still the shudder of anxiety, of fear, until the cries die away in the flight of the dark swarm; and town, sea, sky are again at peace.

The performance of this music was Hugo's due. Mr. Montoux gave an eloquent and passionate interpretation; the orchestra was a supreme virtuoso; Mr. Schmitz's playing of the piano will long be remembered. Twice now at Symphony concerts he has been as one of the orchestral players. May we not

hope to hear him soon in a concerto where he will have the dominating role? Few pianists that come to Boston can vie with him as poetic virtuoso and emotional musician.

Mr. Bingham, an instructor in theory and composition at Columbia University, has written a set of variations in the form of a Passacaglia, but not in the old and orthodox manner. The theme, proclaimed by a trumpet, is modified rhythmically; there are many changes in tonality and harmonization; in one instance, at least, there is development. Mr. Bingham, modest as a man, is by no means timid as a composer. He dares at times to use a thunderous speech, to be bold with the brass section, to prepare unexpected combinations of timbres. The Passacaglia is interesting in many ways; it argues well for his future—though he is by no means a beginner in composition. As the work was heard yesterday, the instrumentation occasionally seemed thick and ineffective, as if the musical ideas were not clearly brought out. The work was favorably received. Mr. Bingham, with refreshing modesty, did not rush to the platform; he left his seat on the floor only to bow.

There was a delightful performance of the symphony, one that the fastidious Mr. Gericke, lover and master of proportion and euphony, would have applauded. A brilliant reading of the French Suite brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be: Dvorak, Symphony No. 2, D minor; Cyril Scott, Two Passacaglias (first time in Boston); Mozart, Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise"; Wagner, a Faust overture. Mme. Hulda Lashanska will then sing in Boston for the first time.

"GARDEN OF ALLAH"

Holmes Gives Fascinating Lecture
in Photo Travel Series

Mr. Holmes's illustrated Photo Story of Travel last week was one of the most interesting he has ever told here. The subject last night, "The Garden of Allah," was fascinating; the story romantic; the pictures of great beauty. Nor did the interest depend by any means solely on association with the familiar novel or the play derived from it. First of all there were views of Algiers, its water-front, streets, veiled women, with information pleasantly imparted. There were the mountains, among them Atlas, known to every school boy; but how many in the audience had heard of Constantine with its abysses, or Timgad, the resurrected city, the Pompeii of Africa? Then Sahara, with its Oases, Biskra, and the scenes of Hichens's novel; the Bedouins, their camels, views of Tuggurt, of the Kald of Biskra, lover of horses; French-ified Tunis where John Howard Payne is buried, the strange city of Kairawan, Moslem life in its monotony and variety, glimpses at the home of cave men, from Gabes to Alexandria, and at last unfamiliar views of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

"The Garden of Allah" will again be the subject this afternoon, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, 29, "Spanish Cities."

Miss Howell Does Justice
to Program Full of
Variety

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Dicie Howell, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Ernest Harrison accompanied her. The program read as follows. Rinaldo Di Capua "Dal sen del caro sposo" from "Vologeso Re de Parti"; A. Scarlatti, "Non dar piu pe pene" from "Gli Equivoci in Amore," or "La Rosaura"; Haydn, "Del mio core" from "Orfeo"; Mozart "Alleluja; Brahms, Alone in the Fields and Lullaby; Schumann, Love Thoughts and Silent Tears; Schubert, Impatience; Sjoegren, The Seraglio's Garden; Sachnowsky, the Clock; Chausson, Italian Serenade; Bachelet, Chere Nuit; Belgian Folk Song (arr. by Taylor) "L'Abandonnee"; Huerter, Pirate Dreams; McKinney, The Bagpipe Man; Horsman, The Dream; La Forge, Song of the Open.

Rinaldo di Capua, to whom "Nina" has been falsely attributed, as it has been to Pergolesi—Clampi probably wrote this satirical, not sentimental song—composed operas in Italy, especially for Rome, between 1727 and 1771. The air chosen by Miss Howell is sung by Berenice, Queen of Armenia, in the second act of "Vologeso," which was produced at Rome in 1739. The aria was sung some seasons ago at a Symphony concert in Cambridge. Scarlatti's opera was also produced at Rome (1690 at the French embassy). Haydn's "Orfeo" was not produced in London in 1791 as he had hoped; he went back to Vienna with it uncompleted. There are only 11 numbers in it, among them two arias for Eurydice a soprano. Chausson's "Serenade" is one of seven songs published in 1852. The group composed his second "opus."

When Dr. Furney visited Rinaldo at

Rome in 1790 he described him as an old man who had experienced "various vicissitudes of fortune, sometimes in vogue, sometimes neglected." It is pleasant to think that this old composer of Capua is not wholly forgotten in 1921. The song outlives the singer. Who knows today the name of the soprano, male or female, who took the part of Berenice at Rome or Strasbourg? Who cares to know? And how many applauded arias composed in the last 50 years will be sung in concert 170 years hence?

Of the old world music yesterday the song of Haydn made the deepest impression, by reason of its inherent emotional quality and the compelling interpretation by the singer. Mozart's "Ave Maria" showed the flexibility of her voice and her vocal agility. Other features of the recital were the interpretations of Brahms's beautiful "Alone in the Fields," Schumann's "Love Thoughts" and the songs by Sjoegren—an enchanting song—and Suchnowsky. The latter has enough musical thought to exorcise the bald realism in the imitation of the ticking clock and it gave Miss Howell opportunity to show the dramatic side of her equipment.

She is a pleasing singer with voice, art and brains, one of the most engrossing concert singers we have heard in late years. She knows the value of under-emphasis, of preparation for the one climax or supreme moment of a song. When the composer simply portrays a mood, as in "The Seraglio's Garden," she at once suggests the mood and maintains it. In the music of the 18th century she more than hinted at the "grand style." There are not many singers that can do justice in one recital, as she did, to so widely varying songs as those of Rinaldo, Scarlatti, Mozart, Haydn, Brahms and Sjoegren.

London, as well as Paris, seems to enjoy goose flesh. Mr. Walkley of the Times, has discussed the taste for the Grand Guignol Order of Dramas in London, and we reprinted the article. The Stage Society last month brought out "Forerunners," by H. O. Meredith. Mr. Walkley saw it. "The author seemed to be obsessed by the idea of physical pain. In the first of his three scenes wrestlers rolled over and over on the stage until the arm of one of them was broken. In the second, the theatre rang with the screams of a girl who was being savagely beaten 'off,' and then, bruised and bloody, died 'on.' In the third, a bound captive was pierced by his captor's spear. Such hideous incidents may be historically appropriate to the 'abstract' past, but on the stage they become too disgustingly concrete. For story—if your state of nausea permitted you to attend to it—there was a tribal feud between hillmen and men of the valley complicated with a personal feud between the seducer of the girl, who was, later, beaten to death and the girl's father and mother. The seducer, being the most ferocious of the lot, ultimately triumphed. Another woman's screams 'off' brought down the curtain; we are uncertain whether she was being murdered or merely ravished. There is said to be a great dearth of acceptable novelties just now. After the production of such a piece as 'Forerunners' can believe it."

In Paris M. Lugne-Poe produced a startling comedy by M. Crommelynck. We quote from the Paris correspondent of the Stage (Dec. 30):

"Under cover of extravagant farce, it is really a morbid study of jealousy, pushed to an extreme that becomes insanity when Bruno, after suspecting his innocent wife of infidelity, pushes her into the arms of his friends, one after another, while she submits, until her whole nature revolts against this abject mania of a man she loved, and she leaves her miserable husband. The character of Bruno is altogether too extravagant and abnormal to awaken sympathy or even interest. Mollere has been mentioned in connection with the play, but if M. Crommelynck's style suggests, as some declare, the early masters of farce, it would be well to remember that the genius of Shakespeare and Mollere did not lie in their grosser pleasantries. M. Lugne-Poe, by his masterful acting and psychological probing of the chief character, dominated the attention and compelled our admiration. The revelation of the evening was Mlle. Regina Camier, who played Stella, the wife, with a tact, a gentleness, a wistful simplicity that were altogether remarkable in so young an actress."

In a performance of an act from "Caste" at a recent matinee for charity in London Albert Chevalier played Eccles so well that the critics wished he would consider the possibility of a revival of the comedy when "My Old Dutch" has had its run.

The London Times said of Mr. Shaw's "Private V. C.," produced in London last month: "It was an Irishman, Ed. Burke, who testified to the good of the English people, dignifying the epithets 'ancient and inbred,' as another Irishman, Bernard, knows, none better, that you have reckoned on that ancient and

inbred English good humor. Private O'Flaherty, V. C., has many things to say about us in 1915 (the day of the play) that even in 1920 draw on our reserves of good humor. But then he denials many backhanders at the Irish, too, so we may consider accounts squared, and laugh heartily, as the stage society audience laughed at Private O'Flaherty's gibes as 'only his fun,' or Mr. Shaw's fun." Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair were in the play.

In this changing world of ours there is, at least, one thing that seems destined to survive in its original form, and that is the language of pantomime, or, rather, the language used by the people who write about it.

With reference to a forthcoming London pantomime we observe, in a contemporary, that 'the producer, Mr. So-and-so, "bids fair to beat his own record"; that Miss Dash has been engaged for the part of "the charming heroine"; that Miss Thingummybob will "impersonate the dashing hero"; and that Mr. Whatsaname "should prove a versatile dame." It is further given out, with pretty loyalty to the phraseology of the ancient announcements of the kind, that "the whole will be produced on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted on the vast stage of this historic house."—London Daily Chronicle.

Hamish Miles writes to the New York Evening Post from London: "So things look brighter. Good plays, in spite of the havoc of war-time on London taste, can still be produced successfully in the "commercial" theatre. And so it may be that after all the salvation of the drama may yet come, not from the societies founded for that noble purpose, nor from those giving private performances to their members, nor even from the worthies who mutter darkly about the prodigies of genius, which to their certain knowledge have been strangled at birth in the mysterious office of the censor, but simply from the sound sense and steady insistence for good stuff of the people who actually pay their money (tax included) at the box office."

"But the acting? Here is quite another story. For the fact of the matter is that there are not enough people who insist on good acting. Far too many playgoers, even experienced ones, let themselves be fobbed off with a pretty face or a manly athletic figure in lieu of sound craftsmanship on the stage. To judge by the "curtains" given to certain popular and highly paid stagefolk, all that the audience want nowadays is a man who can use his cigarette case and his handkerchief as he would "in real life," or a woman who can pour out tea as if she did not know that 600 pairs of eyes were straining to see whether it really was tea."

"But luckily a good many playgoers started to look to their critical standards when the Guitry family came over from Paris last spring with a selection of Sacha Guitry's plays and a company which had been reared in the school of hard, dry discipline that only France can give to actors. For the most part the Guitrys played only the flimsiest of comedies of infidelity, but by the sheer neatness of technique and the slick, well-timed manoeuvres of their team work they turned the dross of their material into something which (if admittedly not 22-carat gold) was certainly a delightfully covetable toy. And so the aforesaid playgoers kept asking each other, Who can do this for our light comedies? And echo, lurking in the cold recesses of half-empty theatres, answers Who, indeed?"

Viola Tree will produce "The Tempest" in London last week in January. It will be in no way a revival of Sir Herbert Tree's presentation.

Appropos of "Caste," to which we have already referred, the Daily Chronicle of London recalls Fanny Robertson, the oldest sister of Mrs. Kendal, as the Marquise de St. Maur. "Aunt Fanny," as she was nearly always called by members of the company, had rather a tedious drawl in her speech, and it always amused the dear old lady to tell the story of how, on the first night of a revival of "Caste" in the provinces, the marquise's remark, "and I have more to say," was greeted in the pit with a woman's weary wail, "Oh, my God!"

Isadora Duncan in Paris has been dancing, of course, in an "interpretative" manner the Good Friday spell in "Parsifal," the death of Isolde and, incidentally, the ride of the Valkyrie. She will no doubt be dancing Bach's passion music according to Matthew next month.

"Twelfth Night" as "La Nuit des Rois," translated by Theodore Lascaris, was brought out late last month at the Vieux Colombier, Paris. Suzanne Bing played Viola.

"Le Roi—"The King"—in which Mr. Dietrichstein was seen here, was revived in Paris last month, with Harry Baur as the King. "When it was first produced it was immediately recognized as the most prodigious satire of French political life of the last decade. The servility of the most rabid republicans before a petty monarch and the characteristic vanities and vices of the various factions in the French parliamentary world were portrayed to the life, and so impartially that it was feared that the play would wound the susceptibilities of all the different parties and be a failure. But, on the contrary, although many celebrated persons were easily recognized in the play, every one took it

good part, and it ran for two years without interruption. . . . The satire has perhaps lost a little of its timeliness, but the keenness of the wit and the characters remain."

Georges Pitoeff has produced "Hamlet" in Geneva without any cutting.

On Musset's anniversary the Comedie Francaise performed his "Barberine," long considered unsuited to the stage until Copeau produced it at the Vieux-Colombier.

Mr. Ben Greet recently said in a fine burst that he had seen 34 of the 37 plays of Shakespeare.

At the Olympia, Paris, "L'Homme Indéracinable" made a sensation: a scene based on the young man that has interested scientists by defying strong men attempting to lift him from the floor.

The Rhode Island Trio

The Rhode Island Trio, which will give a concert in Jordan Hall next Thursday afternoon, was organized about a year ago by Mr. Austin T. Levy, treasurer of the Stillwater worsted mills, who thought that Harrisville should have the opportunity of hearing good music. Wassell Besekirsky, the violinist, is the son of a Russian musician of the same name. It is said that the son at the age of 19 was concertmaster of the Imperial Opera at Petrograd. We are under the impression that he played here some years ago at a concert for a charitable purpose. Jacques Renard, the violoncellist, a Hollander, was solo violoncellist at the Opera in Amsterdam and with the Queen's Hall orchestra in London. In 1912 he came to the United States and was engaged as solo violoncellist of the Symphony Society of New York. Alexander Rihm, pianist and composer, is an American.

"L'Atlantide"

I have just returned from the premiere of "L'Atlantide" at the Marigny. After "Koenigsmark" we began to wonder whether M. Pierre Benoit's novels were suited to the stage, and "L'Atlantide" seems to have settled the matter conclusively in the negative. It is often a mistake to think that stories that abound in dramatic incidents make good plays. I have not read M. Benoit's novel, but it has a big reputation among those who love tales of romance and imagination. M. Clerc's dramatic version does not sustain this reputation, and his play is decidedly talky and bookish. The story moves very slowly through 11 scenes, and many of the incidents, which in narrative may have been highly effective, appear empty upon the stage, while one is continually expecting big scenes and mysterious happenings that never quite come off. Two French officers, Saint-Avit and Morhange, go on a mission into the heart of the desert. They are captured while visiting the caves of an unexplored region and led before the Queen of this mysterious land. In the palace they find two aged Frenchmen, one a scientist, who is studying ancient scripts and acting in a sense as the Queen's secretary—there are even typists and manicurists at the palace. He informs them that they are in a land of the descendant of the Atlantides, who has taken upon herself to revenge all womanhood for the wrongs inflicted by man. This Antinea is insensible to love, but she drives mad with love all those who enter her realm, and her victims, although she appears to yield to them, die of despair, or put a voluntary end to their lives. While the old scientist is showing the two officers the mummified remains of past explorers and adven-

turers, Antinea appears before them. She undertakes to seduce Morhange, but he does not fall in love with her, and as he is the only man who has ever resisted her charms, she promptly falls in love with him. Whereupon Saint-Avit becomes insanely jealous of his comrade, and kills him. He escapes and returns to civilization, but the memory of the Queen pursues him, and he starts back into the desert with another young officer. Somehow the note of mystery, of hallucination and suspense, was lacking. Every one has not the gift of making the most fantastic tales convincing, and perhaps after all there was only material for a melo-drama in "L'Atlantide." It certainly bears some resemblance to Rider Haggard's story. At the time of the controversy, when M. Benoit was accused of having borrowed Mr. Haggard's idea, a translation of "She" was published in Excelsior, the French illustrated daily paper. At the Marigny, to my mind, the principal interest centred in the original music of M. Tiarko Richepin, and especially in the simple but vividly colored scenery of M. Crevel. The acting is rather mediocre. M. Gallpoux does his best to make the old scientist plausible, MM. Luguet and J. Dax rant a good deal. Marco-Viel made a very effective appearance as Antinea, for her debut.—The Stage (London).

Notes About Music New and Old; Also Musicians

The baritone Hensatto dropped dead in a performance of "Le jongleur de Notre Dame" at Nice.

Music in Paris: Paul Paray's "Adonis, Lamoureux concert. A critic said the composer might have called it "Hernani"

or "Romeo" but the music is charming. At a Pasdeloup concert three organ pieces by Dubois well known here—March of the three Kings, In Paradisum and Flat Lux orchestrated by Dubois and entitled "Petite Suite Mystique," "Pastel Sonore" for orchestra by Verley—Concert Golschmann. At the same concert Maipiero's "Pleces Orientales" led a critic to say: "M. Maipiero is a gifted musician; but why does he waste his time—time so precious—in writing little pieces with ingenious combinations of timbres, from which music is absent."

Charles Hubbard singing in Paris Dec. 20 was said to have a fine voice, but he was a dull singer.

At a performance of "Lohengrin," at Frankfurt the orchestra made a "Charivari" to show its dislike of the critic Paul Bekker, insulting him also by name. He had been so rash as to criticize adversely the conductor, Eugen Szenkar.

Richard Strauss is reported to be at work on a new opera.

The editor of the Musician (London) says: "Just as those interested in cricket cheerfully subscribe toward a club, although not playing members, so a music-lover could subscribe toward his favorite orchestra, or choral society, or quartet. Considering the large numbers of lovers of music in this country today, even nominal subscriptions would achieve great results. For instance, I do not think it would be an overestimate to say that in Greater London's 7,000,000 about 100,000 people are interested in orchestral music. If these people each subscribe an average of 5s. per annum, it would mean a sum of £25,000 to be divided between our leading orchestras."

Norman O'Neill has composed "what may be described as 'atmospheric music' for a dramatization of Ethel M. Dell's novel, "The Knave of Diamonds," with Violet Vanburgh as the heroine. The play will be brought out at Manchester (Eng.) tomorrow.

Books about music: Romain Rolland's "Voyage Musical au Pays du Passe," among the articles are studies of Telemann, Bach, Handel and the development of music in Italy and Germany in the 18th century. J. G. Prodhomme's "Jeu-nesse de Beethoven," an edition of 550 copies, a little quarto, costs £100.

At a chamber concert given at 139, Piccadilly (by permission of the Baroness D'Eranger) on Wednesday (Dec. 15) a new work called "Rout," by Mr. Arthur Bliss, was given a first performance. One hardly knows whether to describe it as chamber music or program music, street music or "jazz." It has elements from them all. The cast begins like chamber music, and ends like orchestral music; mezzo-soprano voice, flute, clarinet, string quartet, double bass, harp, slide drum and glockenspiel. The composer said that "Rout" was used in the Old English sense, or one of the Old English senses. His was not Chaucer's sense—

"The sterne wynde so loude kan to route That no wight other noise myght here," nor the 18th century sense of "a fashionable evening assembly," but in the sense of a popular jollification, a Hampstead heathenish bank holiday rout. So the program accounts for the street music and the "jazz" emerging from a number of rakish tunes for the voice, the clarinet, the flute, and the strings tumbling over one another in wild confusion, while the double bass cuts capers, the harp thrums accents, and the orchestral "kitchen" behaves according to its kind. It is exceedingly clever, and proved quite captivating to an audience who belonged to the other kind of rout, the "fashionable evening assembly"; they demanded and got its repetition. One has some misgivings about it, however. Having heard several of these whimsical excursions, one begins to wonder where they are leading. Are they forming an individual style with which Mr. Bliss will be able to say something when he has really got something to say, or is he becoming a fashionable joker? His abilities are much too good for the latter. Miss Grace Crawford was the singer in this work. It seemed to suit her much better than the real songs in which intonation and phrasing matter.—London Times.

Idebrando Pizetti, has completed a violin concerto "Poeme Emiliane," suggested by his own youth, also a setting for tenor solo and mixed chorus of Shelley's "Lament." He will visit London in the early summer.

Swedish orchestral music, played in Paris last month: Symphony by Kurt Attenburg; intermezzo dramatico, by Ture Rangstrom; Swedish rhapsody, by Melchers.

W. Braunfels wrote music for "The Birds" of Aristophanes, produced at Munich.

Franz Schreker's symbolic opera, produced at Munich, "may mark a progress in evolution."

The Rivista Musicale Italiana publishes an article in French by G. de Saint-Foix, who thinks that two concertos for oboe and English horn attributed to Ferlandis may have been written by Mozart before he was 20.

Signor Giovanni Tagliapietra, grand opera singer in his youth, has been talking to school children of this city on the value of voice-culture as a matter of health. He appeals to men and women of influence to have lung training—for that is what voice training is, to a great extent—made compulsory in

all his goals, and he deserves support. He deserves that it will reduce to a minimum the deaths from lung disease, and he has a host of supporters. Who will ever forget dear old Tag, as his friends called him in other days, when his glorious barytone voice was in its prime and when he electrified New York with his singing of "Non e ver" away back in the twenties, and took that ringing B flat at the end—a remarkable note for a barytone, and his friends were delighted by the thousands. Charming, jolly, superstitious, dear old Tag.—New York Evening Post.

A. Van Noorden wrote this breezy letter to the London Daily Telegraph concerning opera in English: "It is very charming and very nice of Mme. Stralla to make the offer to sing without fee for the benefit of the audiences at the 'Old Vic.' I am sure they will be delighted to hear her, but I cannot see beyond that what good will be done to the cause. If Mme. Stralla and other British artists of the highest calibre would offer their services regularly to the existing companies at a modest fee, it would, in my opinion, do more good. This would enable the existing companies to give higher-class performances without increasing their already excessive expenses. One of the most important causes of the expenses being so heavy is the voracious demands of the orchestral players and their trade unions; some of their demands are so extraordinary that one could hardly credit them as being true unless one had experienced them personally. I could tell you a tale of something that happened only last week at Covent Garden which would dumbfound you. In my opinion, one of the main reasons of the downfall of the Beecham organization has been this orchestral millstone."

A correspondent of the London Times says that Mr. Sullivan, the Irish tenor, is sharing the honors at Nice with our old and esteemed friend, M. Clement. Reynaldo Hahn will have charge of the Municipal Casino's music. A new triptich ("Andre Chenier," "Giordano Bruno" and "Blmsky-Korsakoff"), three short operas in one frame, will be produced.

Karl Kovarovic, born at Prague in 1864, died there on Dec. 6. He wrote operas, "Psohlavel" (1898) and "At the Old Bleachery" (1901), but "his scrupulous devotion to the interests of others held him back as a composer." He devoted himself as a conductor to the operas of Smetana. He visited London in 1905 with the Prague orchestra at the Czechoslovak Festival.

The London Times said of Susan Long, the American soprano, who has been away and was reported to be singing a laundry in London (she gave a recital last month): "She would have done better with a more carefully chosen program, for her weakness lies in letting her impulses get the upper hand, and any lack in interpretation is bound to emphasize lack of distinction in the music itself."

Mr. Balokovic, violinist, with M. Kraus, pianist, in London: "They had announced three new pieces of music, but were content eventually with one, a sonata by Stan Golestan. This was a model of propriety such as Gade used to set, but without quite that touch of the Anderson that used to creep into the piano's work now and then. This dancer's behavior was carried on into the 'Havanaise.' Saint Saens is certainly not a recklessly daring composer, he moves as a rule within the conventions of respectability; but into the 'Havanaise' he has got some of the despair in 1900, and after all, he is French, and no Frenchman could be quite so solemn as he was made to sound on Wednesday. With a lighter heart and a jest or two at the end of his bow Mr. Balokovic might do more with his ample tone and excellent intonations."

The London Times said of Arnold Bax's "In November Woods" (Dec. 16), produced before at Manchester: "We are told that 'It is not program music in the ordinary sense—no program is ever is, but when such a title lends music built up on doleful chromatic themes and successions of 'lunatic' chords of the ninth, scored for shimmering muted strings, little means from the piccolo, and similar effects, the ears caught by the obvious material suggestions, and does not readily search farther. The whole thing impressed us as a skilful and rather stately piece of the woods so wild' and rather drawn out for the actual value of its musical ideas."

Mary Garden in Excelsis

(From a New York Exchange.) For the sake of the world's amusement and instruction, it is to be hoped that Mary Garden will get her wish to become artistic director of the Chicago Grand Opera. To be sure, she wouldn't be quite the first of her sex to occupy such a position. Frau Sossra was a greater terror at Bayreuth than any mere man could be. She could stop a rehearsal with a little stamp of her foot, condemn some magnificent gesture with the words, "The master has written—two fingers," and the greatest organism of nerves and operatic vanity that ever trod a stage would bow in humble submission.

But Mary is going to go about her job in a different way. "Let me at them," she says in effect, and adds, literally: "I'll soon put the temperament out of these operatic affairs." There is very little of that temperament that Mary does

not know, but, in how or else, we don't think the patient, cool-headed temperament of a surgeon at work is the one she knows best.

Mary is magnificent, unique. There is

a glory in her genius that defies time—and convention. But she has never done anything, at least, as a spectacle, that would draw the shekels of the rabblement so plentifully as a rehearsal in which she set about "cutting the temperament" out of her fellow-artists. Come to think of it, somebody ought to take the situation and write a special libretto for it. Then, perhaps, the genius that has so far failed to reproduce the inspired and inspirited cacophony of "Till Eulenspiegel" in his operas might give Mary a double immortality. Certainly he would have had his chance.

Asche and Skinner

The American film version of "Kismet" has, naturally, a special interest for all those, and they must be legion, who are familiar with the original stage play and are able to recall the unforgettable impersonation of "Haj," the beggar, by Mr. Oscar Asche. It was a creation that made an indelible stamp on the memory, and it seemed highly improbable that any actor could ever go further and give us a more characteristic portrayal of the legendary eastern beggar. Mr. Otis Skinner, the famous actor whose name is identified in America with the part, has certainly not performed this feat. If, however, he has not actually eclipsed Mr. Asche, he has given a performance which is equally good, but in a different way. The divergence of their methods is striking. Of the two beggars, the one presented by Oscar Asche was perhaps more cynical, more passionate, more realistic, in a word. The beggar of Otis Skinner is more theatrical, in the good sense. In each attitude there is dignity, in every gesture and movement a rhythm and breadth most gratifying to the eye. He recalls the best manner of some Rossi or Salvini. The actor's bearing, his superb presence in the face of the most untoward circumstances, in no way give us the impression of unreality. We are presented with a sort of sublimated conception of our idea of what a beggar in the east might be, one whose fatalistic belief enables him, even if he is clad in rags and dependent upon charity for his daily bread, to consider himself the equal of any living man, and, consequently, able to hold his own, no matter what change the wheel of fortune may suddenly bring to him.

All this the American actor manages to convey to us in dumb show, eked out by such slight assistance as the subtitles give him. It is the more astonishing as it is said to be the first occasion on which he has ever performed before the camera. All the other characters in the play are more than adequately cast, yet it is the beggar who dominates every scene, and he does this, so far as the spectator is able to judge, without any attempt to thrust himself into undue prominence or to usurp attention that should by right be given to another player. The secret, probably, is that he has so thoroughly incorporated the character he is portraying that the spectator is never allowed for a moment to be disillusioned. Once we have accepted and adopted the actor's conception of the beggar, there is not a single false or jarring note in anything he does. Even the movements of hands and feet, the fleeting expressions of his features, are just what we should expect and are waiting for. Some of the other actors, too, are exceptionally good. There is one scene in the bazaar in which two Jews are showing the beggar their wares and trying to induce him to buy them, which is a little gem. The two actors who take part in it are not honored by being mentioned in the cast, yet each of them most assuredly has gone to real life for their original models and studied them very closely. — London Daily Telegraph.

"The Great American Play"

To the Editor of The Herald: Will the great American play be discovered in our day? Or has it been overlooked in the days of our grandfathers? Or shall it be unearthed in the days when we have shuffled off this mortal coil? In fact, if it has been written, or is written, or is to be written, how will it ever become the "Great American Play"?

An artist paints at his masterpiece in his solitary studio. When his work is finished he gets it into an exhibition. It is seen by the public. If it attracts attention, an elite crowd gathers about his canvas in admiration, some established critic may review it favorably and the painting becomes an asset to the artist.

How different with the poor dramatist! Like the artist, he labors at his masterpiece in his solitary study; but when it is finished, there is no "Hall of Fame" to hang it in. A gulf of inadequate judgment stands between it and the public. A theatrical manager sees only "box office" returns in the value of the work. A theatrical performer views it in regard to its power as a vehicle for exhibiting his abilities

as an actor. While the average producer of a theatrical venture is 99 per cent. inefficient to judge of the true merits of a really great play. And saddest of all—the greater the play the more difficult it is to discover it in

manuscript form, as a work that really well in the green-room often performs poorly upon the stage, and vice versa. Therefore, how is the great American play ever to become a reality?

If the tradition of the stage informs us correctly, that a play that reads indifferently often performs admirably; then the great American play in manuscript will probably never be discovered; for the greater the work, the greater the need of a rare observation to decipher it in its original form.

Take the majority of successes in the immediate past. They found their way to the footlights, more through a happy chance than a critical choice. The best were frequently rejected by producers and performers, until they finally turned up as "stopgaps" to fill vacancies caused by the failures of other plays that had been previously picked as winners. Again: managers do not study scripts to discover originality. Nay: they believe they do; but they are creatures of imitation. Hence, the reason for so many plays harping upon the same theme. A rejected manuscript is at last landed by a persistent author; possibly as a "stopgap," and makes an immediate hit! We are then deluged with plays covering the same subject, until the public—not the producer—will take no more of them.

A volume might be written about the great American play covering its various phases in more studied detail. A few facts can merely be recorded in an abridged letter such as this. The question now arises: are we getting the best for our money from the many dramatists that are toiling to be heard? Are the better plays being left unproduced, and the mediocre efforts occasionally enlightening the stage? Is there any certain method of discovering the genuine playwrights in dramatic literature; Shakespeare and Moliere were actors, and produced their own works. If there is a modern Shakespeare or Moliere (unconnected with the theatre) and knocking for admittance at its doors, how will they be recognized from the less worthy?

Is the great American play being written? Or has it been written? Or is it to be written: and will it ever be produced? WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.

Buzzards Bay.

Greek Plays in Sicily

Preparations are now being made in Syracuse (Sicily) for the revival in the spring of some of the great Greek tragedies. The representations will take place in the theatre, described by Cicero, and also in his recent essay by Prof. Rosso, as the largest and finest in the world.

Six years ago, when the Agamemnon was given in the open air, the 20,000 spectators heard without strain the words of Timotheus as the King, of Borsai as the Herald of the Bad Tidings, and of the actresses La Mariani and La Berli-Masi as the Queen and Cassandra. The revival bids fair to be the finest that has yet been attempted anywhere. Count Mario Gargano is the energetic and enthusiastic chief, and he is strongly supported by Ettore Romagnoli, the great Greek scholar, and by Cambellotti for all stage-craft.

It is to be more than a solemn literary effort. It is rather to be an exact reproduction of what took place there when Aeschylus directed the Persians, when Pindar sang to Zeus of Olympia, when Plato ascended the marble-lined steps, when aged, blind Timoleon pleaded with the people. Six years ago the representation was so realistic that the Sicilian peasants, who had come in hundreds, when they returned to their lonely villages and sleepy hamlets, could not forget the terrible scenes of tragedy and of their own accord (though many could neither read nor write) reacted the play or scenes from it in the market-place or in the shade of the quarry, for they are descendants of those Greeks and still believe Hellenic myths and legends, and, of course, are superstitious. Nor are the ruins eloquent of ruin or glory departed; they seem rather incomplete and only awaiting better days for completion.

But the April reproductions demand further undertakings. Syracuse is to have both library and museum, memorials of a glorious age, but with living and competent professors to lecture on the Greeks, their tragedies and their way of presenting them. These lectures are to precede the performance, and many students will gather for them.

Even now the Mayor of the ancient city is busy in preparation, and the Count hopes to have the support of every theatre in Italy in the exhibition of photographs and pictures of the theatre with the musicians, dancers, and chorus. Enthusiasm will find the necessary funds. But not from the Government. The Ministry of Instruction and the Secretary for the Fine Arts are apparently not interested.—London Times.

Semi-Religious Films

A few days ago, speaking in favor of the proposed new library for children in Somers Town, Mr. Bernard Shaw made a few remarks about publishers that would be equally apposite if applied to film producers. "Only now and then," he said, "does a genius come along and write a book that should be printed. In the meantime, business has to be kept going by the publication of anything that will sell. Every publisher has to make a great

part of his living by publishing books that ought never to be published at all." Precisely analogous conditions prevail in the world of the cinema, and they are amply sufficient to account for all the mediocre films that are manufactured. Like the publisher, the film producer professes to be constantly on the lookout for new talent, but it would seem that the flair necessary to recognize it when it is encountered is too often as deficient in one case as in the other. The fact is that talent, not to use the word genius, is essential for success in every walk in life. The publisher and the film producer have just as much need of it as the successful author or playwright.

No sooner does a new type of film win public favor than imitations are put up by the score, until the subject becomes thoroughly wearisome. There must be a good many people to-day to whom the very name of a cowboy is anathema for no other reason. Until about a year ago it was one of the articles of every orthodox film producer's faith that "religion" must at all costs be kept out of screen plays. The public, it was explained, would on no account consent to be preached at in the cinema theatre, apart from the danger there was always of unwittingly giving offence. Then somebody made a film called "The Miracle Man," which, apparently, to the surprise of all concerned, was acclaimed as one of the best films ever made. It turned on the subject of faith healing, the leading figure being a blind preacher, under the influence of whose teaching a gang of thieves are one by one converted.

There were all sorts of reasons why "The Miracle Man" was so popular, but the great army of American film producers, discerned only one. It had a "religious" theme. Thenceforth "religion" ceased to be taboo. Smart young business men reasoned the matter out, and the consequence is that a perfect flood of so-called "religious pictures" is being let loose on the world at present. "The popularity of the semi-religious picture" has become a favorite topic of discussion. The president of the organ-

ization which made "The Miracle Man" opines that "the vogue of the religious picture must endure if motion pictures are to remain a permanent institution and to progress. Vapid sentiment and airy romance provide insufficient nutrition to facilitate growth. By turning our attention to stories of a religious mould, we will of necessity improve standards of production, for sacred themes cannot be entrusted to the care of hacks and slipshod workmen, who would but degrade them with mawkish sentiment and stifle them with convention. We will develop a new order of motion picture genius, who will measure up to the task of bringing to the screen inspired dramatizations of life's most poignant theme—religion."—Alder Anderson in the London Daily Telegraph.

Amateurs in Music

At a dinner of the Worshipful Company of Musicians at Stationers' Hall, under the presidency of the master (Mr. H. T. C. de Lafontaine), Lord Howard de Walden made some remarkable observations on the place of the amateur in music. Responding to the toast of "Music," he said there was always a little misconception of how things were done. It was accepted for a long time that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but Mr. Chesterton had pointed out that the battle actually was won by the people who played perfectly infamously on their village greens. His lordship thought the same thing applied very largely to the position of the amateur in music. The sad thing about the amateur was that there was not enough of him; he ought to be about 98 per cent. of the population, and it did not matter how infamously he played. The worse he was the more modest he was likely to be. From the bad amateurs was drawn the audience to listen to the good professionals. The whole position of music was rather affected by this particular position of the amateur.

Every time a performance was given four people were concerned: the composer of the work, the executant or executants; the people who listened to it; and the critics who dealt with it afterward. Owing to the frequent absence of the audience the composer and the executant found themselves in close contact with the critic, and having failed to gain the interest they expected, they fell foul of the critic. But it was not the business of the critic to appreciate; the critic dealt with the thing as it was—not with the effect it produced on the amateur, the general audience. The whole of the quarrels, and an incredible amount of bad blood and ill-will, had been created simply by the fact that the composer and the executant, thirsting to get an influence on somebody, had fallen back on the critic because there was no audience. We had admirable composers, but the most extraordinary audiences. One reason for this was that music as an art was over-concentrated; the whole of it in England took place in one plot in the West end where there were 1000 times too many concerts for any possible space of ground; and half the rest of England went without any at all.

MARION BENT AND PAT ROONEY IN CAST

SHUBERT THEATRE—Love Birds, musical comedy in two acts, first time in Boston. Book by Edgar Alla Woolf. Lyrics by Ballard MacDonald, and music by Sigmund Romberg.

Last night's performance at the Shubert brought Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, after 17 years, from the "Big Time" theatres of vaudeville to the "legitimate" stage. Under the practised guidance of their veteran sketch maker, Edgar Alla Woolf, and with the tuneful songs of Sigmund Romberg as a background, they made an auspicious beginning. The book is witty and seldom dull, although comprising in greater part the easy, obvious patter that is so distinctively of vaudeville. The music, reminiscent of past successes of its author, improves steadily as the evening proceeds. The same may well be said of the play itself, which begins to drag toward the close of the first act, only to start anew with a burst of joyous speed and hilarious fun that sweeps the audience off its feet.

What plot there is concerns the trials of one Bronson Charteris, who carelessly mislaid a note, intended for his lady love, in a pair of stockings that were to be delivered to his wife. The chase for the silk hosiery leads little "Pat," the floorwalker, through fun and fancy from New York to the harem of Emir Ruckim.

The cheery humor of the capable Pat is ever present and ever desired. Indeed, it forms the main substance of piece and play. Around it is gathered the lesser powers of Marion Bent, the practised comedy of Eva Davenport and Elizabeth Murray as Fatima and Jennie O'Hara respectively, and the pleasing dancing of Emile Lea and Richard Dore, Broadway dancers, French by profession. The cast is sufficient if not importunate, and the chorus quite easy to view.

"Love Birds" is a musical comedy whose tunes will not be whistled over-long, but whose playful vagaries will please the not too exacting patron of the showshops.

WILLIAM ROCK'S REVUE AT WILBUR

William Rock brought his "Revue of 1920" to the Wilbur Theatre last night. It being his first performance in this city. Both the star and his company were warmly received, and the star will undoubtedly be one of profit alike to Mr. Rock and the theatregoers of Greater Boston.

Like all revues, the Rock production is a mélange. With an eye to the artistic, the producer has gathered a bevy of beautiful girls, each a type, and he has been lavish in the expenditure of money for costume effect and scenic reality. The music is pleasing and catchy, and the evening is one of continuous action, song, dance and a bit of sentiment, in which Rock has a major part. His versatility is taxed, for he has given himself much to do, each effort being well received.

Billy Van and James J. Corbett stepped back into popular favor in their vaudeville nonsense, and also appeared in several other skits in which the show abounds. From the time the curtain went up upon the scene back stage until it fell upon "A Night at the National Woman's Sporting Club" there was not a dull moment.

Irene and Bernice Hart were charming in their "Little Harmony"; West Avey and Dennis O'Neill, in a black-face act and eccentric dance, scored a hit. Jay M. Ryan, a Boston boy, sang pleasantly; Jie Quon Tai, in ancient China ultra-modern, was a distinct novelty, and the song in the last act was loudly applauded. Marie Walsh and Irving Edwards also delighted with their specialties, and the performance was marked for its smoothness and snap. It has the real jazz flavor.

WYNN CARNIVAL

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of the "Ed Wynn Carnival," a two-act entertainment. Book, lyrics and music by Ed Wynn; staged by Ned Wayburn. Antonio Buffanno conducted.

It is next to impossible to print the casts, for there were 13 scenes, and the principals appeared now in this, now in that scene. The principal performers beside the star were Charles Bennett, Harry Cowley, Lillian Wagner, Harry Royal, Simeon Moore, the Makayos, Lillian Fitzgerald, Muriel Harrison, Earl Benham, Beth Stode, Vanda Hoff, Malcolm G. Hicks.

The principal scenes were the Prologue, the Amphitheatre, Plotland, Japan, a Little Parisian Atmosphere, Main Entrance to Carnival, the Carnival Grounds, the Lady of the Pyramids, Vaudeville Atmosphere, a Colonial Home.

Mr. Wynn is frank. He styles his

entering an act, and he might go a step further with the superlative "delightful" and the description would then be modest.

Mr. Wynn is an indefatigable worker, and the method he employs is one of the most difficult to put over convincingly. To his credit let it be said that there never was the suggestion of the artificial last evening and his entire performance bore the stamp of spontaneity. Whether as the wrestler, the proprietor of the "show," the fiddler or any of the multitudinous roles he essayed, he burlesqued as one well schooled in his art.

One of the many features of the evening was the diminutive Lillian Fitzgerald, who scored with her finished Gallic comedy, with its delightful subtleties, and then astonished the audience with the uproariously funny Irish come-all-ye.

Others that scored heavily were the Makayos, the trio of Japanese acrobats, instrumentalists, dancers and comedians; Vanda Hoff, who emerged from the pyramid, and wriggled and writhed about the broad expanse of the stage in a daring costume; and Regal and Moore, acrobats of unusual merit, who have a fine sense of comedy as well.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Return of Peter Grimm," a play in three acts, by David Belasco. Cast:

Peter Grimm.....David Warfield
Frederick.....John Sainpolls
James Harrison.....George Wellington
Andrew MacPherson.....Joseph Brennan
Ev. Henry Batholomew.....William Boag
Col. Tom Lawton.....John F. Webber
Ellen.....Charles Crumpton
Kathleen.....Miriam Doyle
Mrs. Batholomew.....Marie Bates
Marta.....Bertha Flebach
The Clown.....David Malcolm

One of those delicate but effective touches that help to keep Peter Grimm in the realm of realities, devoid of either sentimental or graveyard "spookiness" is his earnest, everyday remark to Kathleen at the close of the second act: "Yes, I did give you back your promise, but, oh, what a time I had getting it across."

In Peter's return to Boston last night, after 10 years' absence, David Warfield had no such difficulty as the fine old tulip-grower's spirit had in "getting it across." His picture of both the living and the returned Peter came right out to the audience easily, freely with convincing realism and living sincerity. Every word and smile and gesture and joke and outburst of obstinate petulance and confession of error was listened to with rapt attention, or greeted with roars of laughter and applause, while his pathetic, insistent efforts to make himself understood roused quick sympathy.

In delivering again his deeply moving message, Mr. Warfield was able to succeed so easily and effectively by the aid of every one of his associates. One false note by the other players would have spoiled the illusion. There was none. Not only were all the other actors fitted to do their work well by talent and training, but five of them had the advantage of having been in the cast in the same parts at the original production of the play here—Mr. Sainpolls, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Boag, Mr. Webber and Marie Bates.

The new members of the company, however, could not have been distinguished as such by any lapses from the harmony of the whole. That was why "The Return of Peter Grimm" was welcomed with such heartiness by the crowded house that saw and enjoyed it.

"A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"A Tailor-Made Man," a comedy in four acts by Harry James Smith.

William Shelley Sullivan was delightful last night as John Paul Bart. He made the story of the tailor's helper who, by sheer nerve and audacity, made a place for himself, seem reality. Edward Varney had the part of Dr. Gustavus Sonntag, philosopher, disappointed lover and plotter, and made it effective. Edwin Brandon gave a correct impersonation of the old tailor and was very human in his treatment of Bart, after his exposure and again after his restoration to confidence.

James A. Blais, Bart's associate in the tailor shop, who serves as a private waiter in the evening, and always expects Bart to be wearing a convict suit, was a recognizable type.

The feminine parts were comparatively unimportant, though they served to bring out the story and add to the interest in the play. Frances Anderson as Tanya Huber was pleasing in her role, and Olive Massey as Corinne Stanlaw was charming, while Ethel Wright as Kitty Dupuy was a real society matron, ambitious and cautious.

The house was well filled, as it has been since the Arlington Players opened their engagement there.

REUTER GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE
Rudolph Reuter, pianist, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last night. The program was as follows: Chopin, Scherzo, Op. 10, No. 3; Schumann, Op. 10, No. 1; Debussy, Nocturne op. 9, No. 1.

Ballade, A flat; Brahms, Intermezzo op. 117 No. 2, op. 118 Nos. 1 and 2, Romanze op. 118 No. 5, Capriccio op. 118 No. 7; Dohnanyi, Winterreigen, op. 17; Borowski, Prelude in A flat; Busoni, Christmas Eve; Kramer, Improvisation; Marion Bauer, The Tide; Liszt, Sursum Corda and Au Bord d'une Source; Rubinstein, Etude in C.

Mr. Reuter played here for the first time early in 1919. Then and at a later recital he showed what the Germans would call formidable ability in overcoming mechanical difficulties.

He proved himself to be a serious musician taking an honest view of his art; a man to be treated respectfully. This opinion was confirmed last night. He has a technical mastery of the keyboard, an agreeable touch, a command of tonal gradations. His survey of a composition is intelligent. Yet he leaves the hearer cool if not cold. It is apparently not in his power to move one deeply by his interpretation. It was

pleasant to hear him play the pieces by Brahms, in spite of the monotony of mood inherent in three of them, for he is at his best aesthetically when he has to deal with music of a contemplative, one is tempted to use the word ruminative, nature. Brilliance is easy when one has Mr. Reuter's well-trained fingers. Perhaps from modesty, he does not assert authority; perhaps he has yet to acquire the authority that makes one pardon technical slips. At present there is no personal appeal. There is hardly the desire to discuss his interpretations, much less quarrel with them. It might be said that his reading of Chopin's Nocturne, for example, was mannered, ineffective, save for euphony, because there was the constant wish to be effective in every measure. The general impression left by his performance of the first three groups was of sounds like the word grace in the hymn, harmonious to the ear; also the assurance that he played easily the notes, and swiftly when there was occasion.

Dohnanyi's "Winterreigen," a cycle of 10 pieces, is diluted Schumann; for the most part poor, weak stuff, with here and there a lamentable effort to be gay. "Friend Victor's Mazurka!" If we had a friend Victor who wrote such a mazurka, we would disown him. Dohnanyi has written some fine compositions. It is hard to think him capable of such pretentious twaddle as "Music of the Heavens," the fifth number in the cycle.

Jan 27 1921

By PHILIP HALE

The Hofmann quartet (Messrs. J. and E. Hofmann, L. Artieres and C. Barth) gave the second concert of its season last night in Jordan Hall. The program consisted of Smetana's quartet in E minor ("Aus Mein Leben"); Jonsen's Deux serenades, op. 61; Schumann's piano quartet. Hans Ebell was the pianist.

It is always a pleasure to hear Smetana's quartet, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but also because it is a "human document" in the literature of music. Perhaps it is not always convenient to print on the program the note written by Smetana with regard to this music; yet it is a pity that it should ever be ignored. The quartet is the expression of the joys and the sadness of his life. Sadness enters even into the Scherzo-polkas, for the haunting strains in the trio are of ineffable melancholy. The tragedy of his last years—the tone or tones that he heard constantly to his torment before he became completely deaf and then insane. This is brought to mind by the pathetic ending of the finale after the gay measures.

In this country we know Smetana by his symphonic poems, the ever fresh overture to "The Sold Bride"—the opera has been performed in New York—and this quartet. In Bohemia his operas are a national pride and "Dallabor" has been the centre of a political storm. But there are piano pieces of his that pianists might play, one or two of them poetically dramatic.

The second of Jonsen's Serenades was played here last week by the Flonzaley quartet. Do the two gain by being performed, the one after the other? There is certainly agreeable contrast, but of the two, the second is the more important, though it does not make so strong a bid for immediate popularity. Schumann's piano quartet is always welcome. Mr. Ebell's qualification as an ensemble pianist are well known.

All a house of good size enjoyed the music and the performance of it.

The Herald published a few days ago the cow boy ditty "Frankie" as it was reprinted in the Spectator (London). We are indebted to "E. S. H." of Fitchburg for a version which is longer, more vivid. As he says, "It rings truer."

FRANKIE

"Frankie and Johnny were lovers
O Lord! how they could love
To be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above."

as he emerged from the meeting of the board, defeated. What Mr. Galsworthy might have thought of the intelligence of a Boston audience, had he heard this snickering, is better unimagined.

Certainly every side of the question is presented with sympathy, unless we except the finely cultivated woman stockholder who neither knows nor desires to exert herself to know, what conditions enable her to draw her dividends. Were Galsworthy entirely eager to present both sides with equal force, he could have made eloquent use of such a woman, especially a widow with scant means and large respectability, to arouse sympathy for the side of capital.

The play is a tragedy, a rather severe tragedy. But its woe—if so strong a word be allowed—springs not from failure to settle the strike, but from the defeat of the only two men in all the groups who really had minds of their own. It is the sombre spectacle of human sheephood that makes one sad. And at the end, when John Anthony calls David Roberts "my friend Roberts," one feels that, underneath all the struggle and the hatred, these two were real brothers of the spirit.

The workmen, the members of the board, all were at sea and floundering, fotsam and jetsam of the waves of passion and emotional appeal. What sadder scene than the turning, like whiffles, of the workmen from one speaker's eloquence to that of another? What sadder spectacle than the raising of Scantlebury's hand to vote for an amendment which he did not understand on a question that he could not really comprehend? We are prepared for the famous remark, in which Mr. Galsworthy said so much, that not our humanity but our imagination is at fault. And though one may shudder to think what would happen if all had been possessed of and by such wills as those of Roberts and Anthony, one might prefer the respectably strong results.

This play draws the spectator to think less of production and more of message, less of the actors and more of the playwright. And so one wonders at the amount of the emotional appeal that Mr. Galsworthy uses. The scenes in which Annie Roberts, pale and sick, suffering both in body and in mind, is ceaselessly ground beneath the passions of greed and revenge before our eyes, become so racking that the emotions may wear themselves out and become atrophied. There are times when a labor sympathizer may even wish to wash his hands of the whole matter.

Had Mr. Galsworthy written the "Oedipus Rex," one fancies that he would have presented Jocasta on the stage instead of off, stabbing out her eyes with her brooch, purpled with her gore. An audience, it would seem, could receive his effect without so much agony. Other scenes had the same defect as in the speeches to the workmen in the third act. But if the world is thick-skinned, if it is not a shorn lamb, the dramatic lash must be heavy, the wind ed not be tempered.

What could be done in presentation largely done by the Copley Players. Only the protagonists, Anthony and Roberts, were eloquent throughout as by Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Clive. Howed their usual powers of

adding their own personalities and making those of their characters. Indeed, in the case of Annie Roberts retained her charm in a harrowing part. Anne Thomas, as presented by Margaret Pitt, was perhaps overdone, but could have pleased Mr. Galsworthy. The play was generous and deserved. We applauded our own emotions rather than either the play or the actors—but that may have been exactly the thing that Mr. Galsworthy hoped for. And, whatever our opinion of the play, the performance was memorable.

ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

The bill at B. F. Keith's this week provides something for everybody and much for those who enjoy music or comedy. Harry Carroll sang some of his own old songs, and had pretty girls, clever dancers, and a real soprano to help with new compositions. He sang just a line or two from some of his old comedies, "Long, Long Trail," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "By the Sea," "On the Mississippi" and others which the audience enjoyed. His company included the Goslin Twins, who danced better than most "sisters" and harmonized daintily.

Just before his act Polly and Oz entertained with character bits in song. Frank Davis and Adele Darnell gave their skit "Bird Seed" which though new to Boston, is snappy and funny. Fred Lindsay did many stunts with Australian whips, including knocking hats from a cigar, and as a finale knocked the revolver from the hands of a wild-bee assassin, and with a second snap of the whip tied his feet and arms.

Inhoney and Aubrun opened with a clever exhibition of Indian club juggling interspersed with comedy. Lucy Trunk played the violin; her act would have improved if she combined herself less with exhibitions of technique. Harry Trunk and Ben Lee were poked fun at by the audience, and as one was there and the other not, there was a good deal of fun for the latter. The orchestra was well handled.

Then, as Now

"Perroniana," a collection of the judicious thoughts, jests and curious observations of Jacques Davy du Perron, the Cardinal du Perron, was first published in 1667. Under the head "Alemanians," we find the following remarks:

"The most envious and brutal nation, in my opinion, is Germany, the enemy of all strangers. Their minds are of beer and the frying-pan; they envy every thing. That is why affairs are in so bad a condition in Hungary. The Germans are envious of other nations and are angry when they do well; they do nothing for them. If a Frenchman or an Italian is in an out of the way place they kill him: this is a fact. The English are much more courteous; their aristocracy is highly civilized, and there are fine minds among them. The Poles are an honest folk; they like the French, and have men of ability. The Germans wish them very ill."

(By the way, on page 44 of the Cologne edition we read: "Beer drinkers have a fresh complexion. An English princess sometimes comes here who is over 60 years old. He does not seem to be over 40. He is so fresh and rosy.")

Not long ago the London Daily Chronicle asked what nation today is the politer, and found the answer difficult. In the outer graces of the art French leads the way, and yet it is much rarer for a man to give up his seat to a woman in a public conveyance than ever here. Germany can be left out of account. Prussia never claimed to be polite, but the educated Russian of the intellectual classes stands high. Canadian workers thought that the New Zealand soldier was politer than the Australian, and the Australian than the Canadian, and a very good case could be made out for the Highlander. On the monstrous side of politeness Japan probably stands first."

interesting to compare the opinion of Joseph Julian Scalliger ("Scalliger," 1670) with that of the Cardinal. His article is in a singular mixture of Latin and Italian. "The German

swear at the world, and make the truth their ally, and yet keep their promises, they are not robbers like the French, but men one of these northerners promises me anything, I am not sure of it until I have it in my hand. In Germany when a man is guilty of lese majeste they open him and take out his heart, rub his lips with it, and then quarter him. There was a Saxon gentleman who was thus executed. . . . In Germany the pettiest prince thinks he is of a better house than the King of France and of more account. The German women have diabolical heads, especially those of Dantzic. Even though they are shut up at home, they continue to be bad. The southern Germans are barbarous; they are cruel towards strangers. The Germans are very jealous and shut up their women, and today they are very foolish and uneducated." But the celebrated Joseph Julius Scaliger was a sour-minded person, reckless in his talk, if he was accurately reported in "Scaligeriana."

Boston.

We have thought the contrary; but, unfortunately we are near-sighted.—Ed.

"The Seven Seas"

As the World Wags:

The question as to the origin and meaning of the term "The Seven Seas" having been raised in this column I am surprised that as yet no one has called attention to the fact that the expression is far older than the English language, antedating even the science of geography as we understand it. In prehistoric Hindu thought our world consists as to its solid parts of seven concentric continental Dvipas, whose names are Jambu, Plaksha, Salmal, Kusa, Krauncha, Saka and Pushkara. According to the sacred Vishnu Purana: "They are surrounded severally by seven great seas—the sea of salt water (Lavana), of sugar-cane juice (Ikshu), of wine (Sura), of clarified butter (Sarpi),

By PHILIP HALE

The Rhine Island Trio (Alexander Rihm, piano; Wassily Besekirsky, violin; Jacques Renard, violoncello), gave its first concert in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Trio in C major, op. 87; Novak, Trio quasi una Ballata, op. 27; Mozart Trio in G major (K. 564).

This Trio was organized about a year ago by Mr. Austin T. Levy, who thought that Harrisville should have the opportunity of hearing good music for the pleasure of the people and also as a means of broadening their life. Mr. Besekirsky, a Russian, played here some seasons ago at a concert for a charitable purpose, if we are not mistaken. Mr. Renard, a Hollander, has filled honorable positions in Amsterdam, London and New York. Mr. Rihm, a composer as well as a pianist, is an American.

Tchaikowsky once wrote to his friend, Mme. Meck, that he had never composed a Trio because he could not endure the combination of piano with violin or violoncello. Each instrument in his mind lost its value. The tones of the strings sounded limited beside the piano. The timbres did not blend. "There is always something artificial about a piano trio, for each of the three instruments are continually called on to express what the composer imposes on it, rather than what lies within characteristic utterances." Yet within a year, moved by the death of Nicholas Rubenstein, he wrote a trio which has often been played here, and he apologized to Mme. Meck for his change of heart by saying that he had reconciled himself to the combination only in the hope of giving her pleasure. And Tchaikowsky acknowledged that music of great worth had been written in this form.

A concert of nothing but trios, however, soon wearies the ear, even when they are well contrasted in mood as was the case yesterday. The one by Brahms is not played perhaps so often as the others by him, nor does it have the "demoniacal spirit" which some ascribe to his chamber music, but there are fine pages in it. They celebrated in Prague last month the 50th anniversary of Novak. As a guarantee of his musical worth it is stated in musical encyclopedias that Brahms recommended him to a publisher. Even this did not console us for being obliged yesterday to sit through Novok's trio. As it is in one movement, a long one, we were unable to escape after the musicians had begun playing. The trio of Mozart is the last he wrote in this form. It was originally designed for the solo piano.

The performance was liberally applauded by an audience of fair size. The players showed seriousness of purpose, musical understanding; and when the music demanded fire the response

In the program book of a western symphony orchestra we read that a certain soprano "sang opposite Caruso." In the jargon of the theatrical press we read that an actress has played "opposite" this or that actor. This use of the word "opposite" surely cannot be with the meaning common in the 17th century: The noun "opposite," an antagonist, adversary, opponent. Nor does it probably carry the meaning "contrary in nature, character." It must have the meaning "over against, facing or fronting on the other side," as in, "We knelt down opposite each other"; "a building opposite the town hall."

So this singer stood opposite the great Caruso, respectfully and admiringly. She did not stand back of him; he certainly would not have allowed her to stand in front of him, between him and the audience. Nor did she sing above him from a trapeze, or underneath him, screaming through a trap. No, he was on one side of the stage and she stood opposite him. Fortunately, thrice happy soprano!

John Kingsbury, who lives out on the East Jalaam road, requests enlightenment through your column on the subject of Philippine underwear. You have, perhaps noted recent advertisements? John was a visitor in Manila and parts inland back in '99, and at that day—of course customs may have changed since then—civilization and all that—but I think you grasp his meaning. He himself puts it more bluntly in saying that the average Philippine washline consists of one pocket handkerchief—borrowed—and about a yard of the stuff they make canoe cushions out of.

"Seems to me," he declared over his coffee milk-shake, "that whoever is running the publicity end of this Philippine independence campaign is going too far. Next thing, I suppose, we'll be persuaded that they're so civilized they wear overshoes to bed and silk hats in the shower bath. Although," he continued in all fairness, "it's my mature opinion, gathered during a week of jury service in Boston, that Philippine underwear is exactly suited to the present styles. Anything more substantial would be ostentatious. And perhaps, after all, it is applied with a brush."

Deacon Dutchins took advantage of the ensuing argument to whisper his usual evening request for a pint of Simple Elixer. I am as yet undecided whether the deacon is lured by the simplicity of the name or by the 48 per cent. of alcohol contained therein.

POSTLETHWAITE GOOCH, Ph. D.
 Gooch's Pharmacy, Jalaam.

Apropos of the recent articles about
 the late M. B. Curtis (San'l of Posen).
 We are indebted to a correspondent in
 Brookline for an interesting four page
 little card bearing a picture of Curtis
 in costume, "The Commercial Drum-
 mer," and this line from the play
 "Der drummer is the most innocent man
 on the road, Rebecca." At the head
 of the first page is "Third Season,"
 and is a humorous description of the
 drummer beginning: "He is usually
 swinging a satchel containing a comb
 and brush, another shirt, a clean cellu-
 loid collar and a pair of cuffs; also a
 railroad guide, and a newspaper wrap-
 ped around a suspicious looking bottle."
 This is about all the personal baggage
 he carries, except a Seaside Library
 novel, and a pocket knife with a cork
 screw in the back of it." This descrip-
 tion is followed by a "Drummer's Bal-
 ance Sheet," and at the end "Hast du
 Gesehn, San'l of Posen." On the back
 is: "Pronounced by the press and in-
 dorsed by the public as the most strik-
 ingly original purely national and suc-
 cessful characterization ever presented
 on the American stage. Under the man-
 agement of Edward C. Sweet."

Our correspondent writes that this dodger and a card were given out at the door of the old 14th-street Theatre in New York. "It was, I believe, in the early eighties."

The card is worth reproducing:

"Be kind to the travelling man. He has a father; perhaps a mother, who knew him in his innocent youth. Perhaps, even now, in some distant village fond hearts are beating for him, and sweet lips breathe love's dearest prayers for his welfare. Therefore, lay him down tenderly, fold his hands peacefully on his breast, and close his eyes gently as you put him to rest under the branches of the weeping willow, where the birds carol all through the summer days their softest songs, but

PLANT HIM DEEP! PLANT HIM DEEP!"

The "old 14th Street Theatre," which our correspondent refers, was first called the Theatre Francais (1868). In 1870 it was known as the 14th Street Theatre. Fechter took the reconstructed playhouse and named it the Lyceum.

It was taken away from him before he could produce "Monte Cristo" there. The new name of the theatre remained until the end of March, 1879, when it was changed to Haverly's Theatre. Curtis appeared there as Sam'l of Posen in May 16, 1881. The play ran till Aug. when the season closed. He returned to this theatre in February, 1883. His third playing there was in December, 1885, so our correspondent received the lodger and card at that time. In August, 1886, the theatre took the old name, "The 14th Street Theatre."

It has been said that Curtis did not play again after his trial for murder. He did play, according to credible authority, but without success, until he was convinced that the public was tired of him. The last performances of "Sam'l of Posen" in New York, by Col. F. Allston Brown, often inaccurate, is to be trusted, were in December, 1894 at the Columbus Theatre.

Josef Lhevinne and Mme. Rosina Lhevinne, pianists, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Solo pieces: Schumann's "Carnaval"; Beethoven, Andante, 1. major; Schubert-Liszt, "Lark, Lark, the Lark"; Chopin, Ballade in G minor and two Etudes; Tschaikowsky, "Ballet"; Rubinstein, Staccato Etude; Music for two pianos: Rachmaninoff Suite No. 2 op. 17.

Mr. Lhevinne is first of all a pianist with a ponderous technique. He plays without emotion in that one finds no tender moments in his interpretations. Withal, however, there is a clear, crisp quality to his playing which is pleasing and his phrasing is thoughtful.

In Schumann's "Carnaval" he displayed brilliance and gave a free, colorful presentation, but there was little of contrast in his idea of this work. In Beethoven's delightful "Andante in F" he played without feeling, but his tone was clear and bright. In fact his interpretations throughout the program held the same qualities despite the piece or its composer.

The Rachmaninoff Suite was interesting and was well rendered by Madame and Mr. Lhevinne. This Suite is amply suited to their style and technique, as both musicians show the same qualities and ideas in their interpretations.

A fair sized audience received the with enthusiasm and showed their appreciation by warm applause.

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dvorak, Symphony No. 9, D minor, Cyrill Scott, Two Passacaglias (first time in Boston); Mozart, Air for Flauto, from "The Magic Flute"; Charpentier, "Depuis le jour," from "Louise"; Wagner, A Faust overture. Mme. Hulda Lashanska sang for the first time in this city.

Mr. Scott's Passacaglias, according to Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, Mr. Scott's biographer, were first played in London in 1916. The two melodies that serve as subjects are of Irish origin—"The Irish Famine Song" and "The Poor Irish Boy." The latter song is said to have been often heard in the earlier Georgian period. The Passacaglias are scored for the swollen modern orchestra.

There are two ways of looking at these compositions. One is to regard them simply as curious experiments in harmonization and instrumentation, amusing, in the sense with which the word is used in the jargon of the Parisian studio, but not to be taken seriously. The other way is to accept them as a serious work of a composer endowed by nature, whose inventiveness and technical skill are of the highest order; the work of a man who has original views and his own method of expression; a man whose independence and boldness—call it aesthetic arrogance, if you will—are not to be despised. This Englishman has surely flattered the Academicians and the Doctors of Music in Great Britain.

If there is talk about form, Scott's Passacaglias are more orthodox in this respect than the one by Seth Bingham performed at the concert. The subject is inexorably maintained; the hearer does not start in detecting it. The structure built upon the two subjects as foundations may often be fantastical, extravagant; gargoyles may serve as times in the decoration; but there is always the suggestion of native poise. The composer does not build at random, he does not fail, or stand against his own work; he knows exactly his purpose; he accomplishes it in his defiant way.

Does some one, to whom music is a means of exciting a "gentlemanly joy," as an old Greek put it, excite in protestation: "But these Passacaglias are noisy"? When there is a tremendous volume of sound, it is not a din. The sound is as well defined as a thunder-clap. Nor is there a constant orchestral whirlwind; there

from platitudes. Furthermore, each Passacaglia the hearer feels a certain continuity. He does not see Mr. Scott putting down his pen, knocking his pate, and addressing the ceiling: "There, that's done. What in the world should come next?"

Whether the audience was startled from its well-bred and traditional composure; whether, forgetting the soothing charm of conventional music, it frankly enjoyed the music; whether it was hugely amused—this would be difficult to say. The applause was fervent and prolonged. Mr. Scott rose from the guest seat and bowed in a dignified manner, not effusively; and he applauded, as was eminently fitting the brilliant, stirring performance of the orchestra.

Dvorak's Symphony had not been heard at a Symphony concert since 1903. Mr. Montoux is to be thanked for the revival. The symphony shows Dvorak at his best. A master of rhythm and color, a melodist of direct appeal, naive, but not without art; seldom far away from his beloved Bohemian wood-fields, and simple, joyous life; not afraid of suggesting the folk songs and the dances of his country even in a symphonic work, he wrote during the years of his poverty from his heart. In his later years he became sophisticated. When his too-familiar symphony "From the New World"—was new in Boston, we wondered at the late Horatio Parker describing it as pleasing but "meretricious." In comparison with the symphony in D minor, the later one is "meretricious." Indeed, it is a pity that to the younger generation Dvorak is known chiefly as the composer of "From the New World" Symphony and a certain "Humoresque" transcribed for the fiddle.

Wagner's overture has sadly aged. Mme. Lashanska has a beautiful voice, which she uses skilfully and emotionally. Her admirable qualities were at once displayed in the pathetic air of Pamina; Mozart's music still remains the supreme test of a singer. She gave a concert version of the air from "Louise," the air itself is not for a symphony concert—and sang it delightfully. Perhaps in a performance of the opera, her interpretation would not be dramatically suited to the situation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concert next week. The program for Feb. 11 and 12 includes these works: Schumann, Symphony, C major, No. 2; Carpenter, Suite from the Ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto No. 3, C minor, for piano. Mr. Levitzki will be the pianist.

HOLMES LECTURES ON SPANISH CITIES

Also Describes the Pyrenees and Shows Interesting Pictures

The subject of Burton Holmes's photography, told by him with interesting pictures in Symphony Hall last night, was "Spanish Cities." First, however, the Pyrenees, concerning which Taine and Hilaire Belloc have written delightfully. The first Spanish city described was Barcelona, city of business, strikes, political unrest. (Mr. Holmes likened Catalonia to Ireland.) Having viewed the streets and street life, the audience was taken to the Balearic Isles, associated with George Sand, Chopin and his Preludes. Here was an unfamiliar subject. Returning to Spain, after a visit to Montserrat, the temple of the Holy Grail, Madrid, was seen in all its aspects, from Velasquez to royalty. Then came Segovia, with its famous aqueduct; Seville, with its cathedral, bull-fights and dances, and then Granada, with the Alhambra and the memory of Boabdil. This wonderful country, after its long sleep, awakening to a life that promises to be vigorous; a land of marked contrasts in scenery and in architecture, was described by Mr. Holmes with even more than his customary gusto.

The photo-story will be retold this afternoon. The subject of the last photo-story of the series is "Venice and the Italian Lakes" (Friday afternoon, Feb. 4; Saturday evening, Feb. 5).

Mr. D. W. Griffith says that the director of a motion picture production must know the ideas that have been used in the past, that he must be well informed on "literature, art, history, science, military tactics, engineering, architecture, interior decorating, and practically every other subject." This reminds one of the list of things an architect should know according to Vitruvius, also of the qualifications of a pantomimic dancer catalogued by our old friend Lucian.

Mr. Griffith is of the opinion that Charles Dickens would have made a good director. What a pity that he was not born in the time and could only write novels.

Here and in Mexico

As the World Wags:

Spouting of notes, beams and the building trades in general, an odious comparison seems to mind.

Example from a Herald editorial of March 1, 1912.

things sport. The animals are goaded into fury, then butchered to make a Mexican holiday.

And from the sporting page of Tuesday: "... one of the most terrific mat struggles ever seen in the East. ... a terribly punishing toe hold. ... The champion in his agony beat the floor with his fists and cried aloud. ... his face was distorted out of all human semblance. ... Lewis picked up Craddock bodily and threw him to the floor. ... he collapsed on his back. ... lay like a dead man on the floor. ... call was made for a doctor. ... cries of 'Kill the murderer' went up."

It is with the deepest satisfaction that I note the action of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in preparing a circular in Spanish urging public opposition to a proposal to legalize the sport in Cuba.

Which? Bull fighting, to be sure! AQUILA COFFIN. Holystone Farm, Jamaica.

A Find, Indeed

Mr. Henry W. Savage, an intrepid discoverer, has made plans to insure the future of Miss Natalie Manning as an actress, if report is trustworthy. She is blessed with "effervescent youth and vivid personality"; that is to say, she is a mixture of ginger pop and steel springs, and even put on blue glasses when they expect to meet her. Mr. Albin Polasek, who hews marble into imperishable forms, a year ago likened Miss Manning to "the young Greek goddess Peitho, supposed daughter of Aphrodite," for Miss Manning has a "provocative profile." We have read of a "provocative mouth," a "provocative figure," but how is a profile "provocative"? And who was Peitho? Mr. Polasek speaks of her vaguely as a beauty of the Parthenon, but good old Doc Anthon does not mention her, nor do we find her name in the list of natural and unnatural children of Grecian gods and goddesses scrupulously drawn up by Apollodorus.

Scot Spartan

As the World Wags:

Sir: If you had been naval censor would you have held up the following letter as giving information of military value to the enemy?

Base 6, —, 1912.

Dear Angus: Last night we met a submarine. I w'd a had it no different. Your loving brother, Robert.

Boston.

LIVDAV.

Tremont and National

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Monday, under the caption "Talk of the Town" mention is made of the old Tremont Theatre on the site of the present Tremont Temple. Can you tell your readers how many theatres in Boston have borne that name, and where they were? I think there have been five altogether, of which the Talk of the Town mentions two.

I can remember one in the sixties, which was managed by Mrs. Jane English, and was perhaps the same building as Bumstead Hall, transformed into a theatre temporarily. At any rate it stood about in that location. It was occupied for a while by Morris Brothers minstrels after their "opera house" burned down.

The pleasant Town Gossip of The Herald, already referred to, says of the old National Theatre on Portland street that "It was known as the toughest playhouse in Boston." Is it not fair to say that this was only in its later days, when the neighborhood about it had become rather "tough"? In its earlier career if I am rightly informed (for there is a limit to my personal memory) it was one of the leading theatres of the city, and the most fashionable. Some of our most distinguished American actors, and even the great Macready, appeared there from time to time.

Hesidea, "tough" is a relative term, and I am inclined to think that the performers at the "old Nalsh" in its low-est days would blush if they could visit some of the "burlesque" shows of today. At the worst I doubt if they produced anything tougher than "Mazzeppa," or Lucille and Helen Western in the "Three Fast Men," which one would hardly be surprised to see nowadays brought out by amateurs at an entertainment "for the benefit of the church."

G. F. D.

Macready first played in Boston at the City Theatre, formerly the Washington. This was in October, 1826, and he appeared as Virginus. "The Hon. Daniel Webster was present and on his entering was received with cheers." We know little about Boston, having come to this town in 1839 and even now we are hardly acclimated. King's "Dictionary of Boston" names the first Tremont Theatre (1827-1843) the "New Tremont Theatre," remodelled from Allston Hall, the southerly end of Studio building, Tremont street (1863-1866). Then there is the present Tremont.—Ed.

of curds (Dadhi), of milk (Dugdha), and of fresh water (Jala). Jambu-dvipa is the centre of all these; and in the centre of this is the golden mountain Meru." Jambu is the dvipa occupied by human beings, Meru the indescribably glorious north polar mountain by which the portal to the heaven of heavens is attainable.

In Oriental literature, therefore, the expression "the seven seas" has no reference to the bodies of water named seas by our geographers, but is an interesting survival of a geocentric world view which we of the western nations have lost, but which all orthodox Brahmins and Buddhists still hold sacred and true. Its recent appearance in Occidental literature is doubtless more due to Kipling than to any other writer.

W. F. W.

Boston.

"Which of our Coming and Departure heads

As the Sev'n Seas should heed a pebble cast."

(1872. Fitzgerald. Omar Khayyam.)

1896. Kipling (title), "The Sever Seas."—Ed.

Jan 30 1921

"Nymphes et Naiades," a vocal trio with orchestra by A. Philipp, was produced at a Colonne concert, Paris, on Jan. 8. The poem is by Albert Samain. The work was praised for its melodic lines, finely colored instrumentation and expression of the poet's lines. At the same concert Marcel Orban's "Symphonie Legend" was produced. It was inspired by a poem of Paul Geraudy concerning the abduction of a princess, which made the "sad ancestors" groan in their hall. Here is the last strophe. Mark the richness of the rhymes:

Et dans le noir des aïeux
C'étaient des tristesses a mort
C'étaient les soupirs des aïeux,
C'étaient des larmes pour les morts.

In the music M. Brancour says there are some arresting episodes, but the music, as a whole, does not rise above honest mediocrity.

On Jan. 9, at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, "La Nuit Cède au Jour," by Bartholini, a Swiss composer, led M. Lapommeraye to regret that Bartholini could not, contemplating the splendor of sunrise on the Alpine heights, have written a more original and impressive work.

Hindu musicians, Inayat Khan of Baroda, and his brothers, Mahabud and Musharif, with the vina and voices, have been interesting Parisians.

At a Golschmann concert in Paris Samuel Dushkin, "an excellent American violinist," was applauded. The Englishman Goossens's "Au bord du tarn" was found to be insufficiently individual. Five movements from the Swiss Honnegger's "Dit des Jeux du monde" (first time in concert) excited bravos, also howls of derision. In this music one is supposed to recognize Man contending with Woman, Madness, the Shadow and the Sea. There was plenty of dissonance, but the critic, accustomed to them, made graver objection to the lack of invention and a prevailing monotony.

Darius Milhaud's fourth string quartet, composed in Brazil, 1918, played at a concert of S. M. I. on Jan 6 in Paris, showed the composer's effort at simplification. While the influence of Debussy and Ravel was evident, there was the thought of the tropics in the beginning of the third movement. Mr. Montoux purposes to bring out a Suite of Milhaud this season. At this concert four English songs were sung, two by Goossens: two Piano Suites (first time), one by Laurent Cellier, the other by Marcelle de Manziarly—"Trois Atmospheres Slaves."

"Fidello," by "a Hidalgo named Beethoven," was announced for the first time at the Zarzuela in Madrid, with an orchestra of 80 and a chorus of 300. This led Raoul Laparra to remark: "Fidello" at the Zarzuela and sung in Spanish—I do not very well see it."

Henri Rabaud's "Marouf" has been enthusiastically received at the Costanzi in Rome. His orchestration of Beethoven's accompaniment of six songs of Gellert (Colonne concert) was described early this month as admirably in keeping.

The 500th performance of "Louise" at the Opera-Comique, Paris, took place on Jan. 17.

That excellent artist, M. Maguenat, who visited Boston with the Chicago Opera Company, has signed an engagement with the Opera-Comique in Paris.

Julien Tiersot, who has also visited Boston, as a folklorist and writer about music, has been obliged to leave the library of the Paris Conservatory where he has served since 1883. The cause as given is reduction in the number of those employed.

Next month Bach's great mass will be performed at the sacred concerts of the Eglise de l'Étoile. Gustave Bro will conduct. The performance will be

copy two evenings. In March Gabriel Faure's Requiem, the sixth and the Eighth Beattitudes of Cesar Franck and Bach's Passion according to John will be performed.

Yesterday we encountered a man who was making a strange record. He is a salesman whose business for the first three months of each year is in London. The mornings he mostly spends in his suburban home, while the afternoons are employed in calls in the city and

the West end. His record consists of the volume of music London is now being "subjected to," as he puts it, throughout her streets. And in his notebook he had given the various streets in which he had listened to the following from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. on Tuesday: Seven brass bands, three cornet soloists, eighteen piano organs, one hurdy-gurdy, two violin soloists, four street singers, a guitar soloist, a banjo troupe, a brass instrument (unidentified).—London Daily Chronicle.

Ulysses Lappas, a Greek operatic tenor, has been praised warmly at Cairo.

In 1815, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were traveling in Germany they were invited by Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, to be present at the unveiling of a statue of Beethoven at Bonn. When the cord was pulled and the veil fell, Beethoven was revealed in all his glory, but with his back turned full to the royal balcony. Every one but the King burst out laughing. Queen Victoria being as much amused as any one, but Frederick William was very angry at the stupidity of the officials, and only relented when Humboldt, who was as witty as he was learned, said: "Your majesty forgets that Beethoven was a rough diamond during his lifetime; therefore you can hardly expect that death will have improved his manners."

Frederich Delius is writing music for the late James Elroy Flecker's poetic drama, "Hassan."

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph calls 1920 a year of pianists as far as London was concerned. There was abundance of opera, but not much progress towards permanent opera. "We seem always to be in somewhat grave danger of opera ceasing to exist save sporadically, even more sporadically than ever. . . . We require badly more and ever more opera in our own tongue." He speaks of the Americans in London: "The so-called American invasion, which occurred in the summer, was an important event of the year. I wrote my opinion of what America seemed to stand for so far as reproduction of music is concerned at the time. The Damrosch orchestra, Helfetz, Hofmann, Werrenrath, and a host of singers visited us and presumably gave us of their best. All and sundry, however, convinced me, for what that is worth, that an amazing efficiency was what was generally aimed at. Helfetz fiddled as it seems no one else has ever fiddled. Hofmann played the piano with consummate virtuosity, the orchestra played as if it would always play the same music in precisely the same manner year in, year out, and the singers mostly sang ballads which gave one but a small idea of their musician-ship—if any. Slay, there was the one exception of Werrenrath, whose diction was, one of the most beautiful things I ever heard in song."

Concerning foreign visitors in general Mr. Legge says: "Record should certainly be made of the return to what apparently is still regarded as a happy hunting-ground of many foreign musicians. I have mentioned the American invasion already. We were visited also by an Ukrainian choir, by a choir from Norway, by the Bohemian quartet, the Flonzaley quartet, and by many soloists, and rumor has it that the year which begins today is to bring in its train many more of these foreign artists whom we knew before the war. Of course it is inevitable that this should be so. But we all hope that never will there be a return to the old situation. For obvious reasons it is necessary for us all and for the good of our musical souls that we hear the best, be it music or be it musicians. But we do not want the foreign mediocrity who is not even approximately so good a performer as our own musicians. If we are to become as chauvinistic as some nations, then good-by to progress. But there is all the difference between chauvinism and that feeling which causes us to think that our own best performers should be encouraged to the utmost, because they deservedly rank high. Of course this applies equally well to music as to musicians. But I am not sure that there is the same danger, if it be a danger, existent in regard to our native composers as to our native performers. However, so much in this latter respect depends upon the native performer him of herself, and that is a fact that is far too frequently overlooked. The worst form of chauvinism is that which insists on the native product qua native product. We want the best, and we have many reasons for believing that at least some of the best exists here in our own country. It is that best that we will have if we are true to ourselves."

Here is a graphic description of an audience in London, one that may be seen even in Boston. "There was only the usual dreary kind of concert-room

буѣ:

... of thanksgiving to a deity in a few minutes you will protest as eatable.
Johnson was certainly not a restful person. He would have irritated a New England housewife by his slovenly tricks.

Feb 4 1927

Every incoming administration, civic, state or federal, reminds one of the old Mexican kings mounting the throne. They swore that they would make the sun to shine, the clouds to give rain, the rivers to flow, and the earth to bring forth fruits in abundance.

English War Slang

As the World Wags:

I have made out for you this little list of British war argot. Most of the words are probably familiar to you. There may be one or two that you have missed. The British soldier is not an imaginative person and gets on with a few unprintable terms. I should be surprised to hear of other terms that were common. As far as I know, not a single Italian word found its way into our vocabulary from 18 months on the Carso. A few officers learnt to say "cadornato" for "degomme" and wine was always "vino."

Blighly, England, a wound that takes a man home. Blotto, drunk. Blister, an observation balloon. Bus, aeroplane. Brass hat, staff officer.

Clat, talk (as in general routine orders). Click, to succeed, make a hit. Crumby (crummy), verminous (Am. chatty). Cusby, easy, indulgent.

Degomme, relieved of a command. Dogat, hidden. Dug up, elderly officer on active duty. Dud, an inefficient officer.

Ease wash, anything done for effect, faded returns.

Fed, the infantry. Flag, company sergeant-major. Fed, fed up, tired, bored. For it, in trouble.

Gadget, any tool or machine (to save trouble in specifying). Gong, a trench helmet. Grouse, to grumble. Go West, to die.

Hairy, a horse. Jerry, the Germans ("Boche," hardly used). Jerks, physical drill. Juice, electric current.

Lance mark, lance corporal. Meriant, a man (generic). Mufti, civilian clothes.

No poo, dead. Nobody's child, an unattached officer. Nunner up, to have, to be doomed for trouble or death.

Oppo, an observation post.

Panle, a fuss, to fuss. Padre, chaplain. Pigeon, a job. Piljaw, a lecture.

Pip, an army surgeon. Pip, a star badge of rank: one-pipper, two-pipper. Pip, squeak, a high velocity gun or shell. Priceless, inimitable (Fr. imparable).

Quiff, a little bit of extra smartness in clothing, drill, etc.

Ran to, to report a soldier.

Shoo, a gentleman. Short arm drill, tactical inspection. Show, a battle, operation. Slacks, trousers. Square on Mr. a military lion. Juan. Stiff, a corpse. Strafe, an attack, a fuss. Swing the head, to mullinger.

Tear to destroy or spoil (as a plan). Trenchy, dangerous.

Wash, a man (generic). Wangle, to persuade (by persuasion). Win, to acquire (by other methods). Wash-out, to fail, an inefficient. Windy, afraid or easily fussy. Woolly bear, a 10-inch bear.

S.

Some of these words were in use long before the war, used in dialect—or being "stiff" for corpse is American. In John Hay's "Mystery of Gilgal":

They piled the stiffs outside the door—
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.

Mr. C. Alphonso Smith's "New Words Defined" contains entertaining definitions of war slang words and quotations of the contemporary use, with explanations in magazines, newspapers, etc. In French the "Dictionnaire des Termes Militaires de l'Argot Polu," published by Larousse, is to be commended. Has any deep-thinking German evolved a dictionary of German war slang from his luner consciousness?

A Floridian Tribute

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang last evening at Tampa, Fla. The music-director of the Tampa Daily Press paid her a tribute which probably did not seem to her glowing. "It was Schumann-Heink as audiences of 43 years have known her. . . . Save for an almost imperceptible hesitancy in the most supremely dramatic moments the singer evidenced no realization that the later part of her life was already before her, and that she was walking down the hill from which there is no return." Her first two numbers were given over to becoming acclimated. When Bliza's beautiful "Agnus Dei" with its closing "Dona pacem" had been

concluded, the audience felt that in some way the singer's prayer had been answered and that peace was among them."

Diplomatic

Lady Jersey, lecturing in London on the islands of the Pacific, said that the late Duke of Edinburgh did not include the island on his tour: the Tongans were soothed by being told that Queen Victoria would not send her second son to so important a place, and dreaded, moreover, the attractions of the beautiful Tongan women.

London Society News

By an error in cable transmission, the amount guaranteed Dr. Lasker was given in our later editions on Friday as \$300,000 (about £82,000). Later information states that it is \$3000 (about £820).—London Times.

Lady Diana Duff Cooper is to be filmed at Haddon Hall in a series of poses as different historic women associated with that famous mansion. "The difficulty about Lady Diana for screen purposes is understood to be lack of facial mobility. Her statuesque beauty admirably fits classical parts, but, although in ordinary social intercourse she can command expressions of every shade, she seems unable to summon them while acting." In other words, she is a capable actress only in social conversation.

"Producers here have found that titled actresses are not a paying investment. They need management like prima donnas, and the result in the end does not repay either the money or the trouble."

Feb 5 1927

Max Zach, who died at St. Louis last Thursday, was for many years prominent in the musical life of Boston. Born at Lemberg in 1864, he studied violin playing in Vienna, with Jakob Gruen and theory and composition with Robert Fuchs and Franz Krenn. He was one of the young Viennese musicians brought to the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Mr. Gerke. Playing viola, after the arrival of Mr. Nikisch as conductor, he soon sat at the first desk with Mr. Svecenski. Later, he played solo viola in orchestral works, as when Strauss's "Don Quixote" was performed here for the first time. He was also the viola player of the Adamowski quartet for some seasons, and was known to many as the conductor of the "Pop" concerts. After 1907 he was the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; he worked indefatigably for musical righteousness in that city, zealous for superior quality of performance, introducing judiciously compositions of the modern and even the ultra-modern school; tactful, resolute and brave in the face of many discouragements. Interested in other arts and in the affairs of the world, he was an agreeable companion, expressing himself clearly and intelligently; often amusingly, for he had a keen sense of humor. Devoted to his profession, a musician of high ideals, he was a good citizen, a loyal friend.

Mahomet's Coffin

As the World Wags:

Recently your contributors have had something to say regarding undertakers, coffins and their contents, but they have failed to mention Mahomet's particular home-brew in the matter of coffins. Mr. Charles D. Stewart makes allusion to it in "Buck," from which I infer that it hung suspended in mid-air—whether he was inside it or not I don't know. In fact, I know very little about Mahomet except that he had some original ideas and was particularly considerate of cats. My ignorance is vast and my curiosity is likewise.

Newtonville. G. S. W. K.

The story was that Mahomet's iron tomb was suspended in the air at Mecca by the action of equal and potent loadstones. As Alexander Ross says in his outrageously bitter sketch of the Prophet in "A View of All Religions in the World"—he calls him "a serious professor of diabolical arts," the "Viceroy of Antichrist or his sworn forerunner": "This man when he died was put into an Iron Tomb at Mecca, which by the strength of Loadstones, being as it were in the middle and centre of an arched edifice, hangs up to the astonishment of the beholders, by which means the miraculous sanctity of this Prophet is greatly celebrated." Thus wrote Alexander Ross, the philosopher, slurred by Butler in his "Hudibras." Gibbon insists that the Greeks and Latins invented and propagated this "vulgar and ridiculous story"; arguing that it cannot be true because the Prophet was not buried at Mecca; that his tomb at Medina, visited by millions, is on the ground. Sir Richard F. Burton

in his "Pilgrimage to Al-Medina" Meccah" refers to the "vulgar" story and quotes Niebuhr as explaining it by supposing it arose from rude drawings sold to strangers. William Bankes thought that the mass of rock popularly described as hanging unsupported in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem was confounded by Christians, who could not have seen either shrine, with the Prophet's tomb. Burton himself never saw the tomb, in spite of his disguise and his daring. He doubted whether Mahomet—we prefer "Mohammed"—was buried at Medina; suspecting that the place is as doubtful as that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Great are the myths; we, too, accept them, as Walt Whitman says in words to this effect. (We are lazy and will not look up the line.) Our correspondent should consult the article, "Mahomet," in the "Historical and Critical Dictionary" of the ingenious Pierre Bayle, especially the notes EE and FF. We regret to say that Bayle did not believe in the story.—Ed.

Suspended

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients. Pliny, speaking of the loadstone, says: "I cannot, chuse but acquaint you with the singular invention of that great architect and master devisor of Alexandria in Aegypt, Dinocrates, who began to make the arched roof of the temple of Arsinoe all of magnet or this loadstone, to the end that within that temple the statue of the said princess made of iron might seem to hang in the air by nothing. But prevented he was by death before he could finish his work, like as K. Ptolemae, also, who ordained that temple to be built in the honour of the said Arsinoe his sister." Ausonius declares that the plan was successfully carried out. Note, a sentence in Saint Augustine's "City of God": "If human art can effect such rare conclusions, that such as know them not would think them divine effects; (as there was an Iron Image hung in a certain temple, so strangely that the ignorant would have verily believed they had seen a work of God's immediate power, it hung so just between two loadstones (whereof one was placed in the roof of the temple and the other in the floor), without touching of anything at all), etc." Surely this holy man would not lie. And so there was at Treves a statue of Mercury hanging in mid air. All up for Mahomet's coffin, up in the air. He was, indeed, a great man in spite of the eulogies pronounced on him by Carlyle in his wildest Carlylesque language, and by Sir Richard F. Burton.

One of Napoleon's Books

Napoleon's copy of Ovid, translated by the Abbe Antoine Banier, with plates by Elsen, Gravelot and Boucher, and with the title page stamped with the Imperial arms, was recently put up at auction at Newstead Abbey. Which edition of this translation of the "Metamorphosis" was it? The famous one was that of Amsterdam (1732) in two volumes folio with illustrations by Picart and others. A copy in large paper with first impressions of the pictures brought £8000 in 1780. Napoleon needed no translation of Ovid's "Art of Love." If the later biographers, or rather gossipers of alcoves and back stairs, are trustworthy.

Peignot, by the way, in his "Manuel du Bibliophile" (1823) has much to say about editions of Ovid, Latin and translations, but does not mention the one described as Napoleon's copy.

P. Gaunt, Arranger

I. W. C. of Boston writes to The Herald that he has in his possession "Songs from Hoyt's 'Trip to Chinatown,'" published by T. B. Harms & Co., 1892. It includes the words and music of "The Bowery," "The Chaparrone," "The Widow" and "Reuben and Cynthia." "The latter is in four verses, (words by Hoyt, music arranged by Percy Gaunt) and they differ considerably from those lately published in a communication from C. M. Holbrook. I have also a program of the play given at the Tremont Theatre during the week of Sept. 19, 1892, with Burt Haverly, Richard Karl, Harry Gilford, Bessie Clayton, Patrice and Laura Biggar in the cast."

Ernest Hutcheson Plays at Jordan Hall with Ease

A very high kind of technical efficiency marked the concert of Ernest Hutcheson in Jordan Hall last evening. Whatever were the demands of the music, Mr. Hutcheson met them with apparent ease and command. From the embroidery of the four choral preludes of Bach-Busoni, through the dramatic enunciation of the enunciation of the first movement of the Beethoven Sonata, opus 111, through the thunder of the setting of Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries—in all cases Mr. Hutcheson was master of the requirements.

Undoubtedly the great event of the

program was the Beethoven sonata. Mr. Hutcheson succeeded in doing what is not accomplished in the playing of sonatas: he made the different movements combine into a perfectly welded whole. The inclusive statement of the opening theme in no way warred upon the beautiful organ-like Arletta with its exquisite variations. However strongly virile the first movement, however softly resigned the second, the two made a work of fine beauty and of entire emotional unity. If the theme of the first movement was sometimes forced in enunciation, the song of the second was always poised in beautiful equilibrium.

But technical efficiency alone was not the only virtue of the performance. In the Chopin Fantasia, opus 49, a beauty of tone, a warmth of touch, with a power of tender singing of melodies, made the playing highly poetic. The same characteristics were in the playing of the Chopin Berceuse in D flat, which entered the program as an encore.

Of the two sets of arrangements, the first, the four Choral Preludes of Bach-Busoni, however finely played, still made one think of a lion in sheep's clothing, as if George Washington peered out from a frame of tatting and tidies, as if the Park street steeple were set off with Elizabethan starched ruffs, as if, under all the figures, the mighty Johann Sebastian were discerned in grim, honest simplicity, a bit bewildered, but still unshorn of vigor. Those chorals have hard work standing up under their Busoni ruffles. Mr. Hutcheson kept them as dignified, as simple, as Busoni permitted.

Of the four arrangements by himself, the Burlesca in G minor and the Caprice in B flat by Scarlatti, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," the Scarlatti numbers certainly left behind them the prim quaintness of the composer's time, but they had a modern charm that perhaps he would have admired. The other two seemed much like other arrangements of the same compositions. All were vigorously played.

Though the program was formidable, Mr. Hutcheson met it always with mastery, and often with fine poetic insight.

"VISIONS OF VENICE" BY BURTON HOLMES

Fascinating Journey to Italy's Lakes Topic of Lecture

Burton Holmes chose for the subject of his photo-story last night in Symphony Hall "Visions of Venice and the Italian Lakes," a fascinating subject, indeed. The lakes were first visited. Journeying from Arona, the audience was shown Lago Maggiore, with the beautiful island and the Borromean Archipelago; Como, where the lover in Bulwer's play had in fancy his villa, which he described so glowingly to Pauline; a less familiar, but to some still more interesting sheet of water, Lake Garda. Venice was revisited, with its canals, palaces; the village life of Torcello, the luxurious Lido. There were pictures of San Marco, the Piazza, views of Venice from the Campanile since its restoration. All in all, a revelation of natural and architectural beauty. The photo-story will be told again this afternoon, when the regular series will end.

"Visions of Venice" will be shown again in Symphony Hall a week from this afternoon. There will be no lecture on the preceding Friday night.

Lorraine Wymah, Soprano, and Guy Maier, Pianist,

By PHILIP HALE

Guy Maier, pianist, and Lorraine Wymah, soprano, gave a concert of music for young people yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Piano pieces; Amani, Orientale; Philipp, Will of the Wisp; Scriabin, Prelude; Godowsky, "Old Vienna"; Lane, the Cray Shoots'r Dance; Goossens, the Hurdy Gurdy Man; a Ghost Story and the Punch and Judy Show; Lord Berners, Funeral March for a Canary; Dennee, the Whirling Doll (written for Mr. Maier); Dett, Juba Dance; Songs; Bourgaull-Ducoudray, L'Angelus; Tiersot, arranger, Le Petit Bois d'Amour (child's song); Pierre et sa mie (Ballad from Grenoble); Brockway, arranger, Le Cycle du vin; Song of the Vintage, Lord Lovel (arranged by C. Manley); the Frog and the Mouse and Heave Away (arranged by C. Sharp); Lil' Boy, a modern sketch from the South.

There were unfamiliar pieces on Mr. Maier's program, especially those by Goossens, Berners and Lane. Lord Berners is a daring humorist; he is said to be to England what Eric Satie is to France. He has written for orchestra three pieces "amazingly effective"—we quote from Mr. Goossens's article about him—and a Spanish Fantasia, a parody of conventional musical representations of Spain in which he introduces 70 real tunes. The three "Little Funeral Marches" (for a Statesman, a Canary and a Rich Aunt)

published in 1913 under his family name of Gerard Tynan. These are not all his compositions. One of them, "Tolson d'or," is a study in the psychology of a captive goldfish. It is said of his Lieder Album of Three songs that one may predict of them "unqualified failure among ballad singers and great success de scintille among vocalists of the more enterprising order." The first, "Du bist wie eine Blume," is inspired by the story that Heine's verses were addressed to a white pig, not a maiden, the snatches of German sentimentalism are interspersed with a pig's grunts.

Rambling the eulogies heaped on him, we were disappointed to find the pieces of Goossens more imaginative, more amusing. Amani's "Oriental" is charged with the languor and the fierce passion of the East, Lane's Trap-shooters' Dance is exciting music—Mr. Maier properly warned the children against shooting crabs and Denuce's piece is agreeably whimsical.

As on a former occasion, Mr. Maier invented a story that at once held the attention of his youthful hearers and served to introduce in turn the various pieces. He played now brilliantly, now with a keen sense of humor, always delightfully and authoritatively.

Miss Wyman before each song explained it when the text was French, and commented when the text was English. She has grown steadily in artistic stature, till now we know of no one that is her rival, for her teacher in years gone by, Mme Yvette Guilbert, has turned to pious work in recital and to a useful life as an instructor. Gratefully we recall the slim Yvette of years ago, the Yvette with the long black gloves, the diabolically demure countenance, singing the songs of Parisian music-halls and the slangy ditties of Artida Brunt. Miss Wyman, her pupil, is by no means a mere imitator. Whether her folk songs come from France, England, or the South, she catches the spirit and is a true interpreter; an admirable blend of "discipline" and singer; able to color tone for a desired effect; discreet, graceful and significant with gesture; eloquent in facial play; not too sentimental when she sings a plaintive song with appealing voice; never guilty of undue emphasis in songs of humor.

Miss Ruth Emerson accompanied her musically and intelligently. An accompanist who might storm or glitter in modern art songs might easily come to grief with these apparently simple folk songs. In this instance the singer and the accompanist were as one.

A large audience—there were many children—was greatly pleased. There was a repetition of a piano piece, also of a song; and the two added to the program: Mr. Maier, with a delicate minuet by Deodat de Severac; Miss Wyman, with an old English May song and a southern version of "Billy Boy."

We are told that Mr. Frazer-Simson, the composer of "The Maid of the Mountains," the operetta, which, having had a famous run in London, will be brought out at the Boston Opera House tomorrow, has followed the example of Wagner by providing motives to identify and characterize leading persons in the story and to emphasize their sentiments and emotions.

"To Balasarre, the brigand chief, is assigned a broad, flowing march movement in alla breve time, suggestive of sturdy, fearless character of the hero. The theme is rendered more useful by the use of unhammered harles. This theme is first heard just before the curtain rises on Act I, and then sung by the brigands as the opening chorus. It occurs again at the end of Act I, and again in the final of Act II, when it is sung by a number of Balasarre's obsequious followers who seek to rescue him.

"Teresa's theme is the consolidation of three motives. Of the first, a sustained chord against a figure in the bass, seems to presage the awakening of something dormant in her soul, a suggestion of a longing for the unattainable. The second motive is a melody that reveals the passionate side of her nature. The third strikes a note of despair and grief that Teresa feels at leaving her friends. The second motive of this theme is first heard when it serves as the main subject for the Nocturne in Act I, which is given out after "My Life is Love" has been sung. The third motive is in Teresa's next song, "Farewell," and is suggested at the beginning to the final of Act I. Her theme is heard in its entirety toward the close of the second act, when, after saying Balasarre, she implores forgiveness. It is again heard in Act III, when she arrives at the island to ask pardon.

The third theme is the "Brooch Melody," which deals with Balasarre's hope for Angela, a tender cantilena for the violin. This theme is first heard in Act I, when the brigands dividing the spoils and come upon a brooch, and Balasarre tells how he found it. It appears again in the

finale, when to Act II, when Teresa calls forth all her power of persuasion in a vain effort to win the man she loves away from Angela, while Balasarre, fascinated by the latter, spurns the hitherto faithful Teresa, and thus loses all, at least temporarily."

Cleveland Orchestra

The Cleveland Orchestra, which will play here for the first time next Thursday night, is supported liberally by the city. Several large industrial concerns have booked concerts exclusively for their work people. An appropriation has been made for the orchestra from the Cleveland Community "Chest," a philanthropic union which gives recognition only to those institutions which are of the people, by the people, and for the people. The concerts of this orchestra in Chicago and Pittsburgh have been warmly praised as showing the ability of the players and the skill of the conductor.

It is said that the visits paid by the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Cleveland during the last 13 years were the inspiring cause of the organization of Cleveland's orchestra. The conductor and the assistant conductor are known in Boston.

The conductor, Nikolai Sokoloff, was a violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the seasons of 1905-06, 1906-07, when Mr. Gericke was the leader. Mr. Sokoloff's family had long been musicians in the region near Kieff. Nikolai studied the violin at an early age. He came to the United States when he was 12 years old. A year later he won a scholarship in the music department of Yale University. At the age of 17 he joined the Boston Symphony orchestra, and for several years studied with Mr. Loeffler. At the age of 21, an American citizen, he returned to Europe for study with leading conductors. Coming back to the United States he became concert master of the Russian Symphony orchestra. In 1914 he conducted the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra. He has been a guest conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, and two years ago he led the Chicago Symphony orchestra in two performances. In New York he has given a concert where the players were members of the Philharmonic orchestra and the Symphony Society.

The assistant conductor, Arthur Shepherd, was for some years an instructor in harmony and counterpoint at the New England Conservatory of Music. He conducted here the Musical Art Society and the Cecilia Society. With his "Overture Joyeuse" (Symphony Society of New York, 1905), he won the Padewski prize. He has won other prizes. His overture "The Festival of Youth," was played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in 1915; the same orchestra has for this season his "Overture to a Drama." He has also composed a suite for orchestra, a piano sonata, a humoresque for piano and orchestra, part songs, songs, piano pieces, etc. He was born at Paris, Ida., in 1880.

The repertoire of the Cleveland orchestra this season includes music by the "classical" composers, while the more modern are represented by Bloch, Chausson, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, Sibelius, Aubert, "Converse," Debussy, Enesco, G. Faure, Loeffler, Ravel, Roussel, Strauss. The program of the concert next Thursday is as follows: Rachmaninoff, symphony No. 2, E minor; Lalo, symphonie espagnole for violin and orchestra.

Loeffler, A Pagan Poem (after Virgil) for orchestra, with piano, English horn and three trumpets, obligati. Piano, Heinrich Gebhard, English horn, Albert Reis, trumpets, Messrs. A. J. J. and C. Hruby. The solo violinist, Misha Piastro, will play in Boston for the first time. Mr. Piastro played in this country for the first time at New York on Oct. 3, 1920 at Carnegie Hall; Goldmark's concerto and pieces by Handel, Glazounoff, Wieniawski, Glinka-Auer. He was favorably received by the public and the critics. His brother, J. Piastro Borisoff, a violinist, who played in this country for the first time at New York on Nov. 1, 1920, played here in symphony hall on Jan. 9. News came a few days ago that their father, a violinist and teacher, had died in Russia.

Misha, having begun his studies with his father, entered the Petrograd Conservatory of music where, a pupil of Leopold Auer, he was graduated in 1910 with a gold medal. He also took a prize of 1000 roubles, in a contest held on Auer's 40th anniversary. He gave concerts in Russia, Central Europe and Scandinavia. During the years 1914-19 he made a tour of the East, giving "more than 400 concerts."

Mme. Delcourt

Lucile Adele Delcourt (Mrs. Lucien Wurmser), harpist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will give a concert, assisted by Anna Golden, viola, and Georges Laurent, flute, was born at Paris on Aug. 31, 1878. She studied the harp when she was a child. Entering the Paris Conservatory, a pupil of Hasselmans, she was awarded a second accessit in 1894; a second prize in 1895. She has played in Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, Germany and South America. She made her first appearance in this country at New York with the Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, conductor, on Dec. 28, 1919, when she played Pieme's Concerto for harp and orchestra for the first time in this country.

These records are volumes, manuscripts.

She played this harp at the Tonkuensterversammlung at Frankfurt, in 1904, and also at Cologne, that year.

There was a chromatic harp in the 17th and 18th centuries, an instrument of 62 strings of gut arranged in two rows, beginning with the sixth string and including the 68th. The succession for the left hand was diatonic up to the 28th string and including it; the right hand touched the intermediate semi-tones up to the 30th string, inclusive. Beginning with the 31st the succession was diatonic for the right hand, with the intermediate semi-tones for the left. The total height of the harp was about 5 feet. There was also an Italian harp of a somewhat similar nature in the 18th century, described by Mahillon in his catalogue of the Museum of Instruments at the Brussels Conservatory (1900) as the result of some maker's fancy or an attempt to better the ordinary harp. In a footnote Mahillon spoke of Lyon's chromatic harp exhibited at the Brussels international exhibition of 1898.

Gustave Lyon, the chief director of the Pleyel firm in Paris worked on a chromatic harp in the nineties. He obtained a patent in 1894 and perfected the instrument in 1903. This harp has no pedals. The strings are disposed in two oblique planes, crossing each other. The diatonic strings, representing the white keys of a piano are in one; the chromatic, representing the black keys of a piano, are in the other. The harp was at once appreciated at the Brussels Conservatory, but there was no teacher of the chromatic harp at the Paris Conservatory before 1903-04, and the first competition for prizes was in the latter year, with Mme. Tassu-Spencer, the teacher. No first prize was awarded that year; only a second, with two accessits.

Mme. Delcourt gave a recital at the Princess Theatre in New York on Feb. 2, 1920, when she played with great success pieces by Rameau, Albeniz, Debussy, Fevrier, Ravel, Groves and Salzedo.

Her husband, Lucien Wurmser, pianist, horn at Paris, May 23, 1877, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1893. He was a pupil of Charles Wilfrid de Berlot, a son of the celebrated violinist, the husband of Malibran.

Debussy's sonata for flute, viola and harp was played here for the first time at a Longy concert, Nov. 7, 1916.

Various Notes of a Personal and Critical Nature

A Paris correspondent of the London Times (Jan. 11) has this to say about "The Simoon" at the Comedie Montaigne: "It is a play by Lenormand—a study of the French temperament subjected to the influences of a tropical climate. It is extremely unpleasant, but it is honest. Lenormand has a large way with him, and, of course, Gamier has produced the thing superbly. A man who has buried himself in the desert because his wife has deserted him, many years later, after her death, receives his daughter in his home. She is so like her mother that he is tricked by his own morbid memories and the influences of the climate into a monstrous tenderness for her. When she is finally stabbed by his mistress, who is jealous because the girl has fallen in love with the man the mistress really loves, rather naturally the father is almost relieved. Yet this relief is the only portion of the play, hailed as dreadful by the French public! Euripides was a greater man than Lenormand, but Lenormand is, at any rate, honest in his attack on his subject. The setting, the sensation of throbbing heat, the native life, the feeling of utter isolation from all that we call civilization is wonderful."

Sig. Bettino Cappelli gave his first London recital at the Aeolian Hall on Wednesday (Jan. 12). There is something absurd about this method of introducing foreign operatic "stars." Sig. Cappelli was preceded by the usual "press paragraphs" informing us that he has sung 28 leading tenor parts at La Scala and that "his countrymen consider him one of the greatest singers of the 'land of song' has given to the world," and so on. He arrives, sings three or four hackneyed operatic arias in a voice which seems calculated to blow the roof off, and a rather thin audience applauds, because, it would never do to seem not to appreciate what the people of the "land of song" admire. Singers of his type do not vary their method one jot in consideration of the fact that they are singing to a few people in a little hall. They cannot, because they only know one method, and that is the big bow-wow of La Scala or Covent Garden. They only know one kind of music, and live for one kind of effect in it, the climax, and that kind of music is completely out of place in the small concert room designed for the intimacies of chamber music. Possibly Sig. Cappelli would be very effective on the stage, where there would be space to soften the hard edges and an intervening atmosphere to moisten, as it were,

the dry tone. A steam siren will sound musical over the water, and the foot-lights have a wonderful way of altering values. But we have not got such a stage for him in England at present, and we cannot say that his singing of the flower song from "Carmen," "La Donna e Mobile," and Lohengrin's "Narration" made one long for its re-establishment.—London Times.

We have heard two of Mr. Edward Mitchell's recitals of modern music, the last consisting exclusively of Scriabin. The music he has chosen is not easy, and he has played it as a scholar might translate Aristotle aloud in a lecture-room—in short careful sentences, determined not to say a word too much or too little. The Mortimer Hall has not been of much help to him; in fact, all that we heard was heard in spite of it. We must condone his excessive use of the pedal, as much of his program, Scriabin's 7th sonata especially, was unplayable without it; to do him justice we must confess that he veiled its difficulties without scamping any, and stated its horrors without minimizing them. As most of his audience probably felt that it would be some time before they themselves had the ability to compass, or even the courage to attempt, these later works, they were proportionately impressed and interested. It was a great thing to have the notes correct; another time Mr. Mitchell will perhaps be able to make us believe a little more in the rhythm and dynamics.—London Times, Jan. 21.

Those who go to Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts are small in number, but we seem to recognize their faces—in other words, they go often—and they listen. They do not go to hear efficiency, but to get away from it; from that kind, at least, which means that the performer is anxious and not enjoying himself. . . . Neither will you hear those consecutive fifths which have lately been calling down wrath upon their heads. You will hear music; much what we heard at Queen-square last Wednesday. For Queen-square, No. 6, provides one-half of the atmosphere, nad Mr. Dolmetsch the other. If he is not quite sure the thing will go, he talks to us first, and if he is very sure it will, he still talks—about the instrument, the music, or the clock, that it is "only 20 minutes past—or fast," we do not care which. Then, who but he and his family dare nowadays play everything from notes; if they did, people would think they hadn't learned it. Or who would stand up and tell us he was going to leave the part of Hamlet out of the play, because he didn't know it yet? There may be other

ways of hearing music, but this is the way to enjoy it.—London Times, Jan. 21.

The concert given by the Music Society at St. John's Institute, Westminster, on Tuesday contained chamber music both new and old. Mr. Eugene Goossens was in charge of the program, and the new consisted of certain of his own works, a "Lyric Poem" for violin and piano and some piano pieces. The old was represented by Antonio Vivaldi and William Boyce. A Concerto Grosso for strings by the former had been recently re-edited by Mr. Mistowski from a newly-discovered copy, and was played by a small orchestra directed by Mr. Goossens. If the date (1685) indicated by this copy were correct it would prove Vivaldi to be more of a pioneer in this type of concerted music than the historians have generally supposed him to be. As he is known to have been alive at least 50 years later, it seems improbable that any of his mature work can have appeared so early. Be this as it may, this concerto is an interesting and very fully-developed work, and was excellently played by the small orchestra which M. Mangeot led. The Boyce Sonata in A for two violins (Miss Nancy Phillips and M. Mangeot) with piano accompaniment, is a fair specimen of the style which took some hints of melody from Purcell and most of its form from Handel. Possibly the audience of 100 years hence will be able to trace with equal certainty the influences which have contributed to Goossens's Lyric Poem. They may find that the melody of Svendsen and the harmony of Stravinsky have gone into partnership. One had the feeling that a simple and not very vigorous violin melody was being "gingered up" with pungent harmonies written for the piano. We found more to enjoy in the group of piano pieces which the composer played. Among them the "Hommage a Debussy" is a beautiful piece of sound and less consciously Debussy-ish than the "Wooden Soldier" or the "Marionette Show."—London Times, Jan. 21.

When Paul Dresser, the Terre Haute (Ind.) song writer, wrote "On the Banks of the Wabash," he is said to have had in mind a favorite river front haunt of his boyhood days. This spot, owned by

Crawford Fairbanks, was recently given to the city for park purposes. The park will be named Fairbanks Park and the drive leading to it Paul Dresser drive. There was also set aside \$50,000 for a monument to Dresser. It has also been arranged to remove Dresser's remains from Chicago to Terre Haute and inter them beside the monument. The Bill-board.

The finance committee of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, consisting of Charles A. Hughes, Jerome H. Remick and Dr. E. J. Haass, will be in charge of the drive to be made for the purpose of obtaining a \$120,000 maintenance

...regret that he had not met the impersonation of Gaston Marceau is original in every move. Frank Otto was clever as Tommy Boyd and Harold Vizard's Huggins was a neat bit. The chorus is young, clever and snappy.

WINTER GARDEN STARS AT KEITH'S

Kitty Doner, a Winter Garden star, with her brother and sister, lead the bill at Keith's last evening. This is the first time the three have played together. Their "League of Song Steps" gave opportunity for some clever dancing and posing. Ted and Kitty gave a scene on the Bowery, the same in which their father and mother played 20 years ago, and were the same costumes.

Joe Cook, the one-man vaudeville show, was a whole performance in himself and helped along the following act as well. This act, "All Balled Up," by Alexander Brothers and Evelyn, was unique and clever.

Ernest Thompson Seton gave descriptions of hunting scenes and imitations of wild animals, evoking sufficient applause to indicate that there was a considerable number of sportsmen in the audience. Ryan and Ryan's eccentricities were a comedy feature.

Fort Gordon and Gene Ford in their "Recital Classique," were in strong contrast to Craig Campbell in classical and popular ballads, but both won much applause.

The program as a whole is well balanced and of high class throughout.

POPULAR "LOVE BIRDS" MOVES TO WILBUR

The frolicsome "Love Birds" changed its location from the Shubert Theatre to the Wilbur Theatre last evening. Hits and individual high scores were made by the popular Pat Rooney, Vernon Bent, Elizabeth Murray, Eva May, Elizabeth Hines, Evelyn May, Tom Dingle, Harry May, Grace Ellsworth, Richard Bold, James Sullivan, Barrett Greenwood and others in the well rounded cast.

Feb 10 1921

GANZ RECITAL

MME. DELCOURT AT EVENING CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Ganz, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Fantasy in C minor; Beethoven, Sonata, A flat, Op. 10, No. 3; Schubert, Impromptu in C; Robert-Ganz, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde"; Weber, Perpetual Motion; Chopin, Sonata in B minor; Ganz, May (from Op. 23); Scherzino (from Op. 21); Debussy, Four Preludes: Un-der General Lavire... eccentric, the one with the Flaxen Hair, Fireworks; and, Herold's Elegiacque, Rakoczy March.

The program was one to test the technical proficiency and the interpretative faculty of a pianist. Seldom, if ever, has so brilliant a performance of the Sonata in B minor of Chopin in C major been heard here. Weber, by the way, never entitled this Rondo, "Perpetuum Mobile," he thought of calling it "The Indefatigable." The Rondo was not known as "Perpetual Motion" until the sixties of the 19th century. It is said that Alkan was the first to give the same title to one of his own pieces.

Harry in his "Bach" treats the Fantasy in C minor carelessly, speaking of it as "in the Italian manner," as an experiment. Truly an experiment that was eminently successful, for it is one of Bach's most imposing pieces for the piano. Perhaps some day a pianist will have the courage to play the B minor sonata of Chopin without the Largo, or refuse to play the sonata at all. This Largo is one of the very few compositions showing that Chopin's after all, was mortal; that he could be frankly sentimental. Mr. Ganz's transcriptions of Schubert's ballet music would have been approved by Schubert himself. May we not soon hear some of the delightful music in "Rosamunde" at a Symphony concert?

Mr. Ganz has always shown himself in Boston an unusually brilliant and intelligent pianist. On former occasions he has sometimes missed warmth and poetic feeling in his interpretations. Yesterday there was nothing lacking. His dazzling bravura was not for a moment metallic; elegance was not sacrificed to the seduction of superficial brilliancy. In the expression of sentiments and emotions he flowed beautifully. He played the opening variations in

Beethoven's sonatas, and the Impromptu of Schubert! What virility, what nobility in his treatment of Bach's Fantasy! And so one might go through the program, finding always something to admire, something to praise. This recital was one of the chief events of the musical season, now half over.

In the evening at Jordan Hall Mme. Lucile Delcourt, harpist, assisted by Anna Golden, viola, and Georges Laurent, flute, gave a concert. The program was: Bach, Prelude and Bourree; M. Rousseau, Pastoral Variations of an old Christmas carol for pedal harp. Nerini, Italian Fantasy; F. Schmitt, Lande (dedicated to Mme. Delcourt); Grovlez, Impromptu; Perno, Impromptu Caprice, for chromatic harp. Debussy, Sonata for flute, viola and harp. P. Gaubert, Sarabande; Tournier, Feerie, for pedal harp.

In days gone by when young women read "Jane Eyre" in bed chambers behind locked doors and the ideal of feminine beauty included long curls and an alabaster brow, the harp often stood in the parlor. A handsome woman with fair rounded arms playing the harp in private or in public is still agreeable to the eye; when she is a skillful player the sounds plucked from the strings please the ear—for a short time. The harp in the orchestra is a useful, euphonious, effective instrument. A long recital, no matter how skillful the harpist may be, even if the harpist should play on "a harp of a thousand strings," soon wearies the ear.

Mme. Delcourt is an accomplished virtuoso; her program introduced unfamiliar compositions; her coolness was admirable when she was obliged to put in a fresh string in Rousseau's Variations; she was deservedly applauded for her skill and taste; nevertheless a harp is a harp, not an instrument to express emotion, and unless music is emotional, it is decorative—agreeable tinkling; or it startles by the barbaric pomp, frenzy of an orchestra.

Rousseau's set of Variations stood out boldly among the unfamiliar pieces. The old Christmas song itself is quaintly charming, and the Variations are something more than endeavors to show the skill of a performer; they are musically ingenious. The pieces by Nerini, Schmitt, Grovlez, Perno have little substance; Nerini's is of the salon order. As for the other named composers, they grope in rhapsodizing and are apparently at their wit's end.

Debussy's sonata had been heard here. It is one of a set half completed by the composer in his later years, when he had begun to imitate himself, too often vaguely and freely. Nevertheless, it was a pleasure to hear the flute of Mr. Laurent.

Feb 11 1921

OHIO ORCHESTRA

by PHILIP HALE

The Cleveland orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff and assisted by Michel Piastro, violinist, played for the first time in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmanoff, Symphony No. 2, E minor; Lalo, first, fourth and fifth movements of the Spanish Symphony; Loeffler, A Pagan Poem (after Vergil). In the last composition the piano was played by Heinrich Gebhard; the English horn by Albert Rey; the three trumpets obligato by Alois, John J. and Charles Hruby.

Mr. Sokoloff, who is pleasantly remembered here as a violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an earnest student, a musician of serious purpose, has had this band in charge for only two years, as we are informed. Before he made Cleveland his home he had established a reputation as a conductor.

The orchestra played last night with commendable precision and with a spirit that might be described as enthusiastic. At present its performance is accurate and vigorous, full of go, effective in stormy outbursts by sheer dynamic force. It would be unreasonable to expect now a great range of dynamic gradations, or extreme finesse. Mr. Sokoloff, who feels his music, for he is of a temperamental nature and not without a poetic soul, will undoubtedly soon make the orchestra more plastic, for he has good and pliant material, and he himself is a conductor of indisputable ability. Orchestras of much longer life visit Boston occasionally from other cities and give performances that are less engrossing because their conductors are first of all drill masters, men of routine without vision; or they are spectacular and superficial, bent only on sensational display.

Mr. Piastro played here for the first time. He chose Lalo's beautiful concerto which demands the utmost elegance, delicacy, dash. In these qualities Mr. Piastro is lacking. He is content with gaining as big a tone as possible. His interpretation throughout was pedestrian; the orchestral accompaniment was rough.

Rachmanoff's long-winded symphony, which, in the better portions, reminds one of Tchaikowsky in his more commonplace and deliberately popular moments; and the subtly conceived Pagan Poem of Mr. Loeffler are familiar. The

latter is imaginative music charged with rare poetic feeling; music that is now ingenious but not too fastidious, not cryptic; now originally dramatic; music that works a spell and haunts the memory.

Conductor and orchestra were heartily applauded. There was enthusiasm after Mr. Loeffler's Poem. The composer was obliged to bow in acknowledgement.

PHOEBE CROSBY IN JORDAN HALL RECITAL

Soprano Is Assisted by Walter Golde, Pianist

Phoebe Crosby, soprano, assisted by Walter Golde, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program comprised these songs: Paladilhe, Lamento Provencale, La Cigale, J'ai dit aux étoiles, Les Bois; Schubert, The Young Nun; Brahms, On the Sea and Serenade; Schumann, Spring Night; Georges, Nuages; Poudrain, Chanson Norvegienne; Chausson, Le Colibri; Lalo, Chanson de l'aloette (by request); Palmer, The Nile; Curran, Rain;

Alice Barnett, Mood; Del Riego, Hayfields and Butterflies; Barbour, Every Wave Caught a Star.

Miss Crosby gave a recital here in December, 1919, and then made a favorable impression. It is said that she was for a time a member of the Aborn Opera Company. Her naturally fine voice, of good size and range, has dramatic quality at present, though with proper development she could be effective in lyric measures. Her intonation is pure; she is temperamental, with a genuine sense of fitting interpretation; but her technical resources are not now sufficient for the carrying out of her aesthetic intentions. She has yet to learn the value of nuances and of polished phrasing.

The program was interesting. Songs that were especially noteworthy were the Lamento, Les Bois, Nuages, the songs by Georges and Poudrain, and Rain. This last song was repeated.

The accompaniments of Mr. Golde were a decided feature of the recital.

And yet there is no member of human bodies that Nature has so strongly inclosed within a double fortification, as the tongue, entrenched within with a barricade of sharp teeth, to the end that, if it refuses to obey and keep silent when reason "presses the glittering reins," within, we should fix our teeth in it till the blood comes, rather than suffer the inordinate and unseasonable din.

Hit or Miss

As the World Wags:

In the language of diplomacy, will you please be good enough to kindly tell Mr. Herkimer Johnson that I was in Boston yesterday, and that I thought I saw him at the luncheon of the Harvard Liberal Club. He was dressed, not in an umbrella, but in a red tie, was smooth-shaven, and had that benignant air which is associated with the distinguished philosopher. Alas! I found that the red was for Harvard, and that the genial countenance belonged to a good friend of mine and relation by marriage, who, in spite of his 60 years, is frequently, on the skating pond, mistaken for a freshman. His philosophy comes from contact with a generation of youth in his famous school. Is Mr. Johnson a "Harvard man," that flexible term, so indefinable and so much sought by legislators and (I had nearly said other) criminals? I have perused the new Quinquennial in vain for his name, and, although there are Johnsons from 1645 to 1918 and from Odin to Hosea, I regret that I find no Herkimer. Must I conclude that Mr. Johnson has not been exposed to this famous plague of culture?

What I wished to tell the philosopher was relative to the intense modernity of Shakespeare. I cannot pretend that this is an original thought, as I dare say it has been mentioned by German philosophers and perhaps even by our own George Lyman Kittredge. Be this as it may, we were the other night reading Coriolanus in our Shakespeare Club, where, as in the club described by Bertie the Lamb in "the Henrietta," "every fellow thinks every other fellow's a devil of a fellow—but he ain't!" (You remember the Robson squeak, associated with, but not allied to, that of Bill Taft) and it occurred to me how Charles the Baptist Hughes, like Calus Marcius Coriolanus (the pronunciation of whose title and the place of the secondary accent we fiercely discuss), having deserved well of the state, and being ambitious to be consul (not counsel), because he refused to kow-tow to Lucius Junius Brutus H. Johnson, tribune plebs, failed of election and was obliged to be a counsel after all. I mean Charles, not Calus. Also Tullus Aufidius Ludendorf, after being soundly whacked by Calus Marcius Foch, went off to live in a villa at Antium and joined the Orchesch.

Or again, Warren Gamaliel Caesar says to Antonius Coolidge:

Let me have men about me that are fat; Yond' Washburn has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

ANT. Fear him not Caesar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Mr. Johnson may remember that last

year the Hon. Robert Morris Washburn wrote a sharp letter in The Herald, under the two-column headline: "The Harvard Liberal Club, Is It a Harvard Club? Is It a Liberal Club? By R. M. Washburn, '90."

I immediately sat down and wrote a letter to The Herald entitled: "The R. M. Washburn, Is It a Washburn? Is It an A. B.? By A. G. Webster, '85." This came back to me as fast as Mr. Burleson could get it. I cut it down, removed the objectionable matter, and after two or three proximate accessits it was fractionally printed. In the mean time it was evidently shown to the honorable Robert, as I received a postcard on which was scribbled in the well known chirography, "Encore vendu," which Mr. Johnson will tell you is in the vernacular "sold again." I bided my time, and last week sent him a card on which I scrawled "Encore vendu," with a quotation from himself (mutatis mutandis) as follows:

"In 1920 I supported Alvan T. Fuller for Lieutenant-Governor. He was the regular Republican nominee, and further was entitled to an election, in my opinion. So did almost everybody support him. I then had no thought of ever doing business with him."

He laughs best who laughs last. So I thought, until the card came back. He is a noble Roman, and well given.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester.

Kittery

As the World Wags:

Would you mind "starting something" in your column concerning the origin of the name Kittery? I have a suspicion it is Czech and points to a very early (1755) Czech settlement in Maine. There were Kitteras in this part of the world prior to the Revolution, all Czechs, and there are other Czech names, which have suffered a sea-change still greater, doubtless owing to the proximity of the Atlantic codfish pond.

E. MacG. C.

Boston.

Gilford or Gilfoil?

As the World Wags:

I. W. C. spoke recently in your column of Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown," performed at the Tremont Theatre during the week of Sept. 19, 1920, in which "Harry Gilford" took part.

Is not this a linotype error? Was not "Gilford," that remarkable comedian, Harry Gilfoil, who imitated all sorts of animals, whistled, etc.? I saw him for the last time in 1901, at a London music hall. He had become an idol with the first-nighters of the 'alls, and seemed destined to circulate perpetually around London, according to custom. What became of him? His imitation of sawing wood was a classic. One almost saw the stick fall. When he imitated two bulldogs fighting to the death, timid women fainted. He was incomparable. L. R. R.

Boston.

"But What"

As the World Wags:

I wonder if any one besides me has noticed and been annoyed by the frequency with which the phrase "but what" has been used of late, when the correct usage would be "but that." Even such a master of English as the late Samuel Butler slips up as regards this phrase in his "Note Book," page 247, line 4. Is not "what" a contraction of "that which"? MARK S. DICKEY.

Arlington.

Butler's sentence is as follows: "He came strolling round to see what I was doing and I, not knowing but what he might paint much better than I," etc.—Ed.

'Lady,' 'Woman,' 'I' and 'Me'

As the World Wags:

Why does mankind use the word "lady" when he means the generic "woman"? What bugaboo is concealed in "I" and "me" which causes the timid to use "myself"? In an article on the editorial page of today's Herald on the trials and tribulations of immigration across the Canadian border into the United States occur these two sentences: "Ladies (sic) were conducted to one room and men to another." The other runs: "Myself, with several others were (sic) condemned to pay," etc. Why not "I with several others was condemned to pay," etc.?

Let us be consistent. Either the absurd and prudish "ladies" were conducted to one room and "gentlemen" to another, or else the correct women and men. There is nothing derogatory in the good old Anglo-Saxon word "woman"! Why adopt the methods of Molleres's "Precieuses Ridicules," using "lady" when "woman" is the word?

Feb. 1. F. S. S.

Feb 9. 1921

Let us not misquote Mr. Hickson. He spoke of "a particular style of neckline" that Mrs. Ifarding prefers. The modest linotype (or proof-reader) changed "neckline" to "necklace" for the benefit of The Herald's readers on Feb. 7.

Introductory

Some wide ly to muse, forgetting
The work of the Jaded voluptuary who
Has made a meal and done everything;
As the cracking of thorns under a
To the laughter of the fool, this
Is vainly.
Our purpose is to furnish miscellane-
ous information and incidentally to
strengthen the moral tone of the com-
munity. Let us begin the day by sing-
ing the verses in common metre of good
Dr. J. W. Watts.

Against Evil Company

Woe's all I get with those in play
Who care no more for me than I
Who care and care, but never pray;
Who call it games and fight.

I pass to hear a wailing song,
The words offend mine ears;
I should not dare deduce my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
No, with these scoffers go;
I would be winking with the wise,
Till wiser I may grow.

From one male hog, that's used to mock,
They have the wicked jest;
One sleek sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

Concerning Treaties

(The Federalist, March 7, 1788)

It will not be in the power of the
President and the Senate to make any
treaties, by which they and their fam-
ilies and estates will not be equally
bound and affected with the rest of the
community; and having no private in-
terests distinct from that of the nation,
they will be under no temptations to
neglect the latter. As to corruption
the case is not supposable. He must
either have been very unfortunate in
his intercourse with the world, or pos-
sess a heart very susceptible of such
impressions, who can think it probable
that the President and two-thirds of
the Senate will ever be capable of such
unworthy conduct. The idea is too
gross and too invidious to be enter-
tained. But in such a case, if it should
ever happen, the treaty so obtained
from us would, like all other fraudu-
lent contracts, be null and void by the
law of nations.

Marlowe, This Time

Col. Henry Watterson is irrespressi-
ble. In his latest communication to the
world at large he gives it as his opinion
that Christopher Marlowe was not
killed by a serving-man, one Francis
Archer, his "rival in a quarrel over
bought kisses," as Flavelock Ellis puts
it. Marlowe, it appears, went to the
Continent, wrote there and sent his
letters to his friend Shakespeare, the
poet, for production. Hence the plays
known as Shakespeare's. Yes, this is
highly probable. And so the Dauphin
brought from his prison to a North
American wild, where he was brought
to be a missionary. Marshal Ney
was not shot—he came to Georgia and
prospered there in a humble way;
Marx's cross is almost ready to come out
of his grave. Kitchener did not go down
with the vessel. Life is more romantic
than deep-thinking historians and bi-
ographers would have us believe.

The Crushed Playwright

The editor of the Daily Chronicle of
London received a letter in which the
writer stated that he was the author of
a play based on modern science and
philosophy. "In some respects my play
is the greatest in the world," he wrote.
It contains the greatest ideas, it has the wit of Mark Twain, the
religious spirit of Isaiah, the imagina-
tion of the Arabian Nights, the sub-
limity of the Divine Comedy, and the
modernity of Joseph McCabe. "If I
were a neurotic foreigner like Ibsen or
Strindberg I should be glorified. As I
am a sane Englishman, I am treated
with silent contempt."

Perhaps Mr Jewett can secure the
exclusive rights for production in this
country. Cannot the Drama League per-
suade him?

The Seven Seas

As the World Wags:

If the Seven Seas are not quite drained
out or dried up by the discussion of
what they stand for, it may interest
you to know that there is a famous
anthology of Persian poetry entitled
"Haft Oulzum," which signifies "The
Seven Seas." It has been already
pointed out that the word or number
seven is regarded as particularly sacred
among many peoples, especially among
the Orientals. I think the early pagan
seas in a way defied it, and as
sanctified several other numerals.
Reason for this signal honor is not

far to seek; there are so many qualities
and phenomena that appear in groups
and cycles of seven. Compare Omar
Khayyam's "Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring
d Gup, xxi, "Yesterday's sev'n thousand
years," xxi, "through the Seventh Gate."

It was natural, therefore, to apply it
to an indefinite number. Probably the
Persians and Arabs did not know about
any definite Seven Seas or Oceans. But
you may be interested to know the
Persian names of seven of the chief seas:
Bahr-y safid, the Mediterranean.
Bahr-y yunan, the Aegean.
Bahr-y syah, the Black sea.
Bahr-y (k) hezar, the Caspian sea.
Bahr-y qulzum, the Red sea.
Bahr-y hamud, the Indian ocean.
Bahr-y 'oman or Darya-ly fars, the
Persian gulf.
Bahr-y zang or zanj, the Aethiopian
sea.

It will be noticed that qulzum is used
only once in this list; bahr (plural
byhar) is Arabic. The Persian word for
ocean, uqiyanus, is of course derived
from the Greek; the Arabic is bahr-y
mu(k)hit. Persian is as full of Arabic
words as English is of Norman words.
Omar himself does not use the expres-
sion "the seven seas." FitzGerald in-
troduces it into the 47th stanza of the
edition of the Rubaiyat published in
1872; in the second or 1885 edition the
last line runs: "As much as ocean of a
pebble-cast"; and in the final revision,
published in 1882, it reads: "As the
sea's self should heed a pebble-cast."

I notice in a recent magazine poem
entitled "Derelicts," by Charles P.
Hauser, it says:

"You, who so smugly claim the judgment
seat,
Against the hulks who sailed the seven
seas,
Whose narrow lives knew not one wild
pulse beat;
What would you give to hold their
memories?"

It would be difficult to find a more de-
lightful mixed metaphor in a similar
number of words meant to be serious
and impressive. A little farther on the
"hulks" become "footloose feet"—some
of the lines have those—but the author
gets in the seven seas. There is not
much danger that "seven wealthy
towns" as Mr. Anon put it, or "seven
rival cities" as Thomas Seward varies
it, or just "seven cities," as found in
Thomas Heywood's couplet, will ever
contend for the birthplace of "Dere-
licts."

N. H. D.

Excerpt from Strauss's
Music to Moliere Comedy

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conduc-
tor, took place yesterday afternoon in
Symphony Hall. The program was as
follows: Schumann, Symphony, C major,
No. 2; Richard Strauss, Orchestral Suite
from the music to Moliere's comedy,
"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (first time
in this country); Beethoven, Concerto
No. 3, C minor for piano (Mischa Lev-
itzki, pianist).

The audience was not concerned with
the question whether Strauss and Hugo
von Hofmannsthal, the librettist, had
done Moliere a deadly injury by their
comedy-opera-burlesque—produced at
Stuttgart in October, 1912. Nor was the
audience interested in the fact that "Le
Bourgeois Gentilhomme" section was
dropped, like the boy Xury in "Robinson
Crusoe" when the revised version was
performed at Berlin the next year. It
listened to the Suite arranged by Strauss
as purely concert music; listened and
enjoyed it hugely, applauding enthusi-
astically after each movement; at the
end recalling Mr. Monteux several times
and insisting that the orchestra should
share in the honor. Seldom has an un-
familiar musical composition been so
warmly received in Symphony Hall.

This Suite is interesting in many
ways; it bids for immediate popularity.
It is curiously scored: 6 violins, 4 violas,
4 violoncellos, 2 double basses; 2 flutes
(interchangeable with 2 piccolos), 2
oboes (one interchangeable with Eng-
lish horn), 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons (one
interchangeable with double bassoon), 2
horns, trumpet, trombone, piano, kettle-
drums, campanella, side drum, bass
drum, tambourine, cymbals, triangle,
harp. With these instruments Strauss
performs all manner of agreeable tricks.

As Lully wrote music for the first per-
formance of Moliere's comedy in 1670,
Strauss now and then attempts to re-
produce the spirit of the ancient music,
but he is whimsical in this, and is sud-
denly ultra-modern. He is reported as
having said after he had completed his
"Rosenkavalier": "Now I have written
an opera in the manner of Mozart," but
he could not write in that manner,
greatly as he admires the composer of
"The Marriage of Figaro"; nor can he
content himself with imitating Lully.
Would the Florentine recognize "The
Minuet of Lully" played yesterday? It
is delightful music but not in the 17th
century manner.

The overture is sparkling with its
pretty closing dance tune; the first
Minuet, without any pretence of imitat-
ing Lully, is melodious and graceful;
the "Entrance and Dance of Tailors" is
gay. The more serious movements—if
Strauss is ever serious in this Suite—are

the charming Intermezzo, and the beau-
tiful measures entitled "The Entrance
of Cleonte." The Dinner Music with
Dance of the Kitchen servants is the
least engrossing portion of the Suite in
spite of various musical eccentricities
that might have been effective at the
performance in Stuttgart. The Courante
in the Suite was not played.

There are many measures that recall
the "Rosenkavalier," especially the
waltzes. As in other late works of
Strauss, the comparative poverty of
thematic invention is not wholly con-
cealed by skillful juggling with the in-
struments; common place, even common
melodic figures are not authoritatively
embellished by strange blendings of in-
strumental timbres. It is not necessary
to inquire whether the various move-
ments suit the action in the theatre;
when a Suite derived from stage music
is played in a concert hall, the theatre,
for which it was composed, no longer
exists; it never existed.

The Suite was finely played by the
small orchestra. A successful perform-
ance of this music demands not only
humorous appreciation, spirit, dash,
sentiment; it also demands at times a
certain appropriate rollicking coarse-
ness; at other times elegance; above all
finenesses.

Mr. Monteux gave a spirited, even an
exciting reading of Schumann's Allegros
and Scherzo, but with the exception of
the Introduction to the first movement
and the Adagio, in which the romantic
dreamer Schumann is revealed—these
sections were eloquently performed—the
Symphony has aged. And in this sym-
phony more than in the other three the
orchestration seems hopelessly crude,
ineffective, distressing to the ear, while
the musical contents are seldom worthy
of a more tasteful dress.

The concert was a long one. Some in
the audience were unable to hear the
last movement of Beethoven's Concerto.
Perhaps they feared that the tea and
buttered toast—possibly with muffins—
were growing cold. The withdrawal
was not courteous to Mr. Levitzky, Mr.
Monteux and the orchestra, especially
as the performance was a brilliant one.
Those who did not hear the final Rondo
missed an admirable interpretation,
conspicuous for crystalline clearness,
surprising fleetness, with an ever-pres-
ent sense of proportion. These qual-
ities with the same musical intelligence
in phrasing and in employment of tonal
gradations marked the performance of
the first Allegro, while the reading of
the Largo was emotional without undue
emphasis. We read in New York news-
papers, when Mr. Levitzky recently
played this concerto, that when he was
more mature he would show greater
depth of feeling. Thus was he patted
on the head, as the circus girl by the
ringmaster: "She rides well for one so
young." But the music itself is not
conspicuous for "depth" except to those
who have turned the concerto into a
fetish inhabited by a spirit. Deep musical
emotion was not in fashion in the
Vienna of 1800.

The concert will be repeated tonight.
The program of the concerts next week
comprises Vaughan Williams's "Lon-
don" Symphony; Mozart's Concerto No.
6 for violin (Jacques Thibaud, violinist);
Chabrier's Overture to "Gwendoline."

John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham
Lincoln," has been read by so many—
nearly 50,000 copies of the book were
sold in 15 months, up to Nov. 15 of last
year—and the play has been so often dis-
cussed in newspapers and magazines,
that it is not necessary to describe it in
full. As it will be performed here for
the first time in Boston tomorrow night,
a few notes about the performance in
England and about the actors may not
now be amiss.

"Abraham Lincoln," a play in six
scenes, was produced at Birmingham
(Eng) by the Birmingham repertory
company on Oct. 12, 1918, when William
J. Rea took the part of Lincoln. The
first performance in London was at the
Lyric, Hammersmith, Feb. 19, 1919. This
theatre was in an unfashionable quar-
ter, far from the West end, to which, as
Henley said, the "upper classes" go
down in broughams. Nevertheless, the
play attracted all London and the run
was a long one.

The account of the play published in
the London Times the day after the
first performance, when Mr. Rea again
took the part of Lincoln, is sufficiently
informing for those who have neglected
to read the play.

"Those who maintain that the salva-
tion of the theatre lies in the provincial
towns and the London suburbs will find
an argument in the latest production of
the Lyric Opera House at Ham-
mersmith, which has for this occasion
joined forces with the Birmingham Rep-
ertory Theatre. Judging from a survey
of Wednesday night's audience, London
is by no means too proud to go journey-
ing westward in search of serious dra-
matic effort; and if future audiences
enjoy Mr. John Drinkwater's 'Abraham
Lincoln' as much as the 'distinguished'
and, indeed, 'smart' set of spectators
(which included Lord Charnwood, Lin-
coln's biographer) did on the first night,

the play will have a financial as well as
a social success.

"And all the success it may get it
deserves. From the nature of the sub-
ject, it lacks many things which are
supposed to be necessary to drama:
humor, for instance, of which Mr.
Drinkwater has been perhaps over-
sparing. Love-interest of the usual kind,
although the pretty glimpse which he
gives us of Lincoln's relations with his
wife ought to be enough to flavor the
play; and emotional appeal in general,
which theatre audiences are not accus-
tomed to find offered through questions
of politics and philanthropy. It is all,
in fact, a little 'high-brow'; and none
the less welcome for that in these days
when the drama is mostly as low-brow
as are some ladies' hats.

"Lincoln was, first and foremost, a
picturesque figure. He might have done
all he did and more, and yet have been
less admired than he is on this side of
the Atlantic if he had not carried with
him so much of the log-cabin into the
White House. Mr. Drinkwater is care-
ful to give the actor of the part, Mr.
William J. Rea, plenty of opportunities
for what we might call the Barnard
status side of the man; and in the huge
hands sticking out from short sleeves,
the slovenly clothes, the shocking hat,
which so worried poor Mrs. Lincoln, and
the general behavior, Mr. Rea is far
more Barnard than St. Gaudens. But
Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Rea do not stop
short at that. In each of the six scenes,
which take us from what was prac-
tically the offer of the presidency in 1860
to the assassination in the theatre in
1865, we find this or that point of Lin-
coln's character and passion brought
out. We see Lincoln, reading Artemus
Ward aloud to calm the nerves of his
cabinet; bidding his sadly harried sec-
retary read to him about the cloud-
capped towers, because he feels tired;
pardoning a soldier who had fallen
asleep on his post; chatting with a
negro; promising to buy a new hat—
some day; and rounding magnificently
on a treacherous member of his cabinet,
one Burnet Hooole, who was acted by a
Mr. John Darnley, not unrecognizable,
under his make-up, as the author of the
play. Deeper still, we see the agony
and the determination with which Lin-
coln brought his country into war and
maintained it in war until the cause
was won; his woe at the loss of life;
his unconquerable faith in victory; his
gradual realization that not only the
union, but abolition was necessary to
the health of his country; his insistence
on clemency to the vanquished. All this
and more of Lincoln's great character
and lofty philanthropic passion Mr.
Drinkwater offers in musical and shape-
ly prose, and Mr. Rea, whose perform-
ance was remarkably penetrating and
well sustained, brought it all out in
the acting. His Irish brogue was no
drawback in a production which did not
profess to be American in external
trifles.

"Out of the very long cast we can only
pick one or two others of this capable
company for mention. Miss Mary Raby,
who played Mrs. Lincoln; Miss Cathleen
Orford, the maidservant; Mr. A. E.
Fillmer, the harried secretary; Mr.
Joseph A. Dodd, the negro; Mr. H.
Victor Tandy as Gen. Grant, and Mr.
Harcourt Williams as Gen. Lee. The
weakest part of the whole thing is the
choruses, spoken by two female 'chron-
iclers' in non-committal robes. These
poems read well; but they are un-
necessary in so direct and broadly
planned a play as this, and they be-
came, before the close, more than a
little disturbing."

American managers were disinclined
to bring out the play in this country.
Messrs. Brady and Broadhurst, accord-
ing to a story published in the N. Y.
Times of March 7, 1920, refused to let
it into their houses in New York. Wil-
liam Harris, Jr., had faith in "Abra-
ham Lincoln." On Aug. 25, 1920, the
360th performance was given at the
Cort Theatre, New York. "The story
of A. H. Wood's passing up of the
play in London is also beginning to be
noised about. Mr. Woods was in Lon-
don with a well-known theatrical scout,
and, according to the story, he was in-
disposed on the night that he and the
scout were to attend 'Abraham Lin-
coln.' Accordingly, the scout, in whom
the traditions of Broadway were strong,
went alone to the Hammersmith.

"Well," asked Mr. Woods on his re-
turn, "how is it?"

"You don't want it," was the scorn-
ful reply. "It's an Arthur Hopkins."

On Nov. 25, 1919, the Morning Tele-
graph of New York announced that the
play would be produced at Stamford,
Ct., that night. The first performance
in this country was at the Globe The-
atre, Atlantic City, Nov. 27, 1919. The play
was produced at the Shubert-Garrick
Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Nov. 30
of that year. The first performance in
New York was at the Cort Theatre
Dec. 15.

Bennett's Opinion

Arnold Bennett contributed an intro-
ductory note to the published play. It
seems that in London after the produc-
tion at Birmingham, managers "magnif-
cently" ignored it.

"When Nigel Playfair, in conjunction
with myself as a sort of chancellor of
the exchequer, started the Hammersmith
Playhouse (for the presentation of the
best plays that could be got) we at once
began to inquire into the case of 'Abra-
ham Lincoln.' Nigel Playfair was abso-
lutely determined to have the play and

the Birmingham company to act in it. I read the play and greatly admired it. We secured both the play and the company. The first Hammersmith performance was a tremendous success, both for the author of the play and for William J. Rea, the Irish actor, who, in the role of Lincoln, was merely great. The audience cried: I should have cried myself.

but for my iron resolve not to stain a well-earned reputation for callousness. As I returned home that night from what are known as 'the wilds of Hammersmith,' (Hammersmith is a suburb of London.) I said to myself: 'This play is bound to succeed.' The next moment I said to myself: 'This play cannot possibly succeed. It has no love interest. It is a political play. Its theme is the threatened separation of the southern states from the northern states. Nobody ever heard of a play with such an absurd theme reaching permanent success. No author before John Drinkwater ever had the effrontery to impose such a theme on a London public.'

"My instinct was right and my reason was wrong. The play did succeed. It is still succeeding, and it will continue to succeed. Nobody can dine out in London today and admit without a blush that he has not seen 'Abraham Lincoln.' Monarchs and princes have seen it. Archbishops have seen it. Statesmen without number have seen it. An ex-lord chancellor told me that he had journeyed out into the said wilds and was informed at the theatre that there were no seats left. He could not believe that he would have to return from the wilds unsatisfied. But so it fell out. West end managers have tried to coax the play from Hammersmith to the West end. They could not do it. We have contrived to make all London come to Hammersmith to see a play without a love interest or a bedroom scene, and the play will remain at Hammersmith. American will more clearly realize what John Drinkwater has achieved with the London public if they imagine somebody putting on a play about the Crimean war at some unknown derelict theatre round about Two Hundred and Fiftieth street, and drawing all New York to Two Hundred and Fiftieth street.

"Abraham Lincoln has pleased everybody, and its triumph is the best justification of those few who held that the public was capable of liking much better plays than were offered to the public. Why has 'Abraham Lincoln' succeeded? Here are a few answers to the question. Because the author has a deep, practical knowledge of the stage. Because he discarded all stage tricks. Because he had the wit to select for the hero one of the world's greatest and finest characters. Because he had the audacity to select a gigantic theme and to handle it with simplicity. Because he had the courage of all his artistic and moral convictions. And of course because he has a genuine dramatic gift. Finally, because William J. Rea plays Lincoln with the utmost nobility of emotional power.

"Every audience has the same experience at 'Abraham Lincoln,' and I laugh privately when I think of that experience. The curtain goes up on a highly commonplace little parlor, and a few ordinary people chatting in a highly commonplace manner. They keep on chatting. The audience thinks to itself, 'I've been done! What is this interminable small talk.' And it wants to call out a protest. 'Hi! You fellows on the stage! Have you forgotten that there is an audience on the other side of the footlights, waiting for something to happen?' Truly the ordinary people in the parlor do seem to be unaware of the existence of any audience. But wait, audience! Already the author is winding his chains about you. Though you may not suspect it, you are already bound. . . . At the end of the first scene the audience, vaguely feeling the spell, wonders what on earth the nature of the spell is. At the end of the play it is, perhaps, still wondering what precisely the nature of the spell is. . . . But it fully and rapturously admits the reality of the spell. Indeed, after the fall of the curtain, the spell persists; the audience somehow cannot leave its seats, and the thought of the weary of the journey home and of last buses and trains is banished. Strange phenomenon! It occurs every night."

A Boston Suggestion

Mr. McGlynn, the Lincoln in this country, received a letter from a Bostonian.

"Friend Glynn,

"I saw you play a few nights ago, and it was one of the most interesting shows I have ever seen. It was a splendid performance in every way. I wish to congratulate you on your acting. You were natural, thoughtful and effective at all times.

"While I do not wish to criticize, to me the end of the play seemed weak. For the attention of your stage manager are the following suggestions:

"As the cry is heard through the house, 'The President is shot' the doors of your box should be thrown open, and your companion, pushing a lounge out, with you reclining on it, saying at the same time, 'Give him air,' as the company crowds around. After some few expressions of sympathy, it seems to me that it would be a strong ending to have you read the last verse of the 'Battle Hymn of the Lord,' in your death moments:

"In the beauty of the moon, that last
born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which trans-
figured you and me,
As he died to make men free,
Dis to make men free,
While God is marching on. (Dies.)
"Chronicler speaks: 'Abraham Lin-
coln is dead, but his memory will live
forever.' (Slow curtain.)
"Crowds outside sing very slowly and
softly:
"Glory, glory, hallelujah: his soul goes
marching on."

"The Anti-Saloon League has protested through individuals at the idea of Lincoln drinking anything else than water in his home (he serves cider to the Republican delegates). Others who are touchy on the drink question would take Grant's whiskey bottle away from him, despite the fact that here Mr. Drinkwater has full historical authority. Only the other day a congressman wrote what a pity it was that the Ann Rutledge story had been omitted."

—The N. Y. Times, April 11, 1921.

Stage Lincolns

There were stage Lincolns before Mr. McGlynn. Benjamin Chapin, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Lincoln, not only went about in impersonations; he wrote a play about Lincoln and acted the leading part.

The Sun (N. Y.) published on Jan. 4, 1920, an interesting letter from Mr. Edward Robins of Philadelphia:

"An early version of Lincoln's life and death was brought out as far back as 1866 in the theatre at Muehlhausen, Alsace-Lorraine, under the title of 'La Vie et la Mort d'Abraham Lincoln,' and divided into seven tableaux. The author, a M. Reuter, sketched the early days of Lincoln in the first and second acts; in the third he has attained the presidency and Wilkes Booth appears as a suitor for the hand of his niece! The President 'turns down' the ardent lover, who thereupon becomes his mortal enemy and plots villainy. In the fourth act Jefferson Davis is brought on the scene and is placed in a very false historic light, for we all know that the president of the confederacy had nothing whatever to do with the assassination of Lincoln. But in this drama Davis is made to say that as long as Lincoln is permitted to live the cause of the South is lost, and he says to Wilkes Booth: 'Who will get rid of this man for us?' 'I will,' replies Booth.

"The fatal 14th of April, 1865, furnishes the material for the fifth and sixth acts, and the drama ends in the murder of Lincoln as Booth jumps from the box of the theatre brandishing a poniard and shouting 'Sic semper tyrannis.' Curiously enough, the play which Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln are witnessing, according to this archaic version, is not 'Our American Cousin,' but 'King Lear'."

"A notice of 'La Vie et la Mort d'Abraham Lincoln' was sent to an English newspaper, after its production, by Anthony B. North Peat, a correspondent and attaché au cabinet du ministre de l'interieur, and you will find mention of it in a book entitled 'Gossip from Paris,' published in 1903 by D. Appleton & Co."

In 1920 Thomas Dixon, 'Man of the People,' having met with success at Chicago in July, was brought out at the Bilou Theatre, New York, on Sept. 7, Howard Hall impersonated Lincoln. It differed greatly from Drinkwater's drama, in that it was chiefly concerned with a single crisis in Lincoln's life: the time when there was an effort to dissuade him from running for a second term.

Frank McGlynn

Mr. McGlynn, the Lincoln of Drinkwater's play, regents the speech of old friends: 'I always knew he was the very picture of Lincoln.' He said to a New York reporter: 'I deny being the 'very picture.' Who can imagine a second Lincoln as a stock company man making love to the baby 'vamp,' or as a film hero supporting Mary Pickford or Billie Burke?'

The following biographical sketch of Mr. McGlynn was published in December, 1919.

He was born in San Francisco. By rights he is a New Yorker, for his family came from that city. 'The family vein of oratory first cropped out in his uncle, a Catholic priest, Fr. McGlynn, who cut a figure in New York politics when Henry George ran for mayor. Later it lured Frank McGlynn away from the law to the stage.

"After listening to learned lectures at the University of California, McGlynn entered the office of Matthew I. Sullivan, long associated with Senator Hiram Johnson. But swooping down on the old homestead in real life soon became too villainous for McGlynn and he ran away to New York to foreclose the mimic mortgages of the stage.

"His first appearance on the stage was with Canary & Lederer's 'Gold Bug,' in which he played the part of a wild Indian with a very loud yell. Next he joined Charles Frohman's Empire stock company and eventually followed J. E. Dodson in the title role of 'Richelieu.' After four years with the Frohman management he went with Henry Miller in 'The Only Way,' in time succeeding Edward Morgan in the part of De Farge. His association with Mr. Miller was interrupted by a season with W. S. Harkins in Canada, notably as 'Chilo' in 'Quo Vadis.' After-

ward he rejoined the Miller forces in 'The Only Way' and later still supported Howard Gold as Rupert in 'Rupert of Hentzau.' Next followed several years in stock companies under Proctor and Keith managements, with a season or two of management for himself.

"In 1909 McGlynn listened to the silent siren of the screen, and for two seasons produced Rex Beach and Roy Norton motion pictures for the Edison company. Two years later he was back on the speaking stage in 'Officer 666.' Since that time McGlynn has made several excursions back and forth between the spoken and the silent drama, playing parts on the screen with Mary Pickford, William Farnum, Robert Warwick and Billie Burke—with the last named in 'Gloria's Romance.' Then came the call from Mr. Harris to play the part of Abraham Lincoln in John Drinkwater's play. What he thinks of his opportunity and what is his attitude toward the part, McGlynn may say in his own words:

"It is with the deepest sense of responsibility, not only to Mr. Harris, who has had the courage to select me, and to Mr. Drinkwater, who wrote the beautiful play which I consider a masterpiece, but with a profound sense of veneration for the great God-fearing, God-trusting American, Abraham Lincoln, that I approach the portrayal of his character."

"Incidentally McGlynn has got off a good line on the supposed lack of a love interest in the Drinkwater play. Says McGlynn: 'No love interest in Abraham Lincoln? That's all a mistake. The play has a great love interest—love of country.'"

What became of Ralph T. Kettering's play, 'Abraham Lincoln'? In May, 1920, Mr. Harris won in Chicago his suit against this dramatist. The decision

gave him the sole right to use the title, 'Abraham Lincoln.'

Mr. Warkley Imagines a Talk About Film Censoring

A late October sun of unusual splendor lit up the windows of M. Paillot's bookshop, at the corner of the Place Saint-Exupere and the Rue des Tintelleries. But it was somber in the back region of the shop where the second-hand book shelves were, and M. Mazure, the departmental archivist, adjusted his spectacles to read his copy of Le Phare, with one eye on the newspaper and the other on M. Paillot and his customers. For M. Mazure wished not so much to read as to be seen reading, in order that he might be asked what the leading article was and reply, "Oh, a little thing of my own." But the question was not asked, for the only other habitue present was the lecturer in Latin at the faculty of letters, who was sad and silent. M. Bergeret was turning over the new books and the old with a friendly hand, and though he never bought a book for fear of the outcries of his wife and three daughters, he was on the best of terms with M. Paillot, who held him in high esteem as the reservoir and alambique of those humaner letters that are the livelihood and profit of booksellers. He took up vol. XXXVIII. of 'L'Histoire Generale des Voyages,' which always opened at the same place, p. 212, and he read: 'ver un passage au nord. "C'est a cet echec" dit-il, que nous devons enrichir notre voyage d'une decouverte qui . . .'

For six years past the same page had greeted itself to M. Bergeret, as an example of the monotony of life, as a symbol of the uniformity of daily tasks and it saddened him.

At that moment M. de Terremonde, president of the Society of Agriculture and Archaeology, entered the shop and greeted his friends with the slight air of superiority of a traveler over stay-at-homes. "I've just got back from England," he said, "and here, if either of you have enough English to read it, is today's Times."

M. Mazure hastily thrust Le Phare into his pocket and looked askance at the voluminous foreign journal, wherein he could claim no little thing of his own. M. Bergeret accepted it and applied himself as conscientiously to construing the text as though it were one of those books of the Aeneid from which he was compiling his "Virgilius Nauticus." "The manners of our neighbors," he presently said, "are as usual more interesting to a student of human nature than their politics. It read that they are seriously concerned about the ethical teaching of their cinematography, and they have appointed a film censor, the deputy T. P. O'Connor."

"I think I have heard speak of him over there," interrupted M. de Terremonde; "they call him, familiarly, 'Tepe.'"

"A mysterious name," said M. Bergeret, "but manifestly not adhesive, and that of itself is a high honor. History records few nicknames that do not revile. And if the deputy O'Connor, or Tepe, can successfully acquit himself of his present functions he will be indeed an ornament to history, a saint of the positivist calendar, which is no doubt less glorious than the Roman, but more exclusive."

"Talking of Roman saints," broke in M. Mazure, "the Abbe Lantaigne has been spreading it abroad that you called Joan of Arc a mascot."

"By way of argument merely," said M. Bergeret, "not of epigram. The Ab-

which I never permit myself to be facetious."

"But what of Tepe and his censorial functions?" asked M. de Terremonde. "They are extremely delicate," replied M. Bergeret, "and offer pitfalls to a censor with a velocity for nice distinctions. Taus I read that this one has already distinguished, and distinguished con allegretto, between romantic crime and realistic crime, between murder in Mexico and murder in Mile End (which I take to be a suburb of London.) He has distinguished between 'guilty love' and 'the pursuit of lust.' He has distinguished between a lightly-clad lady swimming and the same lady at rest. Surely a man gifted with so exquisite a discrimination is wasted in rude practical life. He should have been a metaphysician."

"Well, I," confessed M. de Terremonde, "am no metaphysician, and it seems to me murder is murder all the world over."

"Pardon me," said M. Bergeret, "but there, I think, your Tepe is quite right. Murder is murder all the world over if you are on the spot. But if you are at a sufficient distance from it in space of time, it may present itself as a thrilling adventure. Thus the Mexican film censor will be right in prohibiting films of murder in Mexico, and not wrong in admitting those of murder in Mile End. Where would tragedy be without murder? We enjoy the murders of Julius Caesar or of Duncan because they are remote; they gratify the primeval passion for blood in us without a sense of risk. But we could not tolerate a play or a picture of yesterday's murder next door, because we think it might happen to ourselves. Remember that murder was long esteemed in our human societies as an energetic action, and in our manners and our institutions there still subsist traces of this antique esteem. And that is why I approve the English film censor for treating with a wise indulgence one of the most venerable of our human admirations. He gratifies it under conditions of remoteness that deprive bloodshed of its reality while conserving its artistic verisimilitude."

"But, bless my soul!" said M. de Terremonde, "how does the man distinguish between guilty love and lust?"

"It is a fine point," said M. Bergeret. "The Fathers of the Church, the school men, the Renaissance humanists, Descartes and Locke, Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer, have all failed to make the distinction, and some of them have even confounded with the two what men today agree in calling innocent love. But is love ever innocent—unless it be that love Prof. Bellae in Pailleron's play described as 'l'amour psychique, the love that Petrarch bore to Laura?'"

"If I remember right," interposed M. Mazure, "some one else in the play remarked that Laura had 11 children."

Just then Mme. de Gromance passed across the place. The conversation was suspended while all three men watched her into the patissier's opposite, elegantly hovering over the plates of cakes, and finally settling on a baba au rhum.

"Sapristi!" exclaimed M. de Terremonde, "she's the prettiest woman in the whole place!"

M. Bergeret mentally went over several passages in Aeneid, book IV., looked ruefully at his frayed shirt cuffs, and regretted the narrow life of a provincial university lecturer that reduced him to insignificance in the eyes of the prettiest woman in the place.

"Yes," he said with a sigh, "it is a very fine point. I wonder how on earth Tepe manages to settle it!"

—A. B. W., in the London Times.

A Physician Discusses Ghost Plays: A Psycho-Analyst in the Theatre

The most exciting thing about a play is always the author of it—if you have the psycho-analytic mind. This does not mean that the author, like the critic, reveals himself. He is usually revealing somebody else. Yet, in order to reveal he must understand. And the deeper his understanding the more powerfully will he be able to engage the collective "unconsciousness" of his audience.

It was this reflection that suggested a kind of anatomy of the three mysterious plays, "Mary Rose," "The Unknown," and "The Crossing." One would go not to enjoy, but to dissect; one would put away applause and emotion, and look at these matters coldly, with scientific eye, scalpel in hand. There would be no recitation of the

lly "What does it mean?" of the 'rawing-rooms; the meaning would be disclosed with the certainty of the operating table.

Frankly, though, when it came to the proof the thing was not so easy. Our dramatists are rather "knife shy," so to speak, and they have their arts and wiles. The psycho-analyst was in danger, often enough, of dropping back to the estate of mere man, where there is only acquiescence or boredom. Nevertheless, he was not quite cheated of his prey. Just occasionally the knife got home.

One of these occasions was the island scene in "Mary Rose." Now what is the island in which a pretty woman loses herself and from which, after years, she returns with her prettiness diminished? Says the psycho-analyst,

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aph
the
ring

For here, where, no doubt, many last night remembered well the sad, distracted years of the civil war as in Birmingham and in London, where the spectators could not have been patriotically or sentimentally prejudiced in favor of the play, these scenes held the attention and moved the audience. Nor was it in the impersonation of Lincoln by the actor that drew crowds to a remote, unfashionable theatre. The success showed that ideals are still cherished at this period in the world's history when many would have us believe that national selfishness and greed control the policy of the two great nations in whose future course lies the destiny, the happiness of the world.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the play at length, for it has been read by thousands. On the stage it is still more effective; and here a tribute should be paid to the players and the stage manager. It was a daring thing to put these scenes on the stage; to present characters that were known in life to many. Nor was success due only to skill in presenting them as they were in life, in examining old portraits and photographs, in copying the dress of men and women that then in fashion now seems almost grotesque. There was need of more than realism in portraiture. The reproduction of the spirit of the time was essential.

First of all there was the character of Lincoln. Mr. McGlynn not only looks and bears himself as the younger generation sees Lincoln in the mind's eye; he reveals in an astonishing manner the loneliness, the deep-seated melancholy, the sweet humanity, the humor that was so disconcerting to his grave associates, the inexorable will which sought the fitting time to exercise it, the lofty purpose that actuated this "one of Plutarch's men" from the moment he was a candidate for the presidency to his lamentable taking off.

The other characters added in different degrees in preserving the illusion. What could have been more natural than the talk and action of Stone (Mr. Irwin) and Coffey (Mr. Wadsworth) in the first scene. The delegates from the convention and the Southern Commission were as true to the life. Then there were the members of the cabinet, Seward (Mr. O'Brien), Chase (Mr. Jamison), Blair (Mr. Stanhope), Cameron (Mr. Curtis), Smith (Mr. Reed), Wells (Mr. Davenport) and the fictitious member Hook (Mr. Norton), who represents the men intriguing against Lincoln. Of these portraits, those of Stanton (Mr. Landau) and Chaso were perhaps the most life-like in the matter of make-up. Even more plausible in appearance and speech was the Gen. Grant of Albert Phillips.

But all the players, men and women, did little or nothing to break the spell that held the large audience for nearly three hours with waits of only a few minutes. Mrs. Lincoln, who, according to Mr. Drinkwater, was largely influential in shaping Lincoln's career, was simply played by Winifred Hanley. It would be unjust not to mention the admirable representation of Mrs. Othello, a broken-hearted mother, by Jennie Frazer.

The performance in the theatre only emphasizes the importance of the written play which some thought by reason of its simplicity, its directness, its lack of anything theatrical or sensational, would be enviable to the general. They forgot that the subject was a noble one; that it was nobly treated by a writer that knows the value of words, writes from the heart, and has the instinct for the stage. He is fortunate in having Mr. McGlynn as the protagonist.

MISS DANFORTH

Pauline Danforth, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, and played Schumann's Sonata in G minor, Ravel's "Tomb of Couperin" (complete), Pavana and Ondine; also Mazkas in E major and G flat major by Chopin; Grieppe's "White Peacock" and Lantock's Riel, "The Bobbers of Brechin."

There has been diversity of opinion concerning Schumann's piano sonatas. Vincent d'Indy, admiring the composer of the shorter compositions and the songs, finds that there were only mediocre results when he attempted to construct on important work; that closing the "romantic period," he with others did not make any progress in the sonata form established by Beethoven. And d'Indy points out, as others remarked before him, the curious directions in the opening Allegro of the G minor sonata. "As fast as possible," and towards the end of the movement, "faster," then "still faster." On the other hand, Jean Hubert has devoted an elaborate pamphlet to one of the sonatas, while Camille Maclair finds them "wonderful," although he admits a lack of unity in the one in G minor. He sees Schumann going back to Bach and Beethoven, disavowing the later Viennese school, and attempting to unite works of long breath and of solid structure.

No wonder there is a lack of continuity in the G minor sonata; that a movement can be dropped or the order of the four be changed, for Schumann wrote the second in 1830, the first and the third three years later, the fourth in its original form in 1835, and the revision of this movement in 1838.

The arrangement of Ravel's piece was

interesting, for it brought together his early Pavana (1839) and his "Couperin's Tomb" (1914-17). There is still a dispute over the Pavana pour une Infante dante; Did Ravel have in mind a Spanish Infanta, or any dead child? He is reported as having said that the title did not refer to an Infanta. And so in New York, when the orchestral transcription of "Couperin's Tomb" was performed, the exact significance of the title was anxiously questioned. Some dismissed the matter by saying that the title was "silly." They were more concerned with this question than with the character of the music itself. It must be admitted that the Forlane in the

Suite has little in keeping with the whirling and giddy dance known to the Venetian gondoliers.

Miss Danforth gave pleasure by her playing to an audience of good size, for she showed a technical proficiency suitable to the interpretation of the various pieces, musical intelligence and taste.

'BRANDED' IS GIVEN

The Arlington Players presented "Branded," a four-act melodrama by Oliver D. Bailey, at the Arlington Theatre last night before an enthusiastic audience. The performance was the first in Boston, and the players showed careful study and thought in the presentation of the various characters. The plot is rather novel in treatment and has for its theme the old question—whether "the sins of the parents shall be visited on the children."

The play opens in a small school near New York city. From there the audience is taken to a fine home in Paris, and thence back to New York city. Heart interest is interwoven with mystery, and not until the final fall of the curtain is the spectator given the happy ending that goes with all of the more popular plays.

Frances Anderson as Miss Ruth Belmar and William Shelly Sullivan as Douglas Courtney, Jr., the leading members of the company, easily captured the stellar honors. Ethel Wright in the part of Dolly (Dot) Belmar and Edward Varney as "Velvet" Kraft made the most of rather difficult parts.

Others who acquitted themselves creditably included W. J. Brady as Douglas Courtney, Sr., Doris Haslett as Miss Maisie, Florence Burroughs as Mrs. Courtney, Sr., Willard Dashiell as a police officer, and Helen Scott as Rose-Linda. The play was produced under the direction of Willard Dashiell.

COPLEY THEATRE—"What the Public Wants," a play in four acts by Arnold Bennett.

Saul Kendrick Nicholas Joy
Sir Charles Worgan H. Conway Wingfield
Francis Worgan E. E. O'Brien
Simon Macquoid E. E. O'Brien
Shane boy William E. Watts
Emily Vernon Viola Roach
Holt St. John E. F. Hart
Mrs. Cleland May Edies
Samuel Cleland Walter Kingsford
Mrs. Downs Diana Storm
Annie Worgan Elma Koston
Dr. John Worgan Charles Warburton
Jane Bland Noel Leslie
Mrs. Worgan Ingrid Dillon
Edward Brimley Clifford Turner
Servant Margaret Wilshire

This play, first given in Boston in April, 1913, by Miss Horniman's company of Manchester Players, is an amusing satire on the methods and morals of the owner of a string of "yellow" journals. Sir Charles Worgan—whose original, at the time the play was written, was thought to be Lord Northcliffe—has become a millionaire through the simple process of giving to the public, not what it ought to have, or what is good for it, but what it wants. Sir Charles, a moral soul, according to his own lights, boasts that he is the only millionaire in England who has accumulated a fortune honestly in 10 years. When his younger brother, Francis, turns up after 19 years of wandering on foreign strands, Sir Charles puts Francis in the place of the dramatic critic on one of the Worgan papers, who resigned because a sentence which contained a split infinitive was added to his signed review! When Emily Vernon, whom both brothers had known in their boyhood, reappears as an impecunious member of a "highbrow" theatrical company, Sir Charles puts the company on its feet, saves Emily from dismissal and ends by proposing to her.

In the third act Sir Charles has his whole family berating him because one of his newspapers announces that it will republish the highly colored story of a scandal which had occurred 30 years before, in the family of one of their friends. Sir Charles refuses to order its cancellation; Emily wins his consent to dropping the article, "not by convincing him," as she puts it, "but by caressing him." Observe, then, how Emily loathes the idea that she cannot convince him by her mind, but can win him over by her lips. Sir Charles drops the unsavory story but replaces it with another; he is true to his policy of giving the public what it wants. The play ends with Emily's "chucking" Sir Charles; his determination to get into the House of Lords "the very place for you," as Francis remarks; and the audience is dismissed with a hint that Emily may marry Francis.

The play is witty, humorous and full of human interest that is, until the

beginning of the third act when much of the conversation might be dispensed with. The company last night, for the most part, gave an interesting performance; they were attacked, at moments, however, by a certain absent-mindedness, very disconcerting to the audience. It left one wondering as to whether or not they really knew what came next. Mr. Olive, Mr. Wingfield and Miss Roach are to be excepted, emphatically, from this charge. In their respective parts, they gave a performance unusual in its inspired intelligence, grace and sincerity.

Emma Carus, Ciccolini, Cliff and Withers Share Honors

Four sets share headline honors on the bill at E. F. Keith's Theatre this week—Guido Ciccolini, tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, in a group of songs; Laddie Cliff, the English comedian and dancer; Emma Carus, the popular comedienne, and Charles Withers, in his burlesque of the melodrama.

Ciccolini sang three operatic arias, a Neapolitan song and two popular numbers. He was more effective in the popular numbers, which he sang with textual significance.

Laddie Cliff's act is unique. He gets away from the beaten path, and his eccentricities in the dance are something to remember. He was effective in caricature and burlesque.

Emma Carus, assisted by J. Walter Leopold at the piano, has much the same act as on her visits of the last two seasons. She varies it slightly by the introduction of a youthful dancer and musician.

Charles Withers and his "hick" melodrama is one of the big laugh provokers of vaudeville. How he flops around the stage in a carnage of paste without breaking a leg is one of the mysteries of contemporary vaudeville.

Other acts were Werner and Amoros Trio in a musical act; Dolly Kay, comedy songs; Cartmell and Harris, dancers; Edison and Caple, musicians, and Rekoma, equilibrist.

Our correspondents—may Allah lengthen their days and bring their enemies to confusion!—have the floor today.

"Bloody" Deb?

As the World Wags:
That chapter on English slang prompts me to ask why it is that an Englishman goes up in the air when you call him a "bloody son of a gun," or a "bloody" anything else. The adjective seems to have some occult significance worse than blasphemous. I ventured to ask an Englishman once just what obscure meaning it conveyed in addition to its obvious one, but he took umbrage at the very question. The note in Murray's Dictionary throws no light on it. In almost all languages, French for one, there are many innocent looking words with double meanings that are apt to get you into trouble if your knowledge of the tongue has been derived from books and polite conversation classes. For instance, "Je ben fliche" means, superficially, "I should worry," or "I don't care a d—." But if you say to a Frenchman, "Fliche-moi donc la palx," meaning, apparently, "Let me be" or "Leave me in peace," he wants to meet you in the cold gray dawn, in the Bois. That the phrase has some very scurrilous veiled meaning may be inferred from the fact that Little sidesteps it.

In the palmy days of Buffalo journalism we ran every Sunday a "society" column in which were chronicled all the pink teas and receptions of the previous week. At least a third of the announcements came from German families who had contributed much to the city's prosperity while becoming themselves socially prominent. It happened that a feud broke out between two of these families, and it reached the utmost extreme of bitterness. One Saturday afternoon our "society" editor, an American girl who knew not one German word from another, received, to be run on Sunday, notice of a reception given the previous Thursday by Mrs. So-and-So (one of the parties to the feud) and her daughter, assisted, so the note ran, by the "Misses Spucknapp, Wilderville, Schlammfang and Verfuehrer, and the Mesdames Abscheulich, Schwatzer, Zecher and Schwelger." There were others mentioned as "among those present," but, perhaps, not even in German should their names be repeated within the chaste precincts of this temple of wisdom. The notice was printed in good faith, and the subsequent proceedings were more enjoyed by our German readers than by the publishers, who had a rather hectic week of it squaring themselves with the offended dame who had been so outraged. We never discovered who sent in the notice, but suspicion naturally rested upon the lady's enemy, who took a chance that the notice would slip in without coming under the eye of any one familiar with German. From that time on an editor with a thorough knowledge of English, Irish, German and profane cast his eagle eye over the "society" proofs before the forms were locked up.

Boston.

We advise you to consult the long article "bloody" in "Slang and Its Analogues," by Farmer and Henley. The note begins: "An epithet difficult to define, and used in a multitude of vague and varying senses. Most frequently, however, as it falls with wearisome repetition every two or three seconds from the mouths of London roughs of the lowest types, no special meaning, much less a sanguinary one, can be attached to its use." The word occurs in English literature as far back as 1676 (Etheridge's comedy "The Man of Mode"). Dryden and Farquhar did not shrink from using it. Swift wrote Stella that it was "bloody hot walking" on a certain day; the word is in "Tom Cringle's Log." Bernard Shaw dared to use it in "Pygmalion." See also Notes and Queries, 4 S. 1. Feb. 8, 1863. The Germans used "Blutig" in the same manner. As for "fliche-moi la palx," the phrase is thought to be a corruption of the low Latin "flichem facere," to make the fig. l. e., to mock a person.—Ed.

Soldiers' Slang

As the World Wags:
When I was dining near London in 1900, at the time of the South African war, my host remarked: "Did you read in this morning's Times that Her Majesty objects to the private soldiers' quiffs and the war office has issued an order abolishing them?" He explained for my benefit that a "quiff" was a sort of jaunty and aggressive cow-hick affected by Tommy Atkins in those days, to set off the tiny pill-box monkey cap he wore at a defiant angle. I never found out why this tuft of hair displeased Her Majesty. Doubtless she felt as most of us do when we observe a certain type of our young men adopting that strange overhanging hair-clip which makes them look as if they were always wearing a sealskin hat.

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON.
In English familiar speech, the noun means "a satisfactory result; especially an end obtained by means not strictly conventional." As our correspondent says, in military slang, it meant originally, a small flat curl on the temple. The verb means "to do well, to jog along merrily," but in tailor's slang, "to quiff in the press" means "to change a breast pocket from one side to the other." In English dialect the noun means a dodge, trick, knack, verbal catch; also a puff, exhalation, breath (dialect form of "whiff"); the verb means "to contrive to cut out a garment from a barely sufficient length of stuff."—Ed.

Varia

As the World Wags:
A correspondent last week, in speaking of Julian Eltinge's age, seemed to forget that he and Richard Harlow were two different persons. It was Harlow who played with the Cadets and in "1492." Eltinge played with the Bank Officers some years later.

The pronunciation of "Sardanapalus" is shown by the poet's lines: "Eat, drink and love. Naught else can now avail us." Thus spake the royal sage Sardanapalus. The spectacle of that name was a failure from an unusual reason. Its greatest feature was an extremely realistic fire scene, and during its run the Brooklyn Theatre fire occurred, when, during a performance of "The Two Orphans," Harry Murdoch, Claude Burroughs and about 300 of the audience lost their lives. In consequence of this, theatre audiences conceived a horror of fires and "Sardanapalus" suffered thereby.

Concerning the "seven seas": A friend of mine wrote to Rudyard Kipling asking which seas the seven meant. The poet's answer was that his idea of the seven seas included the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, North Pacific, South Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic and Indian. Suggestion for a topical song: "Now the Bar-Rooms Are Closed Let Us Clean Up the Bar." QUINCY KILBY, Brookline.

MISS KATHRYN LEE GIVES SONG RECITAL

Kathryn Lee, soprano, gave a recital before a well filled house last evening in Jordan Hall. Miss Lee offered an interesting program, including numbers by Gluck, Handel, Schumann, Liszt, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Arthur Foote, Stephens and Gustave Ferrari.

At the beginning of her program Miss Lee seemed to lack confidence, but as the program went on Miss Lee improved. Her best pieces were the Schubert, Rubinstein and Ferrari numbers. Mr. Ferrari, the accompanist, was excellent.

HELEN JEFFREY

By PHILIP HALE

Helen Jeffrey, violinist, assisted by Walter Golde, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Brahms, Sonata, A major, op. 100;

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Boston Musical Association

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Musical Association, now in its second season, Mr. Longy, founder and director, took place last night in Jordan Hall. The program contained several compositions that were played for the first time in this country.

Ravel has of late been orchestrating some of his piano pieces. "Alborada del Graviioso," played last night at the beginning and at the end of the concert from manuscript, was performed by Mr. Buehlig, the pianist, as early as 1907. Whether the piano piece aims musically by the transcription or by the revision is questionable. Ravel's orchestration is always interesting; but here is a case of putting new wine in an old bottle. The Ravel of 1920 is not precisely the Ravel of the early years. Passages that are of little consequence when written for a piano are often brought boldly to prominence by orchestral instruments. The present version is brilliant, rhythmically exciting, richly colored.

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DOHNANYI GIVES

By PHILIP HALE

Erno Dohnanyi, pianist and composer, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E-minor; Mozart, Sonata in A-major; Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie, F-sharp minor; Rhapsodie, C-major, March op. 17, No. 1; Etude, E-major, op. 28, No. 6; Etude, F-minor, op. 28, No. 6; Beethoven, Andante, F-major; Variations, E-flat major; Schubert, Moments Musicaux, A-flat major, F-minor; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

Some in the audience remembered Mr. Dohnanyi in Boston 21 years ago. His compositions and his piano playing attracted great attention, for there was greater general interest in visiting musicians and in unfamiliar music than there is today. If the interest was only curiosity, that was better than the present indifference, for the concert halls were well filled as a rule. It was not thought necessary week after week to paper them so that the pianist or singer might not be sick at heart seeing rows of empty seats.

Mr. Dohnanyi is again in this country. He has not been forgotten during his absence, for his name has often been on programs of chamber music and piano pieces, and a few seasons ago his concert piece for the violinello was performed at a Symphony concert by Mr. Warnke.

The recital yesterday interested those who remembered him and those who heard him for the first time. He is an accomplished musician, a composer of serious and lighter works, a man of ideals, a pianist of more than the ordinary ability in these days when even the young in the ordinary run display a technical proficiency that would have exalted them 30 years ago. His program would lead one to think that he is conservative in his taste; that in his mind music would possibly have died with Johannes Brahms if his disciples had not endeavored to preserve his traditions. It is not easy to think of Mr. Dohnanyi playing pieces by Debussy or Ravel with a conscience wholly clear.

What he played, he played well; like a musician, like a virtuoso, and one is tempted to add, like a gentleman. He displayed more than a sound and brilliant technique; he showed fine taste and thorough understanding. His performance of Mendelssohn's Fugue was unusual and effective through the wealth of nuances. Mozart's sonata was played simply, with the utmost clarity, with tonal beauty. There was no attempt to modernize it, to inject an emotion that is foreign to it. His own pieces, of an individual nature, although in the gentler episodes of the first Rhapsodie the influence of Brahms was discernible, showed his virtuoso qualities.

HARVARD GLEE

An enthusiastic audience, almost completely filling Symphony Hall, greeted the Harvard Glee Club and Mme. Frida

Hempel in a concert under the direction of Dr. Archibald T. Davidson last evening. The program by the club included:

In Dulce Jubile...Ancient German Carol
Vere Languens Nostros...Antonio Lotti
Canto Doulos...Hans Leo Hasler
Three Pictures from the "Tower of Babel."
Rubinstein
Spread Your Wings...Cesar A. Cui
Mme. Hempel.
Saltarelle...Saint-Saens
Chorus of Bacchantes, from Pylomenon and
Rauca...Gounod
Come Again, Sweet Love...Dowland
Prayer of Thanksgiving...Netherland Folk Song
Mme. Hempel rendered two groups of songs: Frühlingslied, Mendelssohn; Traume, Wagner; Warnung, Mozart; Standchen, Strauss.
Pauvres Jacques, Rameau; Ille au Solr, Old French; Tho Shepherdess,

Horsman; The Night Wind, Farley; The Carnival of Venice, Benedict.

The Glee Club well sustained the reputation it has earned and verified its right to a unique place among college singing societies. Dr. Davidson had at his command a full-toned and flexible instrument, sympathetically rendering a considerable variety of types of song, the ecclesiastical and the secular, now full of the gusto of youth and again of the tenderness of the devotee, often shading from the dimmest pianissimo into silence and occasionally rising to thrilling crescendo and percussion effects. The Old English Madrigal was perhaps the most appreciated number, but the conductor resolutely refused the encores the audience vainly demanded. There were 88 in the chorus, with two pianists and an organist.

Mme. Hempel was liberal in the adding of numbers, giving "By the Waters of Minnetonka," the "Norwegian Echo Song," the "Blue Danube" and "Home, Sweet Home." She also repeated "The Night Wind." She was in excellent voice; the gaudy embellishments in the "Carnival," which she sang with both flute and piano, brought many rounds of applause. Coenraad V. Bos proved himself again a discreet and understanding accompanist.

The concert was notable among college club musicales, bringing to a common platform a student organization and a soloist of high distinction, with results that warrant a high degree of pride for the Harvard conductor. The final concert of the series comes on April 6, with Fritz Kreissler as soloist.

Feb 18 19 1921

MUSIC OF MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL SUNG

Lawrence Haynes, Tenor, Gives Concert in Steinert Hall

A rare treat was offered the lovers of the music of the modern French school in the program which Mr. Lawrence Haynes, tenor, sang last evening in Steinert Hall. His program included numbers by Chabrier, Hue, Faure, Duparc, Hahn, Respighi, Debussy, Poulenc, Griffes and Rachmaninoff. The most interesting piece, in fact so interesting that Mr. Haynes repeated it for his last number. In the composition, Ravel has included all the variety of the modern school. And the title, "The Waning Moon," is a most pleasing voice.

Mr. Haynes is an exceptionally fine for a tenor but it sometimes seemed that his higher notes were perhaps a little harsh. Mr. Haynes shows his appreciation of this new, brilliant music in his artistic presentation and portrayal of his program.

Feb 19 1921

Vaughan Williams's "London" Played Here for First Time

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Montoux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony was played here for the first time. The program also included Mozart's concerto, E flat major, for violin (Mr. Thibaud, violinist), and the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline."

When Mr. Coates came to New York as a "guest conductor" of the Symphony Society of that city, he brought out the "London" symphony (Dec. 30-31, 1920). A description of the work, signed with his initials, was then published in the Bulletin of that society. It is reasonable to suppose that this description was inspired by the composer, although he was reported as saying when the symphony was first performed seven years ago that various sights and sounds of London may have influenced him, but it would not be helpful to describe them; that the title might run, "A symphony by a Londoner"; that the work must succeed or fail as music, and in no other way. He probably had a change of heart while he was revising his work; or Mr. Coates may have persuaded him to describe the symphony, so that the hearer might not elude with the wrong emotions or be wholly perplexed.

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any, I admit. The productions, they are divine. My salary, it is exquisite." This reminds one of the Frenchman, who, seeing Niagara, exhausted all the adjectives of wonder and praise, and finally said: "By gar, he come down first rate."

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

Since linguistic conundrums are having their day in your column, and some of your correspondents are discussing "but what," will somebody account for the almost universal preference for the awkward "cannot but," instead of the simple, direct, "can but"? For example: "I cannot but believe, etc"; meaning, virtually, "I can but believe." From Shakespeare down, through Addison, De Quincey, Carlyle, et al, we find it. I know, of course, how lexicologists split a hair on the different shades of meaning in the two idioms; but, generally, the simpler form would carry the meaning intended, so why not use it?

I am waiting, also, for somebody to have a fling at that active youngster, "intrigue," already assuming airs not justified by its pedigree; and at the vulgar upstart, "enthuse," which is becoming a general favorite (sometimes appearing even in *The Herald*), although not yet admitted to the refined society of the dictionary makers, except as "colloquial." A few years ago it wasn't there at all, and a few years hence will, no doubt, be in good standing. Why worry? Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

Our correspondent says that the verb "intrigue" is already assuming airs not justified by its pedigree, as, probably, in the phrase "It intrigues me." The present use is a revival of an ancient one, in fact the oldest, for as early as 1612 the transitive verb meant to embarrass, puzzle, perplex; also to trick, deceive, cheat; but there is no quotation from any author of repute in support of this definition given in the *Oxford Dictionary*. The first quotation with reference to the now common meaning, "to carry on underhand plotting or scheming," is dated about 1714. "It intrigues me" is a vile phrase. Still viler is the word "enthuse," which we regret to say was coined in the United States. The *Oxford Dictionary* was weak enough to admit it, and "U. S. (colloq. or humorous)" added to the word does not atone for the reception. In Bulwer's "Parisians" the verb is put into the mouth of an American: "I admit he began to enthuse a little" is quoted from Judge Grant's "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." Notes and Queries quoted an Ohio newspaper of 1869. Richard Grant White protested over 50 years ago against this verbal abomination. "The 'Heulous' word is an Americanism in vogue in the southern part of the United States. I never heard or saw it used, or heard of its use, by any person born and bred north of the Potomac. . . . It (the verb) was plainly reached by the backward process of making some kind of verb from the noun 'enthusiasm,' as 'donate' was formed from 'donation.' If our southern friends must have a new word to express the agitation of soul to which this one would seem to indicate that they are peculiarly subject, let them say that they are 'enthused.'"—Ed.

About West Stockbridge

As the World Wags:

"West Stockbridge wants a resident doctor, but he must be the right kind—a good mixer who does not mix in local politics."—*Boston Herald* of Feb. 13.

Just why shouldn't he mix in local politics if he is a good mixer and is the right kind? It must be either because the purity of the politics would be sullied by the doctor or the purity of the doctor would be sullied by the politics. Or, possibly, as remote alternative politics in West Stockbridge is taboo for all but the select few of the old families. They have always run them and they intend running them even if they are no better run than they are being run in other towns of Massachusetts.

But isn't it barely possible that the good people of West Stockbridge will be disappointed in getting the "right kind" if he must be content to have eyes and see not, ears and hear not and a tongue and speak not? Especially the latter. The right kind of a doctor will bring into beautiful and conservative West Stockbridge wider and more modern views of life, some of which might be better than the time-tried views of its political sages and if he is the right kind he will wisely or unwisely make an effort to get them before the people. In doing so he will of necessity mix in politics.

But in a larger sense whence and why the prevalent idea that doctors should not mix in politics? Why are politics the special prerogative of lawyers, plumbers and labor delegates? Have they been so successful in conducting our affairs that we doctors should be content with taking our politics from them? It is true that we have political doctors who are constantly going about trying to put over certain things for a certain few of the profession and usually making a mess of it for all concerned. But why should not doctors take an interest, whose knowledge of people is accurate and intimate and who see more clearly, I think, than any one else that there can be no prosperity worthy of the name that all do not share.

But in closing just a hint to West Stockbridge or the doctor who may be thinking of locating there. To the one:

the right kind will, if he thinks necessary, mix in politics; to the other, if you are the "right kind" and know it don't go there with the understanding that you are to wear a muzzle. HILLDOC.

True Patriotism

As the World Wags:

At the surrender of the German fleet it was arranged that its officers and men should be returned to Germany in British transports, manned in part by American crews.

After one such trip a Limie A. B. and an American gob were called before a court of inquiry on the charge of assaulting a German officer.

Asked to tell his version, the Limie replied: "Well, sir, you see 'twas this way. Me and my pal here were a-coming down the deck where this here officer was leaning against the rail smoking a cigarette. Calling us over he said: 'I suppose this is a happy day for you boys, but if you want to know my opinion of the American and British navies, that's what I think of them,' and he spits overboard. 'And,' he continued, 'as for Admiral Sims and Admiral Beatty why that's what I think of them,' and he spits overboard again. 'And as for Lloyd George and President Wilson that's good enough for them,' and he spits overboard for the third time.

"Well, sir, me and my pal here don't care what he thinks about the American and British navies and their admirals, and we don't mind his reflections on Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, but damned if we will have him a-spitting into OUR ocean."

Boston.

LIVDAV.

Some were surprised to see women players in the visiting Cleveland orchestra, but for a long time in Boston women have shown their skill in orchestras composed solely of women and in orchestras where they sat with men. (A good many years ago, when the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Gerlicke, gave extremely polished performances in New York, a critic of that city—was it not the witty Mr. Henderson?—referred sarcastically to the visitors as "Herr Gerlicke with his Damen-Kapelle from Boston"—for even then the New Yorkers were thrown into an ecstatic state by furious outbursts of "temperament.")

In the Cleveland orchestra were young women: a first violinist, a viola player, a flutist; possibly one or two others. We have been accustomed to the sight of female harp players in a Symphony orchestra. Why should there not be women in the string section if they are capable? In Colonne's famous orchestra at the Chatelet, Paris, in 1908, four young women sat with the male first violins and four with the second violins. The two harpists were women. On one occasion we saw a woman horn player in the Boston Symphony orchestra; the performance was none the worse.

There is a curious remark about female instrumentalists in the speech of Julian de Medicis in Castiglione's "Il Cortegiano" (printed at Venice in 1528), showing the opinion held at that time. Julian would have had a woman even in exercises meet for her, act with the "heedfulness and with the soft mildness that were comely for her."

Likewise the instruments of music which she useth (in mine opinion) ought to be fit for this purpose. Imagine with yourself what an unsightly matter it were to see a woman play upon a tabor or drum, or blow into a flute or trumpet, or any like instrument; and this because the boisterousness of them doth both cover and take away that sweet mildness which, setteth so forth every deed that a woman doeth."

Yet in that century the Duchess of Ferrara had her own orchestra, composed of women. And have we not seen in painting and sculpture angelic women blowing celestial trumpets?

The Manly Art

As the World Wags:

It was a pleasure to read what Billy Hamilton wrote for *The Herald* about the Jack Sullivan fight. I did not read the other newspapers, but I hope they were equally severe on the present style of boxing matches, or fights, if the word suits one better. I wonder if the commissioners of the sport are old enough and sufficiently experienced to attempt a reform. It is said that the present patrons of the game are suited; that what they want is action, some blood, and a knockout. Well, that can all be furnished in a scientific way; the wild enthusiasm over the skill shown by Sullivan was sufficient proof. I attended the show for no other purpose than to see if the new style had any show with the old. Believe me, it does not. I went early and had time to visit the dressing rooms; they are rightly so called. No stage star has more of a make-up, most of it useless, needless. The other matches were much the same: a blow and a clinch, heads and shoulders locked together, and, as I judge, both eyes shut tight, arms flying any and all ways, until the men were pulled apart, and then the so-called fighting repeated. I could liken it only to one thing, two cows in a fight; they lock

horns and push and twist and swing their tails. Yet I heard men shouting. "Some fight!" It certainly would have been a treat if Sullivan had had an opponent equally scientific. It is a shame to see a sport capable of great benefit degenerate in such a blundering way. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

"Bloody"

As the World Wags:

Speaking of "bloody," I was reading a copy of Brighthouse's play, "Garside's Career," last week. Unfortunately it was a borrowed copy and has been returned, so I cannot cite you the page. "Bloody" occurs in the text, but attention was called in a footnote to the fact that the word must be omitted in presentation, as the censor had eliminated it. Within only a few months the word was passed by the censor in Shaw's "Pygmalion." Perhaps Mr. Shaw's own Flawner Bannal was acting as censor and applying his famous critical principle: "If it's by a good author, it's a good play" to words.

Boston.

SHERWIN L. COOK.

All up for Mr. Cook. Ho returned a borrowed book.—Ed.

Harry Gilfoil

As the World Wags:

In re Harry Gilfoil, mentioned by your correspondent, L. R. R. Gilfoil appeared, if my memory serves truly, in Boston in a musical comedy, "Woodland," at the Tremont Theatre in the summer of 1904. Didn't he sing a rollicking song entitled "A bird it never flew so high it didn't have to light" in that show? Boston. E.

"Jerry" or "Fritz"

In the little dictionary of English slang published in *The Herald* on Feb. 4 we find: "Jerry, the German ('Boche' hardly used)."

William P. Sims in the *Baltimore Star* June 22, 1917: "To the English Tommy a German is a 'Fritz' and 'Fritz' he is to the Canadians. The Scotch call him an 'Allyman' (probably after the French 'Allemand') but he is nobody to the Irish but a 'Jerry.'"

The Independent (N. Y.) Nov. 16, 1918: "But we haven't space to print all that our men say about Fritz—or Jerry as he is oftener called now."

Vincent de P. Fitzpatrick in the *Baltimore Sun*, Oct. 27, 1918: "The Americans . . . broke the morale of the Hun. In the slang of the day, they 'got Jerry's goat.'"

For these notes we are indebted to Dr. C. Alphonso Smith's "New Words Self-Defined" (New York 1920.)

German War Slang

As the World Wags:

Since no answer seems to have been given, I suggest that "German 'War Words'" is in *Modern Language Review* (to be seen in the Boston Public Library), 1919, XIV, 87-93; Notes on German Naval Slang During the War, ditto, 1920, XV, 94-97. More generally, Sprache, Zeichen und Poesie der Landstrasse . . . (by R. Gross) had a second edition in 1919; Die jenseitige Sprache (by E. Wittich, ed. L. Gunther) was in Archiv für Kriminal Anthropologie und Kriminalistik, 1915, LXIII, 1-46, 97-372-396; LXIV, 128-133, 296-355; 1916, LXV, 33-89, ending the series. Doubtless there have been other items of which I made no minutes, but "I guess this will hold you." CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

"Reuben" on Billboards

As the World Wags:

Back in my memory there is lodged the recollection of a rhyme that used to appear 30 or more years ago on the advertising billboards of the middle West. Thus:

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If the people all were drinking
Cherry Ripe, like you and me.
There were other soda fountain concoctions that adapted the Reuben verses, I believe.

Boston.

THE BUCKEYE.

P. S. Perhaps the Reuben period is over, however. E.

